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THE

Overland Monthly

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOLUME XIV.

SAN FRANCISCO:
JOHN H. CARMANY & COMPANY.

1875.

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DEVOTED TO

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JANUARY, 1875.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 14. — JANUARY, 1875. — No. 1.

CALIFORNIAN OVERLAND RAILWAYS.

SINCE John Plumbe, at Dubuque, Iowa, in 1836, called the first public meeting to agitate the subject of building a transcontinental railway, connecting our then possessions on the Pacific (Oregon alone) with the Atlantic States, the scheme was more or less under discussion until executed in the summer of 1869. Asa Whitney came into the field, an enthusiastic advocate of a railway "to control the trade of the Indies," ten years later, and by his efforts brought the subject into general notice. The acquisition of California during the four years that Whitney made himself prominent as a public lecturer upon his favorite theme, and the discovery of gold in the new acquisition, gave increased value to the American empire rising on the shores of the Pacific, and added to the arguments in favor of a railway from ocean to ocean. The project was not without many warm advocates in the eastern half of the republic. There were far-seeing statesmen, desirous of cementing the sections of the country

more firmly together, who placed themselves on record as friends of the measure. But it is doubtful if we could boast during even the present decade of a railway connection with the great body of our countrymen but for the energy and unflagging efforts of Californians, who were accustomed to call the older States "home," and determined, if possible, to obtain some more safe and speedy way than a passage through the hot and sickly tropics to reach the spots sacred in childhood memories.

The explorations of Frémont from 1842 to 1853 had demonstrated that the two great mountain chains in the way of a railway were not utterly impassable. Congress, as much to satisfy popular clamor as with a view to any ultimate benefit, appropriated, in 1853 and 1854, sums aggregating \$340,000 for a series of surveys which should embrace the climate, topography, geology, botany, natural history, etc., of the region between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. The facts collected by the different corps

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of topographical engineers assigned to the surveys furnished data for a large number of editorial articles, and Congressional and political speeches, in the making of which Californians bore a conspicuous part.

Gwin gave notice in the United States Senate of a bill for the construction of a Pacific railway as early as 1851. Douglas, chairman of the Committee on Territories, on the instructions of the committee, reported the first bill on the subject in 1852; but owing to the fact that the Government was in the hands of a party that (professing to follow Jefferson, who frankly confessed he found no warrant in the Constitution for the purchase of Louisiana) was ready, on all occasions, to annex all the territory that could be obtained, but denied the constitutionality of any measure looking to its improvement when acquired, that bill, as did all others of the same import, failed; and it was not until ten years after, when secession had emptied the seats of Southern Democrats, who hung upon the skirts of progress, and when a great war was waging, taxing the nation to the utmost, that a bill to aid in the construction of a railway connecting California with the mother States had any prospect of success.

The topographical engineers engaged in the various reconnoissances were made acquainted with the fact that the Rocky Mountain chain, owing to its long slopes, offered no great obstacles to a railway. But the Sierra Nevada presented the most serious difficulties. Its water-sheds were short and abrupt. They were cut with frightful gorges. Snows fell in the higher altitudes to the depth of from twenty-five to forty feet in the winter.

Lieutenant Beckwith, who headed one of the corps of engineers, made a survey from Great Salt Lake through the Madelin Pass into the valley of the Sacramento, and it was upon the data furnish-

ed by this survey that the practicability of a railway across the Sierra was affirmed by our newspapers and politicians. But the route was by a long detour, the country very rough, and consequently the cost of constructing a railway on it would be very great.

We now come to the consideration of actual railway construction, and to efforts that resulted in the undertaking of a transcontinental line. Sufficient credit has been already awarded to some of the actors in these enterprises, while others have been allowed the privilege of obscurity, or mentioned only as supernumeraries. Mr. Charles Nordhoff recently paid our coast a visit, and determined to enlighten the world about California in a book. A chapter on the Pacific Railroad and its builders is a curious one to pass into history. It is not our purpose to detract one iota from the merits of the men of nerve and enterprise who pushed the Pacific Railroad to completion; but history should be impartially written. Nordhoff speaks of "one Judah" as a sort of adventurer, whom chance threw in the way of certain enthusiastic advocates of an overland railway, residents of Sacramento. The truth ought to be told, that this Judah was an educated and accomplished civil engineer, who came to this State in 1854 with "Pacific Railroad on the brain," and spent here much of his time, energy, and money, for years, to infuse a railway-building spirit into the people of the State. He talked and wrote about a transcontinental line long, probably, before anyone on this coast seriously entertained the idea of ever investing a dollar in the project. Educated at the Troy Engineering School, and having been resident engineer on the Connecticut River Railroad from Northampton to Vernon in Massachusetts; having surveyed and built the railway from Niagara Falls to Lewiston; having occupied a position as engineer on the Erie

Canal; having been resident engineer on the Rochester and Niagara Falls Railroad; and having held the same position on the Buffalo, Corning, and New York Railroad, he was an engineer well instructed in the theory and practice of his profession, and he gave up a lucrative office to come to California to survey and build the Sacramento Valley Railroad—to inaugurate, in fact, railway building on this coast. Because of his known attainments, skill, and experience, he was chosen for the pioneer work of his profession in California. Bringing with him a corps of twelve engineers of his own selection, fully equipped, he addressed himself to the survey in April, 1854, and submitted the results of his labors, including full estimates, in the first report of the kind ever published on the Pacific Coast, on the 30th of May following. The design of the Sacramento Valley Railroad Company was to connect Sacramento with Marysville by the way of Folsom. The first section of the road, from Sacramento to Folsom, twenty-two miles in length, was finished in two years. Judah then returned East to obtain aid in the construction of a railway from San Francisco to Sacramento by the way of Benicia, a survey of which he made, publishing a report thereof in 1856, before his departure. The route varied but slightly from that on which the California Pacific, from Vallejo to Sacramento, is built.

The winter of 1856-7 was spent by Judah in the city of Washington, endeavoring to obtain a grant of land to aid in railway construction in California, principally for the road from San Francisco to Sacramento. On his return he surveyed and superintended the construction of another section of the Sacramento Valley Railroad, from Folsom to Lincoln.

Having now made himself well acquainted with the general topography of

the country, with the people and their wants, he applied himself directly to the one object nearest his heart and the height of his ambition. During the summer of 1856, he prepared and published at his own expense *A Practical Plan for Building the Pacific Railroad*—a pamphlet of some thirty pages, designed for distribution. Rarely has there been seen so much practical matter compressed in so few pages. In this pamphlet is a plan for sleeping and restaurant cars, in advance of any efforts of Pullman in the same direction. The document was dated San Francisco, January 1st, 1857, but was published in Washington. This was two and a half years before the discovery of the great silver-mines of Washoe, which more than anything else gave an impetus to the scheme to construct a railroad from the cities of the coast in an eastward direction. From this time on we find this untiring but modest gentleman spending his winters in Washington, in daily contact with the Solons of the capital, infusing into them his own spirit, furnishing data for speeches and reports if not writing them himself, and publishing memorials to attract the attention of men of means and enterprise, as well as to make the Pacific Railroad scheme a more popular measure by showing it to be a practical one. He took a prominent part in the great Pacific Railroad Convention that assembled in San Francisco in September, 1859, and was sent as the accredited agent of that body to represent at Washington the ideas of the Pacific Coast upon the railway project. He bore the memorial of that body, and exerted himself in making known its demands with great intelligence combined with a most unassuming deportment. Judah's report of his doings in Washington, of the action of Congress, and especially of the Pacific Coast representatives, was published in August, 1860. He drafted the bill which receiv-

ed the approval of our representatives, and the room furnished him in the national capitol was hung with maps, and was the head-quarters of the Pacific Railroad men in and about Washington. With all the representatives from this coast he was on the most intimate terms, and furnished them at call with all the practical knowledge he possessed. Our delegates did all that was in their power to further the great scheme, from the time it was broached in Congress until success was achieved. Gwin, Latham, and McDougall, in the Senate, and Burch, Scott, Stout, and others, were active in behalf of the great want of the western coast. But the final Congressional work was left until the Republican party came into power and was embarrassed by the most stupendous civil war of modern times.

Anticipating success with a change of administration, Judah, in 1860, explored the mountain passes in the central regions of the State, confident of the existence of a more practicable and direct line than that by the Madelin Pass, surveyed by Lieutenant Beckwith. The result was the discovery of the route of the Central Pacific road, which, as compared with that of Lieutenant Beckwith, saved a distance of 184 miles and an estimated extra cost of \$13,500,000. Judah was thus enabled to speak knowingly of the actual existence of an easy and practicable route across the Sierra. The great obstacle in the way of a transcontinental railway was now solved. The rugged heights, fearful chasms, and deep and everlasting snows that always rose before the timid Congressman with his constitutional scruples; were scaled, crossed, and had melted away. It was now known that the locomotive engine could and would pass the most difficult mountain chain that engineering skill had to conquer.

Cheered by the report of so able an engineer, the preliminary steps were

taken to organize a company under the general railroad law of the State, but the organization was not completed until June, 1861. The distance from Sacramento to the State line was estimated at 115 miles. By the terms of the law, \$1,000 per mile must be subscribed and ten per cent. paid in to effect an organization. Nordhoff, in his eagerness to give all the glory to a part of the company, and those residents of Sacramento, says one man in Nevada became a stockholder and took one share. The facts are, that of the \$115,000 subscribed to organize the company, \$46,500 were subscribed in Nevada, Grass Valley, Dutch Flat, and Illinoistown, leaving the balance to be taken in the cities which were to be the great recipients of the benefits of the enterprise. The means to make the first reconnoissances of the mountain passes were contributed by public-spirited men in the mountains. The time, effort, and money necessary to demonstrate the practicability of a direct passage across the Sierra, were given, with the single exception of Judah, by mountain men. D. W. Strong was the companion of Judah in his explorations, and the first profile of the route was made on the counter of Strong's drug-store at Dutch Flat. From the report of Judah, published at Sacramento, November 1st, 1860, it appears that at that time the mountain men had made their subscriptions, and no others. The Sacramento *Union* of November 3d, 1863, gives credit to the citizens of Nevada City as being the first to second the efforts of Mr. Judah in organizing a company, as they and other mountain men were the first to assist him in the discovery of a pass and in making reconnoissances. Nor ought the fact to go unnoticed that Mr. Judah first turned his attention to the capitalists of San Francisco to obtain coadjutors in his enterprise. It was here that he thought the company should be or-

ganized. The great commercial city should control the railway to be built. For a time there was hope, but an adverse decision was at length given, and he returned to Sacramento, saying to his friends, "These people have put away from them an honor and a prize they will never again meet in a life-time."

In 1861, Judah, not content with the examination of one route, made a reconnaissance on a route through El Dorado County, one through the Henness Pass *via* Nevada City, one by way of Yuba Gap and Downieville, and another *via* Bidwell's Bar and the Beckwourth Pass to the Truckee River. All these observations convinced the exploring parties that the direct route was the most feasible, the cheapest, and the best.

It is proper to remark, as an indication of the activity and earnestness of Judah, that, in the spring of 1859, we find him associated with A. P. Catlin, A. G. Kinsey, H. A. Thompson, and others, in running a line from Sacramento to Roseville. The company for which this work was done was called the "American River Railroad Company," and the survey was afterward used as a part of the Central Pacific Railroad line. The organization of the Central Pacific Railroad Company was finally effected in June, 1861, by the election of the following officers: Leland Stanford, President; C. P. Huntington, Vice-President; James Bailey, Secretary; Mark Hopkins, Treasurer; Theodore D. Judah, Chief Engineer: Directors—Leland Stanford, C. P. Huntington, James Bailey, E. B. Crocker, John F. Morse, Mark Hopkins, Theodore D. Judah, D. W. Strong, and Charles Marsh. Of the number, James Bailey was at first one of the most active railroad men.

By a resolution of this board, made in October of that year, Judah was sent to Washington as the agent of the company, to procure aid from the Government in bonds and lands to construct the line.

In ten months he returned with the object of his mission accomplished. The story of his labors and the action of Congress are succinctly set forth in a report to the company, dated September 1st, 1862. The history of the session of Congress of the winter of 1861-2 is important in the history of the Pacific Railroad, as well as in that of the other great issues which a gigantic rebellion had forced upon the country.

It was fortunate for the railway measure that Mr. Sargent at this time began his career as a representative of California in Congress. Young, ambitious, and indefatigable, he arrived in Washington, and was assigned by the Speaker of the House to only one of two vacancies in the committees, that of the Special Pacific Railroad Committee. In the language of Mr. Judah, "What then seemed almost like an act of hardship, in assigning a new member to *no* standing committee, but placing him on a special committee which had for many years been unsuccessful in their labors, in reality proved an act of great benefit to our future interests as well as to the State of California; for Mr. Sargent, having no other committee duties to perform, took hold of the Pacific Railroad, and devoted his time and energies almost exclusively to that subject." In January, Congress being in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Sargent obtained the floor, and instead of a speech on the usual slavery topic, struck out in an argument in favor of aid in the construction of a transcontinental railway. The reasons he urged were not new, but they were so forcibly put as to arouse attention and help to accomplish the result. The war of rebellion was upon the nation; Great Britain was known to covet the golden prize, California; the danger of delay, the military and postal necessities of the country; the commerce of the Indies—all were dwelt on with emphasis. That

speech virtually gave Sargent the control of the measure in the House. A meeting of the Railroad Committee was almost immediately called, at which it was decided to report favorably a bill forthwith. Sargent moved in committee the appointment of a sub-committee to prepare a bill, which was acceded to. The chairman of the committee appointed Campbell, Sargent, Franchot, and Shields as such sub-committee. But the work of preparing the bill fell upon Sargent, who, on consultation with Judah and the friends of the railway generally, drew up a bill embodying all the best features of the bill that had previously been before Congress. This, with one slight amendment, became the bill passed by the House. Sargent, Phelps, and Cradlebaugh, from this coast, were active in the passage of the bill through the House; and McDougall and Latham made efficient speeches in the Senate. Patriotism was not the sole motive in the discussion. Self and local interest cropped out all through the struggle. It was a delicate question to handle. Every section wanted to be accommodated, and sections were accommodated until enough adherents were counted to make the bill a success. The final debate began April 8th, and closed in the House May 6th by its passage—yeas, seventy-nine; nays, forty-nine. On the following day, McDougall moved its reference to the committee of which he was chairman. He called it up May 20th, but some interests had not been satisfied, and opposition arose. McDougall made several unsuccessful efforts to get the subject before the Senate. At length, Latham made an effort, and succeeded on the 11th of June. The bill passed, June 20th, by a vote of thirty-five to five, the House concurred in the Senate amendments, and nothing was wanting but the signature of President Lincoln, which was obtained on the 1st of July, 1862. Thus was accomplished a work

in legislation that had occupied the attention of Congress for more than a decade, and the spirit of which had been embodied in the platform of every political party during that whole period.

The law as drafted and enacted gave the new railway company the right of way, the odd sections of land ten miles on each side of the road, and the credit of the Government was lent to the company to the extent of \$16,000 per mile across the valley land, and treble that amount across the Sierra. The point at which the plain ceased and the mountains began was to be fixed by the president, as also the width of the track, so that the same cars could pass from the Missouri River to the Pacific. The law provided, further, for maximum grades, not to exceed 116 feet per mile, and made the bonds of the Government issued to the company a first mortgage upon the road. The features of the law were, at the time, deemed most fair, granting all that any company need ask, and at the same time furnishing ample security to the Government.

It was under such a law that the laying of the Pacific Railroad was commenced in our State. The first shovelful of dirt was thrown by Governor Stanford on the levee, at Sacramento, in January, 1863. It was a slow labor, the passage of the Sierra, and not accomplished until the end of 1867. But, a strife then began between the Central and Union Pacific companies, to finish the most road and obtain the most subsidies. In eleven months the Central built 530 miles of road, averaging fully two miles a day, and in one day laid ten miles of track; so that the whole transcontinental railway was completed in less than seven years from the passage of the bill, and but little more than six from the time the first dirt was tossed.

In looking at the grand result, we forget to notice the fact that Judah, in his engineering camps in the Sierra, was

accompanied by his wife, who herself caught trout in Donner Lake for the surveyors, and made, probably, the first sketches ever penciled of that wondrous mountain scenery, that in later days has attracted the artist and the tourist, until the whole world admires these marvels of nature. A view of Donner Pass, taken from a cove half-way down the lake, and another of Saddle-back Mountain, sketched by Mrs. Judah, were on the original stock certificates of the Central Pacific Railroad Company.

But the pioneer and master-spirit of the great work, so far as the Central Pacific is concerned, did not live to see the realization of his hopes and fortune. His ambition of years was gratified in connecting his name with a magnificent enterprise, but he saw not the fulfillment of his prophecy and labors. Going East in October, 1863, commissioned by the company to sell the franchise they had obtained to Eastern railroad men and capitalists, he contracted a fever on the Isthmus of Panama, and died in New York on one of the first days of November, at the early age of thirty-seven years.

The memory of this sterling gentleman and skillful engineer has not had its due prominence among the railway builders of the State. It was truly said of him, that "to his foresight, energy, and perseverance, is California and the nation indebted for the passage of the Pacific Railroad bill, more than to those of any other man. His facts were the foundation for the passage of the bill. The Sierra heights, clothed in almost eternal snow, rose up as a permanent obstruction before the eyes of Congressmen; it was Judah who turned them down, and dispersed the doubt—who gave assurance to representatives that the iron horse might mount, almost with ease, to their very summits." He waited upon four sessions of Congress, with his ever-ready information. He was

Secretary of the Railroad Committee of the House, and, on account of his rare knowledge and abilities as an engineer, was allowed the privilege of the floor of the two houses, that he might be able to communicate with the railway advocates, and meet with his abundant information all the objections of doubters or of the enemies of the work to which he consecrated a life.

It has been asserted that some of the prominent builders of the railway across the Sierra did not at first contemplate the construction of a part of the trans-continental highway, and there is evidence in the admission of some of the parties that such was the case. The discovery of silver in Washoe created a rush of adventurers, and a trade grew out of the developments on the famous Comstock Lode that has rarely had a parallel. Two hundred loaded teams, of six and eight mules or more, each, were not infrequently seen in a single day on the Placerville wagon-road across the mountains, and more than half as many on the Henness route. To command that trade was worth a struggle, and the railroad company made it, and won. A wagon-road was built to connect with the sections of the railway as completed, and trade and travel soon ceased to flow in the old channels.

But a new order of things was soon brought about by legislation at Washington. The credit of the Central Pacific Company, notwithstanding all that had been done by the National Government, and also by the State and several counties, in the way of subsidies, according to the statements of its leading financiers was not equal to the task of completing the work begun. A bill was brought forward in Congress, which became a law in 1864, that doubled the land-grant to the road, and, more than this, allowed the company to mortgage the road, making such mortgage take priority of the Government lien for subsi-

dies granted, thus virtually destroying the security the nation had upon the road for its benefactions. Another advantage was gained by the skill and address of a prominent Senator. By the original railroad act, as we have noticed, the President was to fix the point where the Sacramento Valley ended and the foot-hills of the Sierra begun. Judah in his report had designated Barmore's, thirty-one miles from Sacramento, as the beginning of the mountains. This corresponded with a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States made in April, 1864, in the case of the Leidesdorff grant. This grant, by Mexican authority, was bounded by the foot-hills on the east. The contestants of the grant attempted to fix the eastern boundaries at Alder Creek, eight miles nearer Sacramento. The Supreme Court decided the foot-hills commenced about thirty miles from that city. Several attempts were made by Sargent, soon after the passage of the original act, to bring the attention of Lincoln to this subject, but his constant occupation with weightier duties forced upon him by the great war prevented his action. The time, however, came in 1864, when it could no longer be delayed. As the subsidy was \$16,000 per mile over the plain and \$48,000 among the hills and mountains, it was important to the railway company that the foot-hills should begin as near as possible to Sacramento. The Senator claims the credit of moving the mountains from Barmore's to Arcade Creek, a distance of twenty-four miles. His relation of the affair to his friends is this: Lincoln was engaged with a map, when the Senator substituted another, and demonstrated by it and the statement of some geologist that the black soil of the valley and the red soil of the hills united at Arcade. The President relied on the statements given him, and decided accordingly. "Here, you see," said the Senator, "how my

pertinacity and Abraham's faith removed mountains." The difference in the subsidies received by the company from this stratagem was the nice sum of \$768,000.

Perhaps I could not more appropriately close this article than by showing from what a small beginning a great work was consummated. The Central Pacific Company was organized with a subscribed capital of \$125,000. Of this amount Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford, and Charles Crocker, who may be said to control if not own the road, subscribed \$15,000, each. These gentlemen gradually acquired most of the stock of the original subscribers, including that of Judah, who originally subscribed for and held at his death an equal amount of stock with the highest of the others. But the whole was but an insignificant sum for so great an enterprise. The Government gave in bonds, in round numbers, \$6,000,000; the State gave \$105,000 a year for twenty years—in all, \$2,100,000, about half of which has been already paid; San Francisco subscribed \$600,000, to be taken in stock in the company, but afterward compromised by the payment of \$400,000 gratuity; Sacramento took \$300,000, and Placer \$250,000, in stock. Governments, national, State, and county, thus aided the railroad company to the amount of nearly \$8,000,000, besides donations of about 2,000,000 acres of land. This applies only to that part of the road within the limits of California, from Sacramento to the eastern boundary of the State.

When we take into consideration the small amount originally subscribed by the magnates of the Central Pacific, and the fact that the same company built and virtually owns the extension of the overland road from the Sierra to Ogden; controls the road from San Francisco to San José, and on down the coast; that from San José to Sacramento; the one

up the San Joaquin and also up the Sacramento Valley; the one from Vallejo to Sacramento; and the one to Calistoga—in fact, with but an exception or two, and those of small consequence, all the

railway lines of California—we must come to the conclusion that “tall oaks from little acorns grow,” and that this system of railways has been under consummate management from the first.

BLOOMSBURY LODGINGS. .

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH is one of the bald spots in London. There are not many such in that overgrown, overpopulated, overcast city, and I was glad when I found, after a ten-days' toss at sea betwixt Sandy Hook and Holyhead, that I had stranded on a shoal of suburban villas boasting four several chimes of high-church bells and an aristocracy of its own.

Every villa has its brick-walled garden, its pair of towering gate-posts with great balls on the top of them, and a given name much too pretty to be ignored; though the catalogue is so long, no one save only the postman hopes to familiarize himself with it.

The bells tolled the quarter-hours with such deliberation on that first night in Hampstead that I despaired of the arrival of dawn; but in the course of nature I dropped asleep in a strange bed that seemed not to have been slept in for ages.

I hate strange beds in strange rooms; they are so horribly empty that it is impossible for any single gentleman to more than half inhabit them. Do not think me ungrateful; I acknowledge that a large engraving of the death of Nelson hung on the mantel in an oaken frame; I confess that I had two toilet-sets, where one would have been quite enough for a fellow of my simple tastes; there were also a school of rooks in the chimney, and a half-suppressed riot

among the children in the next room—whose number I know not to this hour, but I should say twenty or thirty at least, all whispering at once and then suddenly stopping as if they had been throttled, but recovering again in season to renew their jubilee, and launch disconnected sentences into the middle of my room through a hollow key-hole in a big square lock on the door.

For all this, I was deucedly lonesome! At day-break I arose, looked out upon the respectable street that seemed to run through the middle of an eternal Sunday, and then to my amazement the four chimes agreed in chorus that it was nine A. M., and not a moment earlier.

I was dumfounded; the opaque, mid-winter sky was a delusion; these Londoners might as well have built under a weather-stained canvas for all the light they get from heaven at this season.

With the utmost haste I repaired to the station, and took the train for Fleet Street. I had resolved upon an immediate change of base. At the office of the *Saturday Frolic* I was sure to get important letters, and this was a joyful prospect for a man who has not had the exquisite pleasure of breaking a seal for a whole fortnight. The anxious landlady at the Heath had warned me against the bad air of the city; heaven be praised that she was not doomed to soil the snowy streamers fluttering from her widow's cap, in the foggy foulness of

that district. She sought to beguile me, to dissuade me from my fell purpose; she besought me not to be misled by the evil advice of the tempters I should be sure to fall in with so soon as I deserted the serene shades of Hampstead; but I went out manfully, took carriage by the underground road, and was instantly plunged into pitchy darkness that was dense enough to leave a bad taste in the mouth. You see, I had been salting my lungs so lately, that when I came to smoke them the double cure rather overdid the business.

The vast convenience and the unutterable gloom of these intestinal railways left me, after ten minutes of dingy suspense, in a state of perplexity bordering on Fleet Street, which was just what I desired; and I had no sooner come to the surface in London proper than I ran against Temple Bar!

For a moment, I could think of nothing but the top-cover of the old pink magazine; but I next thought of my letters, and at once began climbing up the street, by the house-numbers, until I came to the office of the *Frolic*.

I was quite at home, of course; everybody is at home there. I threw myself upon a lounge that nearly engulfed me, and every spring of which shrieked out at each rudeness on my part, while I opened my letters one after the other, with the utmost deliberation. Now that I had them in hand, I believe I could have played with them for a whole week, quite satisfied to gloat over their superscriptions and wonder what news could possibly be awaiting me within. There was nothing of interest to anyone outside of the family. Tom had gone off again—you don't know Tom—but he had gone off again without waiting for an introduction; he is always going off somewhere or another, and seems to come home for the sole purpose of taking a fresh start. Nell was slowly recovering from an illness of which I had never

dreamed—you see, I had dodged my letters over in America, and here they were, having accumulated under all sorts of dates. Henry's baby was teething as usual—Henry's baby does nothing but teeth from one year's end to the other. Sixthly and lastly, J——, the capital J——, wrote me in his rustic and almost unintelligible hand. J—— wrote from the beautiful mountains of *somewhere*, but a stone's throw from the classical *something*, I could not make out exactly what, but it did not matter; before I could answer his letter he would be some other where. J—— was melancholy as usual—the blue-J——, I called him—and like all melancholy travelers he was skipping over the continent in the liveliest fashion. J—— said to me, "*Go at once into Bloomsbury Lodgings and pitch your tent in my room.*" That was only J——'s confounded poetry of speech; he didn't mean that there was no roof to the house, and that I must camp out on his floor. Hang J——'s phraseology! Now just listen to this: "*My ship blows eastward, and when the wind fills your sails again, follow after me, for there is peace under the palms!*" The truth is, J—— was high and dry somewhere in Germany or Italy, and that is his way of informing a fellow of the fact. Again, "*Gordon will welcome you to the House of Mysteries in Museum Street; Josie will post you as to everything; God bless you, my boy, and farewell!*"—then followed a signature that looked as if it had been written by a real blue-jay with his tail-feathers dipped in ink.

So Gordon was to meet me at the house of mysteries, and, as a stranger, give me welcome. I wondered what manner of creature Gordon might be, and overcome with wonderment, dived into a Hansom cab, and headed for Bloomsbury.

I suppose you know that Bloomsbury has seen its best days. There was a time when the square had a town to it,

but that was long ago; and now, if you want to see respectable nonentities who go about the streets like mourners—I do not mean your professional wailers, who cast a shadow even when there is no sunshine, but subdued people, without malice, without guile, without anything to distinguish them or distress them—just take a turn up Oxford Street toward High Holborn, and drop off in Bloomsbury Parish.

You must not go too far along Museum Street, for it presently sloughs its last vestige of humble respectability and becomes dreary Drury Lane. There is where we kept our human curiosities, or tried to, though some of them refused to be caged.

The flying horse in the Hansom having whirled me through deep, dark streets, wherein everybody and everything looked all of a mouse-color, suddenly planted himself before a perfectly blank and expressionless house, not twenty paces from Oxford Street, and there he rocked to and fro and blew off twin columns of steam from a pair of nostrils that actually gasped for breath. I alighted; entered an apology for a hall that was open upon the street, read the hopeful name of Gordon on a large brass door-plate, and then rapped for admittance.

I gave, for evident reasons, the popular gentleman's rap, which consists of a sharp and prolonged tremor, as if the teeth of the knocker were chattering with the cold, and concludes with a decisive and uncompromising thump. You may hope for nothing after that, save a possible repetition of the same characteristic rat-tat-too in case after a gentlemanly interval there is no response.

I had time to observe that the stone threshold of the street-door was scrupulously clean—I began to like Gordon; that in the corners of the door there were little dust-drifts—I suspended judgment for a moment; the brass door-

knob was a blaze of light, the key-hole wreathed itself with a garland of undeniable finger-stains—my mind wavered. Evidently, Gordon was a queer fellow, but a man is ever a poor housekeeper; Gordon might be one of the inexplicables of this house of mysteries. I heard a pair of shoes—the shoes that are worn down-at-the-heel—climbing steps that must have been steep, from the sound; it was evident that some form of life was rising painfully out of the cellar. A hand groped over half the door on the inner side, and twice struck the knob with some violence before it was secured; the door swung open a little doubtfully, and an old-young face or a young-old face, I hardly know which, looked up at me with a delighted expression, as if I were a bright episode unexpectedly happening on the very brink of her cellar life. Was this the Gordon and a woman? No; this was only Mrs. Bumps, the char-woman. "O! I thought I might be speaking to the landlady!" "By no manner of means," said Mrs. Bumps, smiling a smile that was emphasized with three sentinel teeth stationed on the blank wall of her upper gum. Those teeth seemed to grow longer and more lonesome while I watched them with unwilling eyes. Mrs. Bumps annoyed me; her shoulders were much broader than was necessary in a woman who had no height at all; her back was too full, and this made her look as if her head had been set on wrong-side before. Mrs. Bumps couldn't help all this—who said she could?—but she needn't be so horribly good-natured over it, as if it were rather a blessing than otherwise. Perhaps Mrs. Bumps was a mystery; she looked like one. Well, she tumbled back into the cellar, and in a moment ushered up Gordon.

Gordon was a woman and a widow, but she had been a widow so many years she was grown quite natural again. I was welcomed at once. I was led, or

rather driven, up three flights of stairs by the two women, who gave me chase; at the last floor I paused and awaited my pursuers. Gordon ushered me into a pretty room—J——'s little nest, with two deep windows looking out on a regiment of chimney-pots on the roof of the house opposite. J——'s trunk was in the corner. J—— molts something wherever he goes; I wonder that there is anything left of him.

Mrs. Bumps would kindle my fire at once, though it was not bitter cold; Gordon would pay the cabby at the door, and on the morrow I would rescue my luggage from the covetous chamber at Hampstead. As for the next hour or two, I had resolved that it should be sacred to nothing at all; so I buried myself in J——'s big easy-chair, and strove fervently to compose my soul in peace.

My peace was small. Mrs. Bumps kindled the fire as only a London char-woman can; she built it of next to nothing, and made it burn in spite of a head-wind and a heavy swell—I was the heavy swell in this case. Mrs. Bumps threw herself before the grate in the attitude of prayer, and with a corner of her wide apron in each hand she wrestled with the elements. Had Mrs. Bumps intended to exhaust the atmosphere of the room, she could not have labored more diligently. As an amateur scientist, I was deeply interested in the result of this experiment; and, therefore, with my chin propped upon my clenched fists, I breathlessly awaited developments. Mrs. Bumps rolled her small black eyes toward me, though her knotty profile was still in bold relief, and I felt that I was being carefully scrutinized by the queer little woman whose extraordinary optics were by this time so disarranged that one seemed to have worked itself round over her ear, while the other lodged on the bridge of her nose.

Twice was Mrs. Bumps enveloped in a smoke-cloud that belched out of the

chimney like a personal insult; twice she spewed the thing out of her mouth, while with Christian resignation, having been smitten on the one cheek, she turned to it the other. No doubt she deserved some credit for her forbearance, though that sort of thing is quite in her line of business. By and by Mrs. Bumps, having established a lukewarm flame in one corner of the grate, withdrew to the door, turned about two or three times, as if she had forgotten the way out, caught her wind-sail—I mean her apron—on a key of colossal proportions that shot out of the lock like a small battering-ram, and then courtesied herself out of the room as if the lintel of the door-frame was much too low for her.

I was at last alone, and had nothing to do but realize it. I heard the long, loud thunder of Oxford Street, a peal that crashes for three-and-twenty hours without stopping; a million rushing feet stormed upon the pavements within a stone's-throw of my little solitude. How vastly different it was from the sepulchral solemnity of Hampstead, with its Established Church bells ringing their tedious changes. Those bells always exasperated me, simply because they were Established. I fear that compulsory creeds are a mistake—of course, I refer to all creeds save my own! While I was rapidly drifting toward infidelity, with a pack of church-going bells at my heels, there came a rap at my door.

It was Gordon again. I have observed that Gordon is apt to split a revery like a wedge, and that Mrs. Bumps, God bless her! would smoke you out of house and home if you only gave her time. Gordon, with her ever-watchful eye, had come to cover the tracks of the char-woman, and the char-woman, in a perpetual state of morbid expectation—as if she knew something awful were about to happen, which, however, it had failed to do up to date—dropped in behind her

mistress with a scared look in her face.

I wondered if one of the household mysteries was about to be revealed, when Gordon, with the air of a baroness very much reduced, said, "Was there anything you was wanting, sir?"—so wording it, that I felt it was then too late to get it, let me want it never so much. I shook at her the unutterable "No!" that was too deep for speech, and wished with all my heart that she was in Halifax, which I believe is also an English possession. Heaven forbid that I, in my selfish desires for the quiet for which I am quite willing to pay liberally, should deprive Her Majesty of one faithful subject! Gordon was not yet satisfied. "Would I like to have Josie sent up?"—as if Josie was something to be brought in on a platter. "O yes, send Josie up!" replied I, resolving that Josie's bones should be taken down again as soon as my appetite was sated. The imperious Gordon merely waved her hand like a wand, and Mrs. Bumps fled from the room. I heard her clattering down the stairs as if she were descending in two parts; at any rate, she seemed to be hastening on in her stocking-feet, while her shoes followed after her from mere force of habit.

Gordon tarried. She moved everything in the room, and replaced it, with the air of one who is doing you the greatest possible favor. Why—ah! why—must Gordon be an idiot? Was it not enough that Josie was put upon me as if I was an unprincipled widower who is at last cornered and saddled with a long-neglected child? I knew what Josie was; you could not mislead me twice on names, and as I took Gordon for a man and lost, must I take Josie for a girl? By no means. I knew what Josie was: he was one of those white-faced, white-haired, white-eyed, white-livered boys, who ought to have been girls all the time, and had a mighty narrow escape as it was; an overpetted,

overfed youngster, who had an abundance of unchecked childish impudence and a knack of getting the best of you in the long run. For this reason he was not only tolerated but made much of; for this reason he was beloved, and belittled, and called "Josie" instead of Joseph. If the child had had one particle of color in his character, he would have been a *Joe* and a Godsend. It is hard to catch me on a name, my intuitions are so remarkable. Gordon did not turn me out of the big chair to see if it was all right, or whether or not I needed anything done to me. She would have come to us next, but for the sound of voices on the stairs. Gordon went to the door—the door that opens so awkwardly, you are sure to get in a tangle between it and the bed—and there was, of course, a predicament for a moment, during which I secretly rejoiced, and then Gordon said, with the insufferable air of one who is conscious of giving you the best of a bargain, "Well, sir, here is Josie!"

I turned toward the little imp. There stood a child with a round baby-face, full of curious inquiry; exquisitely sensitive lips of the brightest scarlet glowed in brilliant contrast to the milky whiteness of the skin; brown, drowsy eyes, under the shadow of those half-awakened lids that one looks for in childhood only, seemed to be saying all the time, "I wonder what you are like—ah, I do wonder what you are like!" Yet Josie was no child; her form was womanly. I believe I told you she was a woman; you know I was sure of it all the while. Even the jaunty sailor jacket, with its broad flannel collar trimmed with big anchors, could not hide the full and graceful curves of the exceedingly feminine figure. But I wonder why that face had forgotten to mature while the trim little figure under it was growing so womanly?

Josie came forward at once and put

out a white hand that was too small to be shaken much, and said something which I am sure must have been pleasant, but I was too embarrassed to notice it. Having seen us both safely seated, the elders withdrew. I must say Gordon's patronage was a little offensive; and as for Mrs. Bumps' inexpressible joy over our union, it was positively exasperating. Why were two such people combined against my peace of mind in Bloomsbury Lodgings? Ah, there was the mystery!

Josie and I, alone with ourselves, were at once familiar. Josie had heard all about me from the personal recollections of J——; and I played that Josie's name had been a household word in our family ever since I could remember. We were both delighted, and confessed as much, as if it were quite the thing to gush at first sight. The fire had gone out; Josie was the first to notice it, and she insisted upon rekindling it herself, although I was quite warm enough without it. It was as pretty as a picture to see those two little hands fishing out the big black lumps of coal, and when she took hold of a hot piece, now and then, she dropped it with the dearest little scream that made me shiver with horror. It was great fun! Once, while her slender white fingers were dipping into the ugly grate, I told her they looked to me like dainty silver tongs, but she did not seem to notice it, and perhaps it was not much to say, after all.

When everything was ready, we lit the fire with a whole newspaper, that required much careful watching, or we might have been destroyed like the martyrs, and so we both watched it with our two heads close together. The fire was a great success. I never before knew what fun it is to make a fire. It must be quite delightful to be a charwoman or a stoker. But I found that it makes a fellow hungry, and so, as it was

Josie's business to "post" me, I inquired about dinner. Gordon, when desired, furnished dinners on the shortest notice, in a fellow's room. Would Gordon double the dinner, and lay the cloth for two? Gordon would do that very thing with an ease that looked like sleight-of-hand. Would Josie join a fellow in his frugal repast? Josie would, if she were likely to afford any pleasure by so doing. Well, what did she like best in the world?—I meant that was eatable. She liked just what I liked, and did not seem to care a farthing for anything else. Did you ever in your life hear of anything so lucky and so strange? We both rung for Mrs. Bumps; we both reached the bell-pull at the same moment: somehow we kept thinking of the same things in the same way all the evening, and when the secret was out we laughed in chorus and wondered how it ever happened. Mrs. Bumps dropped into the room on top of a thundering rap at the door that was quite startling; Mrs. Bumps dropped out again, with an order for eggs and bacon, tea and toast, and a cold rice-pudding with lots of raisins in it, on her mind. Josie and I set the table. All the books, and papers, and pens went up on the bureau; out of a small locker that seemed to have suddenly appeared at one side of the chimney came table-cloth, table-mats, and napkins as big as towels; out of another locker, on the other side—whose discovery was also magical—Josie reached me tea-pot, tea-cups, saucers, and plates. In a box under the sofa we found knives, forks, and spoons. The sugar-bowl was in the top drawer of the bureau; the caster was in the hall. It was quite like being wrecked on a desert island, everything was so convenient. I asked Josie if she had read *Foul Play*? She was guiltless; but, before I could begin to tell her how nice it was, Mrs. Bumps threw her head in at the door to inquire what we would have for dinner. Poor

thing!—poor, poor thing! How I pitied her! She had forgotten that the bill of fare had been intrusted to her half an hour before; for on her way down-stairs in her mind she digested everything therein, and, of course, thought no more about it. Presently she remembered us, and thinking we might be getting hungry—for children are always doing something of that kind, and Mrs. Bumps looked upon us as little better than sucklings—she came up to inquire if we would eat at once or wait until some other time. Mrs. Bumps leaves everything unfinished and tumbles headlong into a new task with an energy that is appalling. She never completes anything; she goes her round of duties, taking a stitch in each, and flying from one to another, like a bee that makes a great deal too much noise for the amount of honey she gathers. Mrs. Bumps retired with a second edition of our *menu*, and in due season dinner arrived.

The gas was lighted; J——'s little nest was as warm and cozy as possible; while without the streets were choked with dull, grimy fog. I looked out upon the blurred lamps that grew smaller and fainter, and ended at last in a long line of sparks. Hosts of shadows moved to and fro under a sky that seemed to rest on the roofs of the houses. What a roar there was, notwithstanding that the crowd looked rather unsubstantial. What a clatter of wheels, a snapping of whips, a shouting of drivers. It occurred to me that I should never be able to breathe freely in a city so densely populated that there actually does not seem room for one more. I turned from the window, shook out the warm red curtains with white fringes, and seated myself at the head of the table, quite like a family man. Could anything have been jollier, I wonder! Josie made the tea, I passed the bacon and eggs, and when we came to the rice-pudding, which was actually black in the face with raisins,

we were quite too happy for anything. We wheeled back to the fire. With my utmost skill I rolled two cigarettes, and then paused for a moment. Would Josie join me in a quiet smoke?—the best thing for digestion, you know, and there is nothing that so preys upon the English mind as digestion. Yes; Josie would smoke, and puff faint white clouds out of a pair of dainty nostrils, to my intense and entire satisfaction. Then we chattered like magpies—with a difference, for the magpies of my acquaintance keep saying the same thing over and over again, while we said everything that we could think of.

It came out that Josie was somebody's independent little sister, who, from choice, had taken her case into her own hands, and managed it very creditably. She had much time to herself, and therefore, being a warm-hearted and thoughtful little creature, she did what she could to bring sunshine into the lives of the Bloomsbury lodgers. She told me of a certain count, a refugee, who lived on a wonderfully small pension and had a crest on his visiting-card; and of a baron, bent double with age, and learning, and rheumatism, who translated great books for great publishers. When she first mentioned these people of distinction, I began to fear that she moved in the higher circles, and I was half disappointed, for when one comes upon a sweet wild-rose one hates to discover that its roots are packed in a china pot. But there was no cause for regret. The count and the baron were in Bloomsbury Lodgings—yea, under the very same roof with us.

"Well, what else?" asked I, getting interested.

"O, there was the 'Diana of Song' on the first floor. She had an invalid husband whom she supported, and therefore she hunted harmonies at one of the music-halls in Oxford Street. There was the ill-bred American, second-floor

back, who was always complaining and giving Gordon no end of trouble. Then there was Junius, the journalist—a good American—whose right to the second-floor back was undisputed, but as he was away in the country, the insufferable other party was afflicting the premises for the time being. Junius was expected back shortly; for no one who has once known London can long keep out of it.”

“And what is the mystery connected with the house?”

“Mystery!” Josie had never dreamed of such a thing in London. At that moment there came three distinct thumps on the wall over my bed. I turned to Josie, and said “Sh-h-sh!” in a voice that was blood-curdling. These supernatural manifestations are not agreeable when one is away from home. Josie laughed, and assured me that the lodger in the next room was always banging something with his poker. The conversation subsided. I began to feel uncomfortable, not on account of the mystery that hung over the house, but because I had nothing else to do, and it was absolutely necessary that I should do something. The fire burned cheerily; it were vain to stir it, or to refer to it in any way. The gas did not shriek

at the top of its bent. Nobody dropped in upon us. What could I do?

You see, it had occurred to me that it was not exactly the correct thing for us to be sitting up in that lonely room. The sudden conviction that had forced itself upon my—conscience, shall I say?—that we were a rather improper young couple whose reputations were at stake, threw me entirely off my guard. I felt that something must be done, and I said, with assumed calmness, “Josie, shall we go to the pantomime?” Josie was “agreeable;” I do not believe she could be anything else under any circumstances whatever. The Christmas spectacles were still “on,” and we ran over the tempting catalogue of novelties for the evening, finally selecting the one which seemed to promise the most for a shilling. Josie put on her sailor hat and looked like a female smuggler. I waited at the street-door with an umbrella—for, sooner or later, you must come to it in this country—and then, with Josie’s plump little glove tucked away in the corner of my elbow, I began to wonder if I was bettering our case, though I confess it did not trouble me so much after that; and, with light steps and happy hearts, we went out into the great world together.

ST. AUGUSTIN, BISHOP OF HIPPO:

A GLANCE AT THE STRUGGLE OF HIS LIFE.

A READER participates in the excitement of the combatants, when poring over graphic descriptions of various battle-fields, upon the issue of which the destinies of empires and of whole races depended. The interest excited by the secret workings of popular movements, of the political combinations made by the rulers of states, or by the scientific researches pursued in the closet

of the student, is greater still—as these offer to us a picture of the rational part of man subjecting and ruling the movements of matter or the events of accident. But what can surpass, what equal the intense feelings of breathless expectancy and respectful awe that overpower us, when we contemplate a mind, a heart, a soul, struggling and grappling, no more with the tendencies of gross

matter, but with its own ideas and memories, yearnings and habits, passions and whole being. The enemy is your own self, the battle-ground the secret corner of the heart, the artifices of war as varied as the keys of your emotions, the changes of front as rapid as the flashes of your thought. And when to the interest that any such individual mortal combat may inspire is attached the thought and certainty that the one before us is the faithful picture of a conflict enduring for ages, not in one man alone, but in millions of men at issue with themselves, and that moreover upon the issue of this single individual duel the fate of generations is dependent—that it is a turning-point in history, a climax of thought, a breaking-up of an old order of things, a building-up of a new—who can undervalue, as a mere psychological and historical study the conversion and life of St. Augustin? Of all his great contemporaries in the episcopal dignity, he alone, after years of doubt and scepticism, folly and misery, had abandoned the deities of his forefathers, the teachings of the philosophers, to become a most ardent worshiper of “that Galilean” and the most subtle teacher of the new Christian school. And although some surpassed him in eloquence, like Basil and Chrysostom; others in antiquated learning, like Ephrem, Epiphanius, and Jerome; others in the science of ruling men, like the two Cyrils and the great Ambrose; and all of them in the political importance of their sees and the courtly splendor and extent of their fields of action, yet he, pre-eminently, has been handed down to posterity as a most perfect, versatile, and ever-living doctor of the church. The great Abbot Bernard, Anselm and Thomas of Aquinas, Luther and Bossuet, Leibnitz and Pascal, at this apparently inexhaustible fountain crowned their store of learning, and were inspired with their vastest and

most affecting thoughts and turns of expression. For he, in an exceeding degree, had fought the battle of a brave man in his own heart, only to succumb before justice and truth. As he has himself said: “*Deum et animam scire cupio nihilne plus? Nihil omnino.*” (Sol. I., 7.)

Aurelius Augustianus, the son of Patricius and Monica, was born in the year 354 A. C., at Thagaste, now Tejetl. First of all in his native town, later in the cities of Madaura and Carthage, he prepared himself by classical studies for the office of a teacher of rhetoric. From the few obliterated ruins in the present kingdoms of Tripolis, Tunis, and Algeria, we can only with difficulty form an idea of the life, activity, opulence, commerce, and refinement of the inhabitants of the ancient provinces of Numidia and Africa. The population consisted of Roman colonists, Greek merchants, and African natives, all imbued with the characteristic features of their nationalities. The despotic conquerors of the world favored the pagan religion of their great country. The Greeks, drawn thither by commerce from Athens, Alexandria, and Cyrene, carried with them the teachings and subtilities of the innumerable philosophers of the academies. The native Africans, weighed down by years of oppression and imperfectly educated in dialectic sophistry, looked for instruction toward the Athens of the East and of Africa, the true Babel of learning, Alexandria. In Alexandria, as in the whole of Egypt, were to be found the two extremes of human superstition—a most vulgar and low fetichism, and the most elevated and sublime mysticism. Thus every shade, every degree of human belief or credulity could find on that vast scale a point of departure, and the country was the birthplace and stronghold of all kinds of sects, systems, and heresies for several centuries.

Through this kaleidoscope of nations and creeds, combining and recombining themselves about him, we must view, to understand, the nature and character of Augustin. There was in him the fiery, passionate, and superstitious Southern blood, which early in youth led to sensual extravagance, and later to the most ardent love of his new deity, and which gave a glow of earnestness, zeal, and almost violence to all his actions and to all his writings. A classical education and Greek philosophy inspired him with an unbounded admiration for the treasures of literature, accustomed him to poise his mind delicately between imperceptible differences of words and ideas, and threw open all the riches of the dialectics of the ancients. Both qualities, however—one of character or birth, the other of reason or education—were tempered by the sound and practical judgment of his Roman blood, which, besides a speculative and passionate thinker, made him the most active and useful of practical teachers and guides. A poet at heart, he had a philosopher's mind, and the sagacity in action of a prætor. Over and above all towered that incomprehensible thing called genius, by which all the powers of his mind and qualities of his heart were electrified.

In Carthage, the time of Augustine was divided between studying and teaching eloquence, poetry (of which he was publicly crowned the champion in the amphitheatre by the Prætor Vindecinus), astrology, and the mysticism of the Manichean sect. The eloquent words of Cicero in the *Hortensius* weaned him away from all minor objects, to fix his mind on the pursuit of philosophy, the true and the ideal, the certain and the sublime. The schools flourishing at that time were the Neopythagoreans, the Pythagorizing Platonists, and especially the Jewish-Greek and Neo Platonists; all being theosophic. The previous de-

velopment of Greek philosophy itself was alone sufficient to produce this last feature in them; when physical and mental investigation had ended, either in remodeling and blending together the great former systems into a new one, *i. e.*, eclecticism; or had led men to doubt in regard to all of them, and in regard to the cognoscibility of anything, *i. e.*, skepticism. This state of Greek philosophy could not but induce a greater susceptibility to oriental influences than had hitherto existed, and such influences did operate in no insignificant measure to determine the form and substance of the speculation of the period. But there were also internal causes which produced a leaning toward a mystical theology. The feeling of alienation from the gods, and the yearning after a higher revelation, were universal characteristics of the last centuries of the ancient world; this yearning was in the first place but an expression of the consciousness of the decline of classical nations and culture. This same feeling of exhaustion and of yearning after extraneous aid, accompanied as it was by a diminished power of original thought, led in speculation to sympathy with the oriental tendency to conceive God as the transcendent rather than as the immanent cause of the world, and to regard self-abnegation as the essential form of morality; while under the same influence, special emphasis was placed on the kindred elements in Greek, and especially in the Platonic, philosophy. Plato's attempt to translate oriental mysticism into scientific speculation ends in Neoplatonism, with a retranslation of thought into images. Neoplatonism is a philosophy of syncretism. And, even granting that theosophic speculation, in comparison with the investigation of nature and man, may appear as the higher and more important work, still, Neoplatonism remains decidedly inferior to its precursors in the earlier Greek philosophy,

since it did not solve its problem with the same measure of scientific perfection with which they solved theirs.

Augustin, dissatisfied with the Manichean system; a follower of Neoplatonism, yet yearning after the ideal of the Peripatetics; greedy for the supernatural doctrines of his times; believing, or rather disbelieving and doubting everything with the Skeptics, and thoroughly unhappy, fled from home and his mother to Rome. Thence, through the influence and special recommendation of the celebrated Symmachus, he was appointed teacher of a school of rhetoric in the imperial city of Milan. Here he was affectionately received by the great Archbishop Ambrose. He attended many of his sermons, and though, scholar-like, finding fault with the eloquence tainted with barbarism, he yet was struck by the zeal of the pastor and the active life of a Christian bishop and a Christian prætor. The living example of this man's virtues, and the reading of the Scriptures, gradually prepared the mind of Augustin for the great change. An inexplicable incident of a child ordering him to take and read the letters of the Apostle of the Gentiles, precipitated his resolution. He resigned his pulpit, withdrew with his mother and a select company of intimate friends to Cassiciacum, a country-seat of his wealthy patron Verecundus, and there solved, to his satisfaction, the mystery of all philosophies.

It is in his own works, written in that seclusion, that we must look for the authentic picture of the doubts, the conflict, the surrender, the triumph, the whole history of his passions and of his thoughts. He ponders on his life and all the past ages that have rolled before him; calls to his aid every branch of knowledge, reason, languages, history, dialectics, music, poetry, geometry, and astronomy. No phenomenon in nature, no shade of emotion, no flight of the

imagination, no subtility of reason, escapes his searching and scrutinizing eye. He meditates and prays, asks women for instruction and becomes the docile pupil of his own disciples. The nights are spent in sleepless waking, the days in arduous mental labor. At last reason and faith, the possible and impossible, the finite and infinite, are blended together in his soul. His burning heart spurns the mechanical scales of logic, and flies on the wings of love heavenward. His religion is the personal ardor for God which is the characteristic devotion of a philosopher.

In his works, the fruit of his mental labors, Augustin seeks to demonstrate, in opposition to the skeptical Academics, the existence of a necessary element in knowledge. It is a characteristic feature of his discussion of this subject, that he does not begin with the question of the origin of knowledge, but with the question whether the possession of truth is one of our wants, or whether without it happiness is possible; or, in other words, that he proceeds not genetically, but teleologically. He affirms that without the true, the probable is unattainable, which yet the Academics held to be attainable; and then that the true, to which the probable is similar—this similarity constituting the essence of the probable—is the only standard by which the probable can be known. He then remarks that no one can be wise without wisdom; and that every definition of wisdom which excludes knowledge from the idea of wisdom, and makes the latter equivalent to the mere confession of ignorance and to abstinence from all assent, identifies wisdom with nullity or with the false, and is, therefore, untenable. But if knowledge belongs to wisdom, then it belongs also to happiness, for only the wise man is happy. He who lightly pretends to the name of the wise man without possessing the knowledge of truth—indeed, denying the pos-

sibility of a knowledge of it—can hardly be a desirable guide, either through this world or to another.

Seeking, in opposition to skepticism, an indubitable certitude, as a point of departure for all philosophical investigation, Augustin finds it—in his work, *Contra Academicos*—in the proposition that our sensible perceptions are at least subjectively true. In the nearly synchronous work, *De Beata Vita*, he lays down the principle which has been so fruitful to philosophy, that it is impossible to doubt one's own living existence. This principle, in the *Soliloquia* (II., 1), is expressed in this form: "Thought, and therefore the existence of the thinker, are the most certain of all things"—"*Tu, qui vis te nosse, scis esse te? Scio. Unde scis? Nescio. Simplicem te sentis an multiplicem? Nescio. Moveri te scis? Nescio. Cogitare te scis? Scio.*" The famous axiom of Descartes, "I think, therefore I am," is nothing evidently but a succinct and imperfect statement of the above. In like manner, Augustin concludes (*De Lib. Arb.* II., 7), from the possibility of our being deceived (*falli posse*), the fact of our existence, and makes being, life, and thought co-ordinate.

Faith, in the most general sense, says Augustin (*De Prædestin. Sanctor.* 5), is assenting to an idea. That which we know we also believe; but not all that we believe are we able immediately to know; faith is the way to knowledge. When we reflect upon ourselves, we find in ourselves not only sensations but also an internal sense, which makes of the former its objects, and finally reason, which knows both the internal sense and itself. That which judges is always superior to that which is judged; but that according to which judgment is rendered is also superior to that which judges. The human reason perceives that there is something higher than itself; for it is changeable, now knowing,

now not knowing; now seeking after knowledge, now not; now correctly, now incorrectly judging; but the truth itself, which is the norm according to which it judges, must be unchangeable. If thou findest thy nature to be changeable, rise above thyself, to the eternal source of the light of reason. Even if thou only knowest that thou doubtest, thou knowest what is true. But nothing is true, unless truth exists. Hence it is impossible to doubt the existence of the truth itself. Nothing higher than it can be conceived, for it includes all true being. It is identical with the highest good, in virtue of which all inferior goods are good in their degree. And this unchangeable truth and highest good is the God of Augustin.

The distinction of quality and substance is inapplicable to Him. God falls under no one of the Aristotelian categories. In the case of bodies, substance and attribute are different; even the soul, if it should ever become wise, will become so only by participation in the unchangeable wisdom itself, with which it is not identical. But in beings whose nature is simple—beings which are ultimate, and original, and truly divine—the quality does not differ from the substance, since such beings are divine, wise, and happy in themselves, and not by participation in something foreign to them.

The soul is immaterial. There are found in it only functions, such as thought, knowledge, will, and remembrance, but nothing which is material. It is a substance or subject, and not a mere attribute of the body. It feels each affection of the body at that point where the affection takes place; it is, therefore, wholly present both in the entire body and in each part of it; whereas the corporeal is with each of its parts only in one place. The immortality of the soul follows, according to this philosophy, from its participation in immu-

table truth and from its essential union with the eternal reason and with life.

The cause of evil is to be found in the will, which turns aside from the higher to the inferior. Not that the inferior, as such, is evil, but to decline to it from the higher is evil. The evil will works that which is evil, but is not itself moved by any positive cause; it has no *causa efficiens*, but only a *causa deficiens*. Evil is not a substance or nature (essence), but a marring of nature (of the essence) and of the good—a defect, a privation, or loss of good—an infraction of integrity, of beauty, of happiness, of virtue. Where there is no violation of good there is no evil. Evil, therefore, can only exist as an adjunct of good, and that not of the immutably but only of the mutably good. An absolute good is possible, but absolute evil is impossible.

We can not follow Saint Augustin's meditations any farther, without entering upon the domain of the dogmas of Christianity. He had reached the goal of his studies, broken the chain of pagan ideas in his mind by the most profound and serious reasoning, and, bringing throughout human learning to co-operate with divine faith, he became the eminent Christian philosopher of his age. And now that he had found the long-wished-for truth and happiness, the object of his ardent and loving nature was changed from sensual pursuits to the possession of righteousness; his whole nature was chastened and purified. At Easter, in 387, he received baptism from the hands of Ambrosius himself, and left Italy for his native country, where his talents and fame rapidly rais-

ed him to the episcopal see in the city of Hippo Regius. Here he actively occupied himself with the duties of his station; preached, held public disputes with heretics, wrote against the Manicheans, Donatists, Pelagians, and Semi-Pelagians, corresponded with all the leading men of his age, journeyed like an apostle, ruled and protected his church and city; carrying everywhere the mildness and humility, the generosity and forbearance, the self-abnegation and power over himself and all who approached him, which he had learned in the seclusion of Cassiciacum. Full of glory, virtues, and renown, he died at the age of seventy-six, in the year 430 A. C., in his episcopal city, and among his flock, which he had nobly refused to abandon before the invading Vandal hordes.

Shortly before his death, he found time to write the most original, if not the best, of all his numerous works—his *Confessions*. In it, in words and images whose poetry, richness, grandeur, and pathos baffle all mere description, he recapitulates the chain of his thoughts and ideas, link after link, and year after year. All the false theorems with which he had sought to palliate his excesses in youth; the agony and despair of a noble soul yearning after the true, the good, and the beautiful; the conflict between harassing scruples and dissonant teachings; the pain of a great heart that only the infinite could satiate—an infinite that he of all best knew itself unable to possess—all is laid candidly and unaffectedly before us. The book is the history of the struggle of his life.

IN VENICE.

Below the Lion of Saint Mark
I sit alone, and, all unseen
Save by some night-birds in yon arch,
I hold communion with my Queen—
The faithful, mournful face of Night
That wooed me years ago from crowds.
Alone, the dappled, curly clouds
Go by and mix and countermarch.
From out the deep, from out the dark,
Companions come to me. The might
Of old dead centuries is here;
I breathe uncommon atmosphere.

It is not day, it seems not night,
But like dim lands that lie between
The mournful night and vanquished day.
Some far-off sounds have lost their way,
Like some lone, lorn, benighted wight,
Made mad with love for false, fair queen—
Faint far-off sounds that none have heard—
That call so mournfully to me,
As if for help from out the sea.
Aye, there be spirits in the air,
I feel them touch my falling hair;
They fan me like some fluttered bird.

O tranquil bride of tranquil seas,
O city set in seas of glass,
O white bride born of steel and storm
And iron-footed tyrannies!
Sit down, sit down—let all time pass,
And build no more; for what has form
Or beauty, as thy presence has?

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I. IN WHICH VARIOUS PEOPLE FALL IN LOVE.

" 'Tis an awkward thing to trifle with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own.
Think of my friend!—and the burning coals
He played with for bits of stone!"

FOUR gondoliers were lying asleep in the shade of the iron bridge which crosses the Grand Canal of Venice. They really have nothing to do with this story, but I mention them because in the first place they obstructed the landing-place where my *dramatis personæ* were shortly to embark, and also because they were unconsciously missing the prettiest sight in all Venice that day. For May Graham was slowly coming down the steps of the Belle Arte building, and Miss Graham was a very, indeed, a remarkably, pretty girl. The elder of her two companions was her father—you saw the family likeness at a glance; the other, a tall young fellow, had the unmistakable air and gait of a New Yorker.

Stepping into the gondola that was awaiting them, they all sunk back upon its cushions with the expression of people who feel that the conscientious examination of three churches and a picture-gallery has entitled them to repose.

"Mr. Dalton," said May, "I wish you would look at papa's face! I never can decide if he looks most like St. Sebastian with all the arrows in him, or like some other early Christian martyr, when he comes out of a picture-gallery! The best of the joke is, that no earthly consideration will induce him to miss one of them. Do you remember Trent, papa, where you missed the train to see the Rembrandt, and after all it turned out to be only a copy?"

"My dear child," answered Major

Graham, quietly, "if you feel like talking after the work of the last three hours, pray gratify yourself; only I must beg you not to expect any answer from me. I am going to sleep."

"All right!" said May. "Mr. Dalton, do tell me who was that queer-looking person with the curls and the green ribbons who spoke to you at the door? Is she an artist?"

"If she is, I don't know an artist when I see one," answered Dalton. "I believe she spoils good canvas occasionally."

"Moral: avoid picture-galleries! Papa goes to sleep, and you become ferocious. That, I suppose, is an instance of the 'soothing influence of art.' May I ask how you know the exact *status* of the unfortunate ~~war~~er of those curls? Have you seen her work?"

"No!" said Dalton; "but if a man's work be supposed to express himself, how, in heaven's name, could a woman with such a face paint a good picture! And then—really, Miss Graham, you have not been abroad long enough to make the discovery, but I can assure you there is a tribe, a host, a multitude of young ladies between the ages of sixteen and sixty who haunt the art-galleries, who make day hideous with their sketches, and drive unfortunate artists mad with criticisms and advice on things they know nothing about, and misquoted and misapplied bits of Ruskin. These unattractive, nondescript women used to go into convents at one time; now they go in for art. The piety was preferable to the paint—if they only knew it!"

"Mr. Dalton, could anything make

you forgive a woman for being ugly?" asked May.

"Nothing—except never seeing her!"

May laughed, and leaned lazily back against the black leather cushions. The striped blue-and-white curtains were drawn to shut out the glare of the water, and the half-shadow was only broken by sharp gleams of sunlight that flickered and danced with the rocking of the gondola.

"Where are you at work now, Mr. Dalton?" she asked. "Can we go and see your picture?"

"It is in a private house," he answered, slowly. "I suppose, though, I could get you permission to come and see it. I have just finished copying a Giorgione there."

"And what are you going to do after that?"

He hesitated a moment. "I am—that is—I have more work to do there."

"Another copy?"

"No—not exactly—it's a picture of—" He leaned forward and looked down the canal. "Do you know, you are almost home again?" he said; "your men row very well."

"Very—but you have not told me your subject?" she persisted.

"It is not anything very interesting to you," he said, shortly. "I am painting a portrait. I am painting the Countess Morosini—a friend of mine," he added, looking her full in the face. She did not answer. An awkward silence seemed to have fallen between them. There had been a hesitancy, almost an embarrassment, in Philip's manner, that made both of them feel relieved when the gondola stopped at the hotel steps. Declining Major Graham's invitation to luncheon on the plea of an engagement for which he was already behindhand, Dalton hurried away. He walked rapidly toward the Zattere. His thoughts seemed pleasant, for he smiled to himself more than once. The little girl

with bare feet and tangled hair, who came up to him as he passed the bridge and offered him a flower for his button-hole, laughed as she looked up in his face, and even the lame old beggar by the church felt the influence of his sunny mood, and asked for alms without his customary whine. Philip Dalton was essentially a pleasant, good -tempered, light-hearted fellow. "The best fellow in the world," the men who had studied in the same studio with him would tell you—"not a genius by any means; not even very clever; in fact, you know, he is a pretty poor painter, and doesn't draw worth a hang, but a jolly good fellow all the same. Everybody likes Dalton." In reality, he had one of those sensitive, facile, impressionable temperaments which are seldom united to much depth of feeling. He liked everybody—who pleased him; loved himself, and was as selfish as he was attractive.

As he turned down the broad flagged walk of the Zattere, his step quickened. The heat was intense, and the lagoon lay shimmering in a blinding blaze of light. He entered the cool, damp hall of one of the palaces, and for a moment his dazzled eyes could hardly distinguish the dim outline of the wide marble staircase. The door of a room on the first floor was opened to him by a servant whose ready greeting showed them to be old acquaintances, and he stepped into a long cool corridor whence light and sound seemed banished. A row of time-stained pictures, family portraits for the most part, hung against the wall between dusty, rust-covered swords and halberds: a ghostly and faded trophy of some tattered banners, and a lance, were suspended over the door; two narrow, polished wooden benches, with carved backs, ran the whole length of the hall on either side, to where an easel was standing at the farther end by an open window, through which one looked out

into an old garden protected from the outside world by high brick walls.

"The *signora contessa* is asleep," said the servant, an ancient man in a faded livery. "If the *signore* will wait——?"

"Very well," said Dalton. "Let the *signora* know I am here when she wakes." He walked lazily to the window, and threw himself down on the cushions that filled the pointed recess. The house was perfectly still; he could distinctly hear the retreating footsteps of his guide until a door closed in the lower regions of the palace, and only the twittering of the birds in the acacia-trees, or the shrill laughter of the children playing in the street, broke the silence. There was a cool green light in the gallery; a little breeze that had wandered in and lost its way was stirring the faded tapestries which masked the doors; now and then a June rose, overblown, dropped in a mass of perfumed petals on the window-ledge, or strewed with crimson rain the polished marble floor. "If I had a cigar," thought Dalton, "I would not change places with a king!" As he painted, the long summer afternoon passed away; shadows began to fall across the sunny paths of the garden. People opened the shutters of their houses on the shady side of the narrow streets, and fair-haired, sun-browned women leaned out, their elbows firmly planted upon the window-sills, to gossip with their opposite neighbors. The pretty girls with fans in their hands and flowers in their blonde and tangled hair—who had lounged away the morning in a way which, to any but an Italian, is an inscrutable and never-ending mystery—began to fill the balconies. The servants of the Palazzo Morosini shared in the universal stir, and Dalton could hear every now and then from the garden some high-pitched voice descanting in rapid and excited dialect on the manifold and seemingly unbearable delinquencies of some apparently remote cul-

prit. A small boy with a strong family likeness to the cook, dressed in a pair of trowsers evidently made out of a meal-bag for some deceased ancestor, and a pink cotton shirt with one blue sleeve, seemed, finally, to have concentrated all the wrath on his devoted head. A bold attack on his person was followed by his precipitate flight to the top of a large water-tank; a place of refuge with which he was manifestly familiar, and from which no persuasion could entice him until a hitherto silent personage addressed him in such terms that he fled wildly into the garden, where he caught Dalton looking at him, and immediately held out a ragged cap to catch a penny—occasionally turning a somersault in an absent-minded and strictly unprofessional way, as though merely to keep his hand in. Dalton was laughing at the little monkey, and wondering what could have been the meaning of the scathing address to Beppi which had driven him from his post of vantage, when a door opened at the farther end of the hall, and a woman entered and stood still, looking steadily at him unobserved.

No one had ever dreamed of calling the Contessa Morosini pretty; as a general thing, women admitted her face to be a striking one, but did not think it beautiful. It was perhaps an illustration of the universal law of compensation that half the men she met fell in love with her. With us, in America, I question if many people would have admired a type so dissimilar to our own. Her face was an anachronism. The broad, low brow, the reddish hair, the perfectly pallid skin, and full, almost colorless lips, would have been nearer the ideal beauty of the fifteenth century than that of these later days. There was a discrepancy in the upper part of the face—it might have been the too strongly accentuated curve of the dark, delicate eyebrows, or the curious undecided color, between gray and green, of the large, slightly promi-

nent eyes—which gave it character of an unusual kind.

About this woman there was nothing commonplace—except her life. An orphan, married to a man thirty years older than herself, the Countess Morosini had lived ten quiet, monotonous, uneventful years since she left the convent where her girlhood had been spent. The death of her husband had changed her but little in her mode of living. Life in the Morosini palace was at best but a subdued affair. Youth, with its passions and follies, seemed a forgotten word and banished guest in those lofty rooms hung about with countless relics of dead and buried generations. Dalton was almost the first young and joyous apparition which had entered the old palace since the day the count brought home his bride. He was the first real and personal interest in Fiamma Morosini's life; he had come to her as a revelation—the suggestion of infinite possibilities—and she loved him. For good or for evil the turning-point of her life was reached, and the passion which hitherto had taken refuge in her face and in the brooding, unsatisfied expression of her eyes, was shortly to invade and fill her heart. Dalton started as she laid her hand on his shoulder.

"I beg your pardon," he said, confusedly; "I was watching that little beggar out there. When did you come in? I did not hear you!"

"Little Beppi is more fortunate than I am in winning your attention," she answered, speaking English slowly, but with a scarcely perceptible accent. "Have I been dreaming it, or did you not really make an appointment for me to pose to you this morning?"

"I assure you it was not my fault—I wish I could believe you did see me in your dreams!—but some old friends of mine are staying here, and I have been on escort duty all the morning. I could not do less than that, you know; they

are people I have visited very often at home."

"I do not like them," said Fiamma, slowly. "To-day is the first time you have staid away, and I thought something dreadful had happened to you."

"Would you have cared?"

She smiled and looked at him. "Tell me," she asked, "are these people—your friends—going to stay here long?"

"Yes, I believe so—if they like it—but never mind them! Did you really miss me to-day?—how much?"

Italian women do not flirt, and do not understand flirtation in others. They may be indifferent to you—my experience leads me to believe they generally are so—or they may fall in love with you; but that subtle intermingling of both feelings, that delicate wavering on the border-land of sentiment, which has been at once reduced to a science and elevated to a fine art, is not dreamed of in their philosophy. The fact in itself is a trifling one, and yet, had Dalton realized it, some trouble and not a little pain might have been avoided. It was so natural to him, though, to yield himself up to the strongest sensation of the moment; he was so accustomed to take the goods the gods sent him without a thought of the possible consequences, that the knowledge might have availed him but little. Not that he meant to flirt with the *contessa*. She was more a woman to be with than to talk to. Her personality was magnetic; there was a charmed stillness about her, a lotus dream she seldom cared to break. Broadly speaking, she was utterly without ideas; her education had been most limited in extent, but some fine sense of the congruous saved her from those fluent trivialities which constitute the conversation of women that have no love for books. On the whole, I think it still an open question if a beautiful woman who knows how to keep a sympathetic silence be not the superior of one who

is habitually talkative? Dalton was so much of this opinion that it was with unfeigned regret he rose to go.

"Are you not coming to the Piazza with me to-night?" she asked.

He hesitated. "I am very sorry, upon my word I am; but I promised to go round and see the Grahams in their new apartments to-night——"

"That is the second time to-day!" she said, coldly. "Very well. Go!"

"I might bring my friends down to the Piazza later"—he began.

"Not on my account, thanks! I shall not go now. Good-by!"

He had reached the door, when she called him back.

"Bring your friends here some day," she said; "they would probably like to see the palace. I should like to see *them*."

It must have been fully ten days after this, when Miss Graham and the *contessa* met for the first time. It was on the Piazza, of course. Everything that happens in Venice has its beginning there. It is around those little tables, in front of the *cafés*, under the glare of the gas, with the band playing and hundreds of people walking up and down, talking and laughing in every language, that the comedies and sometimes the tragedies of Venetian life are played. It is everybody's *salon*; the most public and the most private of places. More than one *habitué* turned to look a second time at the table where our party were seated. An unconscious rivalry moved both May and the *contessa*; neither had ever looked more charming or more seductive than she did that night. By some tacit mutual understanding they both avoided speaking to Dalton. The two Van Arsdales monopolized May's attention, and the *contessa* seemed absorbed in watching the gaslight flickering on the *façade* of St. Mark's.

"I wish you would all come to my house to-morrow," she said, turning to

May, as the gondolas pushed off from the steps. "I think Major Graham would be interested in some of my pictures. Mr. Dalton thinks them very fine, I believe."

"May, dear," said Kate Van Arsdale, the next morning, as the two girls were dressing to go out, "I don't think I like Mr. Dalton's *contessa*."

"I know I don't," said May.

An hour afterward they had made the whole tour of the Palazzo Morosini, and were resting in one of the great reception-rooms, between walls hung with faded brocade wrought with gold; where seats—whose miraculously uncomfortable carved and coroneted backs compelled one to believe that sitting down is a nineteenth century prejudice—were stiffly ranged against the wall, and where numberless portraits of by-gone patri-cians looked grimly on in solemn disapproval of the flippant talk and merry voices of a party of young people. The unaccustomed sunlight streamed into the room through the high gothic windows, as though curious to see what had lain hidden for so long behind the iron-barred shutters, and every now and then a peal of laughter startled the birds on their nests in the honeysuckle-vine. Two staid men in livery had brought in a multitude of small quaint *celadon* cups filled with black coffee, and now lingered about the door with the privileged familiarity of Italian servants, as though in wonder at the new element their mistress had introduced into the silent old house.

There was an embroidery frame on one of the tables, with the needle still sticking in an unfinished rose.

"Is this your work, Contessa?" asked May.

"Mine? O, no. I never do anything," said the countess, carelessly. "That was the work of a sister of my husband's mother, who died more than fifty years ago. They say she was work-

ing at that flower when news came that her betrothed had been killed at Waterloo. She never did anything more to it, and died two or three months after."

"Poor thing!" said May. She laid her hand tenderly on the work, and stood looking at it a moment. "Poor thing! What a sad story! How glad she must have been to die!"

"Why?" asked the countess, looking at her curiously. "She was young, and life is good when one is young."

"Miss Graham does not believe in *post-mortem* consolations yet," said Dalton, lightly. "She still has illusions, and goes in for all sorts of grand sentiments."

"What a capital ghost story one could make of that, though," said Charlie Van Arsdale. "I hope you don't object to your ancestors being considered in the light of spectres, Contessa? Fancy coming in here at night, and finding the lady at work finishing her embroidery! Indeed, I half believe it already; are you sure there is not more done than there was the last time you looked at it?"

"Don't mind Van Arsdale, Contessa," broke in Dalton. "I never do. He is a man capable of turning his own grandmother into a ghost with a view to writing up the effect. Besides, that's all nonsense about the lady; a ghost hasn't the shadow of a claim to respectability until he's at least a hundred years old. My choice is for that tall cavalier there, in the corner, with the black velvet doublet and the rapier. Handsome fellow! Looks as though he might have done execution in his day."

"That is the Marchese Visconti," said the countess. "He was in love with a princess of the house of Este, and was beheaded, I believe. But if you are fond of old things, I will send for my sister-in-law; she knows all about everything. I don't care so much about them myself."

Kate had been walking about the room,

looking curiously at the old cabinets that filled the corners. She was examining a small square silver casket, wrought with figures of dancing, vine-crowned fauns, when the countess looked round.

"That is rather a dangerous thing you have got there, Miss Van Arsdale," she said. "I had it brought down the other day to show Mr. Dalton, and it was forgotten here. It is a Cellini, they say."

"How pretty!" said Kate, taking it up; "and, O! what queer little bottles with gold stoppers."

"They belonged to my husband, who was something of a chemist. Be careful how you handle them. They are full of different poisons."

Kate put the box down with a start. "May," she whispered, "this house is horrid! It's full of dead people. Let's go away."

"Why do you keep such a dangerous toy as that?" asked Dalton; "some one might easily come to grief over it."

"O, no; they all know it is poison, and are not likely to meddle with it. I never could understand anyone's killing one's self," said the countess, quietly. "Must you really be going? I am so sorry, for here is my sister-in-law, at last."

A tall, grave woman, dressed in black, with her gray hair half hidden by a lace shawl, came forward and courtesied stiffly to the intruders; then stood watching them with folded hands, in evident expectation of their speedy departure. The countess came back from the hall, singing as she came. Her usually pale face was faintly tinged with rose; her eyes were bright and soft; her lips curving in an unconscious smile.

"O, why did you not come before, Marietta?" she asked. "It was so nice. O, I have been so happy! Don't let them close those windows. Do let the sunlight come in. I never knew before how dreary these great rooms are. I

am always going to keep the windows open after this, and have roses on the table."

"Even in the winter, when these fine summer friends of yours have gone away and forgotten you, Fiamma?"

She did not answer, but played with her fan in a way very different from her usual calm self-possession.

"I am not sure; perhaps they will not *all* go," she said, shyly. "Why don't you say something? Why will you look at me in that way?" she added, impatiently.

"My looks never displeased you before," answered Marietta, slowly. "Perhaps they, too, seem old-fashioned, like the house that has always been your home. Fiamma, I knew a girl once—she was at the convent with me, and I loved her dearly; when she left, she was the betrothed of a stranger, an Austrian. Three days before their marriage-day, he ran away with her sister. She came back to the convent. I knew the Princess Galitzin—the beautiful Russian, they always called her—she was in love with a stranger, too. She died of a broken heart; he had left her."

They were both silent for a moment.

"I do not care," said Fiamma.

"Fiamma, look at *me*!" said her sister-in-law, imploringly. "I was young once; I was beautiful, they said. I loved a man who did not care for me. Look at me now!" Her lips trembled, and she wrung her hands in impotent and passionate entreaty.

The countess turned and gazed long and steadily at her own reflection in the glass, and then at her sister-in-law. They hardly seemed to belong to the same world, there was such a gulf between the one in her opulent beauty, her face flushed and transfigured by emotion, and the other, a tall, gaunt figure, from whose black robes the sunshine seemed to shrink away.

"I am not afraid," said the *contessa*.

The days went by. It was the end of June; the bathing season had begun. Venice was full of strangers, and Italians from the provinces, who crowded the little Lido steamers and made the sands gay with fearful and wonderful combinations of color and costume. One night the Favorita Café had been selected for the rendezvous; it had become an habitual thing for our friends to spend the evenings together. In the day-time, Dalton divided his attentions pretty equally between the two centres of attraction, and an apparent, though fictitious, intimacy—an armed neutrality, in which each depended rather on her own skill in defense than on the good faith of her adversary—had sprung up between May and Fiamma. Kate still clung to her prejudice against the *contessa* with all the conviction of an obstinate and honest nature.

To reach the Favorita grounds, you disembark at the end of a long wooden gallery built on piles over the water. As their gondola drew up at the foot of the steps May looked anxiously around for the livery of the Morosini gondoliers.

"The fair countess and Dalton don't seem to be in an especial hurry," said Charlie Van Arsdale to May; "had we not better wait for them at the *café*?"

They walked slowly along the narrow lane, between two rows of acacia-trees. Behind them the last sunset flush had not yet faded from the sky, but under the trees the twilight was deeper and the gas-lamps shone brightly among the leaves. May was silent; a restless wish to know why the others were lingering possessed her. She wanted to wait for them, and yet was impatient to hurry on, and secretly chafed at the indifference and calm good-nature of her companion.

"May," he said, suddenly, "I only ask out of a laudable desire to improve my mind, but can you tell me what you mean by answering, 'No, thank you,'

when I ask if you have heard from home lately?"

May laughed. "Please forgive me," she said; "I'm tired—no, not tired, but—stupid, or something. I don't know what is the matter with me, Charlie."

"That's a question I have asked myself more than once lately," he said, slowly. "You are changed, May." He struck violently out with his cane and decapitated an innocent mullein-stalk savagely as he spoke. "See here, child," he added, speaking very fast, "I don't want to ask any questions—mind that! It's none of my business, of course; but I can't see you happy and charming and like your old self one day, and the next pale and depressed and wretched, without finding out that something is going wrong, and trying to help you, if I can. If anything is troubling you, tell me of it, and I can answer for putting a stop to that, at least. If it's anybody"—he made another lunge at the hedge, to the utter confusion and overthrow of two black-and-green lizards—"I'm not going to make a fool of myself a second time, May, don't be afraid; but I think you know you can depend on me."

"You dear, good Charlie!" said May, pressing his arm.

"As for being 'good' to you," he answered, almost roughly, "you know what I think about that. Here, take your shawl a minute, while I get the tickets to go in. Katie and your father are waiting by the gate."

Anyone who has seen the *chalet* at the Bois de Boulogne knows the Favorita building already. It is one of those places chiefly composed of balconies, chairs and tables, coffee-cups and excited waiters. Outside, the grounds extend on one hand to the lagoon, on the other to the Adriatic.

May was in a fever of impatience as the evening wore slowly on. The merry incessant chatter of the people about

her and the resounding music of the band struck her alike as empty and heartless; the glare and the noise were unbearable, and the myriads of swinging Chinese lanterns in the trees were blurred into one fantastic flame by the tears that filled her eyes. Her hands turned hot and cold as she wondered if they were not coming at all. She was sitting opposite the clock; surely, time never had dragged on so slowly before. Only half an hour since they came! Had anyone ever lived through such an eternity of dull, hopeless misery before? she wondered. And there was all the endless evening to get through, and all one's life after that.

"How pleasant it is here!" said Kate. "O, May, there is Mr. Dalton, at last! And, O! do look at the *contessa's* veil."

They came slowly up to the table. Dalton was laughing at something, and there was a triumphant, almost an insolent, smile on the beautiful face of his companion.

No one ever knew what May endured in the hour that followed. A hundred different emotions seemed to have taken possession of her: anger at Dalton; a bitter self-depreciation; an utter weariness of heart; and, through it all, a sharp pang of jealousy which frightened her and made her wince as though from actual pain. O! to be at home; to be alone; to escape the sight of that cruel, smiling woman—only to get out of sight; only not to see them together! "I was so happy once. What have I done to suffer so? Will no one help me now—will no one have pity on me?" she thought, passionately.

"Miss Graham, do come and take a turn with me," said Dalton; "the moonlight is lovely on the sea."

He was standing before her—tall, handsome, smiling, and looking at her with the affectionate glance he always bestowed upon a pretty woman. She rose and took his arm. It was very

weak of her, I know ; but our poor May was no heroine, and then—she loved him.

The road was rough, and the newly laid gravel slipped under their feet. "Here, this is too hard work for you," said Philip ; "come on the grass."

They walked on a few minutes in silence. The night was very warm and still ; one could hear quite plainly through the bars of the Strauss waltz the low wash of the waves on the shore. "Shall we sit down ?" asked Dalton. "As you like," said May. Her voice trembled in spite of herself. All power of resistance, all resolution, had abandoned her. Everything about her seemed changed and glorified ; for she was walking with Philip, alone with him, and alone by a starlit sea in a Venetian night. He took her hand in his as they climbed down the sand-bank which shut them out from the view of the Favorita buildings, and forgot to let it go again.

"Let us sit down here a little while," he said, softly.

She assented in silence. To her it was one of those moments when life culminates ; an instant of perfect and exquisite joy, without a future, with a forgotten past. She sat very still, her two hands folded on her lap. The moon-shine rested here and there on her white dress, and touched with light the round young throat and girlish profile. Philip had thrown himself down at her feet with his face to the ground, idly plucking blades of the short, tough sea-grass, and flinging them away from him. The music had ceased, and they could hear the rustle of the wind in the acacia-trees.

"How very beautiful you are to-night, May!" said Dalton.

"I am so glad," she answered, simply. An involuntary touch of coquetry made her face full to the moon as she spoke.

Philip put his arm about her waist and kissed her. If heaven were to open

suddenly before our sight some day, most of us would be dumb enough at first, I fancy. May sat perfectly quiet. Her hands turned cold and trembled ; the beating of her own heart seemed to suffocate her.

"Darling!" said Dalton. "My darling May."

She turned her face away from him and looked straight out to sea. Will she ever forget, I wonder, how the waves came in that night—silent, gliding along, foam-crowned and silver-crested? It seemed to her years since Philip had spoken. Life had passed on and left them sitting tranced and speechless, motionless, themselves a part of the summer night. It was one of those moments which come to most of us at best but once or twice in a life-time ; one of those high-water marks that only the great tidal waves can cover.

As a general rule, if you would make the world remember you, forget it. There is a broad path by the sea, leading from the Favorita grounds to the main road, and along this way—passing through a trellised archway, covered with thinly scattered vines and hung with many-colored swinging lamps—came a troop of young Italians, men and women of the people, who laughed and sung the catches of a boat-song as they came. They stopped directly in front of where our two lovers were sitting, and took noisy possession of the bench that tops the hill.

"We must go back, Philip," said May.

It was the first time she had ever called him by that name. Her heart was too full of happiness to speak. They walked back in silence. Fiamma Morosini was sitting where they had left her. Her face had resumed its inscrutable serenity ; only in her gloved hand she held the broken fragments of her fan. May walked back to the boat in a dream ; the laughter of the others

reached her as the echo of a world which lay far away behind her.

"Mr. Dalton," said Kate ("I only talked to him because you wouldn't, and I was not going to let that woman have it all her own way. Bad enough he had to go home with her," she confided to May afterward), "did you ever notice how sleepy and tired trees look by gaslight? They always remind me of people who have sat up too late at a party, and whose eyes are aching."

"Yes, as though it were only their politeness which kept them from yawning in our faces," said Philip, lightly. "Fancy how glad they must be to see the last people leave and the lights put out. That old fellow over there with the dead limb looks as if he could not keep up these dissipated hours much longer; doesn't he?"

He came forward and wrapped May's cloak carefully around her, as he helped her into the gondola. "Take care of yourself," he said. She thanked him with a smile, and the boats pushed off together.

May sunk back on the cushions, satisfied; not thinking, only listening to the splash of the oars, feeling the warm night-wind blowing through her loosen-

ed hair; watching with dreamy eyes the shifting wake of the moon, or looking to where San Giorgio's tower stood black against the starlit sky. The regular dip of the oars in the water lulled her half asleep, and through her dreams, pervading her every thought like a perfume, came the sense of Philip's love. Their gondola stopped at their landing. Dalton and the *contessa* passed on.

"I am not going home yet," said Fiamma, suddenly. It was the first time she had spoken since they started. "You may go home, if you like, Mr. Dalton."

"And if I don't like?"

"Then"—she looked him full in the face with a divine smile in her eyes—"you may come with me!"

"You look like a water-lily afloat in the moonlight," he said, as they rowed slowly down the canal.

She smiled again. Her warm, dimpled hand touched his and rested there. A delicious languor seemed to bow her flower-crowned head; like the night, her face was full of an infinite desire.

They turned from the city, leaving far behind them its shining curve of lights, and passed out into the scented darkness of the June night.

THE SONGSMITHS OF THULE.

THE steadily progressing researches in Scandinavian archæology, while developing matters of vital importance to the study of the early history of America and of Europe in general, have been the means of directing attention to a literature whose riches and beauty would amply repay the reader. It can boast of possessing the most ancient historical records in the north of Europe; records of great achievement by land and water, which are to this day

familiar on the tongue of a people who speak a language but little changed from the Edda form. Some of the early Northmen, too independent to submit to innovations from the hated south, resolved to seek another home, even on the bleak shores of Iceland, where they would be left undisturbed to cherish their ancient customs, and transmit, as a sacred legacy, from father to son, the heroic legends of their ancestors, couched in the venerable idiom of its original

dialect. To these faithful guardians of the national relics their submissive brethren on the peninsula had later on to apply for light upon their history and genealogy, and to-day we see the Americans also apply for information concerning theirs.

It is not alone the purely historical merits of these now-collected legends which attract investigation; it is not alone the wars and rumors of wars that once convulsed kingdoms, the stories of voyages that eclipse those of the Phœnicians in daring and extent, the records of discoveries and settlements on the American coast centuries before Columbus, and which are as invaluable as they are interesting: but blended with these things we find a mythology as rich and fanciful as that of southern Europe, though cast in a sterner mold; and in them we are enabled to study the expressions and customs of that fierce, brave, hardy Norse race, who are the forefathers of many of us. Their lore was stored in the memory of skalds, often of royal blood, who accompanied expeditions and shared hardships and dangers in order to render a faithful account of occurrences. Among a people doomed by stern nature to long confinements to the hearth, these singers were even more welcome than they could have been among nations living in a sunnier clime, and their ballads and recitations were eagerly listened to and stored up, no less by the veteran who therein recognized episodes from his own eventful life, than by the youth who glowed with ardor to face the dangers depicted and make himself a name worthy of similar record, and by the coy maidens, who, with a *penchant* for some flaxen-haired viking, compared its love-tales with the sweeter words engraved by him upon her heart.

The form of their poetry, however, does not exactly harmonize with our ideas of the tender pathos of love whis-

perings, for it is as a rule rough and abrupt, characteristic of the features of the country, which have impressed their stamp upon the people, and suited to the æsthetic and religious ideas of the warrior and sailor. In the Oracle of the prophetess Vola, in *Sæmund's Edda*, we are led behind the scenes of the mysterious workings of the imagination of the Northman. A witch recants the drama of life: the formation of the world is reviewed, the enchanting life of the fairies is drawn in attractive colors, the still more interesting adventures of hero gods follow, then come the dark forebodings of misfortunes:

"She murder saw
The first that e'er
Was in the world,
When Gullveig was
Placed on the spear,
When in Harr's hall
They did her burn;
Thrice she was burnt,
Thrice she was born,
Oft, not seldom,
And yet she lives."

This may be termed a literal translation, without attempt to soften the rhythm, and will no doubt be interesting as a specimen. We see here outcroppings of the original fables which are now spread in diluted form among our young folk, but which were then as eagerly listened to and believed by older heads. In a following verse we obtain an idea of their crude cosmology, as the witch and prophetess closes with a description of the dissolution of the world:

"The sun turns pale;
The spacious earth
The sea ingulfs;
From heaven fall
The lucid stars:
At the end of time
The vapors rage,
And whirling flames
Involve the skies."

The marked peculiarity of the early forced metrical system was alliteration. This soon gave way to the use of poetical synonyms, such as the substitution

of "songsmith" for "poet," "language of the gods" for "poetry," "dragon of the sea" for "ship," and so on. These expressions tended greatly to soften the style, but true poetry gained little by the change, and the art of composing became more difficult, owing to the number of these synonyms, which amounted to about a thousand. This complicated system grew more and more, until both language and poetry were deteriorated, and verse-making became a monopoly in the hands of the skalds. The relations comprised mystic, didactic, and mytho-historic matters: the latter productions being chiefly historical, relating to the reigns and expeditions of certain kings, and therefore of more practical value, whatever their relative poetical standard may be. In the many addendas to the Edda fables we find accounts of dead vikings' voyages more plentiful than elsewhere; they come to us as if written in the last throes of the mighty arms which had once held sway over the feeble races of the south. They had their own wild grandeur these songs, but were not without their own wild pathos:

"Where snow-clad uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew 'mid bowmen strong;
And now my bark, the peasants' dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among.
Midst barren isles, where ocean foamed,
Far from the tread of man I roamed;
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand."

The bold warrior seems to give a last regretful glance at the glorious times that are gone, as he turns to the more quiet pleasures of home-life. The adventures of his early years will now form merely a theme for the young kinsmen who gather round his knees during the winter nights. The translation of the above piece, to have truly represented the "synonym" method, should have rendered "bark," for instance, by "serpent of the sea," "isles" by "ocean flowers," etc. If not carried too far, this certainly would have added beauty

to the verse. Later on, a step was taken in the direction of the older, simpler style, with the best prospects of improvement; when in the thirteenth century the effect of missionary intercourse becomes distinctly visible in the biblical allusions and puerile descriptions which step by step displace the bold, heroic legends, until merely a mass of trashy accounts of saints and martyrs remains.

Denmark, from its position, came early under the influence of southern missionary enterprise, yet even then the old songs held their own for a long time as reminiscences of grand, happy days in the youth of the nation, and a memorial of forefathers whose spirit and deeds the people were more inclined to admire now that they were sinking beneath the yoke of foreign customs. The collections which have been placed before the modern Dane, under the title of *Warrior Songs*, etc., form a valuable part of the literature of the country, abounding in historical and mythological characters, mixed with heroes of romance; but the style bears too much the impress of the later time—of the superstitious and half-dormant middle ages. The first noticeable Danish poet is Arrebo, who flourished about 1620; but, aside from the fact of his being at the head of the list of modern poets, and is for that reason surnamed the "Morning Star," little can be said of him or of his few remaining productions. It was not until Holberg, the Molière of Denmark, appeared, that the shackles of bigotry which held the mind began to loosen and the "language of the gods" to find a worthy mouth-piece. *Peder Pars*, a mock-heroic satire on the pomposity of the times, and which has much in common with Butler's *Hudibras*, first aroused attention, and was much commented upon. Some who recognized therein a fancied hit at a peculiarity in character or looseness of conduct, received it with indignation, and in their very eagerness

to condemn conveyed a recommendation of its merits to chuckling enemies or impartial observers, and opened a path of success to the later productions of its author. Among these may be mentioned the *Journey to the Underground*, a didactic romance, and several comedies, of which branch of drama this poet was the founder. Holberg was the first, so to speak, who taught his countrymen to think, and who with his fresh and moving productions stirred the minds that the puerile literature of preceding years had reduced to stagnancy. Evald entered the field a little later, and, encouraged by the reception accorded to the dramatic efforts of his predecessor, resolved to essay tragedy, but his claim to merit in this field would scarcely have rescued his name from oblivion, had it not been for his martial song, *Kong Christian*, which, appearing at a time when the people were in a frenzy of excitement over the struggle with their kindred across the sound, struck the popular fancy and raised him to high favor. It became the national song of Denmark, and its popularity was a standing illustration of the regrettable enmity that for centuries kept two brother nations apart. Longfellow has adequately rendered this fine song, a verse of which we give:

“ King Christian stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then saw, sunk each hostile hulk and mast
In mist and smoke.
‘ Fly!’ shouted they, ‘ fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark’s Christian
The stroke?’ ”

The next man of note, Baggesen, was gifted, but he can not strictly be regarded as a national poet, for he wrote chiefly in German; his productions have, therefore, not met with the encouragement due to his talent. He is best known as the writer of comic tales; but his lyrics are decidedly the best of his

works, the ode *To my Native Land* being singularly sweet and pathetic. A great part of his time was devoted to a bitter warfare upon his successful rival, Oehlenschläger, a man who rises supreme as the poet *par excellence* of Denmark. He is what Tegnér is to Sweden, although he approaches more to Shakspeare, while the latter comes nearer to Milton. Baggesen became stage-struck, like Shakspeare, his immeasurably greater prototype, but as the audience was not struck with him, he doffed the mantle of Thalia and turned to grapple with the intricacies of law. A short interruption occurred when Nelson appeared before the capital, and gave him an opportunity to assume the guise of a patriot. While brooding over his lost laurels, the idea occurred to him that his writings might prove more acceptable to the public than his presence. The result was the drama in blank verse, *Aladdin*, whose merits were so cordially recognized that the musty law-books were forever banished to the shelf. After producing a few more pieces, he started for Italy to gather new spirit and inspiration from those scenes in whose midst Virgil and Horace once bore offerings to the muse. Refreshed from his pilgrimage, he appeared in Paris, where several tragedies on the subject of the struggles of paganism with Christianity in the North were brought to light under the care of active sympathizers. The warm-hearted northerner wanted a kindred spirit, however—a poet like himself—with whom he might commune upon his hopes and fears, and whose advice would be of value toward the success of his works. He sought Goethe, but the stately courtier showed no enthusiasm for the aspirations of the Dane, and rather repulsed his attempt to form an intimacy. Poets are apt to be jealous, as we know, and there might have been a desire in the mind of the great *Dichter* to dampen the ardor of the

northern adventurer, as he, perhaps, deemed him. But Oehlenschläger was too well established to fear for the future; his *Fiskeren* and *Aladdin* were alone sufficient to form a reputation, and his later productions, among which are a number of pleasing ballads, bear out the hopes formed of him.

It must be admitted that the Danes have not an epic worthy of the name, and, taking this class of poetry as a standard, Sweden certainly bears the palm, as Tegnér attained this honor for his countrymen, who are not, however, vain enough to claim him as a Milton or a Dante. In Sweden, the old mythology and hero lore shared the fate of its sisters; onward and onward it fled before the advancing light of Christianity, lingering for awhile in some obscure mountain nook, and somewhat longer in the more inaccessible north, keeping alive the spirit of the vikings and the worship of the valiant Odin, until faithful collectors found the means to prepare it a fitting home among the lovers of literature. These hearsay ballads compare favorably with the more ancient lore, and certainly surpass the later Icelandic effusions. The literature of Sweden underwent many abrupt changes; one leader after another rose and placed the impress of his style upon the era, leading the van of a host of less original followers, until another favorite supplanted him in the estimation of a fickle public. The Catholic period, which lasted until 1520, was not devoid of some good productions, chiefly valuable for the insight they give into the customs of the time, which, singularly enough, are merely representations of the life of the higher class; though a marked difference of caste was not the cause of this, as might be supposed, for the early simplicity of manners still prevailed, and no feudal yoke had found a place upon the spirit of the people. With the advent of the liberal doctrines of Luther, a new

though by no means well-directed impulse was given to poetry; for psalms, which almost monopolized the field, are scarcely seductive as a study, nor do they give great scope for the display of art. Another attraction was offered in the shape of dramas, which mark this period with their birth. The Lutherans evidently were not in favor of the extreme and abrupt reforms that characterize the Calvinists, but judiciously administered the bolus of reconstruction in connection with sweet morsels of familiar ceremonies. The sugar-coating took the form of religious dramas. Olaus Petri, the apostle, himself became the leader in this, and produced the *Tobia Comedia*. Gradually the drama appeared in the recognized dress of our time. Messenius, with the view of making historical studies attractive, proposed to render the history of his country in fifty dramas; but the project failed, and literature was saved an infliction, if we may judge from the specimen left by him.

The periods of Swedish poetry which follow have each been christened by the name of their respective leaders, of whom Stjernhjelm, a man equally well known as poet, dramatist, and wit, is the first. He was the first star whose light was powerful enough to penetrate the religious mist, and shed a lustre beyond it. In this respect he may be compared to Holberg, though he never attained the same level of popularity. His *Hercules*, a speculative inquiry into the mysteries of God and life, bears the palm of his productions; but his sonnets (a kind of literature which he was the first to introduce to his countrymen) came much into vogue—so much, indeed, that among the fifty names that make up his constellation, even the best owed much of their success to pieces in imitation of his style. Doggerel rhyming grew fast to be the rule, and was used on every trifling occasion, even in matters of bus-

iness. True poetry fell into desuetude, and it was only on the advent of Von Dalin that it regained its level. Dalin was most of all a critic, however, and his fame is chiefly connected with an admirable article which appeared in the *Argus*, a periodical that had much in common with Addison's *Spectator*.

Among the many names which adorn this epoch is that of Nordenflycht, a woman of high culture and taste, who, like Madame de Staël, was the centre of a circle composed of the wit and learning of the time, and who kept up an interesting correspondence with men like Fontenelle and Holberg. Elegies were her *forte*, and the death of a beloved husband gave the key-note to her plaintive strains. She was eminently sentimental, and, at an age when idle fancies are supposed to have wholly departed, Cupid made her his target; but, as the object of her affections could find nothing but respect for one who was old enough to be his mother, she buried her disdained love in the cold waters of the Maelar.

The foundation of an academy of *belles-lettres* by Queen Ulrica gave a powerful impulse to fine literature, and resulted in the brighter era known as the Kellgrenian, under the reign of Gustaf III., the "song-king," as he was called, from his enthusiasm for poetry and letters. Kellgren was a great favorite of the monarch, to whose advice the success of *Gustaf Vasa* and other fine lyric dramas are said to be greatly owing. He is accused of an affected polish, but if this is true, we know where the blame falls: he had to follow the course of the stream; great originality he never claimed. The most remarkable, even if not distinguished, Swedish poet of this and perhaps any other epoch, was, however, Bellman, a very skald of the people, an erratic genius, a sort of poetic Don Quixote and ardent devotee of Bacchus. Like a true skald, he had no thoughts for affairs of life, all his ideas were bound

up with extravagance, drinking, and singing, and he would have starved had not the clear-sighted king recognized the uncut diamond and taken him under his protection; he provided him with a pension and left him to follow his own bent. Resorting to a low drinking-saloon, he would take his seat, and, inspired by an occasional sip, proceed to rattle off Bacchanalian songs and satirical ballads of perfect rhythm and metre, with astonishing fluency, drumming all the while upon the table with his knuckles. *Fredman's Epistlar*—a series of rollicking drinking-songs and lusty ballads—form the chief part of the collection, which was written down by friends as the words fell from the lips of the half-slumbering bard. Among a convivial people like the Swedes, the racy humor, witty points, and merry allusions with which they abound, could never fail to be appreciated. The scenes to which they refer are well-known localities around the capital, and the characters are chiefly the roistering, braggart loiterers and suspicious women who enjoyed his friendship. He died as he had lived, glass in hand, and his last utterances were to his muse. Every year, at midsummer, his admirers gather at his grave near the spot where he used to linger, and crown his statue amid songs and chinking of glasses.

The next poet of any note is Leopold—a man whose cold and superficial productions, dressed in great elegance of expression, have earned for him the title of the Voltaire of Sweden. His language is soaring and sublime, but the reader is not led away by any stirring incidents or noble thoughts.

The beginning of this period can not exactly be termed unsatisfactory, for it developed expression, at least, and must have had a great influence in shaping the later phases of it, which exhibit the great names of Franzén, the sweetest poet of Sweden, or rather of Finland,

whose songs are on the tongues of all who love the calm pleasures of home-life and delight in the contemplation of nature's works. Now also begins to be conspicuous the name of Wallin—the David of the North—whose exquisite hymns seem to soar to the very footstool of the One whose praise they sing—and that of Tegnér, not the least of Svea's skalds. Ask a Swede to name his favorite poets, and Tegnér will be the first upon his tongue, and connected with it his *Frithiof's Saga*. This saga is one of the most remarkable epics that have ever been written. It consists of a series of ballads relating to the life of a true specimen of the vikings, whose very name—connected with the most daring voyages, brilliant conquests, and (must we admit it?) bold plundering expeditions—struck terror into the hearts of the coast people of southern and western Europe. His boyhood and merry games with a blue-eyed fairy cousin, resulting in the stereotyped love engagement, are the theme of the first ballad.

"Jocund they grew, in guileless glee;
Young Frithiof was the sapling tree;
In budding beauty by his side,
Sweet Ingeborg, the garden's pride.
He sought each brook of rudest force,
To bear his Ingeborg o'er its source:
To feel, amidst the wild alarm,
The tendril-twining of her arm."

The verses following these depict his apprenticeship to the vikings, his voyages to distant shores, his battles with the degenerated civilized races, his reception on the return to his own land, the manly sports varied with quiet games of chess, and the stolen interviews with fond endearments, that made the life at home fly fast. But dark clouds overspread the sky, so serene until now; he pleads for his love with the stern father, the king:

"It were easy to win me a sceptre and land,
But the home of my choice is my own native strand:
There the cot and the court
My shield shall o'erscreen, and my spear shall support."

The "proud parent" repulses him, and he is thrown upon the wide world; but the cloud passes, the sun shines bright again, and smiles upon the union of Frithiof and Ingeborg. One remarkable peculiarity of this epic is its varied metre: a different measure is used in describing the game of chess from that employed in battle strife; love whisperings flow in another vein from that of council talk, and so on. Some object that the harmony is destroyed by this, but whatever the imaginary loss may be, the gain in elegance and appropriateness fully counterbalances it.

The poetry of Scandinavia has passed through many ordeals, but with the progressive spirit of the people—ever ready to benefit by foreign improvements—it has issued safely from the crisis and established its position in the literature of the cultured world. The earliest productions which treat of heroes, battle fray, and mythologic lore, are stamped by a rough but manly impress, mingled with the crude and naturally superstitious ideas of the time. These were overrun by the puerile compositions to which the bigoted missionaries gave rise, and which retained the crudeness of the preceding style without its *naïveté*. With the beginning of the Lutheran excitement, a fresh impulse was given to it, in which the earnest spirit of the German school appears with more advantage than in the previous era. But the impulse was scarcely strong enough to lift it out of the ruts of bigotry and convention; it required the master-spirits of Holberg and Stjernhjelm to accomplish that. These as well as many succeeding leaders were formed more or less in the German school. In the meantime, France was advocating her claims as the mistress of *belles-lettres* and elegance, and, one by one, won over the adherents of her rival, replacing her heavy style by the flighty elegancies of "*la grande nation*"—

which assisted in creating periods like those of Kellgren and of Leopold. It required the turmoil of this strife between two strong factions to stir the stagnancy of northern literature; in settling to its proper condition, the import of this revolution became fully evident. The ancient literature, rich in myths and legends, once more stepped into favor, and revealed the basis upon which to build up a distinct Scandinavian poetry. The northern poet needs not to invoke the Olympian gods and heroes, for Asgard stands ever open to him with its equally grand array of deities ready to lend the glory of their achievements or the splendor of their surroundings to his lines. Nor has he to search far for his inspirations from nature: before his very

door the lofty *fjelds* rear their heads into the regions of eternal snow; below, wind the tortuous *fjords* through fir-clad slopes and verdured plains; in the dusky wood, the nightingale warbles her praise of their grandeur, leaving impressions which poetry alone can fitly reproduce. The beneficial influence of the Germanic element can still be discerned in depth and earnestness, while the elegance of form and expression is greatly owing to the French training. This happy combination is fast raising Scandinavian poetry into fame abroad, and "language of the gods" may no longer be considered an extravagant term for the productions of "songsmiths" like Oehlenschläger, Tegnér, Franzén, and their more promising followers.

THE OCEAN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

I.

"**I** TELL you, Duke, for the last time, it is impossible!" A man's voice—low, earnest, and distinct.

"And I tell you, Gray Hartman, that there is no such word as impossible. Comply with my request, or to-morrow I tell the whole story to the world. How think you it would strike your proud *fiancée*?" The words were loud, reckless, and defiant.

"For heaven's sake, hush, Duke. The house is full of guests. There is no knowing who may overhear you."

"And the consequences might be inconvenient for you," returned the other, with a bitter laugh; then, in a more subdued tone: "It was by the merest chance in the world that I learned of your conquest of the heiress. I trust that you were not obliged to enter minutely into the details of your family history. However, I bear you no malice, old fellow, for not remembering me

when the invitations were issued. You would hardly have cared to have had Alice present, even if she could have left her baby. By the way, the brat's eyes are wonderfully like yours. Seeing Alice, you know, might have brought back too vividly the time when you——"

"Stop! If there were one spark of manliness left in your false nature, Duke Aubry, you would not thus drag in the name of Alice to torture me into submission. You well know that if it had not been for her I would have cast you off long ago. Speak; what is the least sum that will meet your present necessities?"

"Gently—gently; there is no need to get into a passion. I have told you: a thousand now, and in three months ten thousand more, payable at Morton & Co., bankers, in Paris. I shall leave on the steamer to-morrow, unless"—with a mocking sneer—"you insist on my remaining for the ceremony to-morrow."

"Here are \$500, Duke; that is the utmost farthing I can give you."

"Much obliged; and the rest?"

"I make no promises for the future. Your insatiable demands on my purse have already driven me to the verge of bankruptcy."

"Old Rutherford is worth his millions."

"We will not mention his name, if you please."

"And you know, Gray, that it is an easy matter to sign a name."

Without noticing this taunt, the other asked: "What will Alice do?"

"Really you show more interest there than I. I have never thought to ask," returned the other, indifferently. "Have you such a thing as a match about you?"

In the darkness and silence of the winter's night the echo of their footsteps died away, and only the booming of the surf, in ceaseless monotone, broke the silence which closed around. From the window, underneath which the speakers had been standing, there came a breathless gasp, a hush, and then a sudden stir like the flutter of some wounded bird. No cry or moan entreated sympathy of the breaking waves, which kissed the shore with murmurs now as soft and sweet and low as a mother's cradle-song; but a woman's face, with color blanched as the crown of the foam-capped waves, looked out with dark eyes shining in the night—a golden-haired Aurora—a perfect face, but one from which the brightness, the joy, and love, which form the spiritual essence of beauty, had been suddenly blotted out. Motionless she stood with passionless face, gazing down the path which the two had followed, waited and watched until one returned, then the statue became breathing life again. A cold shiver shook the delicate form as a reed is swayed by some sudden wind. She dropped down upon her knees as if an unexpected freedom had come upon her.

A moment, while her heart gave one great sob of agony, she remained kneeling; her strained ears heard the click of the hall-door below; then she rose with sudden, feverish haste, and, taking paper and pencil from a writing-desk, she wrote, with quick, nervous movement, a few lines, which she folded, without seal or address. Then, with the same nervous impetuosity which now characterized her every movement, she took from the wardrobe a cloak in which she completely enveloped her form. This done, she went into the small room adjoining, where her maid was sleeping. "Emilie," she called in a low voice, giving her a quick shake—"Emilie." The girl stirred in her sleep. A third time. She started up, rubbing her sleepy eyes, and regarding with astonishment her mistress bending over her:

"*Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle*, is it——"

"Hush, Emilie; rise and dress yourself. In ten minutes from now you will take this note to Mr. Hartman's door and give it to him. He will understand. And be very careful to disturb no one else."

Emilie, too well accustomed to the capricious whims of her imperious mistress to question any command, took the note in silence. A moment later, the hall-door closed softly, and a dark-robed form flitted with the lightness of the wind down the path to the ocean. On she sped, never stopping to look back; hearing nothing in the still darkness of the night but the dull sound of her own flying footsteps over the frozen ground, and the ceaseless call of the ocean, which sounded louder and more distinct as every passing moment lessened the distance between them; though to her it seemed as if her feet were leaden weighted, as if every breath of wind, with iron hand, were grasping and holding her back, while from every wave which surged resistlessly to and fro, myriad voices were calling, myriad hands were

beckoning to her. Would she never reach it—the great gray cliff which overhung the sea? There she would find rest and calm, there she would be strong and brave. Only the ocean—which all that summer long to the story of her love had chanted an accompaniment so passionate, so full of bliss, that the very waves seemed rose-tinted, and the light of the sun and the moon streamed over and through them with golden and silvery radiance, making of them now a forest of roses and now a wilderness of lilies—should witness this meeting, should hear the last false, jarring chords of a symphony begun but never to be ended. Scarcely ten minutes she waited—an eternity of woe it seemed—then she saw a tall, dark form, with eager, hurried steps, approaching. Her very heart stood still and pulseless, and her pallid face became more frigid, while the rippling wave of memory carried her back to the time of perfect faith and trust, when the world seemed made for beauty and for love, when the sudden vision of that form had sent the hot blood in wild tumultuous currents from heart to cheek and brow, and she had shrunk back with maidenly tremor lest his eyes should see too clearly the form mirrored deep down in the depths of her own. Their love had come to them both—the strong man, and the tender, dreaming maiden—like the opening of a flower bursting with the weight of its perfume; like the sudden dawn of light, irradiating everything with calm translucency; sinking their voices to the softest murmur, and, whether in speech or in silence, encompassing them with the deep rest of happiness, where a look, a word, the consciousness even of a loved presence, is fraught with bliss.

Gray Hartman, for the second time that night summoned to a secret interview, hurried along the well-known path, his heart filled with a strange wonder, which was also a nameless dread. The

short, imperative note which Emilie had handed him, contained these words:

“Come to the Gray Cliff. I wait you there.”

An abrupt turn in the path revealed to him the dark figure standing out clear and well-defined upon the jutting rock. The sudden thrill which moved his whole being at the sight made him realize more intensely than he had ever done before all that this woman—whose wondrous beauty seemed but the fitting embodiment of the purity, truth, and tenderness of her soul—had become to him. And now it was almost the dawn of that blessed day for which the shepherds of old had watched and prayed in holy adoration, and which to him would be throughout the great hereafter doubly blessed by the coming into his life of her radiant majesty. Was it the remembrance that never but once had the golden glory of her hair met and mingled with the darkness of his—that only for one ineffable moment had their lips touched and trembled with the shadow of a kiss—that now made him hasten toward her, with a passionate longing to fold her in his arms in a long caress, which, encircling her forever, should forever banish darkness and cold with the warmth and light of love? Or was it that something inexorable in her attitude roused out of the dread foreboding which oppressed him a feeling of resistance, a wild determination to claim her then and there? In the gray light, which seemed to shine from both sea and sky, he could read an indefinable change in the face whose every fleeting expression a few hours before he had fondly dreamed his own. It was that which gave to his voice the anxious, beseeching tone: “Regina, darling, what is it? Speak to me. Is there anything which you wish to tell me?”

She thrust aside with a half gesture of scorn the extended arms, and said, with a voice whose coldness vibrated pain-

fully upon his ears: "And you—have you nothing to tell me?"

Suddenly, as by a flash of lightning, Gray Hartman saw that something had come between them, something which he might be powerless to thrust aside; though he resolved, with the bitter energy of desperation, to bring all the force of his nature to bear against it. Hardly a second intervened between her question and his answer. The swelling arch of waves below, which curved and bent forward under its weight of waters, had not time to break into a cloud of silvery, sparkling foam; yet Regina thought, "He hesitates—he can not explain;" and the faint hope which all the time had struggled with her wrath and scorn died away. And Gray Hartman thought, "She is pitiless—she could not believe or understand;" while he answered with passionate earnestness:

"Yes, Regina, through all my life I shall never have finished the story of my love to you, my darling, my queen—shall never have shown the half of its boundless depths. What else should I have to say to you, Regina *mia*——"

"Hush!" she interrupted, with a touch of scorn ringing in her voice; "do not take that term upon your lips. The woman is dead who listened with fond credulity to such protestations from you, or else her name is Alice——"

There are moments when innocence confounded puts on the dark crimson of guilt. Gray Hartman felt the dark flush tinge his cheek before the searching indignation of her gaze, and it seemed to him that the strong foundations of the world were snatched from beneath him, and all around and above and beneath was darkness. "Regina," he cried, and he felt his voice tremble, "I do not know what or how much you have heard. I only ask you to give me time to explain, to make it all clear to you."

"Yes," she answered scornfully, "give you time until your accomplice, or he

whose silence you have bribed, is safe beyond the danger of denial. Of your capacity to explain and make clear I have no doubt."

He started as one might when a sore wound is probed to the quick, and said, with painful humility, which moved her to even greater wrath: "My darling, I would have laid down my life rather than this should have come to you. I entreat you to hear me, by that ocean which you have so often said had only smiles and caressing tones for our love."

"Ah!" she cried, a horrible sense of what life had been and what it would be in the future pressing upon her like a weight of iron, "once I could have forgiven everything, could have been content even to have been the second in your love, if only you had been true to yourself and me. What was it you read to me one day? 'It is not the commission of a crime so much as the shaping of one's whole life to a lie that makes one base.' I wonder that your eye did not dim, that your voice did not falter, in reading it," she continued, a dash of angry resentment tinging her tone. "I could have forgiven a man for seeking the possible wealth I may inherit, could have forgiven him even the commission of a crime, had he been true; but to have loved a man, believing him everything that is noble and good, and then—O, it is the degradation of a whole life!" She tore off with fierce impatience, as she spoke, the engagement ring, which six months before, with tender, loving words, he had placed upon her finger, and as she did so, a flaw in the setting pierced the delicate skin, and a bright crimson drop gushed to the surface.

Gray Hartman made no movement to take the ring she held toward him. It seemed some hideous nightmare. "Good God! Regina, you do not mean it?"—he found words at last. "Think of what you are doing, of the cold comments of the world, of your father's rage which this

act of yours will leave you to bear alone. I plead not for myself, Regina, but for you. How will you meet the angry astonishment, answer the curious questionings, meet the——”

“I see,” she interrupted, hotly, “you tremble for yourself; but you need have no fear that I shall reveal what I have learned this night—that I shall so expose to the world the depths of my own misery and degradation. Only leave me; only let me never look upon your face again.”

Nothing could have given him more clearly a sense of the distance which had come between them than these words of Regina's. It was as if by a fierce convulsion of the earth the Gray Cliff had been rent in twain, and all the mighty waters of the ocean had rolled between them. He took the ring mechanically, and, leaning over the edge of the cliff, dropped it down, down to the eager waves, which rushed forth to grasp it. “So be it, Regina; may you never learn the bitterness of an unforgiving spirit.”

She was alone—alone with the ocean, which had never failed to have an answering note of sympathy for every changing mood of hers. Now the angry breakers lashed the shore with wild vehemence, which subsided into a mournful, piteous wail as the broken waves swept back again only to return with gathered strength in their white wreaths of foam.

II.

Two years later, and with glory of sea and sky, after an eve of darkness and tempest, Christmas morn dawned again, heralding the glad tidings of “peace on earth, good will to man.” The serene blue of the heavens, with its golden fringe of clouds, told not of the storm of ice and sleet which had darkened its glory the night before, and the sea-green waves of the ocean, rocking to and fro with peaceful, murmuring undertones, told not of the storming waves, the ter-

rible shipwrecks, which had disturbed its quiet depths. Only the trees, with sparkling coats of mail—each twig a prism for the sifting sunbeams—and the masses of wet, tangled sea-weed, high up on the gray cliffs, told of the storm which had raged. A week before, for the first time in the years which had passed, the Rutherford mansion had been opened. By one of the windows, looking out upon the sea, a man was standing. No thought of tempest and shipwreck, or of brightness and sunshine, occupied his thoughts, but the warning words of a friend the day before: “Go, if you like, Sanford; there will be plenty to envy you as a lucky dog, but count me out. You were abroad at the time, and so have never heard the story. It's a weird, desolate old place, taken at the best, but in winter it is especially dreary and uncanny, with that eternal sounding of the sea forever entering into everything you say and do—ugh! it makes me shiver now. But, however, we managed to be as merry and gay a party as a wedding usually calls together. There were just enough of us to be social without oppressing each other with our weight, and old Rutherford with his millions was not niggardly in his entertainment. It was a whim of the bride's to be married there—some nonsense about the ocean, I believe—and it was Hartman's wish to be married on Christmas Day; and so, though we had to go seven miles by stage—of course, Rutherford sent his carriage—we all went, on a wild-goose chase as it proved, down to their ocean house. The last load, and with it Hartman, arrived the day before Christmas. You never saw a more devoted couple than they were; Hartman looked upon her as a sort of goddess, and, I believe, thought it profanation to so much as touch her hand; and she—well, you know you can never tell much about a woman. But, anyway, Christmas morning came, and

neither Hartman nor Miss Regina were to be seen, though none of us thought that strange. We were at the breakfast table when some one said—and, by Jove! I've never been able to recollect who, the announcement so startled me—that there would be no wedding that day. When I did venture to look up and around me, it was only to read my own astonishment depicted in every face. Old Rutherford alone sat there self-possessed, grim, and forbidding, as if defying anyone to question him.

"You can imagine that we were not exactly a merry breakfast party after that, though we managed to get through with it in some way. Afterward we learned that Hartman had left the night before, leaving an incoherent letter to Regina's father, freeing her from all blame, and that was all we ever knew: the mystery, whatever it was, was never explained. There were rumors of a midnight meeting on a rock down by the ocean, but that was all a servants' fabrication. Nothing has ever really been known, except that they were to be married and were not. Hartman sailed for South America, or some other out-of-the-way place, and the next spring Rutherford took his daughter to Europe. About them since you know more than I; only not all the wealth of the Indies would tempt me, as far as Miss Regina Rutherford is concerned."

That was all. Well, what was there in all this? Certainly nothing detrimental to Miss Rutherford. She had probably at the last moment learned something which had caused her to break off the marriage, and she had had the courage to do what few women would have done.

Twelve months before, Mr. Sanford had met the father and daughter for the first time in Rome. He remembered as vividly as if it had been but yesterday, the first glimpse he had had of Regina Rutherford. She was leaning against a

pedestal in a dreamy, listless attitude. A beam of the bright sunshine of Italy resting on the golden radiance of her hair, made of it a halo of glory, and the pure face was as that of some Madonna who had descended from her shrine and was wandering about intent on deeds of charity. After, they had met repeatedly in palaces, gardens, and galleries; then some favor which he had been able to render the father, had secured him an introduction to the daughter. At Naples they had separated, only to meet again in Venice, and after that they had continued their travels together. There had always been a certain reserve in Regina's manner, during all these months of acquaintanceship, which he had never been able to penetrate. It was the father's invitation which had brought him now to the old Rutherford mansion, but he well knew that the invitation would never have been given without the daughter's consent, and from that knowledge he gained encouragement.

In the room above, looking out upon the same quiet sea, drinking in eagerly the brightness and beauty before her, sat Regina Rutherford. Save that the tender, beseeching look had died out of the dark eyes, the two years had wrought but little change in her, only to fulfill and perfect the beauty which then had seemed perfection. Her father had said to her when telling of the invitation given and accepted, "Mr. Sanford is a man whom I respect, my daughter, and if you could——"

"Pray, father, don't!" Regina had cried, putting out her hands in passionate entreaty.

"My daughter, you know that I am very old, and I should feel better about leaving you, if I could first see you the wife of some strong, good man. I know that Mr. Sanford esteems you highly, and I only ask you to consider well before you treat lightly the esteem of such a man."

"Father, I beg you not to mention such a thing again," replied Regina, firmly. "It would be useless for Mr. Sanford to speak of love to me." Then, seeing the shadow on his brow, she continued, with a tender caress: "You are not getting tired of me, father!—why can we not go on together as we are, you and I, and be content?"

The father shook his head, with a sad smile. "Regina, you are no longer a foolish, dreaming girl, but a woman—of whom I would not have it said, that all her life long she went mourning the falseness of one man."

It was the first time that by word or look the subject had been alluded to by him. Regina shivered with proud sensitiveness. Nothing more was said; but now, as she looked out upon the tranquil sea, thinking over those words, and knowing that in the room below one was waiting for her, rest and quiet seemed very sweet, and any life or change welcome which would crowd out or numb the dull, heavy pain which had never ceased throbbing in her heart. The young, fresh passion of life she felt was dead; the deep yearnings of her nature, which had demanded that the man she loved should be something higher and greater than herself, would never be satisfied. Why should she not make her life like the sea, stretching out calm and tranquil, with the wrecks buried deep below? What would be the wrong in her taking this man's offered love? A voice from the ocean seemed to call her; an impulse, which she blindly followed, led her down to its waves. No snow had fallen yet that winter, and the overhanging cliff stood out gray and bare, with the dead mosses of the past summer clinging to it. The keen salt air had a charm in its touch, such as the soft air of Italy had never possessed, and, wooed by its caresses, the warm blood sent a sweet pink flush over cheek and brow. What was it that the tender,

entreating waves were whispering to her in tones so soft and low? Beseeching her to listen, reproaching each other with sad melancholy for their vain efforts to make her understand, then striving together to make their meaning clear in a chorus so sweet and grand that it seemed to swell from wave to sky in liquid harmony. "In vain, in vain," the receding waves murmured to each other; "the dull, cold heart of the woman fails to interpret the voice, which would have been a revelation to the loving heart of the girl." And the chant became a requiem.

An hour later, Maurice Sanford, pacing the beach with restless steps, beheld her sitting there, motionless as the Gray Cliff, which for untold centuries had defied the power of wind and wave; a far-away look in her dark eyes, and a radiance shining in her face such as he had never seen before. It was as if over the silvery white of the lily the flush of the rose should be shed. Maurice had not meant to speak so soon, but now a sudden longing seized him, which made suspense a pain unbearable. He sprung up the path to her side. She welcomed him with a vague, wondering smile, more enchanting than any speech could have been; and then, out upon the pure air of Christmas morning, he poured the story of his love—told it in eloquent speech of truth and tenderness; while Regina listened—listened without hearing, for the voice of the ocean deafened her ear to the sense of every other sound. He waited her answer. A proud humility forbade his interpreting this passive silence as consent.

"Even if you can not bless my love," he entreated, "Regina, my darling—you will let me call you so once—I shall never regret this feeling, which will enrich all my life."

He had been standing very near the edge of the cliff while speaking. A bright flashing gleam in the tangled sea-

weed caught his eye. He stooped and picked up the ring which Gray Hartman had dropped two years before, while standing in that same place. And now the ocean heaved a tremulous sigh of blessed content, and the waves broke into rippling smiles.

"See, Regina!" he cried, holding toward her the ring—"you can not blame my love, where nature even pays tribute at your court, and old ocean brings you its Christmas gift."

Strangely moved, she seemed as if the sea had given up its dead, and the shadow of a buried hope flitted across her face. She made an impetuous movement forward to take it from his hand, and by that movement jarred from its resting-place a stone which had served as a support for her arm. It was a flat, evenly balanced stone, covering a cup-like cavity in the rock. Regina remembered to have said once, in merry jest, that it was the place where the mermen left their love-missives for her. Now she saw concealed within, what seemed a folded paper upon which her name was written. Mechanically she bent and took it from its hiding-place, while Maurice Sanford looked on with blank amazement, a sudden sense of the hopelessness of his suit blinding and confusing him. He uttered some incoherent words of pain and regret, but Regina stopped him gently.

"My friend, the love which you offer me would be a precious gift to a better woman than I—I am not worthy of one pang of regret. Thank me, rather, that probably something has happened to prevent my selfishly accepting a love to which I could bring no return. O, I thank God, that I have at least escaped that added misery."

"But," he cried, catching at the faint hope in her words, "I would be content, Regina, if you would only let me love and care for you."

"No," she returned, with sudden en-

ergy, "that is false, or else you do not love. I have tried to delude myself with that thought; but now I see clearly it would be misery for me—it would be worse than misery for you. Besides," she added, with a touch of scorn, "you do not know me as I am—as I loathe myself—cold, selfish, and unforgiving; living a life of mere egoisms; striving always for my own content; longing at times for death, simply because life had denied me the blessings which I craved, and faith, truth, and tenderness had become mere sounding words, of which—"

Maurice Sanford interrupted her with the rare delicacy which only a pure feeling excites:

"Regina, you are making confessions to me which belong by right to another. Something, I feel, has happened which makes the avowal of my love unwelcome to you. Let it be between us as if it had never been."

And Regina cried, with piteous self-reproach: "I bring only sorrow and misery to all who love me!"

Alone with the murmuring ocean, alone with that strange missive which seemed to have come from another world, she did not seem to read the written words—they burned themselves in her mind like letters of fire. She heard the voice, the tender caressing tones; felt the old strange power of his presence come over her. Not one word of reproach did the letter breathe; only sorrow for her pain, remorse for having brought it unwillingly upon her.

"I know that sometime, dearest, you will visit this place, where the keenest bliss and the sharpest sorrow of your young life have come to you. It will be after the first bitterness of your anger has worn off—long years from now, may be; but until that time comes, I confide these words as a sacred trust to the ocean you love so well, and when you read them, if one touch of compassion, one throb of returning love moves your heart, I shall know it; for though I may be an unknown wanderer in an unknown land, my spirit will forever haunt the Gray Cliff, where first the possibilities of what life might be with you by my side dawned upon me. . . . I never told you the story of my life, Regina, because when I was

with you, the consciousness of our love blotted out all else. My mother had but two children. My half-brother, Duke Aubry, was four years my senior. A handsome, self-willed, tyrannical boy he was, but my mother's darling, and she resented it as a very bitter wrong when my father made me the sole heir of his property. Ever after she treated me as an alien, even when she knew that my first act, upon obtaining my majority, was to give a portion of my property to Duke, who in less than a year had spent it in a reckless and dissolute life. After that, he made constant demands upon me, until both my purse and my patience were exhausted. Suddenly his appeals for money ceased, though he continued living in the same reckless, extravagant manner as before. If I gave the matter any thought, it was to wonder at his unusual success at cards. Then the mystery was explained: a forged check had been presented, and cashed at the bank before the forgery was detected. The check was traced to Duke Aubry, who came forward with the fairest face in the world, and declared that I had given him the check. If it was a forgery, he knew nothing about it. The check was drawn upon my guardian. I was summoned, and my first glance told me that the check was one I had written years before—I recognized it by the peculiar shading of a certain letter. As a boy I had a silly passion for imitating any peculiar handwriting, and I remembered perfectly well the circumstances under which this had been written—some boyish wager had stimulated me to make the trial. Duke, it seemed, had found and preserved it for future use if necessary. But I will not linger over this part of my story; suffice it to say that my word was sufficient to free me from all shadow of suspicion. I replaced the money which Duke had used, but no consideration of self would ever have led me to shield Duke Aubry, had I not known that he had succeeded in gaining the affections of a sweet young girl whom my mother had adopted, though I did not know at the time that they were already secretly married. Poor Alice!—I was very fond of her. The only brightness that had ever come to my life had come through her; but she never mistook the brotherly feeling I possessed for her, though Duke pretended to do so, and often taunted her with regretting my love. Ask your own heart, Regina, if I speak truly or falsely when I say, that to you I have given the overpowering love which a man gives to but one woman in his life?"

There was more, explaining all the conversation of that night, fragments of which Regina had heard. Now she read it with a thrill of relief and joy leaping out from under the weight of doubt and despair; while the sunbeams came shimmering down in rays of gold, and the air seemed laden with the messages of peace and love, which, more than eighteen hundred years before, One had come to proclaim. And now the unending re-

frain was joyous and exultant, as the coming tide sent the rising waves higher and farther up, until with lingering caress they kissed the topmost edge of the Gray Cliff.

III.

And yet another year had completed its cycle of seasons. Summer noontide and winter twilight had come and gone; spring had unfolded its blossoms, summer had ripened to golden harvests its rich fields of grain, and the earth again on Christmas eve was held fast bound in a sleep of ice and snow. All that year, in her home by the sounding sea, Regina had listened to the melody of unwritten music; through the mingled echoes of the rolling surf a fainter echo had sounded in her soul, whispering once more of love and hope, which, as the days glided into weeks and the weeks into months, sounded fainter and farther away. The tidings which came to her from the busy, gossiping outside world had all melted into one burning, glowing sentence—"Gray Hartman has returned;" and in these words were embraced all the fresh brightness of spring, the dewy sweetness of summer, the sad sighing of autumn.

A woman of more vanity and less love would have waited, and waiting died. As the Christmas time approached, the rippling waves kissed the Gray Cliff, murmuring sweet reproaches all the time, to which Regina listened with vague incomprehension. "In vain have we labored and striven; in vain have we guarded the trust confided to us. She values pride more than happiness or love." Then their meaning dawned upon her, and with a tremor of gladness in her glance, and in her dark eyes the reflection of the "Star of the East," she wrote and sent again the message,

"Come to the Gray Cliff. I await you there."

And this time it was love and the sweet abnegation of self, not anger, that

reigned in her full heart. He would understand; other words would be superfluous. There are feelings that move the heart which are far above the power of speech to elaborate, and so the first moments of their meeting were moments of silence, oppressive with their burden of bliss. Gray spoke first:

"Regina, my goddess! never in my wildest dreams have I imagined the deep joy of this moment."

With a swift, sudden movement, Regina bent toward him:

"Not your goddess, Gray, but a tender, loving woman."

The rosy radiance of dawn drowned

the gray from the heavens, and the hymn of angels and archangels was in the air. The waves, triumphant and jubilant, filled of the glorious sunshine with ecstatic gladness, gushed higher and fuller, sweeter and stronger, then died away into trembling silence. An anthem for all ages, whose first note of harmony was sounded when a babe was cradled in a manger, and the wise men of the east, beholding the star, came to worship and adore Him who said:

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

THE ROMANCE OF A LODGER.

THERE was no legend of "Rooms to Let," no sign of human life to be seen, as I went up the countless steps from the street to the front door. All the blinds were closed. Thick dust upon them, upon the ivy which overran the piazza, upon the weeping-willow which drooped over some neglected flower-beds, and upon a thick screen of cedar-trees which hid the entire place from the notice of passers-by, and gave it a lonely air, as if deserted. Perhaps houses, like faces, have prophecy or history in their aspect, and this was burdened with a prophetic gloom. I paused on the top step, for breath and to enjoy the view. The same intoxication in the atmosphere of San Francisco, which is so exhilarating to the happy, has a depressing effect on those troubled in mind, and as I stood there I was overwhelmed with the forlorn sense of loneliness in a great city, which weighs more heavily than elsewhere upon a stranger on the hill-tops of San Francisco. If my love for the picturesque had not caused me to climb the

long hill, and, finding an enchanting view of the bay, desire to reside where I could constantly survey it, thus driving me to look for a room then and there, how much better it would have been for four people! Or, I might say, for three; as I, myself, have great elasticity of temperament—nothing pains me very long. Indeed, I have often been called selfish and cold. What strange ideas people sometimes have! How absurd to call me heartless, when no one is more alive to the beautiful in nature and art! A fine landscape often thrills me with an emotion which fills my eyes with tears. About my so-called fellow-creatures, that is a different matter. People often change and come to dislike you, but a picture is forever your friend. How much better to be devoted to high art than to be much interested in common life.

As I waited, suddenly the door behind me opened as if by magic. I turned, but no one was in sight. A long dark hall stretched off into space, in which I could dimly perceive a pair of

huge antlers arranged for a hat-rack, and near the door a map of Arizona.

"Are there any rooms to let in the immediate neighborhood?" I asked, addressing empty air. A woman's head appeared first round the door, and gradually her figure came in sight—a peculiar-looking elderly woman, with something strangely familiar in her face; a woman who seemed to have lived in such seclusion that any stranger appeared a foe, and who was in continual fear of something which never happened, giving furtive glances over her shoulder into the cavernous depths of the dismal hall.

"No."

She spoke in a constrained manner, and eyed me with apparent suspicion when I explained that I admired the prospect so much that I wished to live on that hill. She made no response beyond a bow as I left her; but as I was descending the steps, she came, as if unwillingly, a step or two after me, saying:

"My son—my son is in Arizona. I might—let you have his room."

I turned, half-disinclined to enter the dark house; but another glance at the vapory horizon made me follow her, through long passages, up and down steps, to an irregular room, apparently once detached from the main body of the house. What had been a balcony had been glassed up, and shelves in it were loaded with strange tropical plants which emitted an overpowering odor. There was a glimpse of the bay. Trophies of the man's hunting expeditions decorated the room—antlers, eagles' claws, stuffed birds, and small animals. There was a large engraving of "Paolo and Francesca" drifting down, down to the murky depths of the Inferno. There were some hanging shelves filled with old school-books, interspersed with a few Spanish plays and French novels. It was the one cheerful spot, evidently

kept clean and bright for the son who had been absent for years, and was not yet expected to return. She showed the place and received the rent with manifest reluctance, especially as I preferred to take care of my room.

When my trunk came, I hastened to unpack a few household gods which should make me feel at home—an inlaid work-box, a statuette of "Storm," a sofa-cushion of silk patch-work, some fanciful toilet articles, a few books of poetry and travel, and my "Fetich," an unknown picture which came into my possession in an Eastern city in my business of photograph-coloring. I tinted it with the tenderest care, and had it framed, with some lines it inspired me to write beneath it, in a deep velvet and gilt frame. Wherever I went, that picture had been with me for years. I never made any effort to discover the original. I never expected to meet him, but I often wove romances in my mind about him. I had ceased to desire to know him. I was satisfied with my dreams. I hung it where, as I sat at work, I could see it reflected in the mirror (the finest way to view any picture), wherein he gazed like Swinburne's heroine:

"Glad, but not flushed with gladness,
Since joys go by;
Sad, but not bent with sadness,
Since sorrows die;
Deep in the gleaming glass
She sees all past things pass,
And all sweet life that was,
Lie down and die."

In the glassed alcove I contrived to arrange a studio for what work I brought home, and led a very secluded life. For many weeks I heard no one, saw no one, in the house, except occasionally the shy forlorn woman who first admitted me. My busy days passed so rapidly that Sunday, idle and therefore the largest bead on the string, was the only reminder of them as they slipped through my grasp.

One night I wished to pay my rent before going out of town to spend Sunday, and wandered through the maze of crooked steps and corners until I thought I had found the landlady's room. There was no answer to my gentle knock. I opened the door. A vague dread fell upon me, though the room was commonplace enough. A powerfully-built man sat by the window, with his face turned from me. He was playing with a parrot, whose perch was fastened in the window; some movement made in doing this showed me a strong leash wound about his huge frame and binding him to an iron-framed chair, which was in turn held by iron bands to the floor. I caught a glimpse of his face. Good heavens! I screamed aloud in surprise and horror. It was more like the face of a brute than that of a man—receding forehead and chin, great hooked nose, tiny bead-like eyes. He paid no attention to me, but the parrot mocked me with grotesque nods, and called:

"Madam! madam!"

Upon this, the landlady came from an inner room, but not before *it* had discovered my presence, and given me a stare of fiendish malignity. Hastily closing the door upon the scene, she shut herself and me out in the hall. I told her my errand and paid her. She immediately followed me to my room with a small glass of brandy.

"You are trembling with nervousness; take this," she said. After a moment's pause she added: "Never come to my part of the house. I will come here for the rent when I want it." Nothing more. No explanation of the mystery. After this, I felt a sense of uneasiness when I entered the dark old house, which was not lessened by suddenly perceiving a new partition across the first crook in the labyrinth which led toward the landlady's quarters. This made me a sort of prisoner in my part.

One night I was aroused by the sud-

den lighting of the gas. Through the lace drapery over the bed I saw a man's figure standing before the mantel-piece, lithe and graceful; he was in the act of throwing down the match upon the hearth.

"This," said he, "is coming from the gate of hell to paradise!"

As he stood he caught sight of my treasured unknown picture. "What!" he exclaimed, and looking more closely, read aloud my lines beneath it:

"Not strange to me, yet all unknown;
Though unpossessed, thou art my own.

"Where hast thou been through cycles' roll,
O errant half of my sad soul?

"Half-alien to the jar and fret
Of all this planet yields thee, yet

"Thy glance, with sadness faintly fraught,
Shows vague regret has vexed thy thought—

"Vain, haunting hint of happy star,
Whence thou and I have strayed too far!

"Whether from heaven's heights afar,
Or leaving gates of hell ajar,

"Our spirits to each other tend,
In each new sphere again we blend.

"O lips, with curve like Dacian bow,
Beneath moustache of jealous frow,

"For kiss of thine, like arrow sped,
I'd die though living, live if dead!

"I sigh for thee with love long pent,
Like music in sweet instrument.

"Then cut the mesh of circumstance,
And seek, till met, my eager glance!

"I come to thee! Thine eyes divine
Are lights within my pilgrim shrine!

"For thee! for thee! my true soul prays,
As rosary I count my days—

"Till one whose amber heart embalms
Our clinging lips and clasping arms!"

"Well—of all the mysteries! Where did she get this picture?—and who wrote this?"

He looked around. Heavens! was I dreaming? The very counterpart of my idol! He noticed other things of mine.

"She must have been letting the room," he muttered. A thought struck him: "Perhaps it is *let now!*"

He turned toward the bed, where I

sat holding the curtains apart, and lost in amazement, watching him.

"I—I—I beg your pardon! I—this room was mine—I was not aware—excuse me!" and in an instant he was gone.

I could have believed it all a dream, but for the dreadfully wide-awake trouble of being obliged to get up and put out that gas. I could not go to sleep again for puzzling over this extraordinary adventure. Was this a new lodger? By what marvelous coincidence had my unknown come face to face with his long-treasured portrait? Or was he the "materialized spirit" of the original, who, for all I knew, might have been twenty years dead? I could not decide. Next morning I found on the carpet the card of a hotel in Tucson, and then it flashed upon me that it was the old owner of the room.

The landlady came with him that evening to apologize and explain, and introduce her son; her timid manner all gone in satisfaction at his return. He brought some delicious fruits and French candies. "A slight compensation," he remarked, "for the severe shock to your nerves."

I suppose I really ought to have screamed, but I knew my laces and frills were fresh and becoming, and indeed I was too surprised at finding the original of my cherished picture, which I, of course, immediately screened from view. I had one other picture, "Blossom and Decay." Upon close inspection, this is a youth and maiden in an arched window, with a dainty repast before them; but, viewed from a distance, the arch is the outline of a skull, the pair are the hollows for eyes, and their tiny cakes and bottles the teeth. Unpleasant, but the only picture I had of sufficient size to obscure that of the unknown. It was a birth-day gift from a man who had professed great devotion to me. I have never been able to make

out what he meant by it, and could never ask him, as it was a farewell. He shot himself that same day.

My new acquaintance—Arnot, as his mother called him—and I at once became good friends. He was fond of art, and I am intensely interested in tales of travel. He showed me rough sketches he had made of scenes in Arizona—the wonderful Grand Cañon, where for nearly five hundred miles the Colorado flows through a gorge whose vertical or overhanging walls rise upon either side to from four to six thousand feet; the last of the famous Yuma Indian beauties on her funeral pile; Aliza Pass, where the Baboquiveri range forms a boundary between the hostile Papagoes and Apaches, and where a pile of stones, literally bristling with arrows, marks the scene of many desperate battles; the strange and lofty peak of the Baboquiveri, its eagle-headed outline sharply defined, the range from which it towers stretching off in long wings of barren rock, perpendicular cliffs, and pinnacles like church-towers, till lost in the southern and northern horizon—in the foreground a herd of antelope, and a drove of wild horses trotting off with gracefully flowing manes and tails; and a desert scene, with small acacias, and the leafless *palo-verde*, over which towered countless gigantic columns of the *saguarra* (or giant cactus), a rising storm adding a weird gloom like that of Doré's darkest conceptions, and making the country seem fitly called "The Gate of Hell." All these he had thrilling stories about, sometimes of his own experience, sometimes those told him by the fires of mining-camps. After this we met almost daily, of course, and seemed to have always known each other.

One afternoon, when the west was all aflame, the ruins of all my air-castles looming in royal purple and gold, and my room transfigured, I was sitting in the full radiance, when Arnot came.

"Do not rise," he said; "you look like a saint in a cathedral window."

I pointed to the sunset blaze.

"Ah!" he cried, "if you could have been with me in the desert, and seen the mirage! Travelers from round the world have told me that the mirage on the desert which begins in Lower California and stretches north between the Sierra Nevada and the Colorado River, is more beautiful than on any other desert."

"I am in a desert," I answered, "and I behold a lovely and wonderful mirage!"

"Do you remember the 'Devotion of the Saracens?' I know that 'devoted pilgrim who had been tottering weary and worn across the great desert to Arabia, in search of the Mecca where existed the ideal of all his imaginary dreamings, in order that he might lay his heart, his hand, his fortune, and perhaps his life, a noble sacrifice at the shrine of his idol!'"

We were on dangerous ground.

"That great aloe darkens the room too much for my work. I wish you would have it removed."

"I had that placed near my window because its Arabic name signifies 'patience.' I used to study there, and fancy the sight of that tree encouraged me. I often thought of it when in the desert, where, except *cacti*, Spanish bayonet, yucca, and the unfailing grease-wood bush, I saw nothing but aloes."

Next day the tree disappeared. In the evening Arnot grieved over it:

"My poor aloe! Swung from censers in Egyptian temples, kissed and touched to forehead like a sacred relic, I feel as if I had lost one of my guardian angels. Do you know the Jews believe the aloe will keep off evil spirits? Now we are all at their mercy!"

"You were surrounded by them in Arizona, I should think."

"Hostile Indians and treacherous

Mexicans were no worse to deal with than the little better disguised foes of society. It is principally a matter of clothes. Human nature is really slightly affected by civilization."

It was a curious psychological fact, that while I knew the perfection of art was to appear artless, he, with only the wise simplicity of childhood in every glance of his great honest eyes, believed himself thoroughly versed in the wiles of this wicked world.

"Then you were happy?"

"After a fashion. Man naturally takes to a wild life. The workings of conscience come to seem a refinement of civilization, so artificial that they are gone in the absence of restraint."

"I have some severe 'workings of conscience' about making you sacrifice your favorite tree. You look as if you had lost part of yourself."

With a sigh, a smile, and an eloquent glance, he answered: "*Qui sait amour sait mourir!*" Tears sprung to my eyes. I have such an emotional nature, I frequently weep in conversation—that is, unless I am dressed in some material easily injured by drops of water. "Ah!" he exclaimed, seizing my hand, "you know it—you feel it?" Now, this was what I did not want, and, to my great relief, his mother just then called him away.

I overheard her remonstrating with him upon being so infatuated with a stranger of whom they knew nothing. He replied: "When I can dress her completely in spun silver, what will people ask about her antecedents?" I can not deny that I sighed over that costume of "spun silver," but no one can have everything. My powers of fascination and my exquisite sensibility, united with silver-mines, would be too much happiness for any one woman. Still, I resolved to learn how much property he possessed, and inwardly cursed my adverse fate.

One day I sat in the glassed alcove, touching up some photographs I was obliged to hurry about. I had been sitting steadily for several hours, and was greatly fatigued. I opened one of the swinging windows to gain fresh air. Not long after I suddenly saw what at first looked like a gorgeous tropical blossom moving among the plants, but it proved to be the parrot I had seen in the other part of the house. Not accustomed to such birds, and disliking them, I shook my picture at him, endeavoring to drive him out. At this he took offense, and, ruffling all his feathers, chuckled with impish glee, and grotesquely nodded his head. I threatened him with my brush, but he only cried in derision, "Madam—madam!" and flew at me. Tired and nervous, I fought as I might have combated a tiger. In my fright I struck him away so that he fell out of the window, torn, fluttering, and screaming. As I looked after him, I beheld that horrible head at a distant window, watching my proceedings with evident disapprobation. The bird, lamed by the fight, awkwardly climbed in to his master, who shook his fist at me, and then closed the window and drew the curtain. Why people will keep such ill-mannered pets I can not imagine. I felt I had now gained the ill-will of that horrid monster. All my old uneasiness, lately lulled, was roused again. I thought I would move immediately, but when Arnot came in the evening, I was rested and refreshed by bath and dainty toilet, and thought I would wait awhile. Yet he made such ardent protestations of interest that I was forced to tell him I could not return it, and he would compel me to leave.

"No," he said, "you need not go on my account. I will return to the pleasant companions of years, the gray wolf and grizzly bear, the ferocious panther, the sluggish rattlesnake, and the fierce Apache."

"Do you like mining so much? Did you find much ore?"

"Don't you know that in Arizona the hoofs of one's horse throw up silver with the dust? I never found it except where I must have had ox-teams to carry it a hundred miles to smelt it, and might perish for water. Mexican traditions credit the Santa Rita mines with immense treasure. Twice within two centuries they have been worked; old openings on some of the veins, and ruined furnaces and arrastras, prove this, but the Apaches depopulated the country."

I looked at him with pity. He was so picturesque he ought to have lived forever, just for his beauty. "What if they should kill you?" I murmured.

"What will it matter?" he answered, bitterly; "*you* will not care!"

"I shall."

"For the treasure consequently lost, perhaps; I believe that is woman's one thought."

"Take care. You are bitter and insolent."

"Pardon me. Let me tell you a story. Toward the coast of the Gulf of California the plains are barren and arid deserts; for hundreds of miles no plant but dry and thorny *cacti*. The granite mountains on the border are yet more awfully barren—nothing but masses of pure white rock, which reflect the sun with dazzling splendor. The loneliness is heightened by coming upon ruins of long-fallen towns, of many-storied buildings of stone, and of large aqueducts, and on widely scattered bits of pottery, remnants of the Moqui race. In this wilderness, where, if anywhere, human companionship might be properly valued, I have known a Mexican woman, who, discovering that her lover had quilted twenty-dollar pieces into his clothing until it was a regular suit of armor, gave him a sleeping-draught, and, carrying off every piece, joined a strange caravan going another way."

"What did he do?"

"What could he do? This is what he did: For years he tasted that unpleasant potion she gave him whenever a woman came into his sight!"

However hard the experience of Arnot might have been, his distrust of women was not sincere. He was so innocent of guile that he yet believed anything and everything a woman said.

"If you have so poor an opinion of women, why do you interest yourself in me?"

"Because I can not help it. You drive me crazy." He stopped and colored up.

"Tell me about the strange man in the other part of the house."

"Where have you seen him?" he asked, in surprise.

I told him. He looked troubled, went to the door, examined the lock; to the windows, and tried the fastenings.

"He is my uncle," he said, "and not an agreeable subject for discussion. Let us talk of other matters. When the Vigilance Committee cleared San Francisco, many of the ruffians and gamblers went to Arizona. How do you know I was not one, and that I returned expressly to teach you poker? Stakes, for this occasion, chocolate drops!"

As we played, he said: "I wonder if in the game of life hearts are your trumps."

"Clubs were yours in Arizona."

"Many women prefer diamonds to hearts; but, after all, spades are what must win when the game of life closes!"

I can see him now as he spoke, with no prophetic shadow on his handsome face, so soon to become only "a picture on memory's wall." More than once during the few weeks that followed I heard strange noises at night, and on one occasion I really fancied some one was trying to force an entrance through the conservatory. I am not naturally timid, but I mentioned it to Arnot next day,

with an expression of innocent appeal and infantine helplessness, which has ever been one of my most effective weapons. Next morning, rising earlier than usual, I nearly stumbled over him asleep before my door on a great wolf-skin robe, and he kept guard there nightly afterward.

I felt that the charm of Arnot's presence was growing dangerous to my peace. Over and over again I resolved to leave, yet I lingered on. As if I had not already trouble enough on my mind, one afternoon my landlady entered under the pretense of bringing in towels she had always left at the door. After some preliminary remarks about nothing in particular, she said:

"I want to ask a favor of you. You look like a good-hearted woman." I think, myself, there is a great deal in physiognomy. "You know how much my son thinks of you. Don't drive him back to Arizona. I have been so lonely without him, and my nights were sleepless from anxiety. To be sure, I see little of him now, he is so interested in you, but at least I know he is safe and at home. O, if you only would encourage him"—beginning to cry. "I can see he is thinking of going away, because you do not like him as he likes you"—crying.

I was distressed beyond measure, not so much at her grief as at the conviction that the dreaded climax was near. How could I tell this strange woman all my own troubles! In vexation and despair, I cried, too.

"O!" she said, "you will—you must love him!"

"I can not—I do—I must not—I—O, why did this happen!" I incoherently declared.

"Why?" she demanded. "Answer me, as you hope for a merciful judgment hereafter!"

"I—I—I—will not. I will go—away," I sobbed.

"Listen," she said—"all the men of his family are liable to insanity. His uncle went mad and killed his father. The very restlessness which kept Arnot wandering in Arizona for years shows his tendency toward it. You will drive him either to death among the Apaches or insanity here. Choose your own course; but, as you deal with my boy, may God deal with you. You have enchanted him, and you can not break the spell, you wicked sorceress!"

How I wished, as I lay sobbing on the lounge, that I had long since removed his picture, for the one over it had slipped down to the mantel-piece, leaving it in full view. As if my mind influenced hers, she turned at that instant and discovered it.

"What does this mean?" she cried, rushing to it and reading my lines. "Why do you coquet with him thus? How dare you torment him so? O, to think how I was deceived in your sweet face and voice when you came to my door! Surely, some evil spirit prompted me to give you his room. Go—go to-morrow! Your month was out last week; never mind, here is the rent back again."

As the poor woman threw the money on the table, she heard her son come home, and left me, trembling with anger and despair. I had dared to try to take my fate in my own hands, and live as I chose—to change a destiny which was too heavy a trial to be borne. I had resolved to be lost to old friends, yet my new ones had brought me only misery. I was too unnerved to fasten my door after her, and an hour later Arnot came. He was greatly agitated over my evident trouble.

"You say you are going to-morrow, and you do not tell me why!" he exclaimed, in dismay.

Since his mother's disclosure, I was afraid to explain. I sat silent.

"I will follow you!" he said,

This was a fresh complication. "You shall not know where I go," I cried, in desperation.

"I will find you, in this world or the next," he grimly replied, and turned to leave me. Something disconsolate in my attitude recalled him. He came up to me, and, taking my hands, gazed at me with all the hunger of his heart looking out of his beautiful eyes. Not the first, but—O! Arnot—the last, last time! "I am afraid of your slipping away from my knowledge like a spirit. I feel as if we two stood on the edge of an abyss, and when I drop your hands I must go down into perpetual night. *Quien ha vista el mañana?* Say 'Good-by,' now, lest you disappear before morning."

"Good-by!"

He wrung my hands, touched his lips to my hair as I stood with bowed head, and left me. It was impossible to sleep that night. I could not even prepare for rest, but lay in my wrapper, and heard the clocks strike. Wicked invention to "arm with thunder the avenging hours." I had cried until I was thoroughly exhausted, and was so faint I did not know I had left my door unlocked, did not hear it open or close, knew of no approaching footsteps, but, without the slightest warning, suddenly beheld in the moonlight that fearful head near my own. I sprung up with a shriek smothered by weakness, too faint to alarm any one. He was crouching beside the bed, laughing and muttering: "*This* is the woman who spies about my door! *This* is the woman who flings my precious bird—my familiar spirit—out of her window! What shall be done to her? Ha! ha! ha! *I* spy about *her* door! *I* toss *her* out of the window!" He was about to snatch me up, when another form loomed between him and the window (standing, for one instant, lithe and graceful, where I first saw it, weeks before), and caught him. There

was an awful struggle before my straining eyes in the dim light, a flash and report, a groan of pain, and a heavy fall of the two together, while I sat there with limbs paralyzed by fright, hysterically screaming. In another instant the landlady and some policemen entered. They carried the monster away, and I afterward read of his being sent to the asylum at Stockton.

Arnot was dead! In the contest his pistol was turned against himself. He had passed years unscathed among hostile Indians, yet came home to lose his life.

It was weeks before I recovered sufficiently from the shock to move away. In all that time I saw nothing of Arnot's mother. A servant waited on me and received my rent. On the morning of my departure, as I was going out of my room, my landlady came hastily in.

"Where is my picture?" I asked.

"*Your* picture!" she replied. "Who has the best right to Arnot's picture—the woman he loved, or the woman who loved him? You shall not have it. Is it not enough that you stole *him* from me, utterly and forever?"

We seemed to have curiously changed. She was self-possessed and defiant; I was now the one who trembled, and dreaded I knew not what.

"Tell me," she said, locking the door—"you shall not go until you tell me—why you coquetted so with my poor boy. You owe me that much."

"I—did not—coquet with him."

"Then—you cared for him?"

"Yes."

She caught my hands, and thanked me, and cried over me.

"That is yet more of a puzzle. Why did you repulse his advances?"

"Because—because—O, let me go!"

She unlocked the door. The carriage waited to take me to the boat. On the threshold I looked back for a moment at the room which had known such a tragedy; at the frail old lady, whose pitiful face watched mine, and whom I was leaving forever, under a weight of woe which might not have crushed her if I had not come there. I was struck with the pathetic expression of even her attitude; she might have been posing for a grief-stricken mother in a play. My artistic sense was gratified as it seldom is.

"Tell me," she entreated.

I waved my hand in mute farewell, and hastened down the long steps, never to return. I have not seen nor heard of her since.

And I? I returned to the East, to my husband.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRA.

NO. VII.—MOUNTAIN BUILDING.

THIS study of mountain building refers particularly to that portion of the range embraced between latitudes $36^{\circ} 30'$ and 39° . It is about 200 miles long, sixty wide, and attains an elevation along its axis of from 8,000 to nearly 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. The individual mountains that are distributed over this vast area, whether the

lofty and precipitous alps of the summit, the more beautiful and highly specialized domes and mounts dotted over the undulating flanks, or the huge bosses and angles projecting horizontally from the sides of cañons and valleys, have all been sculptured and brought into relief during the glacial epoch by the direct mechanical action of the ice-sheet, with

the individual glaciers into which it afterward separated. Our way to a general understanding of all this has been made clear by previous studies of valley formations—studies of the physical characters of the rocks out of which the mountains under consideration have been made, and of the widely contrasted methods and quantities of glacial and post-glacial denudation.

Notwithstanding the accessibility and imposing grandeur of the summit alps, they remain almost wholly unexplored. A few nervous raids have been made among them from random points adjacent to trails, and some of the more easily accessible, such as mounts Dana, Lyell, Tyndall, and Whitney, have been ascended, while the vast wilderness of mountains in whose fastnesses the chief tributaries of the San Joaquin and King's rivers take their rise, have been beheld and mapped from a distance, without any attempt at detail. Their echoes are never stirred even by the hunter's rifle, for there is no game to tempt either Indian or White man as far as the frosty lakes and meadows that lie at their bases, while their avalanche-swept and crevassed glaciers, their labyrinths of yawning gulfs and crumbling precipices, offer dangers that only powerful motives will induce anyone to face.

The view southward from the colossal summit of Mount Humphreys is indescribably sublime. Innumerable gray peaks crowd loftily into the keen azure, infinitely adorned with light and shade; lakes glow in lavish abundance around their bases; torrents whiten their denuded gorges; while many a glacier and bank of fountain *névé* leans back in their dark recesses. Awe-inspiring, however, as these vast mountain assemblies are, and incomprehensible as they may at first seem, their origin and the principal facts of their individual histories are problems easily solved by the patient student.

Beginning with pinnacles, which are

FIG. 1.

the smallest of the summit mountaintops: no geologist will claim that these were formed by special upheavals, nor that the little chasms which separated them were formed by special subsidences or rivings asunder of the rock; because many of these chasms are as wide at the bottom as at the top, and scarcely exceed a foot in depth; and many may be formed artificially by simply removing a few blocks that have been loosened.

The Sierra pinnacles are from less than a foot to nearly a thousand feet in height, and in all the cases that have come under my observation their forms and dimensions have been determined, not by cataclysmic fissures, but by the gradual development of orderly joints and cleavage planes, which gave rise to leaning forms where the divisional planes are inclined, as in Fig. 1, or to vertical where

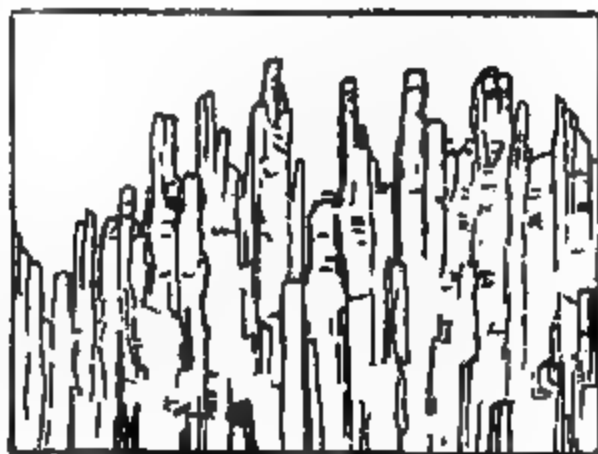


FIG. 2.

the planes are vertical, as in Fig. 2. Magnificent crests tipped with leaning pinnacles adorn the jagged flanks of Mount Ritter, and majestic examples of vertical pinnacle architecture abound

among the lofty mountain cathedrals on the heads of King's and Kern rivers. The minarets to the south of Mount Ritter are an imposing series of partially separate pinnacles about 700 feet in height, set upon the main axis of the range. Glaciers are still grinding their eastern bases, illustrating in the plainest manner the blocking out of these imposing features from the solid. The formation of small peaklets that roughen the flanks of large peaks may in like manner be shown to depend, not upon any up-thrusting or down-thrusting forces, but upon the orderly erosion and transportation of the material that occupied the intervening notches and gorges.

The same arguments we have been applying to peaklets and pinnacles are found to be entirely applicable to the main mountain peaks; for careful detailed studies demonstrate that as pinnacles are separated by eroded chasms, and peaklets by notches and gorges, so the main peaks are separated by larger chasms, notches, gorges, valleys, and wide ice-womb amphitheatres. When across hollows we examine contiguous sides of mountains, we perceive that the same mechanical structure is continued across intervening spaces of every kind, showing that there has been a removal of the material that once filled them—the occurrence of large veins oftentimes rendering this portion of the argument exceedingly conclusive, as in two peaks of

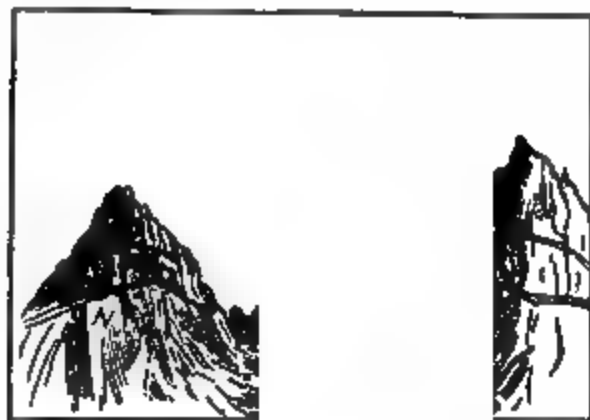


FIG. 3.

the Lyell group (Fig. 3), where the wide veins, N N, are continued across the

valley from peak to peak. We frequently find rows of pinnacles set upon a base, the cleavage of which does not admit of pinnacle formation, and in an analagous way we find immense slate mountains, like Dana and Gibbs, resting upon a plain granite pavement, as if they had been formed elsewhere, transported and set down in their present positions, like huge erratic boulders. It appears, therefore, that the loftiest mountains as well as peaklets and pinnacles of the summit region are residual masses of the once solid wave of the whole range, and that all that would be required to unbuild and obliterate these imposing structures would simply be the filling up of the labyrinth of intervening chasms, gorges, cañons, etc., which divide them, by the restoration of rocks that have disappeared. Here the important question comes up, What has become of the missing material, not the millionth part of which is now to be seen? It has not been ingulfed, because the bottoms of all the dividing valleys and basins are unmistakably solid. It must, therefore, have been carried away; and because we find portions of it scattered far and near in moraines, easily recognized by peculiarities of mineralogical composition, we infer that glaciers were the transporting agents. That glaciers have brought out the summit peaks from the solid with all their imposing architecture, simply by the formation of the valleys and basins in which they flowed, is a very important proposition, and well deserves careful attention.

We have already shown, in studies Nos. III. and IV., that all the valleys of region under consideration, from the minute striæ and scratches of the polished surfaces less than the hundredth part of an inch in depth, to the Yosemite gorges half a mile or more in depth, were all eroded by glaciers, and that post-glacial streams, whether small glancing brooklets or impetuous torrents, had

not yet lived long enough to fairly make their mark, no matter how unbounded their eroding powers may be. Still, it may be conjectured that pre-glacial rivers furrowed the range long ere a glacier was born, and that when at length the ice-winter came on with its great skyfuls of snow, the young glaciers crept into these river channels, overflowing their banks, and deepening, widening, grooving, and polishing them without destroying their identity. For the destruction of this conjecture it is only necessary to observe that the trends of the present valleys are strictly glacial, and glacial trends are extremely different from water trends; pre-glacial rivers could not, therefore, have exercised any appreciable influence upon their formation.

Neither can we suppose fissures to have wielded any determining influence, there being no conceivable coincidence between the zigzag and apparently accidental trends of fissures and the exceedingly specific trends of ice-currents. The same argument holds good against primary foldings of the crust, dislocations, etc. Finally, if these valleys had been hewn or dug out by any pre-glacial agent whatever, traces of such agent would be visible on mountain masses which glaciers have not yet segregated; but no such traces of valley beginnings are anywhere manifest. The heads of valleys extend back into mountain masses just as far as glaciers have gone and no farther.

Granting, then, that the greater part of the erosion and transportation of the material missing from between the mountains of the summit was effected by glaciers, it yet remains to be considered what agent or agents shaped the upper portions of these mountains, which bear no traces of glacial action, and which probably were always, as they now are, above the reach of glaciers. Even here we find the glacier to be indirectly the most influential agent, con-

stantly eroding backward, thus undermining their bases, and enabling gravity to drag down large masses, and giving greater effectiveness to the winter avalanches that sweep and furrow their sides. All the summit peaks present a crumbling, ruinous, unfinished aspect. Yet they have suffered very little change since the close of the glacial period, for if denudation had been extensively carried on, their separating pits and gorges would be choked with *débris*; but on the contrary, we find only a mere sprinkling of post-glacial *detritus*, and that the streams could not have carried much of this away is conclusively shown by the fact that the small lake-bowls through which they flow have not been filled up.

In order that we may obtain clear conceptions concerning the methods of glacial mountain building, we will now take up the formation of a few specially illustrative groups and peaks, without, however, entering into the detail which the importance of the subject deserves.

The Lyell group lies due east from Yosemite Valley, at a distance of about sixteen miles in a straight course. Large tributaries of the Merced, Rush, Tuolumne, and San Joaquin rivers take their rise amid its ice and snow. Its geographical importance is further augmented by its having been a centre of dispersal for some of the largest and most influential of the ancient glaciers. The traveler who undertakes the ascent of Mount Lyell, the dominating mountain of the group, will readily perceive that although its summit is 13,200 feet above the level of the sea, all that individually pertains to it is a small residual fragment less than a thousand feet high, whose existence is owing to slight advantages of physical structure and position with reference to the heads of ancient glaciers, which prevented its being eroded and carried away as rapidly as the common mountain mass circumjacent to it.

Glacier wombs are rounded in a horizontal direction at the head, for the same reason that they are at the bottom; this being the form that offers greatest resistance to glacial erosion. The semi-circular outline thus determined is maintained by the glaciers in eroding their way backward into the mountain masses against which they head; and where these curved basins have been continued quite through the axis of the chain or spur, separate mountains have been produced, the degree of whose individuality depends upon the extent and variation of this erosion. Thus, let A B

and sculpture between the north and south sides of mountains and valleys. Thus, the attentive observer will perceive that the architecture of deep valleys trending in a northerly and southerly direction, as Yosemite, abounds in small towers, crests, and shallow flutings on the shadowy south side, while the sun-beaten portions of the north walls are comparatively plain. The finer sculpture of the south walls is directly owing to the action of *small shadow-glacierets*—which lingered long after the disappearance of the main glaciers that filled the valleys from wall to wall.

Every mountaineer and Indian knows that high mountains are more easily ascended on the south than on the north side. Thus, the Hoffmann spur may be ascended almost anywhere from the south on horseback, while it breaks off in sheer precipices on the north. There is not a mountain peak in the range which does not bear witness in sculpture and general form to this glacial-shadow action, which in many portions of the summit may still be observed in operation. But it is only to the effects of shadows in the segregation of mountain masses that I would now direct special attention. Fig. 5 is a map of the Merced range adjacent to Yosemite Valley, with a portion of the ridge which unites it to the main axis. The arrows indicate the direction of extension of the deep glacial amphitheatres, and it will be at once seen that they all point in a southerly direction beneath the protection of shadows cast by the peaks and ridges. Again, it will be seen that because the Merced spur (S P) trends in a northerly direction, its western slopes are in shadow in the forenoon, its eastern in the afternoon, consequently it has a series of glacial wombs on *both* sides; but because the ridge (P G) trends in an easterly direction, its southern slopes are scarcely at all in shadow, consequently deep glacial wombs occur *only* upon the *northerly*

(Fig. 4), represent a section of a portion of the summit of a mountain chain, and C D E F G H, etc., the wombs of glaciers dead or active, then the residual masses 1 2 3 will be the so-called mountains.

It may well excite surprise that snow collected in these fountain wombs should pass so rapidly through the *névé* condition, and begin to erode at the very head; that this, however, was the case is shown by unmistakable traces of that erosion upon the sides and heads as well as bottoms of wombs now empty. The change of climate which broke up the glacial winter would obviously favor the earlier transformation of snow into eroding ice, and thus produce the present conditions as necessary consequences.

The geological effects of shadows in prolonging the existence and in guiding and intensifying the action of portions of glaciers, are manifested in moraines, lake-basins, and the difference in form

FIG. 5.

slopes. Still further, because the Merced spur (S P) trends several degrees west of north, its eastern slopes are longer in shadow than the western, consequently the ice-wombs of the former are deeper and their head-walls are sheerer; and in general, because the main axis of the Sierra has a north-westerly direction, the summit peaks are more precipitous on the eastern than on the western sides.

In the case of ice-wombs on the north side of a mountain equally shadowed on the east and west, it will be found that such wombs, other conditions being equal, curve back in a direction a little to the west of south, because forenoon sunshine is not so strong as afternoon sunshine. The same admirable obedience to shadows* is conspicuous in all

parts of the summits of the range. Now, *glaciers are the only eroders that are thus governed by shadows.*

Fig. 6 is a section illustrating the mode in which the heads (H H) of tributaries of the Tuolumne and Merced glaciers have eroded and segregated the

FIG. 6.

mountain mass (L M) into two mountains—namely, Lyell and McClure—by moving backward until they met at C, leaving only the thin crest as it now exists.

Mount Ritter lies a few miles to the south of Lyell, and is readily accessible to good mountaineers by way of the

*For further illustrations of the above observations on shadows, I would refer the reader to Gardener and Hoffmann's map of the Sierra adjacent to Yosemite Valley, or, still better, to the mountains themselves.

Mono plains. The student of mountain building will find it a kind of textbook, abounding in wonderfully clear and beautiful illustrations of the principles of Sierra architecture we have been studying. Upon the north flank a small active glacier may still be seen at work blocking out and separating a peak from the main mass, and its whole surface is covered with clearly cut inscriptions of the frost, the storm-wind, and the avalanche. Though not the very loftiest, Ritter is to me far the noblest mountain of the chain. All its neighbors stand well back, enabling it to give full expression to its commanding individuality; while living glaciers, rushing torrents, bright-eyed lakes, gentian meadows, flecks of lily and anemone, shaggy thickets and groves, and polleny zones of sun-filled *compositæ*, combine to irradiate its massive features, and make it as beautiful as noble.

The Merced spur (see Fig. 5), lying about ten miles to the south-east of Yosemite Valley and about the same distance from the main axis, presents a finely individualized range of peaks, 11,500 to 12,000 feet high, hewn from the solid. The authors of this beautiful piece of sculpture were two series of tributaries belonging to the glaciers of the Nevada and Illilouette.

The truly magnificent group of nameless granite mountains stretching in a broad swath from the base of Mount Humphreys forty miles southward, is far the largest and loftiest of the range. But when we leisurely penetrate its wild recesses, we speedily perceive that, although abounding in peaks 14,000 feet high, these, individually considered, are mere pyramids, 1,000 or 2,000 feet in height, crowded together upon a common base, and united by jagged columns that swoop in irregular curves from shoulder to shoulder. That all this imposing multitude of mountains was chiseled from one grand pre-glacial mass is

everywhere proclaimed in terms understandable by mere children.

Mount Whitney lies a few miles to the south of this group, and is undoubtedly the highest peak of the chain, but, geologically or even scenically considered, it possesses no special importance. When beheld either from the north or south, it presents the form of a helmet, or, more exactly, that of the Scotch cap called the "Glengarry." The flattish summit curves gently toward the valley of the Kern on the west, but falls abruptly toward Owen's River Valley on the east, in a sheer precipice near 2,000 feet deep. Its north and south-east sides are scarcely less precipitous, but these gradually yield to accessible slopes, round from south-west to north-west. Although highest of all the peaks, Mount Whitney is far surpassed in colossal grandeur and general impressiveness of physiognomy, not only by Mount Ritter, but by mounts Dana, Humphreys, Emerson, and many others that are nameless. A few meadowless lakes shine around its base, but it possesses no glaciers, and, toward the end of summer, very little snow on its north side, and none at all on the south. Viewed from Owen's Valley, in the vicinity of Lone Pine, it appears as one of many minute peaklets that adorn the massive uplift of the range like a cornice. Toward the close of the glacial epoch, the gray porphyritic summit of what is now Mount Whitney peered a few feet above a zone of *névé* that fed glaciers which descended into the valleys of the Owen's and Kern rivers. These, eroding gradually deeper, brought all that specially belongs to Mount Whitney into relief. Instead of a vast upheaval, it is merely a remnant of the common mass of the range, which, from relative conditions of structure and position, has suffered a little less degradation than the portions circumjacent to it.

Regarded as measures of mountain-

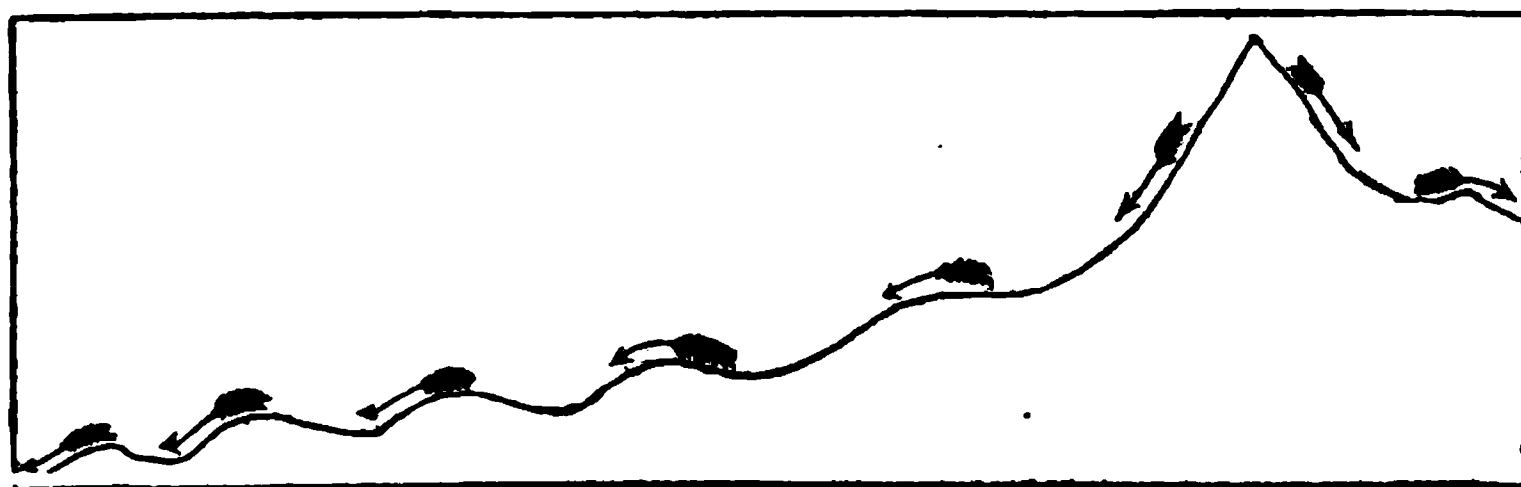


FIG. 7.

building forces, the results of erosion are negative rather than positive, expressing more directly what has *not* been done than what *has* been done. The difference between the peaks and the passes is not that the former are elevations, the latter depressions; both are depressions, differing only in degree. The abasement of the peaks having been effected at a slower rate, they were, of course, left behind as elevations.

The transition from the spiky, angular summit mountains to those of the flanks with their smoothly undulated outlines is exceedingly well marked; weak towers, pinnacles, and crumbling, jagged crests at once disappear,* leaving only hard, knotty domes and ridge-waves as geological illustrations, on the grandest scale, of the survival of the strongest.

Fig. 7 illustrates, by a section, the general cause of the angularity of summit mountains, and curvedness of those of the flanks; the former having been *down*-flowed, the latter *over*-flowed. As we descend from the alpine summits on the smooth pathways of the ancient ice-currents, noting where they have successively denuded the various rocks—first the slates, then the slaty structured granites, then the curved granites—we detect a constant growth of specialization and ascent into higher forms. Angular masses cut by cleavage planes begin to be comprehended in flowing curves. These masses, in turn, become

*For exceptions to this general law, real or apparent, see Study No. I.

more highly organized, giving rise by the most gradual approaches to that magnificent dome scenery for which the Sierra is unrivaled. In the more strongly specialized granite regions, the features, and, indeed, the very existence of overflowed mountains, are in great part due neither to ice, water, nor any eroding agent whatsoever, but to building forces—crystalline, perhaps—which put them together and bestowed all that is more special in their architectural physiognomy, while they yet lay buried in the common fountain mass of the range.

The same silent and invisible mountain builders performed a considerable amount of work upon the down-flowed mountains of the summit, but these were so weakly put together that the heavy hand of the glacier shaped and molded, without yielding much compliance to their undeveloped forms. Had the unsculptured mass of the range been everywhere homogeneous, glacial denudation would still have produced summit mountains, differing not essentially from those we now find, but the rich profusion of flank mountains and mountainets, so marvelously individualized, would have had no existence, as the whole surface would evidently have been planed down into barren uniformity.

Thus the want of individuality which we have been observing among the summit mountains is obviously due to the comparatively uniform structure and erodibility of the rocks out of which they have been developed; their forms in consequence being greatly dependent

upon the developing glaciers; whereas the strongly structured and specialized flank mountains, while accepting the ice-currents as developers, still defended themselves from their destructive and form-bestowing effects.

The wonderful adaptability of ice to the development of buried mountains possessing so wide a range of form and magnitude, seems as perfect as if the result of direct plan and forethought. Granite crystallizes into landscapes; snow crystallizes above them to bring their beauty to the light. The grain of no mountain oak is more gnarled and interfolded than that of Sierra granite, and the ice-sheet of the glacial period is the only universal mountain eroder that works with reference to the grain. Here it smooths a pavement by slipping flatly over it, removing inequalities like a carpenter's plane; again it *makes* inequalities, gliding moldingly over and around knotty dome-clusters, groping out every weak spot, sparing the strong, crushing the feeble, and following lines of predestined beauty obediently as the wind.

Rocks are brought into horizontal relief on the sides of valleys wherever superior strength of structure or advantageousness of position admits of such development, just as they are elsewhere in a vertical direction. Some of these projections are of a magnitude that well deserves the name of *horizontal mountain*. That the variability of resistance of the rocks themselves accounts for the variety of these horizontal features is shown by the prevalence of this law. *Where the uniformity of glacial pressure has not been disturbed by the entrance of tributaries, we find that where valleys are narrowest their walls are strongest; where widest, weakest.*

In the case of valleys with sloping walls, their salient features will be mostly developed in an oblique direction; but neither horizontal nor oblique mount-

ains or mountains can ever reach as great dimensions as the vertical, because the retreating curves formed in weaker portions of valley walls are less eroded the deeper they become, on account of receiving less and less pressure, while the alternating salient curves are more heavily pressed and eroded the farther they project into the past-squeezing glacier; thus tending to check irregularity of surface beyond a certain limit, which limit is measured by the resistance offered by the rocks to the glacial energy brought to bear upon them. So intense is this energy in the case of large steeply inclined glaciers, that many salient bosses are broken off on the lower or down-stream side with a fracture like that produced by blasting. These fractures occur in all deep Yosemite cañons, forming the highest expressions of the intensity of glacial force I have observed.

The same tendency toward maintaining evenness of surface obtains to some extent in vertical erosion also; as when hard masses rise abruptly from a comparatively level area exposed to the full sweep of the overpassing current. If vertical cleavage be developed in such rocks, *moutoneed* forms will be produced with a split face turned away from the direction of the flow, as shown in Fig. 8, Study No. I. These forms, measuring from a few inches to a thousand feet or more in height, abound in hard granitic regions. If no cleavage be developed, then long ovals will be formed, with their greater diameters extended in the direction of the current. The general tendency, however, in vertical erosion is to make the valleys deeper and ridges relatively higher, the ice-currents being constantly attracted to the valleys, causing erosion to go on at an accelerated rate, and drawn away from the resisting ridges until they emerge from the ice-sheet and cease to be eroded; the law here applicable being, "to him that hath shall be given."

Thus it appears that, no matter how the pre-glacial mass of the range came into existence, all the separate mountains distributed over its surface between latitude $36^{\circ} 30'$ and 39° , whether the lofty alps of the summit, or richly sculptured dome-clusters of the flank, or the burnished bosses and mountainets projecting from the sides of valleys—all owe their development to the ice-sheet of the great winter and the separate glaciers into which it afterward separated. In all this sublime fulfillment there was no upbuilding, but a universal razing and dismantling, and of this every mountain and valley is the record and monument.

WHENCE?

In the dream, in the vision immortal,
 In the will of the Infinite bound,
 The old centuries silent, but deathless,
 Stand waiting their turn to be crowned.

From the gray immemorial ages,
 While our essence ran riotous free,
 Flapping high in the banners of cloud-land,
 Or swelling in veins of the sea—

Beat in tides an untamable measure,
 Lashed by forms of a Saurian shore,
 Shapeless bulks of an early existence,
 That rise on the vision no more.

In the under-world, hidden beneath us,
 In the darkness and silence of stone,
 We stare at their shadowy outlines,
 These types that preceded our own.

We grope in the crypts of the ages,
 Far back of the records of men,
 For the forms of a life that has vanished,
 Recalling its semblance again.

Not dreaming our bones hold the mammoth,
 That our wills have his measureless span,
 That nature, in struggling toward centres,
 Is subliming her forces in man.

And we, who are made up of all things,
 The cycles that stretch to the end
 Shall reveal us, but midway in progress,
 Hints of whither the labyrinths trend—

Tardy hints, of a thousand clear meanings,
 Set remote in the future and past,

Struggling outward and back to the essence
Which held and shall hold us at last.

In the dream, in the vision more joyful,
In the will of the Infinite bound,
While the centuries, silent but deathless,
Stand waiting their turn to be crowned.

PHŒBE, OF SANDY GULCH.

THEY called the place Sandy Gulch; it was hard to understand why, for it was full of rocks, apparently. There was not sand enough visible to scour a pan—but then, pans in Sandy Gulch were not scoured. There was a deeply bronzed and heavily bearded set of men, heavy drinkers, all; and there were no women, at least until Phœbe arrived. Slim Jim was the autocrat of the place; he kept the New Orleans Saloon. Liquors were dispensed in the front room, and faro in the rear.

Phœbe lived “a smart piece” above it, in a rough place, half canvas and half logs. What old Langsdale had brought her there for, no one could imagine; she had been the only woman on the ship when they made their weary six-months’ voyage from New York, and now she was the only woman in Sandy Gulch. The miners took off their hats when they passed old Langsdale’s cabin.

Phœbe was twenty—most girls are pretty at twenty, if they are ever going to be pretty; Phœbe had hazel eyes, and rounded, rose-pink cheeks, and the prettiest pouting mouth in the world. The Sandy Gulchers thought her a goddess, and adored her accordingly.

Old Langsdale took the best of care of his daughter. When he moved his claim, he moved his cabin, too; and always kept near enough for Phœbe to hear the sound of his pick. When the diggings gave out in one place, the cabin

was “toted” to where they had not given out. He never lacked help in moving his cabin—there were always plenty of Sandy Gulchers anxious to lend a hand; they even quarreled about it, and Langsdale obliged them to take turns. You see, they called it “helping Phœbe.”

There were not many loafers in camp; the people had come there to make a fortune, and could not afford to loaf; but there were a few, a couple of Mexicans—“Greasers,” the miners called them—and two or three of the stamp of Slim Jim.

They were always busy enough at night; in the day-time they hung round the New Orleans Saloon, and they would have liked to have visited Phœbe, but old Langsdale would not have it. He borrowed a pot of black paint and a brush, and painted over his door,

“NOTICE! NO LOAFERS WANTED.”

He thought that this would do, but one day he came home, and found Apodoca there. Phœbe was sitting on an empty butter-keg, the rose-pink in her round cheeks deepened a little, and the pouting mouth was as smiling as you please.

Old Langsdale was mad; he called Apodoca out, and pointed to the notice on the door. Apodoca planted his feet firmly on the ground, placed his arms akimbo, and gazed intently at the lettering for some time; then, turning to

Langsdale, he said, in his politest accents:

"No sabbee."

"You no read?" interrogated Langsdale.

"Me no sabbee read Inglis," replied Apodoca, taking his *sombrero* from the bush by the door which caught the hats of most of Phœbe's visitors; once in a while a hat was taken inside, if it chanced to be new, and kicked under the table for safe-keeping. Apodoca raised his *sombrero* as if to put it on, but just then he caught sight of Phœbe standing in the door-way, with her cheeks pinker than ever, and an extremely amused look in her hazel eyes; so he held the hat behind him, and stood bareheaded.

"Well," said Langsdale, "I'll read it for yer: 'Notice!'"—he said this in thundering tones, which increased in volume as he went on—"No loafers wanted.' That means, GIT! You sabbee that?"

"*Sí, Señor,*" replied Apodoca, with a sardonic smile, as, after a most profound bow to Phœbe, he placed his *sombrero* on his head, and walked serenely away.

"I'll horsewhip thet fool, ef I ketch him yere agin," said Langsdale, frowning at Phœbe.

"Why, papa, don't blame *me*," said she, tossing her head; "I couldn't tell him to clear out."

"You needn't have been so dreadful sweet and smiling, though!" he replied.

"I just gave him a pleasant word," pouted Phœbe; "I can't be cross to people, and José was very polite, I'm sure."

Langsdale muttered something about "breaking his head," and went into the cabin for his dinner. Phœbe went in after him. When he had gone into the rear room, which was his room, *par excellence*, she softly closed the door behind him. The front room was her own; it contained her bed, her wardrobe, and her trinkets; the latter were all presents,

and all of one sort. They stood in a row on a rough board shelf—"specimens," which would have made Eastern ladies' eyes shine.

When a Sandy Gulcher found a nugget which was remarkable for purity or beauty, he set it aside for the "Posy"—they all liked to call the blooming maid their "Posy." The consequence was that Miss Phœbe had several thousand dollars on her rough shelf, and went barefooted and bareheaded, and wore a calico gown. She had no fear of anyone robbing her, though there were scamps in the camp who would have cut a man's throat for a tenth of the wealth which Phœbe's nuggets represented; but woe unto the man in Sandy Gulch who would have robbed the Posy!

When she went to attend the grand ball at Bootjack Bar, although she was absent three days, she left her trinkets undisturbed on the shelf, and found them there undisturbed on her return.

On the day of her departure, Mr. Sing Wee, who kept a laundry establishment down below the saloon on the creek, was interviewed by four brown and bearded miners, self-constituted guardians of the Posy and her property, and admonished to keep away from old Langsdale's cabin, as they intended to watch the cabin and himself—Mr. Wee—and also to *shoot* on small provocation. Sing Wee was an intelligent heathen, and responded, "Me sabbee welly good."

When she had shut the door after her father, Phœbe took from her pocket a new specimen—a particularly fine one, and very valuable; it was a present just received from José Apodoca. It had probably been won in the rear room at Slim Jim's, but that did not trouble Phœbe. When she first came to California, she had been shocked at a hundred things which she now looked upon with indifference; *faro*, with its kindred

games, was one; getting uproariously drunk was another; shooting affrays, unless they ended fatally for some of her friends, another. She admired her nugget, not for its value, but because it was pretty; perhaps because in her heart there was a soft place for the handsome Mexican. She despised him for his laziness, and yet—she put it on the shelf with a sigh. "I'll tell papa," she thought to herself, "when he feels kinder toward José. He might have known he had no business to come up in the day-time."

Yet, in spite of old Langsdale's emphatic translation of the "Inglis" over his door, Apodoca came again, and in the day-time, too.

Phoebe "couldn't be cross to people," and smiled and chatted, rose-pink deepened in her cheeks, light brightened in her eyes, until José was more enthralled and bewildered than ever. But, for all her pleasantness, Phoebe was a dutiful daughter, and not only impressed her adorer with the necessity of departing before her father came home for his dinner, but likewise besought him not to come again, unless to her evening reception. The Posy and her father seldom entertained less than twenty in an evening. Everyone in the camp would have been there if the cabin had been bigger; as it was, half the callers had to content themselves with standing outside, and catching now and then a word or a smile from the goddess, through the door-way. The New Orleans Saloon did not begin to have such attractions for them; and the evening before the Posy went to Boot-jack Bar, and held a grand farewell reception, in her ball-dress, with shoes and stockings on, the saloon was wholly deserted, and Slim Jim himself closed up, and went with the crowd over to old Langsdale's cabin.

But José intimated, in mellifluous if adulterated Spanish—Spanish flowed like oil from the Posy's ready tongue—that he could not speak more than two

words to her in the evening, and besides (with a smile and a jerk of his thumb toward Slim Jim's), his business engagements prevented his coming in the evening; and, still besides that, he must there meet a certain hated John, who was supposed to be the choice of her heart, as he certainly was of her father's.

Phoebe pouted and made a face at the mention of John; he would have been a grand catch for pretty Phoebe Langsdale in the little down-east town where she had been brought up—but the goddess of Sandy Gulch could afford to be scornful.

José, however, was inclined to question the sincerity of her scorn; she, in turn, protested vigorously, and, in the midst of the discussion, old Langsdale walked in unsuspectingly. Casting one look full of anger and disgust at his daughter, the old man, who had the strength of a giant, seized Apodoca by the shoulders, and half lifted, half kicked him out, yelling, "Git! git!" at the top of his voice.

The Mexican, however, was not to be kicked out of anywhere by anybody with impunity, and, drawing the short, sharp knife, without which a Sandy Gulcher would have been unrecognizable, he made a furious bound toward the old man, with his knife up-raised, and a murderous rage distorting his handsome face. But Phoebe was there before him; seizing his arm with her little brown hand, the rose-pink all faded out of her cheeks, and her eyes wide open with terror, she cried, "Don't strike—don't strike!" catching her breath in a terrified sob, which drove the devil from Apodoca's heart at once. Flinging his knife into the *chaparral*, he caught the terrified goddess in his arms, pressed a burning kiss—his first and last—on the round, warm cheek, and fled, and Sandy Gulch knew him no more. He knew that Phoebe and her guardians would never forgive his drawing a knife on old Langs-

dale, and he unarmed! A man who would resent anything from the Posy's father was not to be tolerated in Sandy Gulch.

Time went by, and the goddess still reigned without a rival in her kingdom; and poor John still sued at her feet, though getting hopeless. His university education, his talents, his proud family, his manly beauty, all availed him nothing in his desire to gather to himself the blooming Posy; and then, he did have wretched bad luck. He often said, with a gloomy smile, that when his pick went in, gold went out at the other end; a remark which Slim Jim repeated, with comments, in relation to his luck at faro; and John received some friendly advice from that worthy, to let cards alone.

One night, John sat in the rear room, tipped back in his chair with his heels on the window-sill, watching a game in progress between Slippery Jack and a man known as "The Doctor." The Posy held no reception that evening; she had started at day-break, accompanied by her father, for a visit over to Van Duzen's. Van Duzen was a portly Dutchman, with four portly Dutch daughters: they and Phoebe hardly understood each other, but the goddess felt very lonely in her kingdom, sometimes, and longed for female society, and the four Dutch girls were the only women between Sandy Gulch and Bootjack Bar, a distance of forty-odd miles; so, once in awhile, she felt compelled to mount her little steed, Robin, and pay a visit to the Dutch ladies. Aside from the unwonted absence of the Posy, John felt melancholy; he was dead-broke, and had come to the conclusion that his claim was not worth as much as his pick; and then, although old Langsdale had invited him to ride over to Van Duzen's and help escort the Posy home that night, yet he could not but let the remembrance of Phoebe's cool manner rankle in his

mind, more than the prospect of his felicity soothed it.

"*Buenas noches*, Señor John," said a musical voice.

John looked up; a trifle surprised. "Hullo, Apodoca, that you?"

Apodoca responded that it was undoubtedly himself, and invited John to a game of cards. John looked at his watch; in ten or fifteen minutes he must be starting for Van Duzen's. It had been the Posy's sovereign desire to leave there about ten o'clock, and come home by moonlight; moreover, he knew that the Mexican hated him, and that his reputation as an honest man had not been improved since he left Sandy Gulch. It was rumored that he was wanted in San Simeon and Los Angeles for a little horse-stealing, or worse. So John tipped back a little more in his chair, and said he couldn't; had promised Langsdale and the Posy to ride home with them from Van Duzen's that night.

Apodoca smiled serenely, and said: "One little game; it takes but few minutes."

"Come, John," said the Doctor, "I'm in good luck to-night; you and I against Slippery Jack and José."

"I'm dead-broke," said John.

"I lend; I have plenty gold-dust. See!" and José drew out a bag, which looked comfortably plump. He insisted on lending John an ounce, and the game began. On the first deal Apodoca and Jack were winners, and the former volunteered to treat. John began to get interested in the game, then excited, then absorbed. He called for more drinks, he borrowed more gold-dust, he forgot the Posy and her moonlight ride. His brain seemed to be on fire; now he won, now he lost. His losings were the greater, for he must always borrow more dust from the "Greaser's" bag, so comfortably full. Slippery Jack and the Doctor slipped out of the game, somehow, and he and Apodoca

played alone. Slim Jim looked on contemptuously, commiseratingly. "Confounded fool!" he said to Bald Pete—John's former partner—"he never had no luck; oughter know it."

Meanwhile, the Posy rode home over the mountain trail, in the silver moonlight, under the swaying pines with their mysterious whispers, in a very bad temper. Her father rode before her; where was "that John," who ought to have been only too happy to have the honor of riding behind her? She had intended to be so pleasant to him, too! When they passed the New Orleans Saloon, it was brilliantly lighted; it was always brilliantly lighted, all night.

"Ask what time it is, papa," said Phoebe.

Langsdale asked Bald Pete, who stood by the door.

"Two o'clock," he answered.

"What are they so still in there for?" asked Phoebe, accustomed to hear the most uproarious noises in the saloon.

"Apodoca and John are playing," replied Bald Pete.

"Come here!" said the Posy, imperiously. Bald Pete came, obediently, as became a faithful subject. "What are the stakes? John's got nothing to play with. When did José get back? Who is winning?"

Bald Pete answered all the questions, but the one about the stakes he evaded. But she made him tell how John had borrowed gold-dust until José would lend no more; that he had risked his claim and lost it; his watch, his pick, the very clothes upon his back. "He's clean gone crazy," said Bald Pete—"clean outern his wits."

"What's he playing for now?" said the Posy.

Bald Pete hesitated, and tried again to evade the question, in vain.

"If you don't *tell* me," said she, "I'll go right in and ask 'em."

"Wall," said Pete, peering up in the

darkness to get a look at the Posy's round, pretty face, "he's staked his chances ter git *you* agin the dust he's borrowed of José."

"And who's winning?"

"I'm bound to say as José's winnin'," said Pete, sorrowfully. "John never had no luck at keards."

Phoebe whipped up Robin a little, and followed her father up to the cabin in silence. Once inside her room, she took from the shelf the nugget which had been a present from José, and, stepping outside the door, she threw it with all her strength into the thick underbrush, whispering, "There, blood-thirsty villain!" Then she went back, took the rest of her nuggets—gathering up the corners of her apron, that none might roll out—slipped out of the door, and ran at full speed down to the saloon, the silver moonlight shining upon her as she went. Bald Pete stood at the door.

"My eye!" he cried, when he saw the Posy.

"Are they playing yet?" she whispered.

He nodded assent. She took his hand and clung to it like a child, drawing him into the room after her. José looked up when she came in, and started; John saw her, too, and let the cards drop from his hand. "Never mind 'em, John," she said, in so low a voice that he hardly heard her, "*I'm* going to pay José for your debt;" and she emptied the nuggets upon the table, between the two pistols which lay there, one upon each side, ready to the hand of each player. She put her arms around John's arm, clinging to it, as if she loved it, and tried to lead him away.

Apodoca flung his cards upon the floor, and, quick as a flash, Phoebe heard the crack of his pistol—once, twice! John fell back against the wall with a groan, the room was full of smoke and the smell of burnt powder; then there was a heavy thud, and Apodoca fell, between the wall

and the table, dead, without a groan or a word; the pistol, clenched fast in his stiffened hand, went into the grave with him. And two days after, with all the inconsistency of a woman, the Posy searched the *chaparral*, far and near, to find the nugget which she had scornfully thrown away, and which, for all her searching, she never found.

John was all very well—she *did* love him, and *would* marry him, but *his* wound had been nothing; Apodoca's aim, so fatally sure the second, had missed the first time, and John had escaped with a mere flesh-wound. But José—"poor fellow!"—his love had cost him his life, and even spoiled goddesses have tender women's hearts!

SALMON-HATCHING ON McCLOUD RIVER.

AMONG the pleasant evidences of human progress are the numerous efforts, public and private, to economize the resources of nature and increase the food-supply of mankind. Our Government, probably recognizing the proverb that "a well-fed people is a happy people," is not only taking the lead in teaching and encouraging agricultural reform, but is actually engaged in producing food for the people on a liberal and magnificent scale. The waste and destruction of the food-fishes of our large rivers, over which the Government exercises domain, incident to the rapid increase of population, has been a source of alarm; but, happily, experience has proved, not only that our streams may be restocked with their finny inhabitants, but that the acclimation of the most valuable fishes in strange waters is an established and gratifying fact.

Encouraged by the splendid success of the shad-hatching establishments on the Connecticut, the United States Fish Commission determined to restock the eastern and northern rivers with their native salmon, which, owing to the rapacity of fishermen and other reckless destruction during the spawning season, have of late years only reached the tables of the wealthy, rather as an expensive luxury than an article of daily food. Under the direction of the Hon. Spencer F.

Baird, two large salmon-nurseries have been put into operation—one on the Penobscot in Maine, the other on the McCloud in California. The former is intended for the propagation of salmon for the cold northern rivers, the latter to supply the warmer streams of the Middle and Southern States. The nursery on the McCloud has been in operation for two seasons, but it was not until the summer of 1874, when it was placed in charge of Deputy Fish Commissioner Livingston Stone, that it assumed an appearance of permanency. This stream has been selected with good judgment. Fed by the eternal snows of Shasta, some seventy miles from its mouth its waters are icy cold, and—as yet undisturbed by the miner's pick—as clear as the sunlight that pierces its azure pools and whirling eddies. No dams or other artificial obstacles impede its course, and it is now the most prolific and the favorite spawning-ground of the Pacific.

A point on the river about twenty miles from Reading, the present terminus of the Oregon and California Railroad, and about three miles from its junction with Pit River, one of the largest tributaries of the Sacramento, has been selected for the hatching-works, and among all the beautiful spots in California none more lovely or more grandly picturesque than this could have been

chosen. The grade of the California and Oregon stage-road curves over the hill a few hundred feet above the fishery, and from this point the view is magnificent. Eastward, "Big Mountain," an immense wall of granite, shoots up athwart the sky, rising abruptly over 2,000 feet from the water's edge, seamed and scarred by the by-gone ages, and frowning down sullenly as if jealous of the innovation below. Round the base of "Big Mountain," the beautiful river sweeps like a blue ribbon, flecked and sparkling here and there with bits of silver spray that bubble up from its ever-changing restless current. Willows and water-plants fringe the banks with their graceful drapery, wild flowers of brilliant hue light up the rugged hill-sides, the bright airy green of the manzanita shimmers on ridge and mountain-crest, and the great moss-covered oaks swinging their gnarled branches amid the music of the waters lend a charm to a scene of rare and peaceful beauty.

Almost overhanging the bank of the river, a plain substantial building about fifty feet in length has been erected, and divided into kitchen, dining-room, and sleeping apartments for the accommodation of the large force employed during the hatching season. Immediately below this building, a canvas tent 100 feet in length and thirty feet wide is stretched, covering the hatching-troughs and supply reservoir. Here the river, about 200 feet wide, sweeps over a natural bar, with a strong heavy current, falling into a large deep pool below, where most of the salmon are taken. Both the bar and the current have been utilized. Across the former, Mr. Stone and his men have with great labor stretched a fence of willow poles, reaching from bank to bank, safely anchored among the heavy boulders of the riffle, and presenting an almost impassable barrier to the salmon on their way to the spawning-grounds of the upper stream. At the foot of the

riffle, an undershot wheel twelve feet in diameter, furnished with long buckets on its inner periphery and capable of lifting 12,000 gallons per hour, is set deeply and securely in the swift current. Well that it is, for an accident to it or its stopping a few hours would destroy or at least seriously endanger the results of a season's labor. At the lower end of the tent are two large receiving-tanks or reservoirs, into which the water is led from the wheel by a flume, and at this point in the curious and interesting process we perceive the first triumph of art over nature. Experience has demonstrated that no matter how pure the water of the river may seem, it is not sufficiently so to insure complete success in salmon-hatching. Accordingly, three flannel screens are placed in each of the tanks to prevent the passage of fungus, which gathers on the egg and prevents the egress of the young salmon; and every drop of water passing over the hatching-troughs is filtered through them. From the tanks are led the hatching-troughs, in eight strings of five each, making forty in all. They are constructed of sugar-pine lumber brought from the base of Mount Shasta, sixteen feet in length, one foot wide, and seven inches in depth. An incline of one inch to each trough gives free circulation to the water, and a drop of three inches at the lower end serves to aerate it before passing through the next. Every one of these troughs is not only smoothly planed on the inside, but varnished with a preparation of asphaltum and coal-tar, the invention of Mr. J. G. Woodbury, which effectually prevents the accumulation of fungus or any impurities that may have accidentally passed the filters. Suspended in every trough are seven trays, eleven inches wide, two feet long, and six inches deep, constructed of No. 5 wire-cloth, and each capable of containing 30,000 eggs; thus placing the hatching capacity of the establishment

at over 8,000,000 of young salmon in a season. A liberal Congressional appropriation has enabled Mr. Stone to employ a force of ten White men, including Mr. J. G. Woodbury, his foreman, with nearly as many Indians; and about the middle of August, everything being in readiness, active operations begin.

The salmon have been pushing for the spawning-grounds by thousands. Many have been purposely permitted to pass to the upper waters, but now the barrier is closed, and it is painful to stand watching the almost fruitless efforts of the poor fish as they strike madly against it. Now you see a great splendid salmon attempt to clear it—a silver flash, a wild leap, and it falls back struggling and frightened by its failure. One, perhaps, may possibly clear the fence, while fifty, failing, make their way back, baffled and bewildered, to the still waters below, where they are easily taken. The catch is usually made by night, there being so much necessary work that can only be performed by daylight; and it is a glorious sight. The deep pool has excellent bottom, and an acre or so of smooth gravelly beach on the opposite side of the river affords a splendid landing-place. Everything is ready. The seine, 150 feet in length, is folded into the boat, the dusky Indian helpers flit stealthily here and there, or sit crouched along the beach in anxious expectancy. Now the moon steals over the crest of the great granite wall to the eastward, lighting up its serrated edges and throwing strange fantastic shadows across its time-worn face. Slowly creeping down the opposite hills, the moonlight strikes the riffle, the workers spring to their places, and the boat shoots out from the shore so quietly that you scarcely hear the splash of the oars or the dipping of the lead-line into the water. Encircling the outer edge of the pool, a few strong strokes land the end of the seine, and now is the moment of interest. The

lead-line is drawn closely to the bottom, and the bronze muscles of the helpers quiver with excitement; a frightened salmon strikes the net—another, and another—until, dashing madly through the water in their efforts to escape, it becomes a plunging, leaping mass of life. There is no escape, however, for the ends of the seine are in strong eager hands, and in a few minutes a solid ton, perhaps, of salmon is safely landed on the pebbly beach, amid the irrepressible shouts of the Indians, and immediately transferred to large willow crates anchored in the still water above the riffle. It is a wild, exciting scene, and, when we remember that it is only a short time since a White man dared to fish in these waters, not without its moral.

The day's work is over, and the fishers retire—the Whites to rest, the Indians to laugh and chatter like happy children round the camp-fires burning on either bank, for the whole catch will be theirs as soon as the Whites have done with the captured fish.

But anyone in any age might take fish; it is reserved for the prying eyes of the nineteenth century to discover the secret of their propagation, and show that art can outdo nature a thousand fold in their reproduction.

On the morrow the salmon are brought over from the crates or corrals to the hatching-house, and the ease with which they are handled is astonishing. One would naturally think that they must be difficult to manage; but taken by the tail in one hand, with the cheek resting in the palm of the other, a twenty-pound salmon, vigorous and full of life, that would shoot a rapid like an arrow from an Indian bow, lies as helpless as a minnow in the hands of its captor. The females, easily distinguished by the slim graceful shape of their heads and their broad and pregnant appearance, are taken between the knees of the operator, and the spawn ejected into a dry pan by

a firm steady pressure of the hands, each female yielding about 3,000 eggs. A male fish, known by its crooked jaws and slim body, is then taken, and the milt, a thin milky fluid, stripped from it into the pan, and carefully stirred among the beautiful amber-colored spawn-globules for about a minute. This spawn is then placed in a vessel of water and allowed to stand for forty-five minutes; after which, when carefully rinsed from the milt, the work of impregnation is complete, and the eggs are placed in the hatching-trays. We have now a triumph of nature, for without the fecundating power of the milt, all human skill would fail to bring a single egg to life; but at this stage of the process we have a striking illustration of the valuable assistance rendered by science. In the natural performance of its maternal duty, the female burrows in the sand of the river-shallows, deposits her eggs, and they are then, under the water, of course, impregnated by the male salmon that has accompanied her. The operation of nature is so imperfect that only one egg in a thousand, or a yield of probably three to each female salmon, is brought to maturity. Were the artificial impregnation performed in water or even in a wet vessel, the result would be no better; but done as above described, a yield of *nine hundred and fifty* young salmon for every thousand eggs is safely calculated on. We need not wonder at this, for nature is always true to herself, and the apparent failure in reproduction not only prevents the absolute choking of our rivers with live fish, but is a wise provision for the support of the many other forms of animal life in their waters to which nature owes a living. The Indians and their innumerable relations watch all this piscine midwifery with the deepest interest, for the empty salmon are handed over to them to be dried and cured for winter consumption, and this is the real consideration that makes

them submit to the trespass on their favorite fishing-ground.

Henceforth the care of the eggs becomes a work of incessant watchfulness and anxiety. In about three days after its deposit in the hatching-tray, a small opaque spot, the germ of fish life, is observed in the centre of the egg, and the film extends over the yolk. Daily and nightly, every tray and indeed every egg is examined, by lifting the tray and plunging it gently into the current, which displaces and throws all in their turn to the surface. If an egg has turned white, it is dead or dying, and is immediately removed by small forceps; for the presence of a decaying egg insures destruction to all in contact with it. This work requires care and experience, but some of the Indians have become very expert both with eye and hand, and can detect a dying egg in an instant. The examination is necessarily done rapidly, as light is very injurious and carefully excluded from the trays except while passing under examination. In about twenty days two bright black spots appear upon the egg; these are the eyes of the future salmon, and in a few days more life is clearly perceptible. In six or seven weeks from the first immersion of the egg, the young salmon breaks from its prison almost fully developed, with tiny fins and tail; a feeble semi-transparent little fellow, about half an inch long, pushing about through the water seemingly without purpose. The little strangers are almost helpless and incapable of shifting for themselves, but nature like a good mother has fully provided for them. Only the sac of the egg has floated away with the current, the yolk remaining attached to the belly of the young salmon, and furnishing food for it five or six weeks longer. The progressing life of these little things is now an interesting study. At first they are quiet and listless, floating about independently in their little sea, with their

bag of provisions attached. Day by day their motions quicken; they begin to notice the removal of the cover of their tray, and in a very short time show the coming of instinct by crowding frantically into the corners of their box, as if trying to escape from an enemy. When three months have elapsed, the stock of provisions is exhausted, our little friend has grown to be an inch and a half in length, and is ready to drift down to the sea; to run the gauntlet of trout and seal, and sea-lion, and all its multiform enemies, and to return, if fortunate, in three years, fully grown and matured, ready to follow out in its turn the instincts that brought it into being.

In pursuing the details of this simple but curious process, we have passed beyond the legitimate object of the establishment on the McCloud. It is only to prepare the eggs for transportation to other establishments, not to fully develop the fish. At the twenty-day period, when the eyes of the salmonet appear, the eggs are ready, and may be transported for thousands of miles, their further development being retarded while *in transitu*; but their preparation for shipment is a work of much labor and importance. Boxes two feet square and a foot deep are made, a layer of carefully picked water-moss, brought from where the Sacramento springs from Mount Shasta, seventy miles away, is spread on the bottom, then a layer of eggs, and so on, alternately; while a thin partition is placed in the middle of the box to lessen the pressure of the superincumbent mass. Two of these boxes, each containing 75,000 eggs, are placed together in a crate large enough to admit of three inches of hay, which is closely packed round them on every side, to insure a uniform temperature and lessen the shock of sudden jars or rough handling. A rack for ice is fixed upon the top of every crate, and it is accompanied on the journey by a competent

man, whose special duty is to watch and care for it. When the eggs arrive at their destination, they are immediately placed in hatching-troughs, similar to those from which they were taken, and their development completed.

It seems almost incredible that these little delicate globules of film and yolk, in which the germ of life is barely developed, should ever survive the tedious journey over plain and mountain, and quicken into full-fledged existence in strange waters; but, aside from whys and wherefores, we only know that they do. In 1873, only 1,500,000 eggs were shipped from the McCloud Station; but in 1874, 5,100,000 were partially hatched and sent to the following points of destination: Bangor, Me., 100,000; Winchester, Mass., 200,000; Providence, R. I., 100,000; Middletown, Conn., 300,000; Rochester, N. Y., 500,000; Marietta, Pa., 300,000; Bloomsbury, N. J., 225,000; Baltimore, Md., 375,000; Bos-cobel, Wis., 100,000; Niles, Mich., 750,000; Clarkstown, Mich., 150,000; St. Paul, Minn., 150,000; Ammosa, Iowa, 300,000; Salt Lake, Utah, 150,000; New Hope, Pa., 150,000; Newcastle, Can., 25,000; Georgetown, Col., 25,000; Randolph, N. Y., 25,000; Lynchburg, Va., 50,000; Rockford, Ill., 50,000; New Zealand, 25,000. In procuring these eggs, 5,008 salmon were taken, over half of which were males; but the apparent destruction need not be deplored, as, after spawning, the salmon seems to have fulfilled its mission, the scales become absorbed into the body, it turns black, and dies along the shallows and rapids of the stream it has striven so hard to reach—scarcely one in a hundred ever returning to the sea. In 1874, however, the McCloud Station has not only fully repaid all the loss caused, but has performed a splendid work for California. At the request of the California Fish Commissioners, nearly a million of young salmon have been fully hatched and

turned adrift into the McCloud River, at a cost to the State of only \$1,000, or at the rate of \$1 per 1,000 fish. When we consider that only a few years ago our Government was obliged to purchase salmon-eggs from the Canadian Government at a cost of \$40 per 1,000, the value and economy of our hatching-stations will be understood and appreciated. Congress has been somewhat tardy in its encouragement of pisciculture, watching and waiting the result of State and private enterprise; but it has at length awakened to a sense of duty, and last winter placed at the disposal of the Fish Commission an appropriation of \$30,000. It must go further, however, and not only impose heavy penalties upon the wanton destruction of fish, but compel the diversion of the sewage of our cities and the noxious filth of factories, dyeing works, and chemical laboratories, from our large streams. Then, indeed, our splendid salmon may become as common as cod at Martha's Vineyard, and be within the reach of the poorest in the land. The McCloud Station is now abandoned for the season; the fence and wheel are taken out, the troughs, trays, and other various paraphernalia securely housed. The failure of Congress to enable the resumption of operations next year would be a cause of serious regret.

The *personnel* of the force employed at this station is somewhat remarkable. Mr. Stone and his foreman, Mr. J. G. Woodbury, are refined gentlemen, experienced and enthusiastic in their profession, and not only willing to answer the numerous questions asked them daily and hourly, but anxious to impart information, with a courtesy quite rare among the servants of the people. Their co-workers are young men of education and intelligence, and perfect harmony and discipline reign in the camp. There can be no more delightful spot in California to visit than this. The stream abounds

with trout, affording excellent fishing, and its cool waters and rank verdure temper the rays of the summer sun delightfully. There is a kindly welcome and a civil answer for everyone, metropolitan in gorgeous broadcloth or tired and dusty teamster, that savors of true democracy and places the visitor at his ease. No one can visit the station and fail to be delighted with its scenery, charmed with the courteous bearing of those in charge, and deeply interested and instructed by the novel and curious operations carried on.

The Indians employed, mostly belonging to the McCloud River tribe, have proved valuable auxiliaries. They have been the most intractable tribe in California, not even excepting the Modocs, and the last to yield to the dominion of the White man. They have long resisted the settlement of their country, frequently escorting prospecting parties from their stream, with injunctions not to return that were seldom disregarded. At first their hostility to Mr. Stone and his party was quite marked, and when he first drove in his tent-pins at the station, the Indians gathered on the opposite shore, held an excited and angry council, sent a deputation across to inform the intruders that they would not submit to the trespass on their fishing-grounds, and warning them to depart while they might in peace. Things looked forbidding, but a firm conciliatory policy, and a promise, well kept, to give them more salmon than they ever saw in a season, won and subdued them. They are indispensable assistants, docile and faithful, discharging their duties cheerfully and with intelligence. They watch every stage of the proceedings with intense interest, and evidently regard Mr. Stone and his party in the light of a special (Indian) Providence, or at the very least as agents of the "Great Father," sent for their especial benefit and welfare. Their immediate interest

in the establishment is no less than that of its proprietors. They have every interest for its prosperity, and confidence in their honesty is so great that all the property is left virtually in their custody without the least apprehension that a sin-

gle article will be stolen or misplaced. As many as twenty Indians, men and women, have been employed, the women picking moss or doing other light work; and all look anxiously forward to the resumption of operations next year.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

MANY papers for publication fall or are given into the hands of an editor of a magazine, concerning which it is difficult for him to arrive at the correct judgment. So many things there are to be considered: the genuineness of the information given, or of the emotion described; its originality and authenticity; its absolute value; and last, though by no means least, its present relative value—that is, its fitness to the immediate wants and tastes of the living reading public—posterity having as yet made no perfectly trustworthy arrangements for the payment of the hire of her laborers. Never were the foregoing difficulties of his position so vividly brought up before the mind of the writer of this introductory note as when, some months since, there called upon him a young man of peculiar general appearance, dress, and manners, bearing in the left-side pocket of his long, old-fashioned pea-green coat, a mass of manuscript, written in green ink of an inferior quality. The term “young man” is here applied to this personage in a wholly hypothetical manner, as an immense pair of green goggles disguised his face almost as completely as a mask could have done, while his voice was of that indistinct fitful sort that bears evidence of born vocal debility, yet is protected by its very weakness and yielding flexibility from the shocks of age. He stood, half-peevishly, half-nervously, brushing the

nap of his old broad-brimmed black hat against the grain, while his wiry brownish straight hair vibrated gently after the removal of its confining covering. “Daniel Hoat is my name, sir,” he said, in a kind of breathless tone of great deliberation — “Dan-iel Hoat. I have been long favorably impressed not only by the culture-aiding and anti-Philistine advance of the OVERLAND, but by your own writings”—which he proceeded to compliment in terms which it becomes not a modest editor to repeat — “and I think you are worthy to publish my autobiography.”

Nervously, quickly then was the manuscript in green ink set before the present writer and unrolled, sheets and fragments of sheets wriggling out and away from their fellows like eels during the process, and adding to the nervousness of their owner. “It is in a rather disconnected and fragmentary state,” he went on to say, “but you can remedy that—it belongs to your profession; I believe I can trust you. Besides, I have to return to England immediately; a near friend of mine lies in sore sickness. I may again visit California, or I may not; but the likelihood of my friend’s death reminds me of the possibility of my own, and I would not have the world run the risk of losing the precious instruction of my memoirs. But—pardon!—I must go; that card will give my address in London, whence money will reach you to pay the postage of my

manuscript thither if—ridiculous idea!—you decide not to publish it. Good-by—by.” And the long green coat-tails vanished.

He who had listened to all this, who now held the greeny manuscript before him, sat and read long in painful cogitation. The writing was bad—very bad—the style in too many places not much better; the whole business looked doubtful. Was the entire thing a hoax, a plagiarism, a bad or good joke? We will consider the matter.

So the thing was dropped there. But in the early days of December, as the kindly Christmas time came on, the autobiography was read again. Charity triumphed. There really were, on the whole, so many truth-like, simple, good things in the story, that parts of it, at least, the public should see. As its author himself says, somewhere: “It is the true record of a life, the very self-history of the birth and growth of one soul, human and mortal, yet atom of the divine and eternal force that can not die. Let it reflect before it pass into other forms its little spark of light.”

So be it, as thou sayst, O brother spirit; be the brown cover of our OVERLAND to thee a shelter from the gathering mist of time and oblivion that had else quickly swallowed thee, poor glow-worm!—a shelter and a mirror thousand-fold multiplying, sending thy “little spark of light” into all lands. From this paragraph onward, in these pages, it is thou, Daniel Hoat, that speakest, telling in thine own words thine own story.

CHAPTER I.

I was born, in what year of our Lord it matters not, in the townland of Glendrum, not twelve miles from the considerable town of Belfast, in the heart of the great Scotch settlement, or “plantation,” whose salt has preserved the province of Ulster from the rankness which, for reasons not precisely agreed upon,

renders the rest of Ireland disagreeable to sensitive nostrils. My father was a well-to-do farmer of the strictest Presbyterian type, who permitted himself no sinful pleasure but the inordinate use of Scotch whisky; while my step-mother—for my own mother died as I first saw the light—was absolutely faultless in every respect save, perhaps, in certain exaggerations she permitted herself regarding the standing of her family—which was English, and had, indeed, seen better times—but I was the more intolerant of this, as it evidently did not affect *me*. “Ma”—as she was called by everyone in the house—however, did her conscientious best the whole day through, especially on Sundays, to make of me and of her son Adam—born to my father three years after my birth—well-bred and pattern boys; with what results shall be seen.

The ancient house and farm-yard, and the farm with its wonderful winding lanes, were to me a long surprise and delight; weary and worn now in soul and mind, I would give all riches, if I had them, to stand once more in the old south door-way, and feel the sun on my boy’s straw-hat and coarse blue clothes and little hands—to move, stout shod, sedately down the yard, a little patriarch as then, amid an indescribable uproar of domestic animals. On the high orchard wall screamed unmusically peacocks that out-solomoned Solomon; on the littered ground moved an innumerable multitude of common fowl, Guinea fowl, pigeons, turkeys, ducks, geese, each colored and giving forth sounds after its kind; and to me all very good. My favorite retreat was in the branches of a broad sycamore-tree overlooking the horse-pond at the foot of the yard. How philosophical, how much-comprehending I felt myself to be, gazing down for hours into the water, kept clear by a running stream, which came down through dark thickets, half a mile away, undergrown,

impenetrable, unexplorable as the sources of the Nile, as the Mountains of the Moon. Peering through the topmost leaves of my tree, in very clear days, I sometimes imagined I saw open land beyond its jungle; I had even heard my father say he had penetrated its wilderness with his great gun in search of game: I shuddered and clung to my branch. As the shades of darkness closed down, after the plowmen and the cow-boy had brought their cattle to drink, after supper, when the moon had risen, I used sometimes with fear and trembling to leave my stool by the great hearth-fire, steal down to my tree, climb it, and look and listen toward the stream sources—toward the Wilde, as the little forest was called. What deliciously awful sounds reached my ears, what innumerable shapes stalked there in the darkness visible; lions, tigers, serpents, vampires, savages in fiery war-paint, and *banshees* and spirits from the old graveyard beside the church-clock clanging the hours, prowled, crawled, and hovered there in millions of millions.

You see I was not an instructed, enlightened boy, like the youth of the present generation. I could read, indeed, and had read quite a number of children's fairy stories; but I had never been at any school, never associated with any boy save Adam—others were too vulgar, my step-mother said, and at any rate there were not many in the neighborhood—so I really knew nothing of science; I only thought much for myself, dreaming of infinite things.

The flat world for a long time appeared absolutely perfect, an ever-revolving, myriad-sided crystal with unutterably delightful, dimly comprehended, ethereal phenomena of polarization, refraction, and reflection. It was my step-mother who in one fateful moment ruined it forever, striking it down with a crash in which all things fell for me, leaving it marked with a hideous crack and flaw

that God's eternity is not long enough to undo or smooth as at the first. The matter was a little thing of nothing, a trifle, some will say: only a woman's rushing out rapidly, dragging a child in, and whipping him for he knew not what, for he could surmise not what, refusing with added blows and motherly insults to tell for what; perhaps not a severe beating, by no means a brutal one, but every blow broke a golden cord, shattered a priceless pearl of the soul, and for the innocent victim, sobbing with set teeth and clenched baby-fists in his little darkened room, justice and goodness and truth had become as tinkling cymbals and sounding brass—poor, hollow, contemptible shams. Time has had little power to erase the memory of that day; it was the night of the supreme passion of a child's good angel, which the next sun saw crucified—not, alas! to rise again in three days.

It was the first time I had had to consider myself punished unjustly; it unfortunately was not the last, though I here explicitly clear my step-mother from the deliberate intention of wronging me: at any rate, I fared as well at first as her own son, and if this was not always the case, my peculiar temperament and manner were to blame for it. But I protest with vehemence against the whole usual system of punishing children. The lash is, in any form, a degrading if not a barbarous thing—something that now no civilized government in the world dare apply to its very criminals, save for offenses of extreme brutality against the person. Even aside from this, children are generally punished too often and too much. We judge our own failings by a gospel of selfishness; to our children we mete out the rigors of a Puritan law that presumes to draw its sanction from the *dictum* of a father, who, raising a son on his own plan, produced one whose surpassing wickedness and folly ruined the kingdom of his ancestors.

Temper is bad enough; our human instinct to be little tyrants is bad enough; but the devil's face never expands into a perfect grin until he sees the parental cane beating time to a psalm or a sermon. What does it avail, in too many cases, that faults of fanatical sternness are of the parental head, not heart? The morose emotional monomania, to which by certain bilious-souled persons the name "religion" is almost blasphemously applied, is to a great extent neutralized in its application to ourselves by a thousand semi-unconscious, Jesuitical evasions, suggested by our own enslaved souls (cunning, full of all manner of mean shifts and evasions, like all slaves); but for our children—O, there is no slave-driver like a slave!—we drive them to despair and servility, or to revolt immediate and disastrous; or otherwise to wait like a "Boots" for their day and hour—to wait with "that deep irony of conscious power which knows that its

time must one day come, and meantime can afford to wait." O, foolish parent! not one of thy vulgar and pitiful insults, thy goadings of petty cruelty, thy strikings-out of a fool's wrath (which, though stone is heavy and sand is weighty, is heavier than they both)—not one of these least but may or shall be yet returned upon thy head as it were coals of fire—pray God they be of repentance, not of punishment! All this wrath, believe me—ask science if any force can die—is hoarded up against some bitter day of wrath and revelation.

All quite away from the subject of my childish reveries, is it? Well, perhaps, reader, not so far as you might think; but at any rate you have to deal with a grown-up philosopher who has much to say, and who can not be made to stand upon the order of his saying it. In chapter two, however, we shall return to our little philosopher.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

A hamlet on the Cornish coast;
A wild storm-haunted place,
So lone and drear, it seems that God
Hath turned away his face,
And scorns to heed, though sore their need,
The lowly fisher race.

A place of poverty and want,
Of rocks and drifting sand,
Where the great cruel traitor deep
Is kinder than the land;
Where crusts are earned by bitter strife
With wind and wave, and each man's life
Is daily in his hand.

The night is calm, the sea is still,
The moon above is fair,
Yet sadly sounds the sobbing tide,
And whispers in the air

That rise and sink, that come and go
With swift and stealthy rustlings, show
The winds are plotting there.

One form upon the lonely beach
Walks quickly to and fro ;
The moon shines on a furrowed brow
With hair as white as snow —
On a face that burns with deadly hate,
Yet seemeth full content to wait
For the end that cometh slow.

A step is heard — the old man's face
Grows pale beneath the moon ;
He looks as one who feared to lose
Yet finds a promised boon.
He mutters low beneath his breath :
"He cometh down to meet his death,
And cometh none too soon."

But the stranger hath not heard the words ;
He greeteth loud and free :
"Old man, we may not sail to-night,
I dread this glassy sea ; —
I fear yon cloud with lowering scowl
Will cause these muttering winds to howl —
The coming storm I see."

"Nay, nay, I've lived upon this coast
Through many a stormy year ;
As I am counted weatherwise,
I say you need not fear
That my stout boat can come to harm,
For the sea below is still and calm,
The sky above is clear."

O brooding storm, give now a sign !
O winds, O sea, arise !
A warning may be yet in time.
A distant moan replies ;
Then, whistling gusts come rushing past —
The heralds of the coming blast —
Like a dying giant's sighs.

* * * * *

"Turn back, old man ! turn back, I say,
The storm is rising fast !
Turn back, we have no time to lose ;
The sky is overcast,
A distant moaning fills my ear
It is the coming blast."

"The wind blows strong, the wind blows fair;
No better night, I wis,
Could the God of Justice have granted me
For the deed I do than this.
On a calmer shore thou soon shalt stand
For He hath given to my weak hand
The vengeance that is His.

"Yes, we will turn; the end is come—
With the howling storm astern,
And those breaker-beaten rocks ahead,
What matter where we turn!
Why have I done this? Listen, now,
If the reason you would learn:

"I had a daughter years ago,
The darling of my life,
I loved her as I loved my God,
For the sake of my dead young wife;
And we lived happily, she and I,
With never a word of strife.

"Until a stranger came one day
To take our Cornish air,
A stranger with a winning voice
That ever promised fair;
He saw the beauty of my child,
And basely, secretly beguiled
Her from her father's care.

"Then wearily, for many a day
I sought her far and wide;
Then wandered back to wait for her
To seek her father's side.
She came at length, one winter night,
But ere the coming of the light
She kissed my face and died.

"Before she went she told me how
She ne'er had borne your name;
Her child and YOURS had died in want,
Yet you she would not blame.
I've waited many years—at length
I can avenge her shame."

ETC.

Holiday Address.

Readers and contributors of the OVERLAND, we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year. We have a right to do this, for we are all friends, and workers together to a good common end—the development and prosperity of California, through California of America, and through America of the world. Large words! yet let us look quietly into the matter. The first thing to be seen to in establishing a new country and in creating inducements to draw co-workers thither, is that abundant facilities be assured for the winning of bread to eat and of raiment to put on, with such other material conveniences and luxuries as all persons naturally desire. And, at an early period of her existence, California *did* set her red-gold seal to this bond, never since dishonored, swearing by herself—grandest oath!—that in no land should the stout heart, the strong arm, and the clear head be so greatly rewarded with material things as here. That invitation-challenge had been largely answered from among those who saw set forth therein a nearly sufficient reward for their pains; but it was not enough. To repeat the old commonplace, true for evermore of all more than merely brutal beings, “man could *not* live by bread alone.” O beautiful queen by the peaceful sea! with the great strong bear at thy feet, with the miraculous Fortunatus’ purse at thy girdle, with thy beautiful garments upon thee—one thing yet thou lackest, one gem is too plainly wanting in thy simple golden crown. To thy purse, to thy purse!—thy silver and thy gold are but dross, and will but draw vulgar worshipers, while the imperial jewel, CULTURE, is not found with thee.

The cry is heard, and the jewel comes—is mounting up to its place, proudly reverent hands assisting. Up with it! up to its setting in the front of, above, upon, the good old yellow gold. Thinkers, students, read-

ers, artists, writers, professors, *brothers*, we fight, we have made this fight for the land we love and live in. Help us! up with us! O people, until we can reach higher, and set your jewel higher—until its rays flash the glory of your California, bright as the sun, fair as the moon, before every people and kindred and nation and tongue—until it take its shining place among the constellations of the cultured world, amid cries of greeting and peace—and until, on some not far distant Christmas Day, the wise men from the old East come, drawn toward our new star worshipping, and bringing, with exceeding joy, their precious frankincense and myrrh, to bid us our merriest Christmas and our happiest New-Year of all.

In and Around Yedo.

We take this opportunity of laying before our readers portions of a very interesting letter from a dear and observant friend of ours, referring to certain religious and historical buildings in the vicinity of Yedo, Japan:

“Yokohama and Yedo are eighteen miles apart, connected by a railroad running over a level country near the bay-shore, backed by picturesque hills well wooded, with a variety of foliage whose luxuriance is almost tropical. Together with the palm, maple, and bamboo, the pine and a great variety of evergreens flourish in abundance. Some of the evergreens have a drooping feathery foliage that can not be excelled in grace. Most of the large trunks are completely clothed in ivy. Yedo itself is both city and country at once, it is so interspersed with bright squares of green and temples surrounded with magnificent groves, some of them covering from ten to eighty acres of ground. The grove surrounding the temple of Osakisi, through which I rode, has several miles of drives shaded by tall trees trained from their planting to bow just enough to make you feel they

are doing homage to the passer-by; which, together with the memories of the strange religion, of the temples still filled with devotees, and beautiful with art copied from nature, or nature itself wrought or brought by the hand of man to make these places of worship beautiful, makes one feel that we have never learned the art of making our people true worshipers.

"One can not stand in the face of those grand, quaint structures, with all their surroundings, and believe that a people that could have the taste to build (as their groves and grounds are all 'made') such places, and worship there, could be the dishonest people that all foreigners unite in believing them to be. In the temple of Shila, we saw the finest art. The great bronze gate (the arch being perhaps sixty feet high) is the most massive and beautiful architectural bronze structure we saw anywhere. The doors are executed in perfect taste, without grotesqueness. Our friends exclaimed at once that they reminded them of the Florentine gates, which Michael Angelo said were fit to be the entrance to heaven. These two swinging doors of solid bronze, so massive and so beautifully executed, lead into the inner temple, and only swing on their hinges during the reign of the *tycoons*, to admit the *tycoon* himself; this temple being considered the *sanctum sanctorum*. We were among the very few that have ever reached the inside of it. We saw no gods in there, as in all the other temples, but only the shrine of the *tycoon* himself, which was constructed in the form of a square, into which we could not prevail on the priest to let us look. We passed through the great entrance gate from the street, and crossed the ruins of the main temple, which was burned in 1874—set fire to by a man still clinging to the old faith, who could not bear to see the grand old temple of three centuries desecrated to the worship of the *Shintu* religion, now the state religion. The priest that led us through appeared to be an adherent of the old faith, and still has his home in the rear of the inner temple. The tomb of the sixth and greatest *tycoon* stands directly back of the inner temple, and is a massive square urn, capped with a minaret-like top resting upon a quadrangle of granite steps

inclosed by a bronze railing—all the bronze work being exquisitely beautiful in its perfect simplicity and great finish. The character of the metal is shown by its perfect preservation after an exposure of three centuries to all the elements of the climate.

"The extensive grounds devoted to the residences of the *tycoon* and the princes are surrounded by massive stone walls, capping high embankments with canal-like moats at their base, and these repeated, one within the other, form a beautiful feature of the city. They are in perfect preservation. The slopes of the embankments are like a fresh lawn, dotted with large trees scattered about thick as in an orchard, but irregularly as nature would place them. The long branches are trained in many instances to droop into the water, and the ivy clings lovingly to almost every trunk. The drives at the foot of the embankment and the moat on the other side—in many places covered with the lotus in full bloom, glowing in several shades, from pure white to deep red—every now and then the stately stork proudly standing or walking in the edge of the water, and in other places trailing vines and wild flowers innumerable, form, I believe, an unprecedented feature in a city of a million of inhabitants. In this season (which is long) the camellia—a native—blooms in the greatest abundance. We saw, right in the limits of the city, groves of the camellia-tree, with its rich, wax-like leaf, in size from a bush to a tree forty feet in height, and sometimes long hedges of camellia, althea, and tea, mixed and woven together by a great variety of delicate vines. The rose of Sharon and the primrose adorn the banks of the moat and streams. Of course, there is a large space covered by shops with the simple homes of the owners at their back, lining long narrow streets for miles; but every shop and tenement combined has at its back a few trees and shrubs. The families of the common people live in the streets, or lounge on the matting covering the open-shop floors; and the chickens, dogs, and cats, which are numerous, are scattered all along the narrow street, sharing it with the children, who are perfectly fearless, and consequently the driver of a vehicle drawn by horses has constantly to call out a warning lest he run over them.

"We went to the castle grounds—formerly gardens of the *tycoon*, now of the *mikado* and court. These grounds of 800 acres are a perfect imitation of nature. There are hills, and beautiful little meadow-like valleys; streams with water-falls; lakelets, and rocky cliffs composed of rocks brought from every part of the kingdom; shrubs and trees of great variety, and some of immense size, measuring four feet in diameter. It seemed almost incredible to believe that the whole was the work of human hands. The day, as a whole, was one of the most interesting of my life. These great monuments of their taste and industry make us respect these people, notwithstanding we feel that they are to-day but children in civilization. Yet, when we realize that, while our ancestors were roving savages, this nation had attained to almost its present state, it is a strange fact that we have come to raise them to a greater civilization."

Yosemite Guide-book.

A new edition of the *Yosemite Guide-book* of the Geological Survey of California has appeared so quietly that very few persons even know of its existence. It is substantially a reprint of the little manual edition which appeared some years ago, but it embodies some of the observations made by the survey in 1873, and is in many minor points brought down to date. It contains a map of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, which is quite new, and a photolithographic reproduction of the map of the Sierra adjacent to the Yosemite, on a scale a little reduced from that of the original. It is, in its present form, one of the very best guide-books ever prepared for a region of such wonders and such difficulties. In this connection, it may interest some of our readers to call their attention to a miniature model of the "Half-dome" of the Yosemite, which was made by the survey, and is now placed in the Yosemite Gallery at Woodward's Gardens. This model is of great accuracy—the result of a comparison of many measurements, photographs, and personal observations—and it enables a student to see clearly some of the remarkable characteristics of this great rock; more clearly, in fact, than he could see them without

great labor and painstaking in a visit to the valley.

Art Notes.

—In art the "Keith Collection"—which was sold at auction on the 11th of December, realizing in the aggregate only about \$8,000, (a complete sacrifice at this price)—has been the principal topic of interest since our last issue. This collection was exhibited at Newhall's, and consisted of 100 sketches and finished pictures, representing the varied phases of Californian scenery, and agreeably interspersed with fruit and flower pieces by Mrs. Keith; it has already received such high commendation from every quarter that but little that is new remains to be said on the subject. The principal characteristics of Mr. Keith's style are already well known, being vigor and boldness of conception, originality of treatment, and truth of color; which are well exemplified in this collection. The two largest, which would make admirable companion pictures, form a splendid contrast in color and subject, and one is puzzled to make a choice between them. He that loves California, clad in her early summer robes, jeweled and sparkling in sunlight, will probably prefer "Loma Prieta;" while he that rejoices in the golden brown of autumn, and sunset on snowy mountains, will choose "Sunset in the Wasatch." There were also many "little gems" in the collection worthy of especial notice, among which, "Indian Summer in Maine" is lovely and poetic in sentiment; "On Napa Creek" has the true freshness of California spring-time; and "In the Contra Costa Hills" we rejoice with the contented cattle, lying with such an air of quiet enjoyment in the tender grass starred with wild-flowers and flecked with sunlight. "A Figure Study in Spring-time" shows in its graceful drawing that Mr. Keith might with ease excel in another direction, while a "Study from Oakland Point" exhibits much of the spirit of the best French school. We should like to linger longer over this interesting collection, now scattered, but fear that the space will be denied us; yet must remark, apropos of this subject, that some of the Boston papers have the audacity to claim Keith and Hill as "Boston artists." Boston's *penchant* for literary and artistic

celebrities is well known, but we do not intend to yield to her these our two choicest bits of artistic humanity. We do not think that their short sojourn in that city entitles Boston to claim them, and we are almost certain that Keith has spent more of his purely artistic career here than in the East. At least we have present possession, and that is nine points of the law, and we believe that it will not be easy to alienate them from this pleasant land in the future.

—An exhibition of the work of the pupils of the School of Design has lately taken place, which reflects great credit upon the director, Virgil Williams, and shows that many of the pupils of the school have already discovered that the "royal road" to proficiency in art is the patient study of nature. Among those names particularly deserving notice are Miss Herrick, Mrs. Gillen, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Osborne, and a few others. We are of opinion that the award of prizes in an institution of this sort is injudicious, and more productive of ill-feeling and disappointment than stimulating to ambition. No matter what honest endeavor to award the prizes fairly may be made, the greater number will be dissatisfied. We think, also, it would be right to discriminate between those who have entered the school with a previous practice of several years and those who have entered without such knowledge.

—Hill has some fine landscapes at Roos'. He has also in the window a "Wood Interior," which is exquisite in color, drawing, and handling. Brooks has one of his characteristically good fish-pictures. Richard J. Bush exhibits a very good study with trees and water, which shows steady improvement. There is also a study from nature by Schirmer, the successor to Schadow in the Dusseldorf Academy, fine in color and effect.

—At Snow & May's, on Kearny Street, Norton Bush exhibits his usual "tropical" picture. Mr. Marple, in the same place, has another "Sunset," rather coarse in color and treatment, which may please some. So long as there is the smallest sentiment of truth in a picture it atones for many deficiencies; but when truth is altogether lacking, a bad picture, like a bad book, is a powerful agent in lowering and demoralizing public taste.

—Morris, Schwab & Co. have on exhibition a fine large picture by De Haas, representing a wreck driven by wind and wave on the rock-bound coast of Maine. It is a picture full of power—strong in effect. The wave-drawing is very fine; the color good, but inclines to blackness in the shadows, which gives a heavy appearance to the whole. We do not think this is one of his best efforts. The story would have been better told on a smaller canvas; but, "take it for all in all," it is a picture that no other marine artist could equal in America.

—Charles Nahl has on his easel and nearly completed, a splendid large figure composition, painted to the order of a gentleman in this city. It is characterized by elaborate drawing and brilliant color.

Petermann's Map of the United States.

It is too bad that practical Americans should have to go to Germany for the most careful and comprehensive map of the territory of the United States; but so it is. Doctor A. Petermann, the well-known editor of the *Geographische Mittheilungen*, has just completed, in six sheets, a map of this country, which surpasses in completeness, in fullness of detail, and in painstaking regard for accuracy, all other general maps of the same region. These six sheets are best adapted to use upon the library or office table, but they may also be mounted on rollers to be hung upon the wall. In their preparation the freest use has been made of the materials collected by the State Geological Survey of California, by Wheeler, Hayden, and the army engineers, of the publications of the Coast Survey, Post-office Department, General Land-office, Light-house Board, and of the various State surveys, and the result is that, in a compact form, we have now at hand a harmonized summary of this information.

Some years ago, Doctor Henry Kiepert, the Berlin cartographer, remarked to an American gentleman that he had been for several years endeavoring to prepare a map of the United States, but that we Americans pushed ahead so fast that he could not possibly keep up; just as soon as the map was ready to print, some new and important information came to hand requiring the work to

be modified. So it will be for a long period to come. Therefore, the more gratitude is due to a publisher who brings together, up to a given date, the accessible geographical data, and presents them in a form adapted to general use.

The map of Petermann is on the scale of 1:3,760,000; it measures about thirty-three inches by twenty-seven inches in superficies. It presents very clearly the physical features, the hills, peaks, ridges, passes, rivers, lakes, etc., of the country, and is especially good on some of the regions recently explored, such as the Yellowstone Park, the high Sierra, the Colorado parks, and the like. But it is also a record of civilization. At the East, the names of towns and cities fill the areas of the States, being almost too minutely jotted down. At the West, forts, missionary stations, and Indian reservations are indicated, and the heights of peaks and passes. Not only the railways, but the chief post-routes are also indicated, and on the sea-coast the light-houses. Great skill is shown in the choice of lettering, so that distinctive type denotes different political subdivisions, and the colors by which the separate States are marked are not glaring, like patch-work or coarse stenciling, but are harmonious and quiet, not interfering with the details to which we have alluded. Copies of the map may be found in San Francisco at the German book-store of Messrs. J. B. Golly & Co.

Children's Books.

We have been reading Christmas books for children, and have been thereby set a-thinking. It will doubtless be thought strange by some that *Mother Goose* and other such childish trifles could furnish food for thought to one who is supposed to have long ago "put away childish things;" yet so it was. The edition of *Mother Goose* we took up for reviewing purposes is a modern one, illustrated. We are filled with vague recollections of the old lady, but somehow she seems dead and buried, out of date, and—childish. The first few rhymes we happened upon were strangers; thus we knew that *Mother Goose* had increased her family, or somebody else had increased it for her, and we wondered if the elder members were dead,

or married, or forgotten. Suddenly we came upon a picture of a small boy seated upon the ground with an immense pie before him, inserting something, which we knew to be a plum, in his somewhat exaggerated mouth. This certainly is "Little Jack Horner," thought we, who, from time immemorial, has not only sat in a corner and made a little pig of himself, but has exulted over it. But somehow Master John does not seem himself; he seems a counterfeit. We have a dim recollection of having envied him when we saw him last; now we only pity him, feel sure the pie has been feloniously abstracted, and shudder at the thought of castor-oil taken under compulsion. We go farther. "Jack and Jill" roll recklessly down the hill, closely pursued by the pail of water: but there surely is something the matter with the book; where is the intense interest we *used* to take in the result of that mishap—whether Jack, who rolls first, will be overtaken and rolled upon by Jill, who rolls second—the old wish that the page could be lengthened out to the bottom of the hill that we might see the sequel—the old disappointment (we were very young then) at always finding them in the same position instead of rolling clear off the page, as they ought to have done? The "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," too, busily engaged as ever in correcting her numerous progeny—will she see that bare-legged infant making faces at her round the heel, before he has time to regain a composed expression? We know not, neither do we care; we did once, though. And here are two old friends. Ah! Mother Goose, you must have been young, and fair, and tender-hearted, we are sure, when you wrote the loves of "Jenny Wren and Robin Redbreast!" Yet even this, the sweetest of your melodies, is not the same. Once upon a time we were almost offended at little Jenny's "poky" ideas, when she replies to Robin's munificent offers:

"Cherry pie is very good; and so is currant wine,
But I will wear my brown gown, and never dress too
fine."

Now, it is refreshing to hear of a maiden with such modest wants; but we can not believe it.

No, they are not the originals—to us; though they doubtless are and will be to

hundreds of others who are still in the enchanted realm over which Mother Goose still reigns supreme, and ever will, and ever ought to, for she is the rightful sovereign of the fairy-land whose inhabitants have the gift of seeing the pleasant things which are not, and not seeing the unpleasant things which are—the beautiful land whose borders we are, nevertheless, while within, ever anxious to pass; over whose borders all *do* and *must* pass, silently, almost without knowing it, only to look back, longingly, at the gates forever closed to them—the Land of Childhood.

To see "Tom the Piper's Son" running as fast and looking as desperately frightened as of yore, we must go back many years to a certain nursery far away, and to a certain tattered volume, the ghost of which appears as visibly in the fire to-night as if it were present in the body. The pictures, just as they were, for children are close observers of what pleases them, are before us. Great cities, mighty mountains, gorgeous landscapes that we have seen since, even the thrilling adventures of "hobbledehoyhood," have left but faint impressions compared with that tattered book. We see them all. Old King Cole, the very picture of jollity, sits listening to his fiddlers; Simple Simon fishes fruitlessly; the mouse runs madly up the clock and scampers madly down again (there was a tall Dutch clock in our kitchen which we used to think must be the veritable scene of the mouse's adventure); Cross Patch is as sour as ever; the Lion and the Unicorn battle fiercely for the crown; everything is now as it used to be, though it took a long time seeming so.

Almost all grown persons of the present generation can conjure up the tattered book to themselves, even as we have, and the apparition will not be unpleasant; but will the grown people of the next generation be able to do the same? Not many, we fear. We meet children now who have never heard of Mother Goose; some who have never had the chance, God help them! others (God help them more), who would not deign to read such trash—wretched little cynics of four years, who, if you told them: "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon," would put their

finger to their nose and cry, "Not much," to the delectation of parents, who would tell you that their boy "is too 'smart' for that; why, sir, he has an eye for business already." Heaven defend us from such "smartness!" The child that scorns Mother Goose would scorn its grandmother. But, in our opinion, less harm is done to a child by pursuing even this course, than by forcing him to read, if he reads at all, what are familiarly known as "good books"—stories that tell how a little prig named Walter Goodboy, who always goes to Sunday-school, and never steals apples, O no! marries his master's daughter, becomes a judge, and eventually has an opportunity to sentence to the gallows his old companion, Dick Badboy, who *did* steal apples and did *not* go to Sunday-school in his youth. Mother Goose will not be found in families where these "good books" are. Ah well! The old dame is rather "broad" sometimes; many of her rhymes had originally a political meaning and were written in a "broad" age; but the proportion of "narrowness" in the "good books" is much greater.

But we had almost forgotten our original business, which was to look over certain Christmas books received from A. L. Bancroft & Co. Of these, "Uncle Willis," in his *Mother Goose*, has so mutilated many of the old lady's productions that we have little to say in his favor, except that the illustrations are excellent. *The Favorite* also contains good pictures of a cheap description, but the accompanying verse is woefully doggerel. *Little Wide-awake* is brimful of good cuts and pleasant miscellaneous reading, but is rather overloaded with the "good stories" above alluded to. *Chatterbox* is an old friend, and a welcome one; full of well-told stories and well-executed engravings. This is an instructive work as well as an amusing one, but is meant for older children than the others. *St. Nicholas* is a large and very elegantly bound volume of a magazine published in monthly parts; just such a book as we, in our youthful days, would have been delighted to receive as a Christmas present; full of tales about bears, and wolves, and robbers, and wrecks, and everything else that a boy loves to read about. The engravings are very fine. But if we wanted to delight a

small heart, and bring its owner up in the way he or she should go, we would make said owner a present of *Merry Elves*. There are only four stories in the book, none of them very long, but they are exquisitely told, and as exquisitely illustrated. Every sentence glows with humor and sympathy for its subject. The author never leaves sight

of the fact that he is writing of, and perhaps to, "little elves," to whom a fern is a mighty tree, the grass a dense jungle, a clod of earth a mountain, a crack in the ground a ravine, a worm a thing to be stumbled over. Our heart goes out to the author of such good works as this, and we should like to see his book in every child's hands.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE FRENCH HUMORISTS, from the Twelfth to the Nineteenth Century. By Walter Besant, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Scholarly, witty, thoroughly interfused with that gay *esprit gaulois*, whose manifestations it really chronicles—for of men of humor as we understand it, save Rabelais, there is not one pictured here—this book makes good reading. Several great names of men of *esprit*, some of the greatest, indeed (as Voltaire and Rousseau), have been omitted for various reasons—some as having been treated of by the author in a previous well-known work, *Studies in Early French Poetry*. But Mr. Besant manages, on the whole, to give us a great deal of information, and that of an out-of-the-way sort, concerning, if not the subject of his title-page, at least men of letters and talent in general, "from the twelfth to the nineteenth century," in France. He wants to show, as he goes along, "that the French type for satire and humor has preserved one uniform character from generation to generation. In an unbroken line the writers are all the same. The poets of the *chansons* and the parodies, Guyot the Grumbler, Rutebeuf the Trouvère, Villon the Ribaut, Clement Marot, Rabelais, Passerat and Pithou, Saint-Amant, La Fontaine—all down to Béranger—have one quality in common, the *esprit gaulois*. They are always good-tempered; their darts are wrapped in flowers; their poison—a harmless poison enough—is administered in wine; they are too sympathetic to be savage; they never get into a rage, except perhaps when, like poor Des Périers, they are going to commit suicide;

or when, like Rabelais, who is savage with the monks, they have deep and bitter wrongs to resent. On the other hand, they are irreverent; they have no strong convictions; they are incapable of martyrdom; they are full of animal spirits and animal enjoyment; they love life with all the passion of a Greek; they are like children for mockery, mischief, and lightness of heart."

This is really a very fair, well-expressed statement of the general features of our author's gallery; let us now pick out a few special characteristic pictures, beginning with the mediæval, and glance at his treatment of them. Satirical they are for the most part, for satire is the natural expression of oppressed and repressed mental power, and as the middle ages worshiped superstition and the strong arm, enlightenment and the keen brain took their revenge in sneering and mocking at all established things. In songs led by the troubadours and *trouvères*—beginning with that memorable eleventh century "*Nos sumes homes cum il sunt*," that heralded "the first of the terrible French risings" against the clergy and the aristocracy, down to the better-known and not less memorable *ça-iras* and other guillotine-chants of later days, in which discontented and satiric France expressed her discontent and her aspirations—there is something found better worth singing about than shepherdesses, fountains, and the dreary eternally merry month of May. Not, of course, but that wholly flippant, trivial, or amorous songs are still delighted in; such things are never wanting anywhere that health and youth and love exist, and least of

all in France. Before the press began its work, wandering singers and poets had to carry about and present their productions in person if they would live by their talents. A jovial life enough, as seen in certain aspects, but—well, look at Rutebeuf, for example, a favorite professional *trouvère* of the thirteenth century. Your *trouvère* frequents great cities and halls—sometimes in permanent office there—singing for ladies and lords; if out of luck, he makes a *jongleur* of himself—that is to say, a poet and a story-teller of the cross-roads and hearth-fire, a fortune-teller, a quack, a clown. To please his hearers, he silyly satirizes monks of evil life and such civil personages as he dare; there is as yet no censorship of literature, and avoiding vital church points there is absolute legal freedom of pen and tongue—modified only by certain little irregular checks, such as having one's eyes put out, ears cropped, nose slit, or tongue torn out, by some victim of one's satire.

Rutebeuf had led a university life at Paris; a fast life and a merry one while it lasted. He had got no learning, no degree; but he had a fine tenor voice, infinite skill on all manner of musical instruments, and in reciting countless songs and *fabliaux*; so he took the road as a minstrel. This road was not altogether safe in the thirteenth century, so many robbers there were, and in winter so many wolves, and at all times so many competitors—rude boors, not knowing how to distinguish between an artist like our Rutebeuf and the merest charlatan of the lute. So he settled down finally in Paris, where his gambling habits kept him in sore straits:

"I sit forlorn with my pockets bare,
In Paris, the city of all good fare;
And I lie all day on my pallet-bed,
Because I've no money to buy me bread."

To cure this, with the prudence "which distinguishes alike the poet and the parson," he married and had a large family. Let us hope that he gambled no more, and twanged hard at his lute to fill his gaberlunzie-bag—he received much payment in kind—for the little ones. Old he grows at last, and poor; blind of an eye, too: it is time that he repent, since he can sin no more; after which he will die in an odor of sanctity, leaving behind him many good songs, ballads, and

"the very best of the old miracle-plays," with fine situations, "effective, simple, and striking"—for more details of which, students may with advantage consult our author.

Mr. Besant gives us an interesting note on the ever famous "Reynard the Fox," a *mélange* of stories, beginning probably "in the tenth or eleventh century, with the Latin poem of *Reinardus Vulpes*. This was written somewhere east of the Rhine, and somewhere north of the Loire. No other limits can be assigned, no other date can be given. It is absurd for the Germans to claim the work as they have done, and almost as absurd for the French." Let it be likened to a great cathedral, grand, quaint, trivial, with all the characteristics of mediæval thought and life, covered and carved with the handiwork of many different artists and artisans, added to from time to time with chapels and wings, each bearing the mark of an individual mind. "Here and there one tells us something about himself. 'I am a priest of La Croix-en-Brie,' says one. 'I am a merchant and a grocer,' says another."

And so it goes; three great periods of growth being found in the legend. The first, bringing it up to the beginning of the thirteenth century, contains the *Reinardus Vulpes*, the French Reynard, the Flemish, and the German—out of which Goethe has made his *Reineke Fuchs*. The second period, belonging also to the thirteenth century, contains the *Crowning of Reynard*; and to the third appertains *Renart le contrefait*, a picture of fifteenth century society.

We come now to the *Romance of the Rose*, a work the most famous, the most long-enduring in popularity, of all mediæval books; the dear companion of knights and dames, of *demoisieux* and *demoiselles*; "a book which for two hundred and fifty years continued to live as a sort of Bible in France; the source whence its readers drew their maxims of morality, their philosophy, their science, their history, and even their religion, and which, after having retained its popularity for a length of time almost unparalleled in the history of literature, was revived with success after the Renaissance—the only mediæval book which for a long space of years enjoyed this distinction in France."

There were various sufficient reasons for

these things, some of which we shall try to make apparent. The poem (of which the translation commonly known as "Chaucer's" is good so far as it goes, two-thirds of the original being omitted) is the work of two persons: Guillaume de Lorris, whose authorship may be approximately dated at about 1240, and Jean de Meung, who took up the abandoned pen of his predecessor somewhere about 1280—dates earlier than are usually given.

Guillaume begins his poem, as was the fashion, with a dream. It is—of course—the month of May; his hero with his twenty years of youth upon him wanders forth until in a certain place he alights upon a walled garden ("the mediæval writer's only idea of scenery"), four-square, planted with all sorts of fruit-trees, "brought from the country of the Saracens," and set five or six fathoms apart; there are beautiful walks, fountains, flowers, and what-not, for this is the Garden of Delight (*Déduit*), the *Myrthe* of "Chaucer's" translation. A goodly fair tall fellow this *Déduit* was, surrounded by his courtiers, Joy (*Léscie*), and Love, and others not so pleasing in character. The hero falls in love with a Rose-bud of the garden, which he would make his own; but there are difficulties. Reason is there, and Trespass, and Shame the child of these two, and Danger is not far off. "Danger in most mediæval allegories stands for the husband," so that the unsmooth course of love was getting the poem quite into a muddle, when—Guillaume de Lorris died, leaving his expounders to darken his riddles seven times worse than at the first.

At last, forty years later, there came to finish this *Roman de la Rose* Jean de Meung, or Jean Clopinel, Limping John, born at Meung in Loiret—"with his head stuffed full of all the learning of the time, nearly bursting with sentiments, convictions, and opinions on religion, politics, social economy, and science." Upon the cold, fanciful, graceful, monotonous, conservative, Provengal allegory of De Lorris, he determined to build his own coarse, many-buttressed, strong, high tower of attack on all things he disliked. It is no longer a *trouvère* bent on developing a hidden meaning, and wrapping mighty secrets of religious truth in a cold and care-

ful allegory; it is a man, unfortunately a churchman, eager and impetuous, alive to all the troubles and sorrows of humanity, with a supreme contempt for love, and for woman the object of love, and a supreme carelessness for the things that occupied the mind of his predecessor. We have said that new characters were introduced. The boundaries of the old allegory were, indeed, too narrow. Jean de Meung had to build, so to speak, the walls of his own museum. It was to be a museum which should contain all the knowledge of the time; to hold miscellaneous "collections of facts, opinions, legends, and quotations, than which nothing can be more bewildering, nothing more unmethodical, nothing more *bizarre*." He is, despite all, a better poet than his predecessor, which is not saying much, and he expresses forcibly enough, though with innumerable digressions, his ideas. Of the main drift of some of these, he can leave no reader in any possible doubt. He hisses and hoots the monastic orders, and cries up personal holiness and good works with the energy of a reformer; he attacks what he considers the extravagant attention paid to women, mercilessly and brutally exposing the vices and the follies of the sex; and he even dares to put forth and inculcate certain vague republican ideas and speculations rather astonishing in the thirteenth century. His famous character, "Faux Semblant," the hypocrite—a character introduced into the *Roman* by himself—is a masterpiece that "anticipates Rabelais and surpasses Erasmus." Under this name, "False Seeming," a priest is made to speak venomously against his own order, in a careless confession of the character of himself and his brethren. Nor is the poet less severe on women than on the clergy. Has any misogynic blasphemy ever surpassed in concentrated malignity this famous couplet?—

"Toutes estes, seres, ou fustes,
De faict ou de volenté, putes."

He apologizes in some sort, it is true, both for his attacks on the gown and on the petticoat:

"No jealousy inspired the song:
No hatred bears the lines along.
* * * * *
I let my random arrows fly
In lowly town and cloister high.
For what cared I where'er they lit?"

The folk that Christ called hypocrite,
Who here and there are always found,

* * * * *

These were my mark ; no other aim
Was mine except to blot their fame."

Let us pass to the model republic, the golden age, of our singer—something to bewilder statesmen of his time, we should think, especially such as had not read the first book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* :

"A simple folk ; they had no prayer—
No fond ambition—nor other care
Than just to live a life of joy,
And loyal love without annoy.
No king or prince was with them yet
To plunder and wrong, to ravish and fret ;
There were no rich, there were no poor,
For no man yet kept his own store :
And well the saying old they knew
(Wise it is, and is proven true),
Love and Lordship are two—not one."

We have touched now on all the leading chords of the *Roman de la Rose* ; we think we have justified its popularity among a people very weary of court, clerical, and feminine falsettoes. Its important and long-dominant position in the early literature of France justifies, in taking leave of it, another quotation from our eloquent and in-seeing authority on the subject : "The poet has a tear for the poor naked beggars dying on dung-heaps and in the Hotel-Dieu, and a lash of scorpions for the Levite who goes by on the other side ; he teaches the loveliness of friendship ; he catches the wordless complaint of the poor, and gives it utterance ; he speaks with a scorn which Voltaire only has equaled, and a revolutionary fearlessness surpassing that of D'Alembert or Diderot. . . . An hour before the dawn, you may hear the birds in the forest twitter in their sleep : they dream of the day. Europe at the close of the thirteenth century was dreaming of the glorious Renaissance, the dawn of the second great day of civilization. Jean de Meung answered the questions of the times with a clearness and accuracy which satisfied, if it did not entirely explain. Five generations passed away before the full burst of light, and he taught them all, with that geniality that is his greatest charm. His book lasted because, confused and without art as it is, it is full of life, and cheerfulness, and hope. Not one of the poets of his own time

has his lightness of heart : despondency and dejection weigh down everyone ; they alternate between a monotonous song to a mistress, or a complaint for France ; and to Jean de Meung they are as the wood-pigeon to the nightingale. They all borrowed from him, or studied him."

Time fails us now to follow farther the pages of the excellent work of Mr. Besant. Suffice it to say that on Rabelais, Paul Scarron, Molière, La Fontaine, Beaumarchais, and Béranger, in especial he is full, judicious, and—we shall not say entertaining, Mr. Besant is always that—delightful. He seizes a leading idea in each case with the tenacity of Carlyle—whom, by the by, he most unreasonably attacks at intervals—and follows it to the end, with infinite fertility of argument and illustration ; bringing in the contemporary history of France, and, at any given epoch, its *race, milieu, and moment*, to throw light upon his subject, with the dexterity and learning of M. Taine, whom, indeed, in method, he very much resembles.

MASTERPIECES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.
By Homer B. Sprague. New York: Schermerhorn.

Throughout the colleges and high-schools of the country there has been of late a wonderful change in the time and skill devoted to the study of the English language ; and text-books are now rapidly multiplied in a department where a few years ago they were wanting. One of the best and most recent of such helps has been prepared by Professor Homer B. Sprague, once of Cornell University, and now, we believe, of Princeton College in New Jersey. He has selected six great authors—Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, and Bunyan—and has given in a single volume long and complete passages from their writings, upon which he has based historical, literary, and rhetorical notes, with questions, after the fashion in which the Greek and Latin classics have been edited. Thus we have "The Clerk's Tale," six "Baconian Essays," "Macbeth," the "Areopagitica," "Comus," "Nativity of Milton," and the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Each author is introduced with a biographical sketch, and each group of se-

lections is followed by analytical exercises, so arranged as to lead the scholar not only to literary enjoyments, but to critical linguistic appreciation of the writings. Phonetic, orthographic, historic, and sentence analysis are successively and successfully introduced. The foot-notes are admirable examples of compact, helpful, stimulating suggestions, which have clearly come from a mind well trained in the art of acquiring and imparting knowledge. One rare merit in these notes is that they often direct the scholar to seek out information, instead of simply giving it to him, thus quickening his curiosity and helping his spirit of research, instead of overpowering him with too much fact. There is a good index and a very skillful use of typography; but the few illustrative cuts which are introduced are rather blemishes than decorations. Other volumes are to follow this first work, and the series will deserve well of all who love or believe in the study of the mother-tongue. No one can use the book for an hour without being conscious that it is the work of an original investigator and thinker, not that of a trafficker in other men's labors.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1873.

The fourth annual Report of the National Commissioner of Education has made its appearance, and is welcome to all persons who take an interest in the intellectual progress of the country. The volume is a thick one, abounding in all manner of statistics bearing on educational development, and furnishing a mass of suggestions to teachers, legislators, and others.

There is an almost general indifference manifested toward those works published at the expense of the Government. It should not be so, unless the nation descends to the publication of trifling matters. As a rule, a government should only direct its attention to the dissemination of information of the first importance—that which concerns its own and the people's well-being. Whatever may be said of the ordinary works issued from the Government printing-office at Washington, we apprehend few will examine the volume before us and come to the conclusion that

the National Educational Bureau is putting forth a useless effort, or that the appropriations made by Congress to scatter knowledge of the various and best school systems, have not been well applied. If "knowledge is power," it is clearly a work of Government to increase its strength by imparting instruction. The object of these annual reports is to give a basis, solid and substantial, on which the people can build educational institutions without going through the crude process of experiment. Whatever has been found efficient in the promotion of health or the growth of intellect in any of the States or in any quarter of the civilized world is here brought together for the benefit of instructors and of those to whom is committed the making of laws to foster education. Statistics are generally counted but dry reading, yet well-collected facts expressed in figures tell a truthful story. It is only by such tables as are brought together in these national volumes that we arrive at right conclusions relative to the condition of a nation's progress and intelligence. American intelligence is a boasted thing. But, if we will examine the reports, we will find our country has an amount of illiteracy truly astonishing. The really ignorant "foot up" nearly a fifth of the whole population. Now, in some of the States of the Union there has been an almost complete apathy regarding the education of the young. State governments have done little to create an educational fund, and individual effort has been left to do all that has been done, and that has been very little. Since the circumstances of civil war have thrown 4,000,000 of people upon the lists of freemen and invested them with the privileges of freemen—among the rest, that of the ballot—and since it is believed that republican institutions depend for their stability on the virtue and intelligence of the people, it becomes all the more necessary that something should be done to lead the mass of ignorance thus called, as it were, to uphold the republic, to the light of knowledge. The Educational Bureau is doing a good work in informing us as to what has been done in the most advanced communities in the way of constructing, ventilating, and furnishing the best school-houses, so as to preserve the health of pupils, of imparting instruction,

and, in brief, every plan or scheme which is resorted to, to help the rising generation on to knowledge and consequent usefulness in life.

We rise from the examination of the volume before us cheered with the conclusion that something is doing to enlighten the most benighted nook of our great country. We see substantial evidence of mental progression. There is an awakening to the needs of education in places where hitherto there has been too much apathy. We thank General Eaton and his corps of coadjutors for making that pleasant fact plain. We trust the wisdom of Congress will see the necessity of adding further stimulus to the cause of education wherever it is faint and feeble. Let the Government aid in raising the standard of intelligence by aids to elevation where it is low. Mental wealth and mental poverty go no better together in a republic than palaces and hovels. Great antagonisms are to be avoided. And therefore we hail the efforts of the Government to help the cause of education with its powerful arm, as a proper measure of self-protection. The reports of the Commissioner of Education should be well distributed through the country, that all persons interested in the welfare of the future may profit by the story they tell.

It is with a feeling of pride that we dwell on the advancement our State has made in the quarter of a century since the coming of the North Americans. Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper has given in the volume a very compact yet telling *résumé* of the educational status of California, as she did also in the antecedent volumes.

MODERN CHRISTIANITY, A Civilized Heathenism. By the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School." Boston: William F. Gill & Co.

ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE: The Inaugural Address of Prof. John Tyndall, D. C. L., LL.D., F.R.S. Delivered before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Belfast, August 19th, 1874. And articles of Prof. Tyndall and Sir Henry Thompson on Prayer. New York: Asa K. Butts & Co.

This age has been greatly abused as an irreligious one by persons whose acquaintance with it seems to be largely superficial. But

down under the ripples caused by varying, every-day winds, there sets the old strong tide, answering to the attraction of a star beyond the telescopes of science, toward those sacred mysteries, eternal as death and life, that angels desire to look into. It is to this current, this instinct, this passion, that men of science or literature, or both, now as ever, now more than at any epoch since the Reformation, turn, as to a subject whose intimate and immediate relation to the longings and needs of all souls shall attract most intense and general interest.

The famous "prayer-gauge scheme" — as it has been irreverently called — of Professor Tyndall, and his, if possible, still more famous inaugural address delivered at Belfast, have been already sufficiently commented and inadverted upon; and there seems to be but one general and popular error remaining with the public after the detailed sifting of the matter — namely, that Professor Tyndall is a man after the John Stuart Mill fashion, wholly without a religious nature or religious aspirations. This is false, and, as originated at certain sources, malignantly false. His true position as regards material or physical science is that it is *not* enough for all the requirements of man's nature; although that nature has been grossly imposed upon in an opposite direction. It is against that part of the theological tendency which he considers an imposition that his attacks have been alone directed. In his own words, not the aptest of them that might be chosen, but selected because they occur in that address which has drawn on him the fiercest criticism, let him bespeak justice: "Man never has been and he never will be satisfied with the operations and products of the understanding alone; hence *physical science can not cover all the demands of his nature*. . . . I would set forth equally the inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and the unquenchable claims of his emotional nature, *which the understanding can never satisfy*."

The *Modern Christianity* of the author of *The Fight at Dame Europa's School*, is an example of how authors of what may be termed a sensational school (though not in the worst sense) turn to the religious battleground as the true field where honors are to

be lost or won. He attacks *modern* Christianity on every wing for having fallen away from its first love; denies that it is in any general sense the religion taught by Christ; calls it, in fact, "a civilized heathenism." The book is in the form of a conversation between two friends—an unbeliever and a clergyman—and the arguments of the former are plausibly enough put, in English of a simplicity, concinnity, and purity, that have already made a reputation. The whole gist of this attack on "Christianity in its modern form" may be given in a single short quotation, with which, and the remark that we think it not wholly unworthy the attention of any one of us, we leave the subject and the book: "That which was to make Christian truth durable—nay, eternal—was just this: that it was *not* a school of philosophy, but the kingdom of God; that it was not of earth, but of heaven; that it was not material or carnal, but spiritual, mysterious, supernatural. If Christianity be not literally this, it is nothing. If Christ be not absolute king of the hearts and consciences of men, He is nothing. If the graces and sacraments of Christ be not powerful enough to make His priests, amid countless infirmities of the flesh, the very and exact representation of Himself to sinners, they are nothing. The moment you regard Christianity in the light of a secular philosophy it breaks down. . . . It was expressly meant to be laughed at and scoffed at by unbelievers, just as Christ was laughed at and scoffed at in His day. Nobody laughs at Christianity in its popular modern phase: there is nothing left to laugh at. It has cast away all that was ridiculous in the sight of men, and has become decent, and plausible, and inoffensive. . . . Whatever He [Christ] commanded, He expects you literally to perform; and you have no right to filter away His words until they enunciate a mere abstract piece of philosophic wisdom, which the heathen and the Christian may both alike accept."

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1875. Rochester, New York.

It is surprising to observe the growing tastes of our people in the cultivation of the beautiful in nature, and to note the marked progress floriculture has made in this country within the past few years. The practical instruction received from the many periodical publications on this and kindred subjects has been mainly instrumental in fostering this constantly improving taste; and to none, in this respect, do we owe so much as Mr. James Vick. In the beautifully illustrated *Guide* before us he very appropriately remarks:

"The culture of flowers is one of the few pleasures that improves alike the mind and the heart, and makes every true lover of these beautiful creations of Infinite Love wiser and purer and nobler. It teaches industry, patience, faith, and hope. We plant and sow in hope, and patiently wait with faith in the rainbow promise that harvest shall never fail. It is a pleasure that brings no pain, a sweet without a snare. True, some fail to realize their hopes, but these failures are usually partial, never embarrassing, and are only such as teach us to study more carefully and obey more strictly nature's beautiful laws. Thus we gain, first, wisdom, and then success as the results even of our failures. I have endeavored in a plain and pleasant way to give some suggestions on the philosophy of vegetation that I think will prove valuable, revealing the causes of past failures and insuring future success. Indeed, I have hoped in this improved number of the *Guide* to make the subject so plain as to render failure next to impossible, and success almost certain. Experience, however, is the great teacher. . . . Every species of plants has peculiarities which must be studied, and while we can give a few general principles we can furnish nothing that will compensate for the pleasure and profit to be derived from work and study in the garden."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

- SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA. By B. C. Truman. San Francisco: Bancroft & Co.
 THE CHILD OF THE TIDE. By Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 FAVORITE COLORED PICTURE BOOK. New York: McLaughlin Bros.
 MERRY ELVES. Illustrated by C. O. Murray. New York: T. Nelson & Sons.
 CHATTERBOX FOR 1874. New York: American News Co.
 RISEN FROM THE RANKS. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: A. K. Loring.
 LITTLE WIDE-AWAKE. By Mrs. Sale Barker. New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons.
 MRS. PARTINGTON'S MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES. Boston: S. W. Tilton & Co.
 PROSPER MERIMEE'S LETTERS TO AN INCOGNITA. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. New York;
 Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
 JOURNAL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. Nos. VI. and VII. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
 AMONG THE TREES. By Wm. Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 ST. NICHOLAS. Vol. I. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- EGYPT AND ICELAND IN 1874. By Bayard Taylor. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 THE EMIGRANT'S STORY AND OTHER POEMS. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: J. R.
 Osgood & Co.
 EVOLUTION AND PROGRESS. By Rev. Wm. I. Gill. New York: Authors' Publishing Co.
 MARIA MONK'S DAUGHTER. An Autobiography. By Mrs. L. St. John Eckel. New
 York: United States Publishing Co.
 A PRACTICAL THEORY OF VOUSOIR ARCHES. By Wm. Cain. New York: D. Van
 Nostrand.
 CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By Lord Macaulay. New York: Albert Mason.

From Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco:

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 DEMOCRACY AND MONARCHY IN FRANCE. By Chas. K. Adams. New York: Henry
 Holt & Co.
 EULOGY ON CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE. Delivered by Wm. M. Evarts. Hanover, N. H.:
 J. B. Parker.
 THE FRENCH HUMORISTS. By Walter Besant. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Miscellaneous:

- THE BHAGVAD GITA. By J. Cockburn Thompson. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Pub-
 lishing House.
 TREASURE TROVE. Central Falls, R. I.: E. L. Freeman & Co.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

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 HYMN OF KAMEHAMEHA I. Words composed by His Majesty King Kalakaua. Music
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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 14. — FEBRUARY, 1875. — No. 2.

THE KEARSARGE AND THE ALABAMA.

A NEW STORY OF AN OLD FIGHT.

ON Sunday, June 12th, 1864, the United States steamer *Kearsarge* was lying at anchor in the river Schelde, off Flushing, Holland. Suddenly appeared the "comet" at the fore, thus unexpectedly calling on board all officers and men who were absent. Steam was raised and soon after a departure made, when, all hands being called, the nature of the precipitate movement became apparent. Captain Winslow in a brief address announced the welcome news of having received a telegram from His Excellency Mr. Dayton, Minister Resident at Paris, to the effect that the notorious *Alabama* had arrived the day before at Cherbourg; hence the urgency of our departure, the probability of an encounter, and the confident certainty of her destruction or capture. Cheers greeted the announcement. On the succeeding day the *Kearsarge* touched at Dover for communication and dispatches, and on the next day arrived off Cherbourg breakwater. The *Alabama* was

seen lying at anchor inside, and received much attention for her faultless beauty of architecture, her apparent neatness, good order, and discipline, as well as for her probable efficiency in any duty upon which she might be engaged.

The surgeon of the *Kearsarge* went on shore and obtained *pratique* for the boats that might wish to communicate with the land; for, owing to the enforcement of the twenty-four-hour regulation, it was inexpedient to anchor, and hence a sort of blockade ensued, lying off and on the breakwater, which continued until the moment of the engagement.

On Wednesday, Captain Winslow visited the town, officially paying his respects to the French admiral and the American commercial agent, bringing on his return the unexpected news that Captain Semmes had declared his intention to fight. This at first was hardly credited, since it was supposed to be his policy to avoid a conflict; but even the doubters were speedily half convinced

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when the nature of the so-called challenge became known. Captain Semmes thus addressed M. Bonfils, his agent at Cherbourg: "His intention is to fight the *Kearsarge* as soon as he can make the necessary arrangements, and he begs that she will not depart until he comes out; that he will not probably detain her long, as he hopes to be ready to-morrow or next day at the farthest." This was shown by M. Bonfils to M. Liais, the United States commercial agent, with the request that the latter would furnish a copy to Captain Winslow for his guidance. This was the challenge given by Semmes. No challenge was ever sent by Captain Winslow, such an act being in violation of an order of the Navy Department. Semmes announced his intention to give battle; Winslow returned no reply, but prepared his ship and waited for his opponent, thereby tacitly acknowledging the challenge and its acceptance.

Preparations were immediately made for the conflict; the *Kearsarge*, meanwhile, continuing her blockade duty. Thursday passed, Friday came, and yet no *Alabama* appeared; but she was known to be receiving coals, sharpening battle-axes and swords, and assuring her French visitors of the certainty of a battle. It was thought she might intend a surprise by night, so measures were taken in accordance. Saturday came, and still no *Alabama*. The doubters now became confident that the challenge was a blind—that no fight was intended; a mere bravado, a convenient subterfuge to steal away for renewed depredations upon the mercantile marine. Dispatches were received from Mr. Dayton at Paris, by the hands of his son, who with difficulty had obtained the consent of the French admiral to visit the *Kearsarge*. The admiral, in a desire to preserve strict neutrality, had forbidden all communication with the respective vessels. Mr. Dayton, Jr., was

of the opinion that the *Alabama* would not fight, though acknowledging that a contrary impression prevailed at Cherbourg, and when he left for shore it was with a resolution to proceed immediately to Paris. In taking leave of the admiral, the latter said that the *Alabama* would certainly meet the *Kearsarge* on the morrow (Sunday); this positive intelligence being imparted, inasmuch as no subsequent communication would be permitted with the *Kearsarge*. Mr. Dayton, upon this, deferred his departure, witnessed the action, sent the first telegram as to the result, and was one of the first to repair on board to offer his congratulations. He passed a portion of Saturday night endeavoring to dispatch a boat to the *Kearsarge* with the decisive information acquired after his arrival on shore; but so securely had the admiral cut off every avenue of communication, that all his efforts were unavailing.

On Saturday night certain of the officers of the *Alabama* met sympathizing French friends at supper, discussed the impending fight, expressed confidence of an easy victory, and proclaimed their intention either to sink the Federal ship, or gain another corsair. They parted with promises to meet on the following night, were escorted to the boat, and took leave amid cheers and wishes for a successful return.

Sunday, the 19th, came—a fine day; atmosphere somewhat hazy; little sea; a moderate westerly wind. At ten A. M. the crew were inspected at quarters and dispersed to await divine service at eleven o'clock. No one appeared to think of the *Alabama*, so long expected and not appearing; speculation as to her probable advent had been suspended. Suddenly at 10.20 the officer of the deck reported a steamer coming from Cherbourg—a frequent occurrence, which consequently created no excitement; with the aid of a glass he made out the

advancing vessel, and shouted but one word, "*Alabama!*" Instantly the crew were called to general quarters, and the ship cleared for action. The *Alabama* was seen coming from the western entrance of Cherbourg harbor, the *Kearsarge* being nearer the eastern, at a distance of three miles. The Confederate ship was escorted by a French iron-clad frigate (*La Couronne*), and by a fore-and-aft-rigged steamer, flying the English yacht-flag (the *Deerhound*). To avoid a question of jurisdiction and to prevent the escape of the *Alabama* to neutral waters, the *Kearsarge* steamed ahead, standing off shore, making final preparation—the last being the sanding of the decks, which act ever creates sober thoughts—followed by the enemy until a distance of nearly seven miles from the shore was gained, when, at 10.50, the *Kearsarge* turned quickly round, steering directly for her opponent, and receiving the first broadside at a range of about 1,800 yards. This broadside cut away a little of the rigging, but the shot chiefly passed over or fell short. The *Kearsarge* was put under more speed and continued to advance, receiving a second and a third broadside, with no worse consequences than at first. At about 900 yards, fearing a fourth broadside—the last being nearly raking—she sheered and opened with her starboard battery. Both vessels were now broadside and broadside, each under a full head of steam. To prevent passing each other, and to keep the bearing of the respective broadsides, the circular method of fighting was adopted; the ships steering round on opposite sides of a common centre, each using the starboard battery, and maintaining a distance from the other of from a quarter to half a mile. Seven of these circles were described. The action had now fairly commenced. One of the shot of the first broadside of the *Kearsarge* cut away the spanker-gaff of the enemy, and brought his ensign to

the deck. This was received as a favorable omen by the fortunate crew, who cheered vociferously, and went with increased confidence at their work. Wild and rapid was the firing of the *Alabama*; that of the *Kearsarge* being deliberate, precise, and almost from the outset productive of death, destruction, and dismay to the enemy. The Northern crew had been cautioned against firing without direct aim, and though subjected to the incessant storm of projectiles sent by the *Alabama*, proceeded deliberately to work, fulfilling their instructions, and seeming to an observer as if engaged in ordinary target practice. It was easy to see when the shot and shell took effect upon the enemy; then nothing restrained the cheers and enthusiasm of our crew—shouting, as each missile took effect, "That is a good one!" "Give her another!" "Down, boys—give her another like the last!" "That's for the pirates!"—flinging caps up and overboard, exulting, joyous to the end. After exposure to an uninterrupted cannonading for eighteen minutes, without casualties, a sixty-eight-pound Blakely shell passed through the starboard bulwarks, below the main rigging, exploded upon the quarter-deck, and wounded three of the crew of the after pivot-gun. With these exceptions, not an officer or man of the *Kearsarge* was injured. The unfortunates were speedily taken below, and so quietly was all done that, at the close of the fight, a large portion of the crew were ignorant that any of their comrades were wounded. Upon the other hand, the effect of the eleven-inch shells upon the crew of the doomed vessel was terrific; many were dashed to pieces by the direct shot, and others horribly mutilated by splinters. Her decks were covered with blood and the *débris* of bodies; one gun, the after pivot, had its gunners renewed three times, fourteen of the nineteen of its crew being disabled soon after the action began. The car-

nage round this gun was more frightful than elsewhere; so great was the accumulation of blood and fragments of limbs, that a removal was required before the piece could be worked. A man upon the bowsprit was struck in the abdomen by a shot, came aft holding his entrails up, and near the mainmast fell dead. Another was cut in two—one-half of the body going down the engine-hatch, the other remaining on deck. It is truly wonderful that so few casualties should have occurred on board the *Kearsarge*, with so large a percentage on board her adversary; the former having used only 173 shot and shell, while the latter fired twice as many. Probably no future similar combat will give like results.

The fight continued. The eleven-inch shells told with an astonishing precision; one penetrated a coal-bunker, and instantly a dense cloud of coal-dust rose and hovered for a few seconds as a pall over the doomed ship. Semmes witnessed the direful havoc committed by the pivot-guns, especially the after one, and offered a reward to silence the latter. Nearly all of the guns of the enemy were directed toward this after pivot, to compel its silence—in vain. Semmes placed sharp-shooters in the quarter-boats to pick off the officers, without effect—for none were injured. He viewed the surrounding devastation—a sinking ship, a large portion of the crew killed or wounded, while his adversary was apparently but slightly damaged. He had made the seventh rotation on the circular track, and, seeing the battle lost, sought to escape by setting the fore-trysail and two jibs, heading in shore for the neutral waters. The speed of the *Alabama* was lessened; in winding she presented the port broadside, with but two guns, and exhibited the fearful havoc, the gaping sides, the effect of the eleven-inch shells. The *Alabama* was now at the mercy of the *Kearsarge*, the latter being

ready to pour in a shower of grape and canister. Semmes called his officers aft, briefly stated the condition of the two ships, and ordered a surrender to avoid further loss of life. The colors were struck, and the *Kearsarge* ceased firing. Two of the junior officers of the *Alabama* swore they “would never surrender to a d——d Yankee, but rather go down in the ship,” and, in a mutinous spirit, rushed to the two port guns, opening fire again. Captain Winslow, astonished at this unwonted action of an enemy who had hauled down his colors in token of surrender, exclaimed: “He is playing us a trick; give him another broadside.” Again the shot and shell went crashing through the bulwarks, carrying death and destruction, when a white flag displayed over the stern, and ensign hoisted in distress, union down, induced Captain Winslow to give the second time the order to cease firing. In his report, Captain Semmes says: “Although we were now but 400 yards from each other, the enemy fired upon me five times after my colors had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship-of-war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally.” Captain Semmes had not the generosity to state that his battery was opened upon the *Kearsarge* after his surrender—an act which in any warfare would, in strict justice, have authorized the *Kearsarge* to have continued firing without cessation until her opponent had disappeared beneath the waters—nay, even to have refused quarter to the survivors. Thus ended the fight, after a duration of one hour and two minutes.

Boats were now lowered from the sinking vessel. One under charge of a master's-mate—an Englishman, Fullam by name—arrived alongside the *Kearsarge*, and reported the disabled and distressed condition of his vessel, asking for assistance. Captain Winslow demanded, “Does Captain Semmes surrender

his ship?" The officer replied, "He does." Fullam then solicited permission to return to the *Alabama* with his own boat and crew to aid in rescuing the drowning, pledging his word of honor that, said duty being performed, he would return and surrender himself a prisoner. Unfortunately, Captain Winslow granted the request; for, since none of the officers and but three of the crew of the *Kearsarge* were injured, the rebel officer and his boat's company should have been retained on board, and their places in the boat supplied from the *Kearsarge*, the sequel showing that this Englishman pulled to the *Alabama*, rescued some of the officers, proceeded to the *Deerhound*, got on board, and set the boat adrift.

The *Deerhound*, after the termination of the combat, appeared upon the scene and played an important part. Coming under the stern of the *Kearsarge*, she was hailed and requested by Captain Winslow to aid in saving the drowning, for humanity's sake. The *Deerhound* rescued Captain Semmes, most of his officers, with a few of the crew, about forty in all, and then, leaving the others to the boats of the *Kearsarge*, steamed off for Southampton. Captain Winslow unhappily made a serious error in asking the yacht to render assistance: her presence was not needed, even for the sake of humanity; for the *Kearsarge* was comparatively uninjured, had but three of the crew wounded, had a full head of steam on, and, instead of remaining at a distance of about 400 yards from the *Alabama*, and from this position sending the uninjured boats, she should have steamed directly to the sinking vessel, keeping the *Deerhound* and all other neutrals away. However, Captain Winslow, having committed this first error, could have obviated its unfortunate effect, if, when aware that Semmes and his officers were on board the *Deerhound*, he had brought the yacht to with a gun; failing in which he made a sec-

ond error of equal gravity. An officer approached Captain Winslow and stated that, "It is believed that Semmes is on board the yacht now, evidently trying to escape;" asking if a shot should not be fired to bring her to. The captain replied in the negative, saying that no Englishman who flew the royal yacht-flag would act so dishonorable a part as to run away with his prisoners when he had been requested to pick them up. Yet the *Deerhound* was increasing the distance from the *Kearsarge*, and another officer addressed Captain Winslow to nearly the same effect: "Semmes is reported as being on board, and the yacht is certainly running away." Again the captain refused to have a shot fired, saying that the yacht was making a sweep round, and would not go away without communicating with him. No shot was fired, the *Deerhound* finally disappeared with the great prize—Semmes—and thus the opportunity was lost of making this brilliant engagement one of the most complete in history. Though Captain Winslow did not think the *Deerhound* was escaping, yet probably not another person on board the *Kearsarge* was of the same opinion. The excitement was in consequence great; remarks of a not very complimentary nature were made, and deep and bitter were the regrets publicly expressed that the yacht with her coveted prize should escape, after being, as it were, in the grasp of the victors. The notorious *Alabama* was no more, but her famed commander, whose person was the prize most desired, had escaped. Half the *éclat* of the victory seemed already lost. Time will hardly efface the regretful feelings created by this act of omission, the failure to capture Semmes; and, though all credit should be paid to Captain Winslow for the brilliancy of the victory, he alone is responsible for the escape of Semmes.

At 12.24 the *Alabama* sunk in forty-

five fathoms of water, at about four miles from Cherbourg breakwater, off the west entrance. She was severely hulled between the main and mizzen masts, and commenced settling by the stern before the conclusion of the engagement. When the stern was partially submerged, the mainmast, which had been shot through, broke off near the head, the bow meanwhile rising higher out of the water. Suddenly the perpendicular position was assumed, probably caused by the battery and stores settling aft, and, straight as a plumb-line, stern first she went down, the jib-boom being the last to appear above the water. Down sunk this terror of merchantmen, riddled through and through, and as she disappeared not a single cheer arose from the conquerors. Cheering was only resorted to during the excitement of battle. Forever disappeared the piratical *Alabama* from the sight of nearly 20,000 spectators, who, upon the heights of Cherbourg, from the breakwater, and from the rigging of men-of-war, had witnessed this grand artillery duel—this Sunday gladiatorial combat.

The wounded of the *Alabama* were brought on board the *Kearsarge* for surgical assistance. Seventy persons, including five officers, were rescued by the boats. At 3.10 P.M., the *Kearsarge* anchored in Cherbourg harbor. The wounded were taken the same evening to the Hôpital de la Marine, and all the prisoners, save four of the officers, were paroled and set on shore before sunset.

The total casualties of the *Alabama* are not known, probably over fifty—a striking contrast to the three of the *Kearsarge*. Two of these three recovered; one, the brave Gowan, died in the hospital. The conduct of this gallant sailor during and after the fight was worthy of the highest commendation. Stationed at the after pivot-gun, by the explosion of a shell he was seriously wound-

ed in the left thigh and leg, yet, in the agony of pain and exhausted with hemorrhage, he dragged himself to the forward hatch—concealing the severity of the injury, that his comrades might not leave their stations for his assistance—and from thence was lowered to the care of the surgeon, whom poor Gowan, in his acuteness of suffering, greeted with a smile, saying: "Doctor, I can fight no more, and so come to you. But it is all right; I am satisfied, for we're whipping the *Alabama*." Subsequently he said, "I shall willingly lose my leg or my life, if it is necessary." Lying upon his mattress, he paid strict attention to the progress of the battle, as far as it could be understood from the sounds on deck. His face beamed with satisfaction whenever he heard the cheers of his shipmates, he waving his hand over his head and joining in the shout. At times he would comfort the other wounded by expressing a belief that "Victory is ours!" Directly after the fight, he desired that the surgeon would pay no more attention to him, for he was doing well, requesting him to give all his time to the poor fellows of the *Alabama*. In the hospital he was resigned, thankful that he was the only victim, and proud of his ship and shipmates, frequently repeating his willingness to die after so glorious a victory. His patience and cheerfulness, happy resignation and utter unselfishness, enlisted general sympathy, and occasioned sincere regret for his death. Certainly one of the most interesting incidents of the memorable action is the heroic conduct of the noble Gowan.

An incident that ever causes gratification in its relation, is a singular coincidence in the lowering of the rebel colors by an early shot from the *Kearsarge*, and the unfolding of the victor's flag by a shot from the *Alabama's* last broadside prior to surrender. At the mainmast head of the *Kearsarge* the colors

were "stopped," that they might be displayed if the ensign were carried away, and serve as the emblem of victory in the event of a happy success. A shot from the last broadside of the *Alabama* passing high over the *Kearsarge*, striking and carrying away the halyards of the colors at the mainmast head, pulled sufficiently to break the stops, and thereby occasioned the unfurling of the flag of victory at the moment when the Confederate ensign was struck in token of submission.

The *Alabama* was destroyed. The *Kearsarge* was so little damaged that, if required, she could have engaged another enemy or have proceeded to sea. It is surprising that her opponent's fire should have effected so moderate damage, for it is reported that over 300 shot and shell were discharged. Of these, thirteen or fourteen took effect in the hull, and sixteen or seventeen about the masts and rigging. Fortunately a 110-pound rifle-shell which lodged in the stern-post did not explode, nor a thirty-two-pound shell which buried itself in the bulwarks close forward of the fore eleven-inch pivot-gun.

The chain-plating of the *Kearsarge*, termed by Captain Semmes "iron-clad," consisted of 120 fathoms of sheet chains (single), covering a space amidships of forty-nine feet six inches in length by six feet two inches in depth, stopped to eye-bolts with rope-yarns and by iron dogs, and employed to protect the midship section, when its bunkers should be empty of coal. The chains were covered with inch deal boards, as a finish. The chain-plating was struck twice only, and then by thirty-two-pound shot, one of which broke a single link and the other destroyed the deal covering. Had the shot been from the 110-pounder rifle pivot the effect would have been different, though the damage not seri-

ous, since the shot struck five feet above the water-line, and in passing through the side would have cleared the boilers and machinery. It is, therefore, proper to say, that, had the chain-armor been absent, the result of the action would have remained the same, notwithstanding the general report at the time of an "iron-clad" contending with a wooden vessel. The chain-plating was put on more than a year previous to the fight, while the ship was at the Azores. In subsequent visits to European ports it had attracted marked notice, and was no secret. It is folly to assert that Captain Semmes did not know of its presence and nature before the fight, for the same pilot was employed by both vessels and had visited each during the preparations for battle.

The crew of the *Kearsarge*, including officers, was 163; that of the *Alabama* not definitely known, but supposed to be about the same. The tonnage of the former was 1,031; that of the latter, 1,044. The battery of the *Kearsarge* was composed of seven guns: two eleven-inch pivots, one thirty-pounder rifle, and four light thirty-two-pounder guns; that of the *Alabama* of eight guns: one sixty-eight-pounder pivot, one 110-pounder rifle pivot, and six heavy thirty-two-pounder guns. The *Kearsarge* fought five guns, the *Alabama* seven, both with starboard battery. The *Kearsarge* ran nearly fourteen knots an hour; the *Alabama* never exceeded thirteen.

Thus there was no very great disparity between the two vessels, in size, speed, armament, and crew; an equality rarely witnessed in naval battles. The contest was decided by the superiority of the eleven-inch Dahlgren over the Blakely rifle and the smooth-bore, together with the greater coolness and accuracy in firing of the gallant crew of the *Kearsarge*.

A SAGE-BRUSH ALIBI.

YOU ought to remember Mat Kingman, Rudepath?" said the judge, turning to me, as he lighted his pipe by the fire.

"No; I have only heard of him. He left the country shortly before I came in, I believe."

"Well, I have been here in Nevada for a good while, and first and last have had something to do with many of the worst scamps we have ever had in this State; but, for coolness and tact, I put down Mat Kingman as highest by a few spots. The best thing I ever knew of him happened a little less than four years ago, not long after I was elected judge of this district. Manley remembers it. He was district attorney then, and was sold worse than the rest of us, by a little."

Manley—by whose fireside we sat, and who was laid up with inflammatory rheumatism—smiled as he threw back his head and blew rings of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Well, Judge, let's have it, then," said Norton. "I reckon it will be fresh to all but Manley; and he isn't well enough to make much of a fight against it. Vauxhall, pass the matches."

"Yes; tell it, Judge," said Manley. And he did, as follows:

"Kingman first came on this river a little over four years ago. No one seemed to know anything about him, but everyone put him up for a sport the first day he came. He was well-made, but rather slight, if anything; had dark-brown hair and beard, and a pleasant gray eye. He always dressed plainly but well; there wasn't anything about him in the least conspicuous. He was always gentlemanly, always cool, and he

never drank. I have often known him to sit at a faro game by the hour, betting and keeping cases quietly and pleasantly all the time. No matter whether he was winning or losing, he was just the same.

"He was at Willard's place one evening, when a sport that they called Pizon—a mighty bad man from Colorado, with a big reputation as a killer—insisted that he should drink with him. Kingman declined pleasantly, adding that he never drank; but Pizon had been losing, he was drunk and cross, became terribly abusive, and finally shook his six-shooter in Kingman's face. Everyone expected to see some nasty work right then and there, but they didn't. Kingman turned pale in an instant, but said, with a smile, 'Some one had better take this man away; I can wait till he's sober.' Two or three of the boys stepped in between them, and took Pizon into the back room; then Kingman walked off.

"It was a strange way for a man to act in this country; and, though Kingman blanched and took the abuse, I reckon that no one thought him afraid—there was something about him that told you he wasn't. Look out for the man that stands his ground and gets white in a fight; he's dangerous. A white heat is hotter than a red.

"The next day Kingman and Pizon met in front of Shotwell's. They stopped face to face, and Kingman said, very quietly: 'Pizon, you were drunk last night and abused me. Now you're sober; take it back.' 'I takes nothing back,' said Pizon; and, as quick as a flash, Kingman struck him a blow in the mouth, which sent his teeth through his

lips and staggered him. Each man went for his gun, but before Pizon could fire, Kingman struck him over the head with a six-shooter, laying his forehead open to the skull, and tearing the skin down in a flap over his eyes. Then he struck again, and Pizon fell like a sack of quartz, insensible. Kingman was arrested and held to answer, but somehow the matter blew over, as such matters so often do here, and nothing more ever came of it. Finally, Kingman bought an interest in Ward's faro game. They ran it together for awhile, and were making money; but, while Kingman was up on the South Fork of the West Fork, fishing, for a few days, some of the boys managed to steal the bank's cards from behind the bar in broad daylight, fix them and return them to their place without Ward's knowing it. Well, that night the boys broke the bank, and when Kingman got back, Ward had gone to Montana. Kingman spouted his watch and some other tricks, but the first night or two he lost all he had raised on them; in fact, his luck seemed to have turned, and everything he touched went against him. About that time the Ribbon-rock District, out north of here, was struck; the surface indications were awful rich, but it didn't last.

"There was a little widow living here then, by the name of Callen—a simple, confiding little thing; minded her own business remarkably for a woman, and was heavy on going to church. When Tom Callen died, he left her about a thousand dollars. It was all she had, except the little house and lot where she lived. She lent that thousand dollars to Kingman to open a mine with in the new district. I reckon she was in love with him; anyway, she trusted him. In a month the claim had petered, and the money was all spent; then Kingman came back to town.

"He told the widow what had happened; that he was broke and out of

luck. But she didn't take on a bit; she told him she was sorry, for it was all she had, and she couldn't exactly see how she could get along without it very well; but that it was all right, she knew he had spent it trying. Then Kingman told her that if he lived she should have her money in thirty days. A week after that, the express was stopped at night by two men with handkerchiefs over their faces, about a mile this side of the crossing of the Middle Fork, and between \$6,000 and \$7,000 in coin and dust taken. The driver could only describe the robbers as two men of about medium size, in dark clothes, with white handkerchiefs over their faces. Three days before, Kingman had started away on his roan horse to go fishing, as he said, and had not returned prior to the robbery. A gambler by the name of Wright left town sometime during the afternoon before the robbery, but returned late the same night it was committed. Wright was known to be a bad man, and had left Montana on warning of the vigilantes. He was of about the same size as Kingman—a little heavier. The next morning Morton—he was our sheriff then—and his deputies went out to where the robbery took place. They found the broken treasure-box in the bushes near by, but nothing in it of value. Near it they found a small sledge, which had been stolen from the blacksmith's shop at the Middle Fork, and used to break open the treasure-box. About fifty yards away, one of the deputies picked up a white handkerchief, and close by it were the prints of a man's boots in the sand, but nothing could be made of them. They managed to follow the foot-prints until they led to a little clump of cedars; there another man's track came in, and they found where two horses had been tied. All the indications were fresh. One of the horses had rubbed on the cedar to which he had been hitched, and left a few hairs

from his neck and mane. From this hair found sticking to the bark, this horse was evidently a light bay, with black mane, and his track was small. The track of the other horse was larger, but nothing was discovered to indicate his color or any peculiarity; the sand was too soft to leave a clear print, and the track could not be followed after it struck the road, as the dust was deep. Suspicion fell upon Wright at once. The hair found sticking in the cedar bark corresponded to that of the horse which he had ridden, and this horse had a small foot.

"Wright was arrested, but nothing taken from the treasure-box was found on him. He blustered some at first; but when Morton told him about the hair he had found on the tree, took him over to the stable and allowed him to compare it with that of the horse he had ridden the night of the robbery, and told him that the tracks corresponded, he weakened. The next day the grand jury indicted him. The handkerchief found near where the robbery took place was a plain linen one, and had only one mark upon it—a Chinaman's laundry mark. At one of the wash-houses the Chinamen recognized the mark as one they had put upon Kingman's clothes; they had some of his washing there then, marked the same way. Upon this evidence alone, a warrant was issued for Kingman. Morton and a deputy met him the morning of the second day after the robbery, just this side of First Water, ten miles east of here, coming this way.

"Kingman gave himself up without hesitation, and said he would not attempt to escape. He had no arms about him and very little coin, was mounted on a clay-bank horse, and had no blankets. He told Morton that his roan had gone lame, and that he had traded it, together with his blankets and six-shooter, to a cattle-man that he met in Buck Val-

ley, for the clay-bank. Kingman waved an examination, and went to jail. An indictment was found against him in a few days, and, as he could not give satisfactory bail, he remained shut up until his trial took place, a week later. He employed Sid Shepard to defend him, and that little widow, Mrs. Callen, raised \$500 on her house and lot, and paid Sid's fee.

"Everyone was sorry for this, and some of the women went over and remonstrated with her. She took it all very quietly, but told them that their protest came a little too late, as the mischief was already done; that if it were not, she would have it done right away, and suggested that the house and lot were her own. Kingman and Wright were kept in separate cells at opposite ends of the jail, and all communication between them prevented. Wright was very much depressed and anxious about his trial; Kingman seemed perfectly self-possessed, and free from all anxiety about anything. Manley, here, had much doubt about being able to convict either of them, for, with the exception of the absence of the parties from town at the time of the robbery, the strong resemblance of the horse-hair found sticking to the bark of the tree near where the robbery was committed to that of the horse which Wright had ridden that night, the fact that the track of the horse which had rubbed himself on the cedar was about the same size that Wright's would have made, and the fact that the handkerchief found on the ground had the same laundry mark as Kingman's clothes, there was little, if anything, to rely upon; and juries in this country are fierce to give prisoners the benefit of the doubt, you know. But one day Wright called the sheriff to his cell, and asked him if he thought the court would enter a *nolle* as to him, provided he would furnish testimony sufficient to convict Kingman? Upon this hint Morton and

Manley came up to my chambers, and, after a long consultation, we thought it best to allow Wright to turn State's evidence, provided he would tell where the money was, or his part of it. Wright agreed to do so. His statement was, that he and Kingman had planned the robbery the day before Kingman left town. It was agreed that Kingman should go fishing for a few days, and then meet Wright a mile above the crossing of the Middle Fork at eight o'clock on Monday evening, each taking circuitous routes to get there; that they met as agreed, stole the sledge from the blacksmith's shop at the crossing, went a mile down the road, hitched their horses among the cedars, and, when the stage came along about ten o'clock, they robbed it; that they then came down the road, this way, to the creek, and struck across the hills, north-easterly, about five miles to a deep *arroyo*. Here they stopped to let their horses breathe, and divide the treasure; then they parted, he coming back to town, while Kingman struck down the *arroyo*, saying that he would remain out for a day or two longer for looks. Kingman rode his roan horse that night, Wright said. Wright went out with Morton and raised his 'plant;' he had buried it at a point about a mile down the river from here. It amounted to a trifle over half of what the express had been robbed, I believe, but he swore he knew nothing of what Kingman had done with his share, and that he had not seen him since they parted at the *arroyo*. This made out a case against Kingman that it would be hard to beat.

"When Sid Shepard told his client that Wright had turned State's evidence, Kingman ground his teeth, but did not rave or buck any. After thinking for a few moments, he turned to Sid, and said: 'Wright and I had some words about a little money he owes me, and now he is going to take his revenge, it

seems. They'll make a strong case with his testimony against me; without that, the matter wouldn't amount to anything; but they can't convict. Send me the list of trial jurors; we must pick out some liberal-minded fellows, if we can. Tear Wright's testimony to pieces the best you know how when you cross-examine him. Impeach him, too; you can find a hundred men in this town to swear he's a liar. Don't let anyone know that I have any idea of getting clear; I'll surprise them.'

"Two weeks from the day of the robbery, we took up the case of *The State of Nevada against Kingman*, and no one seemed to doubt that he would be convicted; certainly Manley did not."

"Nor the Judge, either," replied Manley.

"Well, I admit that I looked upon Kingman as already convicted. We had a list of unusually good jurors to select from, and I knew how strong the testimony would be. We got started upon the trial early in the day. Manley reserved Wright as his last witness. He was a little nervous upon the stand, but told a straight story about the robbery by himself and Kingman. Kingman sat nearly in front of him, looking him full in the eye with as calm and unexpressive a face as I have ever seen. There was nothing there to indicate what his thoughts were, but he was evidently listening to all that Wright was saying.

"When Sid Shepard took the witness on cross-examination, he raked him terribly, went into his life in Montana, and made him admit that he and the prisoner had a quarrel about money shortly before the robbery, but he could not shake him on any material statement which he had made on his 'direct.' Just as Shepard was closing his cross-examination, Kingman rose and stepped a few feet to the table, where sat a pitcher of water and a glass. He poured out a lit-

the water and drank it. While he was drinking, Wright answered the last question, and I told him to stand aside. As he took his first step down from the stand, Kingman hurled the tumbler at him with a force which seemed sufficient to send it through a brick wall. It struck Wright full in the face, breaking his jaw horribly, and he fell with a groan of pain and fear. Morton put the handcuffs upon Kingman at once, and I ordered Wright to be taken to the hospital.

"It was now three o'clock; the prosecution closed, and, as we had been engaged in the trial since morning without intermission, I ordered a recess for an hour. Manley went over to his office, and, just as he got there, a stranger rode up. He was a plain-looking man, rather heavily built, with brown hair and sandy beard. He wore a gray shirt, broad-brimmed hat, a pair of overalls, and army shoes. His horse was a *bronco*, very wild and vicious, but he managed it like a *vaquero*. Evidently they had traveled for some distance, for the horse showed hard riding, and both man and beast were covered with dust. 'Is this Mr. Manley?' said the stranger. Manley told him that was his name. 'I saw your sign on the door,' said the man, 'as I came into town. I'm a stranger here, and want to consult a lawyer; as soon as I put my horse in the corral, I'll come back.' 'Very well,' said Manley, 'I'll wait for you.'

"In a few minutes, the stranger entered Manley's office. He told Manley that he was a cattle-man, and had a band near the upper end of Fox Valley, just over the county line; that he had paid his taxes on his cattle for that year in another county. He wished to bring his band into the lower end of the valley, which is in this county, where the feed was better, and wanted to know of Manley whether they would be liable to be assessed in this county, if he should.

Manley examined his receipts and advised him. The stranger cheerfully paid him his fee, chatted for a few moments, and, as he was about to go, Manley mentioned that the express robbery case was on trial. The stranger had heard nothing of the matter, he said, and so Manley told him about it. 'Well,' said the stranger, 'there don't seem to be any doubt about convicting him, and I'm glad of it; if it was for me to sentence him, I'd have him hung to-morrow morning. I had trouble with one of his kind only a couple of weeks ago, but he got away, and took a horse, saddle, and bridle with him. He left his own, though, which were better, and his gun and blankets, too, so I am more than even. Now I must go and buy some tricks for camp use;' and he bade Manley good-day.

"At the expiration of the recess, we took up the case again. Shepard made a splendid opening to the jury—he always did well when pressed hard—then examined a few witnesses to contradict some of Wright's statements—not very material ones, however—and then called his impeaching witnesses. The case had excited much attention, and the courtroom was packed. Kingman was sitting by his counsel with his back to the crowd outside the rail; occasionally he altered his position, but did not seem to be more anxious than during the earlier part of the day. Morton had taken off his handcuffs, upon his promising not to make more trouble. I had picked up my pen and begun to write an instruction to the jury, when I heard some one in the crowd exclaim, 'God! there you are!' and upon looking up, I saw a man, a stranger, in the very front of the crowd, outside the rail, with clinched hands and set teeth, while every line of his face betokened anger, looking fiercely at Kingman, who seemed to have lost, for the moment, his self-control, and had half risen from his seat, holding to the arms

of his chair, his face wearing a timid, half-frightened look, such as I had never thought it possible it could wear. Every eye was at that moment fixed upon these two men, and a hush of expectation had fallen upon the courtroom.

"I at once ordered the sheriff to bring the stranger within the bar, and asked him what he had to say why he should not be fined for contempt, in disturbing the proceedings of the court. He seemed embarrassed, and said that he had momentarily forgotten himself. 'I didn't go to do anything wrong, Judge,' said he; 'but, you see, that man'—pointing to Kingman—'robbed me of \$1,400 and a horse, saddle, and bridle, in Fox Valley, two weeks ago. I captured him then, but he got away; and coming so sudden-like upon him again here, as I did just now, you see it threw me off my balance a little.'

"Where are you from?"

"I live in California—in Tehama County; but I'm taking a band of cattle through, that I bought in Utah. They're over in Fox Valley now; I'm keeping them there to pick up a little before going on. The feed's short a little way ahead, they say.'

"What is your name?"

"Rufus Garner."

"When did you say he robbed you?"

"Two weeks ago this afternoon, your honor.'

"Are you certain about the time?"

"I know it. 'Twas the day after the big blow; that was on Sunday, two weeks ago yesterday.'

"With a reprimand, I dismissed him.

"I would like to have him arrested, Judge,' said Garner. 'I'll stay with him this time.'

"I told him that Kingman was then under arrest and on trial for another matter, and that he would have plenty of time to get out a warrant before the case would be disposed of. He then

stepped outside of the rail again, and began working his way through the crowd toward the door. He was the same man who had consulted Manley about the taxing of his cattle. Everyone seemed spell-bound, and it was not until I said, 'Proceed with the case, Mr. Shepard,' that anyone seemed inclined to break the silence by a motion; then Shepard picked up his subpoena, and, hurriedly writing a name in it, handed it to the sheriff, saying, 'Serve that man; be quick!' As soon as the examination of the witness then upon the stand was completed, Rufus Garner was called. Then Shepard got up and said: 'If the court please, before examining this witness I wish to make a brief statement. Until within the last five minutes, I never heard the name of Rufus Garner; I had never seen him, nor did I know that such a person was in existence. As to what his testimony will be I am as ignorant as any man can be who has heard what he has just said. The defendant is accused of grand larceny as well as robbery, it seems. We are trying the robbery case at present, however, and I feel it my duty to prove my client not guilty of this at all hazards, even though to do so I may be compelled to introduce testimony tending to show him guilty of the other.'

"Garner took the stand, and, after answering several general questions, he was asked if he had ever seen the prisoner before, and if so, to state the time, place, and all the circumstances particularly. Then he said: 'Two weeks ago last night, I discharged Joseph Rundell and William Smithson, two Mormon boys I had hired in Utah to help drive cattle, and the next afternoon I paid them off and they left. I had a roll of greenbacks—about \$1,400—and as I did not like to pack so much about with me while we were camped, I put it in an old oyster-can and buried it in the ground, right under the place where I

spread my blankets and slept, inside the tent. That Monday afternoon, before the Mormon boys got ready to go, a stranger rode into my camp on a roan horse. He said that he had been fishing for a few days over on a little creek, a couple of miles away. I asked him to come to the ground and loosen his cinch, for the sun was hot, and he did. We sat down inside the tent and had talked a little while, when one of men came and asked me to give him a buckskin string to fix his saddle with. I left the stranger in the tent, and got the string and fixed the saddle. When I came back he had gone to sleep on some blankets. I did not wake him; but pretty soon the Mormon boys said they were ready to go, and I could not settle with them without digging up the oyster-can under my bed. I did not like to wake up the stranger, and still I did not like to dig for the money while he was there, for he might wake up and find me at it; but, finally, I thought I would take the chances, so I took up the money as quietly as possible, and, after taking what I needed, buried it again. All this time the stranger did not stir, and I thought he was asleep. I went out and settled with the Mormon boys, and they went away. Then I went back to the tent. The stranger appeared to be still asleep, but opened his eyes as I came in. Then he sat up, and I lopped down on my bed, and we took a smoke. I thought my bed did not feel exactly right, but I reckoned I had not taken much pains in fixing it in my hurry to get through burying the money. Still, I did not feel exactly easy, and concluded that I would take a look at things the first chance I got. By and by the stranger got up and went out; then I looked for the money. The can was there, but the money was not. It made me pretty hot, but I concluded not to say anything until one of my men came up, unless the stranger should undertake to go away, for he was armed; but I put some fresh caps on my double-barreled shot-gun without his noticing it, and laid it away where it would be handy. In about half an hour, one of my herders rode up on one of my horses—a clay-bank—just as the stranger was fixing his saddle, getting ready to go. As he put his knee against his horse's ribs and was pulling up on the cinch, I picked up the shot-gun, cocked it, brought it to my face and walked toward him. His back was turned at the time, and he did not look round until I was within ten paces of him; then I told him to hold up his hands or I would kill him. He did not like to, but I had the drop, and he did it. Then I told the herder to go up and take his arms away, while I kept him covered. He did so, and we bound him with a lariat. I found my money on him, just as he had taken it from the can. We put him in the tent and fixed him so that we thought he could not get away. I did not know what to do with him; it was fifty miles to town, and I did not want to spend the time to bring him in. I felt pretty well, too, about getting my money back, and, under the circumstances, I was half-inclined to let him go; but I thought I would keep him awhile just for luck. About dark, I unsaddled the stranger's horse and took him down to the corral. The herder was with me; he had left his horse hitched to a bush close to the tent, and, just as we were going to start back, the herder yelled out, "He's gone!" and, just as I looked up, the stranger swung himself into the saddle, and away he went on my clay-bank. My gun was standing up against the fence, about twenty feet off. I jumped and got it, and sent a charge of shot after him; but he was too far off, I reckon, to have the shot hurt him, and he disappeared among the bushes the next minute. We had not any horse saddled at the time, and before I could have mounted he would

have had a long start; the country was a bad one to follow in, and it was mighty near dark; so, as I had got my money back, and he had left his blankets and pistol, and a better horse, saddle, and bridle than he took, I concluded to let him go. In fact, I was rather glad to get rid of him so. The man that I have been telling about is that man sitting there,' said Garner, pointing to Kingman. In his further examination he described the roan horse left by the man who robbed him, even to the brand, as well as the saddle and bridle, so that there was no doubt that they were Kingman's. He was certain that the affair took place on Monday afternoon, just two weeks before; he knew it because it was the next day after the big wind-storm. We had had almost a hurricane on that day. He had a little memorandum-book, too, in which he had noted the settlement with the two Mormon boys, and had briefly mentioned the stealing of the greenbacks and the escape of the thief on that Monday. He also picked out, from among a lot of others, the horse which Kingman was riding when Morton arrested him, and said it was the one on which Kingman escaped from his camp, and he identified the saddle and bridle, too. His herder, he said, had come into town with him to get some things, and was somewhere about there. Shepard had a subpoena issued for the herder, and the sheriff found him down at one of the stables. When put upon the stand he corroborated Garner's testimony in every material particular. When asked to look about the courtroom and see if he could find the man that he and Garner arrested, he did so, and as soon as his eye fell upon Kingman, he pointed him out as the fellow. He was confident that they arrested him on Monday, the same day that the Mormon boys left, two weeks before, and he identified the horse, saddle, and bridle with which Kingman had escaped.

"When this witness left the stand, Shepard said, 'We rest.'

"So does the prosecution,' said Manley; 'do you want to argue it?'

"No; let it go to the jury with the judge's charge,' said Shepard, and it was so agreed. Manley looked cross, disappointed, and puzzled, and Shepard did not seem to know whether to feel pleased or not; his client was pretty thoroughly proven not guilty of the crime for which he was then on trial—he could not have been at Garner's camp just before dark, and the same evening at the place where the stage was robbed, for they were sixty miles apart—but the same testimony which proved it established the fact of his having stolen \$1,400, a horse, saddle, and bridle from Garner. Kingman seemed a little depressed, I thought. My charge to the jury was brief; no one had a doubt as to what the verdict would be, and in a few moments it was rendered—'Not guilty.'

"I made an order discharging the prisoner, and he was at once arrested again upon a charge of grand larceny.

"That's a d——d strange outcome,' said Manley, as he, Shepard, and I walked down the steps of the courthouse together, 'but we've got him on the grand larceny charge, Sid?' 'It looks like it,' replied Shepard, and we parted.

"Kingman waived an examination the following morning when taken before the justice. My grand jury had not been discharged, but on the Saturday previous they had voted not to meet for a week, as at the time there seemed to be no probability that there would be anything to come before them sooner; so the only thing to do was to wait until the next Saturday, and present Kingman's case then.

"Garner called to see Manley the next morning, and told him that it would be impossible for him to remain in town

until Saturday without going back to his camp; that he had only come in for some things, expecting to go back the next morning; that he had only left one man with his cattle, they were inclined to stray, and that one man alone could not keep them together. So he proposed that both he and his herder should be served with subpoenas to appear before the grand jury on Saturday; that he should hire another man to go back to camp with him and assist in taking care of the cattle until the Kingman case should be over, and that he and his herder should return to town on Friday. Manley could not find it in his heart to object to this, for Garner had paid him a fee for advice only the day before, and it's astonishing how much confidence we have in a man who pays us a fee. It really did seem rough to detain a man as a witness for the State, without giving him an opportunity to prepare for it, when his property was liable to stray and become lost. There was not any doubt but that he would be on hand; Garner was such an honest, square-appearing fellow, so thoroughly down on criminals—the law was not near severe enough to suit him. If there was any one thing that he believed in more than another, it was hanging, and if there was anything above all else that he did not believe in, it was the Board of Pardons.

"So Manley consented to their going. Garner hired a fellow by the name of Andy Short to go out with him and help to take care of the cattle in Fox Valley until the trial of Kingman should be over; and on Tuesday afternoon, Garner, his herder, and Andy started.

"Friday came. That evening, about eight o'clock, I met Manley on the street. He seemed a little anxious about something, and walked over to my chambers with me. When we got there he said, 'That man Garner has not come back yet; it is not very strange, perhaps, but

it is annoying. He was to have been here by noon to-day. Can it be that he has played us?' I could not think it strange that he had not returned, and said so. Some of his cattle might have strayed; he might have concluded to get them all together and count them before leaving; any one of a dozen things might have detained him.

"We agreed that there was nothing suspicious in his appearance or in his testimony; but, on the contrary, he had impressed everybody favorably. Then again, there certainly was a band of cattle in the upper end of Fox Valley, for a prospector had told Morton that he saw a band there not more than ten days before; that one of the herders told him that they were going to be driven to California as soon as they picked up a little, and that they belonged to a man by the name of Gardner, or something of that kind—he was not certain about the name.

"I drew a cork, and by bed-time both Manley and I had full confidence in everybody, and particularly in Garner and ourselves.

"The grand jury met the next morning, but as no witnesses were present in the Kingman case, they took a recess until afternoon. Noon came, but neither Garner nor his herder. Several of us were sitting upon the hotel porch, and just as Morton remarked that it began to look as if Kingman had put up a job on us, some one noticed a dust out on the Fox Valley road, about a mile away. Something was certainly coming from the right direction, and we all concluded that it must be Garner and his herder, but we could not distinguish anyone through the dust. Slowly the dust came on, and finally a puff of wind bore it away for a moment, and a man—yes, two; no, only one—on horseback, could be distinguished, and in a few moments more Andy Short rode up.

"'What does this mean, Andy?' said

Morton, going up to him. 'Where is Garner and the herder?' 'It means,' said Andy, 'that Kingman has played us all for a lot of softies, and has got away with it. That fellow's name was not Garner, and the other wasn't no herder. They are bilks come here to swear Kingman clear, and done it; they crossed the State line night afore last. You fellows are all d——d smart, but I bet my money on Kingman after this. There's something mighty seldom about him. Hadn't somebody better treat? I'm as dry as a desert.'

"And, sure enough, we were sold. Andy's story was about this: The first night out they stopped at First Water. The next morning Andy's horse was missing; they found him about noon, but did not start until after dinner. The next morning they left the trail to take a short cut to camp. The country was rough and broken, and about three o'clock that afternoon Garner swore that he was lost. Andy did not know the country. They came to a little creek just about sundown, and then Garner said that he recognized things, but that as the cattle-camp was about fifteen miles down the stream, they would camp where they were for the night. The next morning, after they had saddled up, Garner said: 'Andy, do you see that little black butte just at the end of that ridge?' Andy said he did. 'Well,' said Garner, 'that is on the State line. When you get on the other side of that you'll be in Nevada again; as it is you are over the line. Now, don't buck and charge any about what I'm going to tell you; it aint any use, for I soaked your pistol in the horse-trough more than an hour the first night out, while you were asleep, and it won't go off. In the first place, my name aint Garner. You'll find Garner and his camp about fifteen miles down this creek, and if he's lost any greenbacks, he'd better go down to town and take a swear before the grand

jury. My partner and me went down to help Kingman out of trouble. We're friendly, you bet, and I didn't like to have Wright give him away. Give our love to the judge, the district attorney, and the sheriff; they are pretty good fellows, I reckon. We're sorry to leave them, but the best of friends must part. It won't be of any use to hunt for us; we'll be hard to find and hard to take; besides, Nevada papers aint good this side of that butte. Now slide, before my gun goes off!'—and Andy *did* slide.

"Well, Kingman had escaped conviction of a crime which he did commit, by his friends swearing him guilty of one which he did not. Where that rascal, who called himself Garner, and his bogus herder came from I do not know.

"We had to turn Kingman loose, of course, for we could not try him the second time for robbing the stage, and in about a week or ten days he left. Then Sid Shepherd told me that, before Kingman went away, he came to his office and gave him the money to take up the \$500 mortgage by which Mrs. Callen had raised the money for his fee, and that he paid it off. That Kingman offered to pay her the \$1,000 he borrowed of her to open the mine with, and she told him that she could not accept it unless he gave her his word that it was not a part of that taken from the express. Kingman could not answer, and after a moment she said to him: 'Mr. Kingman, I am afraid that you have committed a great wrong in order to pay me this money. I would rather have lost it. If this belongs to others, pay it to them; mine must be honest money. Take what time you need to pay me in; I believe in you yet.' Then she went home.

The next day Kingman left town. He returned in about a year, and after being here a week he asked me one morning to go over to the widow's house that afternoon and marry them. I did it, and they started for the East that eve-

ning. As they were about leaving, Lambert, the express agent, stepped up, shook hands with them heartily, and wished them joy. After they had gone, he turned to those near, and said: 'Gentlemen, Mat Kingman don't owe the express company a dollar—it's all right.' Kingman had made a strike, and had settled everything.

"I saw him in New York last sum-

mer. He was there on business, he told me, and was living in Kentuck—has a big ranch there. Kingman was not more than half a bad man, and I am glad he got clear.

"Yes, I don't care if I do; story-telling is dry work. How thoughtful of you, Manley, to set this out! No, I thank you—water spoils it. Here's hoping."

TO THE LION OF VENICE.

O, wrinkled old lion, looking down
From tower atop of your watery town—
Old king of the desert made king of the sea—
Lo! here is a lesson for thee to-day:
Proud and immovable monarch, I say
Here is a lesson to-day for thee.

The Venetian Alps were above, yet away
To the north; and, tossed and broken as seas
That tumble on cliffs where the north-fir-trees
Frown black forever from Oregon,
And flecked all white as with flocks of sheep,
The Adrian Sea was about us; the day
Was perfect as love, and the island lay
Cradled and kissed by the seas asleep,
And ships sailed over and we sailed on.

Over the island and on and on
We sailed, for city and people were gone.
Asleep was the island, and even the sea
It had gone somewhat, and columns that lay—
Lay hid in the waves, and eaten away—
Eaten by sea things, covered with shell,
They started somehow, and, as gazing at me,
Came frightfully forth, and, as up from hell,
Did rise like the dead, and, toppled across,
Lay lapped in the waters that lift and fall,
Waving in waves long manes of moss—
Toppled old columns—and that was all.

Yea, surly old beast with a wrinkled brow,
Sullen old sea-king courting the tide,
Proud old monarch set high in the sea,
This is the lesson it leaves for thee:
Nothing has been that abideth now,
Nothing is now but will not be,
Nothing shall be that shall abide.

BLOOMSBURY LODGINGS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

FUN it surely was, that run through the streets so filled with fog that we were continually colliding with something or other. We lost our way for a moment, just long enough for us to feel like the "Babes in the Wood;" then we found it in the best possible place, and that was close to Covent Garden, the goal of all our hopes. What a busy buzzing throng filled that great auditorium; what a comfortable warmth pervaded the whole house, charged with the faint, subtle odor that is inseparable from the theatre, and is like nothing else under the heavens; a mixture of dry water-colors and gas, but delicious for its association with a thousand fairy glens, and illuminated water-falls, and large full moons that actually rise and set and were never known to quarter at any season; with dainty shepherds and shepherdesses, and real flocks of milk-white sheep; with enchanted castles and marvelous cities, and knights and ladies who move to the perpetual thrumming of stringed instruments; with unseen choruses voicing in the air, and transformations more mysterious and more beautiful than dreams!—all these we saw that night. I was fascinated; who is there that is not when his eyes for the first time witness a genuine old-fashioned English Christmas play? We screamed with delight—everybody did; we were like a couple of children, Josie and I. It is such a pleasure to be like children when you are not obliged to!

We staid till midnight, and could have staid until morning, I suppose, but the great crowd flowed out into the street and carried us along with it. The dense

fog had resolved itself into a decided dew, the walks were slippery; we trotted cautiously along, talking over the glorious events of the evening. My heart was filled with infinite pity for the poor little thing at my side, who, I feared, would catch her death-cold on the damp pavements. There were no Hansoms unoccupied, everybody was getting wet, and I again thought with horror of her premature demise, and said to her, "Josie, how would you like a nice little bird in a nice little cage to hang in our window?"

Josie said she would like it of all things the best; she would in fact *love* it! I have never been able to trace the connection between her death-cold and a bird-cage, but I know that they came together into my mind. I solemnly resolved that a forest of singing-birds should shortly make jubilant the matins in Bloomsbury. Josie kindly added that she would show me a shop down in Seven Dials where I could get anything in the bird line from a roc to a wren. It seemed to me that something about halfway between would hit it; perhaps a gray parrot with a bald head, who should learn to say, "Josie, pretty Josie," from morning until night, as if he were making serious fun of her: and so we gabbled on as foolishly as possible until we came to the Lodgings, and then I took out my night-key, just like a young husband; and all this time I felt a tremendous responsibility, though why I can not conceive.

The voice of the Gordon ascended to us from the lower regions: "Children, won't you come down and warm your

feet?" said the voice. Why not? Perhaps the seat of the mystery lay buried in that abyss! Josie and I took each other by the hand; it was horribly dark in the hall, and you see I didn't know the way. We turned a sudden angle at the head of the stairs, and slowly descended into the catacomb.

The catacombs of London are past finding out, unless you are on terms of intimacy with the ten thousand gnomish landladies who haunt them. We entered the subterranean chamber in Museum Street, and found Gordon seated in a corner by the range. A limp party with a weak neck, whose head tipped unpleasantly, was supporting himself on one corner of a table in the centre of the room; he had a blonde disordered beard that looked as if it needed weeding, and he was grasping vaguely at a fat cat that tripped about among the tea-things on the table as only a fat cat can. We drew up to the fire, threw off our moist wrappings, and were offered cups of weak tea by Gordon, who at once introduced the subject of the pantomime, and treated it just as you would expect it to be treated by one who had passed the last thirty years in a catacomb. Gordon was a creature of the past, yet time seemed to have no more effect upon her than if she had been a mummy. On the four walls of her audience-chamber hung a series of small black frames inclosing memorial cards; the funereal aspect of these pocket-epitaphs struck me the moment I entered the room. There was recorded the long list of those who had known Gordon in other days; if I had been assured that the bodies of her departed friends and acquaintances were reposing on the other side of the partition, I could not have been more impressed. The remainder of the room was lined with shelves, full of dinner-plates arranged like a row of full moons, each decorated with a sepia landscape of the supposed Italian school—two

lovers loving under a castle about the size of a thimble, at the mouth of a wild valley too narrow to admit of exploration.

There were also a few photographs of exceedingly plain people, who seemed to have been frightened by some brutal photographer into having their pictures taken. On the mantel stood two diminutive Highlanders, who must have had hot china poured all over them at an exceedingly early age, for their outlines were barely traceable. A few daubs of paint on the front of these ornaments served so effectually to mislead me, that I was never weary of studying them and wondering which was which.

Gordon didn't introduce me to the young man at the table; but I forgave her, inasmuch as it was quite evident he was "off his balance;" he talked familiarly and dreamily with the ladies, ignoring my presence for a time, but our eyes met once or twice, and got fastened so that we had some difficulty in withdrawing them.

He tried to capture the fat cat, was wounded in the attempt, grew hot, and at once renewed an unpleasant topic under discussion when Josie and I interrupted the conversation by our entrance. A bottle in his chamber had been found with the cork out, quite empty; he remembered distinctly that the bottle was once filled; he had no recollection of anything further on the subject, and he now wished to know if Gordon was in the habit of drawing corks all over the house. Gordon flushed up and said, with much severity, "Count, don't be impudent!" The Count tittered like an imbecile, and turned to Josie, expressing a strong suspicion that she was the culprit. My blood boiled for a moment, but when I saw that Josie took no more notice of the insult than if it had never been given, I merely frowned, and wondered if it were not bed-time.

The rain was pouring on the sidewalk

just above the window. We heard feet slipping by the house. Occasionally two pairs of feet would come together, pause for a moment, and then pass on; it was rather dreary than otherwise. The front hall-door was still open; it was a glass door with a movable shutter that had every night to be bolted in its place. Gordon, who was at times inclined to be very much of a lady, usually performed this midnight duty; but when the heavens were falling and the pavements afloat, it was no small undertaking. On this night, Gordon seemed in no mood to brave the elements, and, therefore, with an air that brooked no refusal, she said: "Mr. Count, will you have the kindness to put up the shutter?"

The double title, the patronage, the gracious smile, as if Her Majesty had requested Sir Something Somebody to indite a message to the Earl of So-and-so, were beyond doubt the feature of the evening; and the Count, without a murmur, departed on his mission.

I also went; I knew not what order in the guise of a request awaited me. I climbed the long stairs that turned sharp corners, so that it was like going up a light-house to get into my room. Josie followed, but stopped at her door on the way. I called to her from the top of the dark lonesome hall—you see our hall stood on end; and I believe that darkness, like hot air, ascends to the top of such a house as that—I said to her as prettily as I knew how, and as if the idea had just occurred to me: "Ah—ah! by the way, Josie!" "Well," answered she, and such a deep, quiet, refreshing *well* as it was; an unfathomable well, out of which a fellow might draw any amount of consolation, and yet not exhaust it! "Ah—um!" and then I hesitated, as one is apt to hesitate when he would ask a favor if he were sure of its being granted, and finds some comfort in the thought that he has only to ask—but won't. "Will—will you

come up to breakfast in the morning?" cried I, getting bold.

"O yes! At what time?"

"Any time you like"—as if there were a perpetual breakfast in my room.

"And what time is *that*?"—with the least little bit of a laugh, as if she didn't believe that I was always breakfasting.

"How will nine o'clock do?"—as if it were a little doubtful.

"O, very well; good night."

"Well—good night, I suppose," said I, feeling rather disconsolate at the idea. It is a dismal thing to plunge into a solitary feather-bed, and know you must wallow there till morning. I was never in my life more wide awake; I turned up the gas as high as it would go; poked the gray coals in the grate, but found not a spark alive; rolled a cigarette, and began to walk up and down the room; presently struck my toe against something under the sofa; explored, found one high-heeled, shapely bronzed slipper, just long enough for a cigar-case.

I knew what little princess had lost her slipper—one who had been into the ashes that very day—or rather the day before, for it was past midnight. I could have woven a story out of it, if there had only been a fire; but it was chilly, and the noise in the street had nearly subsided, leaving me quite a prey to melancholy. There is something gloomy in the thought of so great a city lost in insensibility; it is as if the ghost of the Plague had revisited it. I thought of this, and plunged into bed with a shudder.

Do you know, somehow that little slipper found its way into a chair by the head of the bed? It was, of course, quite accidental; but I did not feel so lonesome after that.

The still hours came; between two and three life seemed suspended; the church bells' toll, every quarter of an hour, was all I had to entertain me. Then a cart was heard rattling down the

street. It seemed to me that no one cart ever before made so great a clatter; two or three others soon followed it, and then they came by dozens and by scores, and the voices of men shouting to one another announced the dawn of day. It was only three A.M., but the noise increased, and within an hour the whole city was roaring, and steaming, and fretting with busy life.

I have never yet been able to discover the use of a London winter morning. One does not care to turn one's self into the street as the inseting tide of shopkeepers is at its height; the scouring of brass-work, the cleansing of windows, the scrubbing of door-steps, though interesting phenomena, can not administer much comfort to a soul in search of sympathy; it is too dark to read with ease, and what can a fellow do?

I rose that first morning in Bloomsbury, drew my curtains, and found the house opposite embalmed in an atmosphere like amber. A "pea-soup" morning, with the fog, of a woolly texture, lying flat against the window, was the unpromising commencement of the new day. I returned disheartened to bed. It is useless to particularize the mornings that followed one another in quick succession, as soon as they got started. Time flies in Bloomsbury as if it were not the most agreeable place to lodge in, but I had no reason to complain of my accommodations. Josie knocked at my door and announced breakfast under way, before I was up the second time. I pitched *Jack Sheppard* into a chair (one likes to re-read those books on the spot), dressed hurriedly, threw open the window—but closed it again immediately, for my eyes smarted with the dense smoky air that crowded in from the street.

Mrs. Bumps, who hovered about the door long before I admitted her, fixed up and tidied the apartment; Gordon, herself, appeared with a tray of such

enormous proportions that breakfast for two found plenty of room on it. Josie entered, as welcome as a sunbeam in a rather shady place, and we were at once so very much at home that we talked with our mouths full.

While we were breakfasting—the little slipper was still on the chair by the bed, but I had quite forgotten it; one does sleep off these affairs—while we sipped coffee and looked at one another over the rims of the cups, I wondered when Junius would return from the country; I also wondered how Junius could ever have deserted Bloomsbury for the country while Josie beamed there. Perhaps Junius had been robbed of too much rest, and was recruiting.

Gordon had lately received a postcard announcing that, all business of importance being nearly completed, the return of Junius might be shortly looked for. Junius was my friend; I eagerly awaited his advent. Other friends had been sheltered under the Gordonian roof-tree. There was "O charming May," whose stage-smile had so often warmed my heart and won my enthusiastic applause; but she was playing at the world's end now. "O charming May" had the first-floor front, now occupied by the "Diana of Song." She followed the brief career of "Our Lady Correspondent" — "Our Correspondent," who goes from land to land unattended, unterrified, uninterrupted, bearing upon her brow that universal passport, "*To all to whom these presents shall come, AS A WOMAN AND AN AMERICAN, Greeting!*" She blew back bubbles of news, from time to time, that seemed to float to us out of the air, they were so vague and unsubstantial. She had heard of my arrival in London, and wrote from Constantinople to tell me in three lines that Wallis—my natural mate—awaited me at the chambers in Charlotte Street. "See Wallis and die," said "Our Lady Correspondent," signing my death-war-

rant with a flourish of ink that was not only suggestive of oriental opulence, but looked a little like despotism.

The Baron, second-floor front, knew the exact address of this eastern queen, and I dropped down upon the baronial hold at once. The Baron was bent nearly double, and he had the appearance of an old gentleman annoyed beyond endurance, who is just going to butt his aggressor. Nothing could have been farther from his thoughts; he purred delightfully whenever you went into his room, and dusted one unoccupied chair, while he pumped up a few feeble remarks from a pair of lungs that were evidently nearly pumped dry. There were stacks of old books all round the walls, and an antiquated flavor greeted you the moment the door was opened. The Baron made his own tea in a small pot over the gas. I believe that the Baron lived on green tea and parchment, but that is his affair entirely. He very kindly gave me the address I desired, written in a quaint, quivering chi-rography that looked like a pattern for embroidery.

In time there came a cloud over our house. The unnatural lodger who nettled everybody in the neighborhood finally ceased to be endurable, and he was taken forcibly out of the place by two officers in felt helmets. It seemed that he owed fabulous sums to Gordon, and not only to her, but to multitudes of others who were continually applying at the street-door, and thereby hastening Gordon's end. Now, we had no wish to lose the head and front of our lodgings, and so we all entered a complaint and had the nuisance removed. As soon as he was gone there was nothing too bad for us to say of him. We called him everything that is unpleasant and un-American. It was really scandalous, the way he had behaved and the way we talked of his behavior; but what can you expect of a man from the wilds of

the United States, who had a perceptible accent, and who ate mustard on his mutton, than which nothing is more abominable in the eye of England? It was well that he went as he did, for Junius would have to go into that room. Where else in the house could he have slept? By the by, I wonder where the Baron slept. There was no bed in his room, and no closet out of it; did the Baron, like a turkey, sleep on one leg? I think not; he was too old for that! So Junius was, at last, coming; I should again embrace my friend, after long years of separation, with never so much as a canceled postage-stamp to mark their flight. We missed Junius—Josie and I. We were always talking about him, and wishing he were with us, when we tripped gaily on our way to Tom's Coffee-house at Holborn. You see we had grown tired of solid comfort at home—solid comfort is so monotonous—and now we sought a new interest in life through the medium of change. Tom's Coffee-house was like a cheap model of a Pullman car. It was long, and narrow, and low-roofed. An aisle ran down the middle of it between two rows of compartments; in each compartment was a table just big enough for four persons to sit at, two on either side. The place was dingy and dark, as if it had been backed into the middle of the block, out of the way; but we knew how to find it, and we often went there, because there is nothing better in all London, of a morning, than Tom's hot buns, well buttered, or the round of toast and the pot of tea such as Tom offers you of an evening. You would think the ghosts of a Dickens' novel haunted the place; old men and women, boys and girls, very unlike what one is used to seeing, were ever to be encountered there, and we gloated over them day after day, wishing Junius were with us all the time. He knew Tom's by heart; he knew London—that is, as much of it as any one

man can know, but how small a part of the incomprehensible city that is, after all. Josie and I went up and down the streets after supper, and saw new marvels at every turn. The melancholy Ethiopian minstrel sung cockney songs and "picked the old banjo" as it was never before "picked" in public; the pipers piped to us, but we refrained from dancing, chiefly for the reason that the whole sidewalk was sure to be engaged by troops of street children, who tossed their naked heels in the wildest fashion through an impromptu ballad of despair. These little things were starving; they were pinched with cold; some of them were without shelter, and had known little but harsh treatment from the hour they came into the world by mistake, yet they danced as soon as the first notes of a street-organ were heard, and for the time they seemed to forget that it were infinitely better for them had they never been born.

We used to moralize and sentimentalize to a considerable extent in those happy hours; one enjoys it so thoroughly when one is well fed, and well clad, and half in love besides. I wonder if there really was anything between us—I mean, between Josie and me! I had forgotten to get the talking bird that was to hang in the window and do wonders; but you see we had so much else to think of, and then Wallis came to see me, and we instantly embraced, and my heart seemed to have been cut in two in the middle, for he took away with him at least half of it, and kept it at his chambers in Charlotte Street.

One day there came a rap at the door of the Bloomsbury Lodgings. We knew it was not the postman—the postman, who has a rap of his own, that is unlike the rap of any mere mortal. We all rushed into the hall to listen, while Mrs. Bumps went to the door. Of course, it was Junius; why need I keep you in suspense when the fact is so evident?

We all have presentiments at times; there is a subtle something that tells you when your friend approaches, when she you love is thinking of you. Perhaps the angels have a hand in it—God bless them!—it is their delicate way of ministering to our spiritual needs. Well, Mrs. Bumps opened the door, and there stood—an entire stranger, who was nothing whatever to us; he wanted to engage rooms, which was out of the question, and offered fabulous sums for the same. This looked suspicious, and we were glad we were all full. The stranger seemed uncomfortably well off in his own estimation, and when we dismissed him without a shadow of regret, he left Bloomsbury with a small dust-cloud in his wake.

The expectation and disappointment which that rap created in our household was tremendous. I could not endure it; it was evident something had happened to Junius. He had probably been ground to powder in one of the daily collisions that add vastly to the mortality of England, but without which she would, no doubt, be speedily overpopulated. There seems to be a Providence in these things! I went at once to the chambers in Charlotte Street, where I was sure to find consolation in the bosom of my particular Wallis. I was dreadfully overcome. I turned in my mind, on my way to the chambers, a few obituary notes, for something in that line would be expected of me by the survivors in Bloomsbury. How distressing it is to lose a friend—one whom you have not seen for ages—one who never drops you a line under any circumstances, and who, for that matter, might as well be in the next world, and perhaps much better be there for his own sake: between you and him the grave has yawned as much as it can yawn, and it is only waiting to be filled in with the last vestige of memories grown cloudy and shapeless with time!

Wallis took me in hand. He is just that sort of a fellow. He talked me out of my obituary and walked me off to the circus, than which probably no earthly circus could be finer. It was *Cinderella*, represented by the whole rising generation of "the company," who played so remarkably well that I felt my childhood had been a complete failure. I doubt if I should have added anything but distress to a saw-dustical, serio-comical, spectacular performance, when I was under my teens, even though I had been swaddled in spangles and trained to pose like a Cupid! Rather late in the evening, I returned to the Lodgings. There was a sound of revelry in the catacomb, and a soft light glowed in the thick sheet of glass set deep in the pavement in front of the house. Gordon's idea of the empyrean has been founded upon the green gloom that visits her daily through this obtuse medium. It occurred to me that the body of my friend had arrived, and they were having a wake in the catacomb. I regretted that Wallis had turned my mind from the obituary, which might have been completed before now. Gordon would want one framed for her private collection; Josie might appreciate this tribute of friendship to departed worth; I could place one in my scrap-book, where it would have added sentiment and variety at one and the same time. I was annoyed at Wallis for his lack of judgment, and I adjourned to the public-house at the street corner to fortify myself with a deep potation. Presently, having in a measure recovered my equilibrium, I unlocked the front door of the Lodgings, and paused for a moment in the dark hall; almost immediately I was summoned into the presence of the supreme Gordon, and when I got there I was seized and madly embraced by Junius himself, still in the flesh, in the best of spirits, in dress clothes, and in capital condition everyway. Junius had

grown a heavy beard since last we saw each other; with this exception we met as we had parted, and resumed our intimacy just where it was ruptured when he sailed for England.

There was an aromatic odor of bride-cake in the air. There was great rejoicing in the catacomb; everybody was unnaturally gay, as everybody is wont to be when two souls have but a single thought (which argues a great want of originality in one of them), and that thought is the unutterable one that includes license, parson, clerk, etc. Well, why do I dwell upon this point? I looked at little Josie; she was suspended on the strong arm of Junius, and I fancied there was a shade of defiance in her gentle eyes; but perhaps it came from Junius' broad shoulder, as her head was remarkably near it. He was all smiles—where he was not broadcloth—and it was evidently my duty to congratulate him. I did it, freely and generously; but I congratulated myself, at the same time, upon not having been such a goose as to introduce another bird into the family. I drank the health of the happy pair; I joined Gordon in a loving cup, and Mrs. Bumps in a bumper. I aroused the Count, who had wilted over the back of his chair, and we grew friendly toward one another. The noble young fellow, with the presence of mind noticeable in some people under certain, or rather uncertain circumstances, instantly presented me with a card bearing his illustrious name, accompanied with a crest. This ceremony he repeated at intervals of ten minutes, as long as we were within reach of each other. I was too late to touch glasses with the Baron, who had already gone to roost. I was too early for the "Diana of Song," who was expected to favor the company as soon as she arrived; but I concluded not to wait for the rest of the merriment. I had had a great deal more than I expected, as it was.

I retired, overcome by the mysteries of the house in Museum Street. O, J——! you were right; I do not wonder that you rush fiercely over the continent in the vain search for peace and forgetfulness! As for me: I said unto myself, because there was no one else on the third floor to hear it, "I will arise and go into chambers in Charlotte Street; I will see Wallis and die!" This, then, was the mystery of Bloomsbury Lodg-

ings. It *was* a little strange that in a house where I had reason to suppose everybody knew everybody's business, no one should have known of this. But perhaps that is not quite so mysterious as something else I might mention, if I only would, and I believe I will. Do you know I had quite forgotten a fact of the greatest importance to me and another fellow—to-wit, *I was all this time engaged*——to my chum!

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II. IN WHICH VARIOUS PEOPLE GO DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS . . . AND A CANDLE GOES OUT.

"VAN ARSDALE, you are head of the commissary department," said Dalton; "now's your last chance to make up for any mistakes. Remember that when that rope comes in it will be too late for repentance! Of course, you understand that your life will be unhesitatingly sacrificed in case the provisions give out before morning and the young ladies get hungry. Is your conscience easy? All right then. Cast off there!" he called out to the sailor who stood by the rope.

The setting sun threw a warm light on all the confusion of brightly colored shawls, rugs, and cushions strewn about the deck; turned to reddish bronze the tanned faces and arms of the crew, and threw into strong relief the picturesque dresses of the crowd upon the landing-place. A puff of wind filled the red and yellow sail and fluttered the little flags in the rigging; the small boys on the steps raised a feeble cheer, and the fishing-smack *La Galatea*, Niccolo Rossi master, stood out to sea.

"My faith in the justice of history will sustain a fatal shock," said Kate,

"if Cleopatra's barge doesn't pale its ineffectual fire before the appearance I flatter myself we present."

"Look at the figures on the sail," cried May. "St. George and the Dragon, are they not? There's a fascinating twist to the dragon's tail that appeals strongly to my sympathy for high art."

"The conversation is becoming monotonous," said Dalton, plaintively. "I feel it myself—it would only be kind of you, Miss Graham, to look as though you disagreed with me!—but nevertheless, for the seventy-sixth time within the last week, let me congratulate you, Miss Van Arsdale, on your brilliant idea! As a mark of my respectful admiration, allow me to present you with this cushion, which you will find softer than that pile of rope to sit on. Dennis, pass that cushion over, like a good fellow!"

"And O, Captain Dennis, don't step on my guitar!" cried Kate.

"Countess, if you could only see yourself with that bit of crimson behind you, and your head coming against the sky, you would immediately say, 'Mr.

Dalton, immortalize yourself on the spot by making a sketch of me before the light goes.'"

"Immortalize *me* as much as you like," she answered, smiling; "I am too comfortable not to be a good model."

"By Jove, though!—if I thought it would not bore you?—there's an hour of daylight left, and it's such a stunning bit of color!"

"Come, May," said Van Arsdale, "I vote we useless people go aft. There is not room for Dalton's genius to expand its wings when we all stand round him. Kate, may I request you, as a personal favor, not to try how near you can come to falling overboard? Out at sea you shall have all the experimental drowning you please, but I object to your distinguishing yourself in the eyes of Venice. Take care of that young lady, Dennis, or be prepared to rescue her from a watery grave!"

"I have noticed that ever since Kate learned how to swim three strokes and a half before disappearing from the public gaze, she has been possessed with the desire of exhibiting her new accomplishment," said May, laughing. "I really believe her chief object in getting up this expedition was the hope of possible shipwreck."

"All of which, you understand, Captain Dennis, is prompted by the basest jealousy of my superior talents in the water," said Kate. "As for shipwreck, May, we stand a fair chance of being becalmed at this rate! Why, we have not passed the Armenian Convent yet!"

"If only a breeze springs up at sunset we are all right," answered Dennis.

The progress they were making was barely perceptible by the motion of the trailing sea-weed at their stern. The sun had gone down behind San Giorgio; the sky was perfectly clear; one great cumulus cloud of soft white, with edges of crimson and gold, hovered above the floating city; not a breath of wind rip-

pled the placid water. In the west, the sky was barred with long lines of crimson fire, and a warm rose-glow was reflected in the broad flat stretch of the lagoon, where here and there black piles stood up like lonely sentinels against the sky. The clear distant tones of some far-off convent bell came faintly to them across the water; the ineffable melancholy of the summer twilight held them all entranced. May had fallen into a reverie. The listless attitude, the droop of the square-cut corners of her mouth, the wistful far-away look in her eyes—in one word, the changed expression of her whole figure—told plainly enough the story of restless nights and days consumed by a slow fever of expectation. The girl seemed to have grown into a woman in these last few days; life had given her one of its bitterest lessons to learn.

The day after their return from the Favorita, May had expected Philip every moment. As night came on and brought no sign, the first doubt, not of him, but of herself, began to oppress her. As day after day passed by, she began to realize that her love had been given unasked. An intensely proud, high-spirited girl, this discovery utterly humiliated her in her own eyes; and, worst of all, hardest pang of all to endure, her old faith in Philip was shaken. Why did he not come?—why, for his own sake, did he not come and prove to her that her own folly and not his disloyalty was the cause of all this misery? "If I could only believe in you again, Philip! O, if you would only come back to me!" she moaned. Her face dropped upon her hands; she felt once more his warm caressing touch; again she heard the low wash of the waves, and his voice calling her "Darling." "O, it is too hard, too hard! I can not endure it!" she thought, pacing wildly up and down her room. Great tears of outraged pride, of sorrow, and of passionate regret, rolled

down her cheeks. She went to the window and looked down the canal; the moonlight fell softly on the loosened hair, on the fair white shoulders and bare round arms, and rested pityingly on the beautiful quivering face, from which the vague, unawakened child-look had passed away forever. "Why did I not die that night, before I found out my mistake?" she thought, bitterly.

Dalton had not called on Mr. Graham for over a week. An uneasy suspicion that he had gone too far and said more than he meant, possessed him.

"By Jove, though, how *is* a fellow to remember all he says to a pretty girl?" he asked himself. "Awfully pretty, May looked that night! Dear little thing, I've a great mind to call there to-day? Surely she has too much good sense—or, if she hasn't, she must be too accustomed to seeing fellows spoony on her—to think twice about it? Hang it all! I will go and see her! I don't believe I said anything much, after all; though I admit that two or three times I've come very near falling in love with her. What a confounded fool I am half of the time!" he concluded, philosophically.

When they did meet, his airy nonchalant manner stung May's pride to the quick. Away from him she had been eager to take the blame of her suffering upon herself; but now his perfect ease, his off-hand familiarity, even the very liking for herself which he displayed, struck her with a keen sense of injustice. Her loyal loving nature revolted at his carelessness; it was cruel, she thought, that he had not displayed by word or look the faintest remembrance of what had passed between them.

To do him justice, I think Dalton's high spirits arose chiefly out of the reaction from the vague uneasiness and half remorse which had troubled him, and this, in its turn, arose from May's own manner toward him and the cold indifference of her conversation when chance

left them a moment together alone. A slight feeling of pique that he had produced so little impression made Philip more than ever unconcerned in his talk. Meanwhile, "My love was worth more consideration than that," May was thinking, bitterly. "He is not worth all this," she said to herself. A weary sense of disappointment and deception came over her.

"Would it were I had been false, not you;
I that am nothing, not you that are all,"

She quoted, with a half smile of pity at her own weakness in saying it; and yet, under all her scorn, hidden in her inmost heart she felt that, shallow and inconstant though he might be, still Philip was Philip—she loved him with a love that might lose its gladness and illusion, but not its depth.

Meanwhile the twilight was fading; a breeze had sprung up, and the vessel moved rapidly through the water; lights were beginning to twinkle along the curve of the rapidly retreating shore. As they passed the harbor bar, a boat with dusky white wings, like some great night-moth, bore suddenly down upon them; the light of a lantern was flashed in their faces, and a gruff voice out of the darkness challenged their right to pass the custom-house. A moment's parley, and they were speeding on again. Malamorro lay behind them, and before them stretched the Adriatic Sea.

"And so, good-by to Venice," said May, softly.

Dalton and the *contessa* had long ago joined the group. It was now nearly nine o'clock; the last lingering glow of the sunset had faded from the west; one by one the stars came out, and a vague premonition of a coming light that was not the light of day flooded the eastern sky with an uncertain splendor. About them was the open sea; the only sounds, the rush of the water astern and the straining of the sail overhead.

"O, look!" said Kate, suddenly;

"look quick! Is that a ship on fire?"

They all turned. Behind them on the edge of the horizon a blood-red moon was lifting over the sea; as it climbed higher the deep color faded to faintest rose-tints, until at last the tremulous track of light broadened and silvered, and the full moon floated in the clear, fathomless blue of an Italian sky on a night in June.

"I say, Van Arsdale, have you noticed the face of the man with the red sash?" asked Dennis. "Look at him now, stooping over that light. You remember Hilton, of the old Seventh Regiment? Did you ever see a more striking likeness?"

"You mean the Hilton who was sergeant in your company?" said Charlie. "Yes, I see what you mean. It is a striking likeness."

"Look at him now standing by the mast listening to our worthy captain. Why, he is the very image of Hilton when I was blowing him up for something or other."

"And was that a customary amusement of yours, Captain Dennis?" asked Kate.

"Well, it's a way we have in the army, you know; and this Hilton was a reckless sort of fellow, always in some scrape. Yet, if you will believe it, I owe that man a debt of gratitude greater than I can express."

"O, what did he do for you, Captain Dennis?—do tell us! I delight in army stories!" said Kate.

"It's a tale of such noble and pathetic interest, Miss Van Arsdale, that I'm sure you will be touched to tears," said Dennis, laughing. "It happened on the Christmas Eve of '63. Charlie and I had been out on a reconnoitering expedition for three days, and came back to camp half starved and almost frozen. It was snowing heavily. I noticed a light moving about in my quarters as we rode up to the door. I went in, and there

was Hilton waiting to offer us the compliments of the season in the shape of a Christmas turkey and a plateful of eggs. Think of that—for men who had lived on salt pork, whisky, and hard-tack for a month! I vow I never could look at Hilton after that without a tender emotion. Poor fellow! he volunteered as a spy soon after, and was never heard of again."

"Among the missing," said May, softly. "How do you know he was killed at all? Or do you think that is his ghost over there that has followed you? Fancy going to sea with a dead man's face among your crew! Why, it's worse than the Ancient Mariner!"

"My dear Miss Graham," said the countess, "how can you suggest such things? I don't understand you English—Americans?—well, it is all the same; you seem to laugh and make fun about such horrible things as death and dying, as though it were not better to ignore them while one can."

"You must excuse us, Countess," said Van Arsdale, "but it has been noticed repeatedly as a curious fact in natural history that most Americans do end, sooner or later, by dying; and so, you see, we try and accustom ourselves to the idea beforehand!"

"Well, for my part, I love life," said the countess, lazily.

"Charlie, why will you talk such nonsense?" said May. "You will come to a bad end some day, if you don't reform in time!"

"It's all a case of unrequited fraternal affection on my part," remarked Van Arsdale; "I'm trying to make the conversation interesting to Kate!"

"I appeal to you all if that is not a most unwarrantable attack on a non-combatant! But that is always the way," replied Kate, resignedly. "The 'Babes in the Wood' are the only instance I ever heard of where a brother did not abuse his sister!"

"Don't you know that the latest historical researches prove clearly that the babes were cousins?" said Dalton. "Dennis' turkey has made me hungry. It's after eleven o'clock already—what do you all say to supper?"

Dalton had brought his gondola with him. Chinese lanterns had been hung in the rigging while they were at supper, and Kate and Dennis rowed off from the ship to see the effect of the lights from a distance. Major Graham was asleep; May and Van Arsdale had gone aft, and the countess was lying on the deck alone, looking at the moon.

With strong passions and but little sensibility to the influences of nature, I question if she had ever before cared for, or even understood, the beauty of her own home. Indeed, her love for Dalton had enlarged in every way her sympathies; she was even beginning to feel a genuine liking for May, whose soft vivacity at once charmed and amused her. Since she had known Philip, life had become a rich, full, precious possession to Fiamma; a hundred new sensations and capacities for feeling had been aroused in her dormant being. "I feel as though you had awakened me from a dream in which I was wasting my life," she said to him once. Already she looked back with pity and wonder on the apathy of her past existence.

"The gondola has come back; shall we go for a turn, Contessa?" asked Dalton.

The wind had fallen, and the vessel lay becalmed. They pushed off from her, and rowed straight out in the track of the moon, that had sunk low down on the edge of the horizon. The unfamiliar silence of the open sea hushed their voices to a whisper; behind them lay the *bragazzo*—the lanterns gleaming in the night like some fantastic apparition raised in mid sea by an enchanter's wand. A great sense of unreality fell

upon them. Life with its responsibilities and duties—the world with its exigencies—lay so far away beyond that darkness. They drifted on slowly; now and then the oar clicked in the rowlock or splashed as it struck the water; they were floating on a sea of liquid light; about them and around them lay the measureless unknown.

"If this could only last forever!" murmured Dalton.

She turned slowly and looked at him. "Should you be always content to be with me?" she asked.

"Always!" he answered passionately.

Something in the unaccustomed emotions of the night seemed to have electrified his nature; some magnetic affinity between the woman at his side and the night about him moved and charmed his soul.

"You are like Venice, Fiamma," he said, abruptly—"beautiful, seductive, dangerous, like Venice."

"Venice is not dangerous to those who love her," she answered, softly. Her lace shawl had fallen off, and she sat bareheaded in the moonlight; one long tress of her blonde hair trailed across her shoulder; she was so marvelously beautiful with that strange smile upon her lips, that Dalton felt all his self-possession slipping away from him. He seized her ungloved hand in his, and covered with passionate kisses the round white arm.

"Do you love me, Philip?" she whispered. "No!—don't tell me! I love you, that is enough! How I do love you!—you are everything to me. Before I knew you I was dead; you have given me my life—should it not belong to you to deal with as you like?"

The gondolier had turned, and was slowly rowing toward the vessel. The night was so still they could distinctly hear the tinkling notes of a guitar playing an accompaniment, and presently could distinguish the words of a song

May was singing — a song Dalton had written for her in days long gone by:

“Daisies and poppies waved in the corn,
The fair green fields stretched to the sea;
My love and I, that summer morn,
Kissed in the fields of Normandie!

“Larks were singing away on high —
Our hearts were singing down below.
Her eyes were blue as the blue June sky —
That was years and years ago.

“Now, youth and love have gone their ways —
Perchance she has forgotten me —
But the ghost of that first kiss yet stays
And haunts the plains of Normandie!”

The familiar words and air brought back to Dalton a flood of sweet associations. Some hidden chord in his better nature responded to the influence of old times and long-forgotten memories of home. A sudden realization of the purposeless life he was leading came vividly before him; the little he had accomplished in his profession that summer struck him with shame and remorse. To his excited fancy the clear ringing notes of May's voice seemed calling him back to his real world from the lotus-land where he had dallied all too long, and a strong impulse of honesty seized him.

“Don't care for me like that, *carina!*” he cried. “I'm not worth it. I don't believe I have in me love enough to give in return. Listen!” he said, turning suddenly, taking both her hands in his firm clasp, and looking her straight in the face—“Listen, and forgive me for what I say. Let this night stay as a dream in both our lives; a thing set apart from the commonplace of existence; a thing to remember when we are old. You will think, then: ‘He was a selfish fellow, but he was generous once to me!’ I tell you—laugh at me if you choose—I tell you I am superstitious, and I feel misfortune in the air. I *know* the time will come when you will wish you had never seen me! Fiamma! don't look at me in that way—don't tempt me! I swear I'm trying to be

honest as the day to you. I don't believe I am capable of caring for anyone very long. For your own good, forget me!”

“Philip,” she answered, slowly and simply, “look at me!” Her deep liquid eyes were full of tears. “I shall die the day I forget you; *you* are my life. When I am nothing more to you, I shall be nothing indeed.”

Her voice thrilled him with its intense passion. The reaction from his late unwonted excitement made him more than ever sensitive to the magnetism of her presence. In that one protest he had exhausted his resolution to resist.

“After all,” he thought, going back to his accustomed mood, “‘*Kismet!*’ It shall be as fortune pleases.”

The moon had set and the night was very dark. “See!” she said, leaning over the side of the gondola and plunging her arm into the tepid water. The phosphorescent light fell in a shower of silver from her fingers; she raised her hand and poured out a stream of fire. “I used to do that when I was a child, Philip,” she said, softly. “Let us be children again; forget your sad thoughts for to-day. Come! I want to be happy—let us be happy together!”

Aboard ship, one by one the lights had flickered and gone out. The balmy air was growing chill with a breath as of the coming dawn. In the east a faint line of gray light stretched across the sky.

“Is it not humiliating to think that ‘in the natural course of human events’ we should all be asleep at this moment,” said Kate. “Fancy this glory every night, and never anyone to see it!”

“Kate thinks the sun requires an audience to applaud his first appearance,” remarked her brother. “I shall never forget the first time she saw the day-break after coming home late from a party, one night in New York, when she woke up the household under the im-

pression that the east end of the city was all on fire."

"The state of Charlie's imagination at three o'clock in the morning is one of the most astonishing things I know," said Dennis, laughing. "Miss Graham, though one should not ask young ladies indiscreet questions, yet I confess I am curious to learn what has kept you so silent for the last half-hour."

"I should be puzzled to answer you, Captain Dennis," said May. "I was only thinking and looking at things. Do you see how strange and dark the sail looks in this half-light? There is something so weird in our being out here with all the world asleep. I can not get rid of the idea that something mysterious is going to happen. It seems impossible that a day with such a prelude should be just a common day like any other! What a night it has been!"

"What a night it is!" said the countess—for Dalton's gondola had returned—"Don't speak as though it were all over."

"But it is all over, Countess. Don't you feel the coming day in the air—and look at the water!" said Kate.

A sudden shiver had passed over the surface of the lagoon; the light mist floated over a sea of rose and mother-of-pearl; a soft pink flush, that deepened to the color of the heart of a June rose, was in the sky; everything else was of a pearly gray. A strange, unreal light rested on their faces—the dim light of the early dawn when it broods over the sleeping world.

"Is it night or day?" asked Philip.

As he spoke, a sharp beam of red light darted across the sky; another and another, ever deeper in tone, followed fast, and suddenly the little waves sparkled crisply in the level rays of the morning sun.

They all started, and looked at each other curiously.

"Are we not changed—have we not

grown older?" asked the countess. "I feel as though a life-time had passed since yesterday."

"I should not wonder if we went back like a boat-load of Rip Van Winkles, or, to be nautical, a company of Flying Dutchmen," interjected Kate.

"Fancy finding out that we have been away on an enchanted ship in a bewitched sea for some hundred years or so," said May, dreamily. "The people will crowd down to the Piazzetta to see us land, and will listen curiously to our unknown tongue. Perhaps there will even be some old sailor who will remember that in his grandfather's time a party of mad foreigners left Venice one moonlight night to look for the Happy Isles, and were never heard of again. Then we will tell them strange stories of how the long years only seemed to us the dream of a midsummer night 'between the sunset and the sea.' Then they will feel sorry for us that we ever waked again, and they will be very kind to us and want to take us home with them; but we shall say, 'No.' You will go home to the Palazzo Morosini, Countess, and we will all go with you, and find the palace deserted, with the windows closed and barred, and not a living thing to be seen, save the long green water-weeds that will cover the steps and lift and fall with the tide."

"I foresee a great strain upon my emotions if we follow out your cheerful little programme with the fidelity it deserves, Miss Graham," said Dalton. "Don't you think we might as well prepare ourselves for it by some breakfast, so that we may be strengthened and play our parts well enough to impress the present generation of the Venetians with awe and admiration for the manners of a past generation?"

"I propose we get our gallant captain to put us ashore, and breakfast on the grass," suggested Van Arsdale. "There is a lovely place under the trees at San

Nicoletto, and the sun is really getting hot."

"Come over here into the shadow of the sail, Charlie," said May.

"Don't disturb him," said Dalton. "Charlie has chosen his present position with a view to proving once for all that the sun does *not* shine with equal fervor on the just and on the unjust."

"That is the kind of speech I should naturally expect from a man under a cloud—of canvas!" retorted Van Arsdale.

Half an hour afterward they were lying moored off San Nicoletto. It was now five o'clock. A group of soldiers from the barracks had come down to the wharf to see the gay little vessel sail in; and three or four children and dogs tumbled about the sands in their eagerness to seize the alms of these heaven-sent strangers, whose pockets seemed full of small coin, and whose well-filled hampers promised to leave fragments innumerable. Here and there a woman came to the door to see them pass, or a sun-browned fisherman looked up from his nets and gave them a gruff "good-morning." A group of pretty, bareheaded, and barefooted girls stood together watching them with wondering eyes. Under the trees everything was cool and still; the crisp dewy freshness of early morning lay upon the grass. They walked on until they reached a little clearing in the wood, where the trunk of a fallen tree invited them to spread their table. Kate and Dennis had lingered behind the others, and as they came slowly up, Charlie looked at May, and smiled meaningly.

"Is it so? I'm so glad!—dear Kate!" said May, softly.

"Mind! we are supposed to know nothing about it yet," said Charlie. "May, look at the *contessa*? What in the name of wonder is the matter with her to-day?"

A wild fitful gayety seemed indeed to possess Fiamma Morosini. The exhib-

arating joyousness of her mood infected them all with an intoxication of light-hearted life. Usually a silent and passive listener to their conversation, to-day she took the lead and swayed them all by the very force of her mood. Some premonition of coming disaster—some haunting recollection of Philip's warning, only added a certain wild *abandon* to her joy. As she had told Dalton, "she was a child again." It was like the hour of brilliant sunshine before the breaking of the storm. They were truly a merry party; filled with a sense of lawless superiority over all the people who had slept through the night, their constant peals of laughter frightened the birds in the branches overhead and puzzled the troop of children who hung about the outskirts of the wood, peeping shyly at them from behind the trees.

"Who wants a peach out there?" cried Dalton, holding up a plateful of fruit.

There was a sudden rush and disappearance as of frightened rabbits; then, slowly, one by one, out of the bushes rose the curly heads, and at last a couple of little fellows came hesitatingly hand-in-hand toward the strangers. Half-way across the clearing the courage of the elder of the two gave way; a sudden panic seized him, and he ran back under cover, leaving his little brother, who stood irresolute, looking with big frightened eyes first at the coveted peach and then at the face of its holder, until the sense of his exposed situation in presence of the invaders overcame him, and he burst into a loud wail of despair.

"Pleasing and affecting result of Dalton's attempts at endearing himself to the natives!" remarked Van Arsdale, dryly.

"Come, *caro*," said Dalton—"don't be afraid!" He was really fond of children—it was perhaps, next to his art, the strongest taste he had. May watched him soothing the trembling little fel-

low until the blonde head was lifted from his shoulder, a rippling laugh broke from the fresh child-mouth, and one little hand was flung caressingly about Dalton's neck, while the other held a plateful of sweetmeats. As she watched, for the first time her heart softened to him; she forgot his neglect of herself, and a new feeling of tenderness and forgiveness toward the man she loved touched her. She felt sorry for the way she had avoided him lately. "It has not perhaps been all his fault," she thought, leaning forward to kiss the unconscious little peacemaker; and for the first time, for how long, she spoke to Dalton without a feeling of impatience or restraint.

"I thought we were never going to be friends again, May," he said, softly, "you have been angry with me so long."

Her heart beat faster as she heard his voice speaking to her with its old kindness.

"If I have been unkind, forgive me," she said.

"I have no doubt we shall all have passed into a legend by this time next year," said Kate. "I wonder where we shall all be then?"

"Next year!" There was something in the words that struck them all with a sudden sadness.

"Who cares!" said the *contessa*, rising—"au jour le jour! I drink to you all," she added, and raised a flaming goblet of champagne to her lips as she spoke. The sunlight sifted through the leaves and flecked with shade her white dress; her black lace shawl had fallen off her shoulders and trailed in the grass at her feet; she had twisted a long spray of wild white morning-glory in her red-gold hair: with her flushed and radiant face she looked the very embodiment of summer.

"I am afraid of the future!" she said, lightly. "I have forgotten the past! Let us drink to the present, then!"

* * * * *

"DEAR MR. DALTON:—I send you back the books you kindly lent my father, with his compliments and many thanks. He was called away suddenly by a business telegram last night to Florence, and has taken Kate with him as far as Bologna, where she is to meet her friends. I have just received another message, and am very busy packing up, as I am to join papa at Padua to-morrow morning; from there we go directly to England, and from there home. Dear Philip, good-by! It seems hard not to have seen you once more before I leave, but perhaps it is better so. Try and think of me sometimes, living the old life you know so well. I will never forget you. Good-by! My dearest hope is that you will have all the happiness I wish you. Good-by! Don't quite forget me.
MAY."

The sirocco wind was blowing in Venice. The dull gray of the water melted into the duller gray of the sky, across which leaden-colored clouds were rolling heavily. The warm, moist wind only made the atmosphere more oppressive; everything was damp, dull, disconsolate. May turned wearily away from the window, and looked regretfully about the little *salon*, where the confusion of boxes, the fading flowers, even the precise arrangement of the chairs, left where the maid had placed them, all spoke of an approaching departure. On the table, cleared of all its pretty disorder of work and books, lay her letter to Dalton, the white envelope staring her reproachfully in the face whichever way she turned. Everything seemed to have come to an end. She was eager to leave Venice, where the strain on her self-command seemed more than she could bear, and yet her heart sunk when she thought of the morrow, and how happy the two—the man she loved and the woman who had won him—would be together; how slightly she would be missed. Her imagination conjured up a hundred different pictures of their future life. She rose, and looked long and steadily at herself in the glass; she felt a passionate self-pity. "I am so young, so pretty!" she thought; "I might be so happy; and all this is wasted—for what?" She thought of Van Arsdale's unselfish

devotion, and a sickening sense overcame her that the power of loving had died in her heart. By some caprice of fate condemned to love a man whom she felt to be morally her inferior, the implicit belief in others had gone with the old belief in herself. The very foundations of her nature were shaken by the struggle between reason and a reckless passion. With strong logical instincts, accustomed to be able to account to herself for her every action, she had drifted out, as under a spell, into a new, passionate sea of feeling, which frightened and distressed her. The old landmarks were gone, and as yet she had not suffered long enough to learn to be a law unto herself. She was so engrossed in her own sad thoughts that she did not hear the door open, and started when Van Arsdale asked:

"What is it makes you so unhappy, May?"

She looked up at him slowly. "Charlie, did you ever read *Undine*? Well, I am like Undine—I am growing a soul."

"Souls must be something like the measles, then," he answered, dryly; "it's better to get them while you're very young. May"—his voice changed, he crossed over to where she stood, and took her two hands in his—"May, two years ago I asked you to be my wife and you refused. I told you then—I repeat it to you now—there is simply nothing I would not do to serve you. My greatest happiness on this earth would be to know that once I did something for you. How can I help you? At least you care enough for me to tell me that?"

"No one can help me," she said, drearily—"you least of all."

He stood and looked at her quietly a few minutes. His face was very pale and his voice rather husky when he said: "Good-by, May. I am going to carry this letter to Dalton for you."

The perfectly chivalrous self-abnegation he showed struck her with a sudden

shame. "Charlie," she said—"Charlie, you shall not do that! I will not have it. Are you mad to think of such a thing?"

"Mad!—well, no; not more so than usual," he answered. "I think you can trust me to say nothing you would disapprove of, May. Good-by!" He took her little hand in his and raised it gently to his lips; the door opened and closed—he was gone.

The long afternoon wore itself slowly away; the dull gray day melted into the dimmer twilight, and still May sat where he had left her, waiting motionless in the dark for his return. Dalton was not at home nor in his studio when Van Arsdale called there. Leaving a message for him at both places, he went to the Piazza to wait for him. Pacing up and down the broad quay in front of the ducal palace, he thought bitterly enough of him whom he had come there to meet. The injustice of their relative positions moved him to fierce indignation, and gave him a wild desire to revenge himself in any way on the man who did not care to accept what he would gladly have laid down his life to obtain. "Well," he thought, grimly, "'the mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.' The world is mad if something does not happen to Dalton before very long."

A light quick step came up behind him, and a hand was laid on his shoulder. "Why, here you are, at last! I've been looking for you all over the place," said Philip, gaily. "Sorry to have kept you waiting so long, old fellow; but I dined with Dennis, and only got your note by the merest accident. What is it that I can do for you? What's up now?"

"That will be for you to decide," answered Van Arsdale, coldly. "I have a letter for you. Come, let us go somewhere, and get out of this crowd of jabbering idiots, who can't see two men

talking to each other without stopping to listen."

"Nice night for a walk, and a nice temper you seem to be in," said Dalton, sneeringly—something dictatorial in the other's tone had ruffled him. "Come along, then!"

They threaded in silence the intricate net-work of narrow streets and bridges that stretches from the Piazza San Marco to the Fondamento Nuovo. They took countless sharp turns, coming out every now and then on a little open space where the dim gigantic outline of some church loomed up darkly in the night, and did not pause until they had reached the utmost confines of the deserted quarter of Venice, where only a row of empty warehouses fronted the silent wharf.

"Now," said Van Arsdale, taking out May's note, "first of all, read that."

Philip took the letter and walked away to where a trembling little flame flickered before an image of the Madonna. There, the uncertain light falling full on his impassible face, he read the note through twice, then folded it up, put it deliberately into his pocket-book, and came back.

"Well?" said Van Arsdale, impatiently.

"Well?" retorted his companion, coolly. "O, yes—excuse me—I had forgotten to thank you for charging yourself with a letter for me. Very kind of you, I'm sure. Barring a little eccentricity of manner and a somewhat melodramatic choice of place, I think you can be said to have acquitted yourself very well of your errand."

"Dalton," said Van Arsdale, earnestly, "what are you going to do?"

"My dear fellow," answered Philip, insolently, "think a moment what you are about! You bring me a private letter, which I naturally do not show you, and then you demand to know what I am going to do about it! Allow me to

say I never discuss my private affairs with anyone, and so wish you good-night. Out of gratitude for your friendly interest in me, let me reassure you about my movements. I shall not come to any grief—thanks, all the same, for your flattering anxiety!"

"D—n it all!" said Van Arsdale, fiercely, "you don't suppose I care what becomes of *you*? Go to the devil any way you please—the sooner the better; but don't take the only woman I ever cared for with you." His voice changed and broke down; a vision of May's pale and tearful face rose before him. "Dalton," he said, laying his hand on the other's arm, "forgive me; I don't quite know what I am saying. Philip, we were boys together—we have known each other all our lives—don't let a false pride keep you from listening to me. You hold the destinies of three people in your hands, and the time has come when you must choose, once for all, what course you are to follow. Answer me this, Philip, for the sake of old times: are you going to marry Countess Morosini?"

"What I do is my own affair," said Dalton, sullenly.

"You are right," retorted Van Arsdale, "it is your own affair. You are a man of the world, Dalton; you know already what the world will think of a young artist without any especial reputation who marries a woman older than himself, of another race and religion, and infinitely his superior in social standing and wealth. That is all. As you remarked just now, it does not concern me in the least, if you choose to sink into a mere appendage—the pardonable caprice of a rich and beautiful woman. If Miss Graham were my sister, I should ask you not to call on her again; as it is, I regret I have no such control over your movements. Good-night!" He turned and walked rapidly away.

"Stop, Charlie—stop a moment," said

Dalton. Van Arsdale stood still. Philip went up to him and held out his hand. "You are hard on me," he said; "perhaps, in my place, you would not have done so much better. But I believe you mean kindly. Shake hands before you go, Charlie. Good-night!"

Something in the influence of the night and the stillness of that part of Venice had affected his mobile nature. A realization of the incongruity of their raised and angry voices in presence of the peace and majesty of the night impressed him strongly. He went back and leaned with folded arms on the parapet of the bridge. He heard the retreating footsteps of his friend go down the long flagged walk, and then all was silent again. The night was intensely dark; not a star to be seen; no sound, save the wash of the fast-running tide against the moss-eaten row of piles that peered out from the dark like the ghosts of drowned men, come to stare curiously at the only living being in their desolate domain. A sense of great peace and rest fell upon him. The warm wet wind seemed to him as though some gentle sympathizing touch were smoothing away the wrinkles from his heart and brow. An infinite stillness brooded over the wide stretch of water. All at once he started to his feet, with an oath. Van Arsdale's last words rung in his ears: "You know what the world will think you—a mere appendage, the caprice of a beautiful woman." He thought with a sort of despair of the future before him. His independence, his progress in his art, even his individuality, seemed to him imperiled. Fiamma's very self-surrender had robbed her in his eyes of half her charm. Radically ungrateful in this respect, he could not feel thankful for a love which had forced him into a position out of which he could escape only by causing an amount of suffering from which his pleasure-loving nature shrunk instinctively. No man of strong passions could

have drifted into the situation in which Dalton was placed, yet only a strong and overwhelming passion on his part could excuse his being there. Love to him had hitherto seemed a pleasant episode in life; now it threatened utterly to destroy him. Everything connected with Fiamma brought to his mind the association of a stormy, exacting, and imperious affection, whose requirements he could never meet; and his ideal of life, as far as he had ever formed one, was an ideal of tranquil enjoyment. He took out May's letter and read it again. There, at least, it seemed to him, was peace and happiness. An intense home-sickness filled his heart—a sudden sense of being a stranger in a strange land, an exile from all the associations of his youth, seized him; old dreams, old ambitions of distinguishing himself in his profession, rushed back upon him. His only chance of escape from a bondage which sooner or later he felt he should loathe, seemed to lie in leaving Venice.

A light showed itself suddenly in the little chapel of San Michele, out in the lagoon, cast a long, flickering reflection in the water, then was as suddenly extinguished. Dalton took out his watch. "If that light comes again within a quarter of an hour, I will say farewell forever to Fiamma," he thought. The minutes passed slowly by; not a voice, not a footstep, broke the silence; only the deep, solemn notes of a far-away bell, like a requiem for the dead, came to him, blown fitfully by the breeze, and the long-drawn signal-cry, "All's well!" from the distant navy-yard, to his excited fancy was as the cry of a lost soul from the outer darkness calling unto his own. Ten—twelve minutes passed. He strained his eyes in vain to pierce the intense blackness of the night. Fourteen minutes. A line of light shot like an arrow from the convent tower.

Dalton buried his face in his hands, and something like a prayer of thanks-

giving crossed his lips. So acute had been his suspense for the last few minutes, that any action seemed in comparison a relief. He rapidly retraced his steps to the town, passed the brilliant lights and surging crowd of the Piazza as in a dream, reached his own apartments, and, without pausing for an instant—not daring to give himself time to think—wrote his farewell to the countess. The letter ran:

“That you will forgive me I do not dare to hope. I wish to heaven that you would forget me! I dare not attempt to see you again. I know too well your maddening influence upon me to trust myself to say good-by to you. The man you loved has never existed save in your own imagination; I know myself better than you will ever know me. I told you once, ‘Do not love me; I am not worthy of it.’ You see my words have proved true. Fiamma, I swear to you, if I did not know that I am not capable of satisfying the demands of your nature, I would stay. I would give up everything else and stay. But it can not be. We are of a different race; we have tried to reconcile the irreconcilable, and ruin to us both would be the result if we persisted. God knows I ask your forgiveness for the part I have played in your life. Do me the justice to believe it was in ignorance of this result. Good-by! I can not write more. I will write again. I do not know where I am going. I leave Venice to-morrow. Good-by! I dare not ask you to forgive me yet; I shall never forgive myself. I pray you may be happy.

“PHILIP DALTON.”

He rung the bell. “Carry that to the Palazzo Morosini at once!” he said, sharply. “There is no answer.” The servant stared at him in such a strange way, that he rose and looked at himself in the glass. It was difficult to recognize his own handsome, *insouciant* face in the pale, haggard countenance that stared back at him with glassy eyes. He threw the window open impatiently, and looked out; the moist sea-wind struck coolly on his fevered brow. He looked at his watch; only eleven o’clock. It must be an hour at least before his messenger could return; in an hour it would be all over! He covered his face with his hands, and a horrible dread he knew not of what overcame him. “I shall go mad if I stay here thinking,” he

said to himself. He took up his hat and went out. A livid, sinister light was in the sky; the air oppressed him with a sense of weight, and he put his hand up to his throat at intervals in an uncertain, hesitating way. He walked on as in a trance; once or twice a sense of the absurdity of anyone’s believing that this passion-tossed man could be himself, Philip Dalton, struck him, and he laughed aloud—a short, abrupt laugh, that sounded oddly in the still night. He went on, unheeding where he went, until he became conscious of the familiar look of the houses about him, and found himself at the Grahams’ door. He went in. The servant who showed him in looked curiously after him as he climbed the stairs, and shook her head, as she crossed herself. “The handsome young *signore*—may the Madonna help him!—is in trouble about our *signorina*,” she thought, a whole drama in five acts rising up before her fertile Italian imagination.

That moment’s parley with her had steadied Dalton’s nerves and recalled him to reality. He felt the imperative necessity of some decided action which should, once for all, make it impossible for him to retract his last letter.

May did not look round when he came in. “Is that you, Charlie?” she asked. Her voice trembled; she was crying.

“It is I—Philip,” said Dalton. “Can I come in?”

“Philip!” she cried, springing to her feet—“Philip! you here at last?”

He came up and took both her hands in his without speaking. They stood looking at each other in silence; all the barriers of conventionality were broken down between them; they stood face to face each with the other’s soul.

May recollected herself with a start. “What do you want?” she asked, trying to speak steadily; “why have you come here at this hour?”

“May,” he said, passionately, disre-

garding her questions, "I am come to ask you if it is too late—if nothing I can do or say can give me back the place that once was mine?"

"You have no right to speak so to me," she answered, wildly. "Philip, I don't deny I loved you once—I loved you more than you ever knew"—her voice faltered a little, but she went on steadily. "If you could not be true to me, at least be true to that other woman you love. You dare not offer me your love now! You have no right to insult me so."

"I suppose you are right," he answered wearily, and turned to go. "Have I told you I leave to-morrow?" he asked, pausing at the door; "I am going away. Good-by."

"Stop!" she said, imperiously; "what do you mean—what has happened?"

"Nothing. I have said good-by forever to Countess Morošini, and now you have said good-by to me. That is all," he answered. "Don't think I meant to insult you, May; that is rather a hard thing to say to a man; do you know? You asked me why I came here to-night? I think the answer is, because I am one of the most unhappy of God's creatures, and I thought you would be sorry for me for the sake of old times. That's all. Good-by." He held out his hand. She stood motionless, and made no movement to take it. "Won't you say good-by?" he asked. "I don't suppose you will ever see me again. Well—as you please."

She took a step forward. Her lips trembled; her face flushed, and then grew deadly pale. "Never see you again?" she repeated, wildly. "Philip, I can't—I can't say good-by to you forever!"

He caught her in his arms and held her tightly. "May," he said, earnestly, "I swear to you, you shall not repent this. You shall trust me; you shall believe in me again!" As he spoke, a

loud, sharp knock on the outer door startled the house. A sudden presentiment of coming disaster struck them both. They turned and looked at each other with eager, pallid faces.

"It has come at last!" said Dalton, under his breath.

"What is it?" cried May. "O, Philip, pray it may be nothing to prevent my loving you." A short, loud noise of voices sounded in the hall; quick, impatient footsteps came swiftly up the stairs, and a hand knocked sharply at their door. "Come in," said May. Her parched lips refused to part, and her voice was hardly above a whisper.

The door was flung violently open, and the *contessa's* sister-in-law stood before them. Her prim black dress was all in disorder; her head was uncovered, and one lock of her thin gray hair had fallen across her forehead. She beckoned to them imperiously with her white, bony hands. "Come—come at once!" she said; "there is not a moment to be lost." She went up to Dalton, and looked him fixedly in the face. Her tall, thin figure expanded, and seemed to fill the room. Her face was petrified in a look of terror, and only the gray eyes seemed alive in it. "It is your fault," she said, with bitter contempt. "Why are you *here*? Don't you know that Fiamma is dying?" A shocked silence fell upon them all. No one spoke. "Come," she said, querulously, "am I to wait all night for you?" She glided before them like a messenger of death, and they followed her in silent terror.

Even at this moment Philip's trained artistic eyes noticed mechanically the gleam of the steel prow of the gondola that waited for them below. A fine chilly rain was falling; not a light to be seen in the houses as they dashed by; Venice was all asleep. It was a strange, wild ride. No one spoke; now and then the glare of a gas-lamp flashed for an in-

stant through the window of the gondola, and showed the rigid strained face of the Italian woman, whose trembling fingers could hardly hold the beads of her rosary, or the blanched frightened face of May; a moment more and the darkness returned with double intensity. Those flying glimpses made the two faces seem to Philip as the faces of accusing angels, and brought with them only an additional pang of remorse without bringing a sense of companionship in his grief. Long afterward he still remembered distinctly the childish pleasure he had taken in watching the quick regular stroke and the dim swaying figure of the forward gondolier. His capacity for suffering, never very great, was exhausted and worn out. It seemed to him that nothing could ever change again, and that forever and ever they were thus to drift on in silent, speechless misery. He dreaded the effort of moving, and sat motionless, not daring to lift his hand lest he should break the spell that bound him; the sense of his situation overwhelmed him with despair. The gondola glided swiftly in between the posts, and, with a great swash of water against the oars, stopped in front of the Morosini palace. They all rose and followed Marietta in. The front door stood open; one of the old servants was waiting for them at the foot of the stairs, a lighted candelabra in his hand, and great tears rolling down his withered cheeks. "She is expecting you," he said.

Marietta took one of the lights from him in silence, and left him sitting on the stairs again, watching the open door, a faithful, patient sentinel, as though some good thing from the outer world were to enter the desolate house that night. They followed her up-stairs and into the old hall.

"Wait here," she said, and left them.

The wind from the open door blew the flame of the candle hither and thither; fantastic shadows crept out from

the corners of the gallery and peered at them from under the great beams of the ceiling. The monotonous ticking of a clock sounded ominously through the silent house. A door was hastily shut somewhere; Dalton looked up with a start. Even in that extremest moment of misery he was impressed by the mute despair on the face of his companion.

"May," he said, wildly, "for heaven's sake don't look like that! Go home! Don't stay in this accursed house!"

"Hush!" she answered, her voice breaking into a low wail—"O, hush! If she dies, you must never, never speak to me again!"

The shadows pointed their long fingers at them, and the wind sobbed about the casement, "Never, never more!"

The door opened noiselessly behind them. "Come in," said a voice. A faint, sweet smell as of bitter almonds struck them the moment they entered the room. The Countess Morosini was lying in state upon an old carved bed with faded satin hangings. On a table by her side stood open the little casket of poisons which she had once warned Kate Van Arsdale not to touch. She raised herself up from the pillow as they entered, and looked straight at Philip. "I knew you would come, love," she said, in a low, faltering voice. He threw himself down on his knees by her bedside, and her hand rested gently on his bowed head. Again they could hear the rapid ticking of the hall clock and the sighing of the wind. Marietta stood at the foot of the bed wringing her hands in speechless sorrow; the countess called her by a sign, and whispered a few words—she bent down, kissed her sister's hand, and left the room.

"Philip," said Fiamma, after a pause, raising herself up in bed, "you said to me, 'Be happy!' I am happy now. It seems strange to be lying here," she added, musingly—"strange! You are with me now, but where shall I be in an-

other hour?" A shudder ran over her, and she threw her arms about his neck. "O, to die and never see you again!" she cried, passionately. "Don't sob so, Philip, don't! You distress me," she whispered. "Think what a summer it has been!—worth it all—well worth it all!"

The voice grew fainter and weaker.

"You were right," she said, after a little while, "no one on earth is allowed to be as happy as I should have been with you. You would have tired of me, Philip—did you think I did not know it?—but I was willing to try. It is too late now. But it was I you loved—it was I!"—her voice rising clear and strong again in her excitement—"no one can take that away from me. It was I you loved, and no other! Is Miss Graham there?" she asked, suddenly.

"Yes," said May, coming forward out of the shadow.

The countess looked at her a moment steadily.

"You are young," she said, "you are beautiful, and you love him. I am dying, and you think you have won? Wait!" A proud spot of crimson flamed on either cheek, her eyes shone like stars. "Philip," she said, "Philip, look at me! Do you love me?"

Dalton looked first at her and then at May.

"Yes," he answered.

"Kiss me, then!" she said, softly. He bent down and kissed her.

"I am tired." She laid her head back on the pillows and slept.

Again the clock ticked in the silence. Back and forth, back and forth, the pendulum counted out the moments of that night-watch.

Presently she opened her eyes again, and stared at them both without seeing them. A cold perspiration broke out over her forehead, and her hands twitched uneasily at the bed-clothes.

"Too late! too late!" she said, in a thick, uncertain voice. "Philip, where are you?"

He took her hand in his. "Raise me up. I am suffocating," she moaned. He lifted her gently up, and held her in his arms.

"It is so dark—so dark!—I think the moon must be setting, love!" Her head fell back softly on his shoulder. She was dead.

The candle flared up in its socket, cast a weird flickering light upon the still white figure on the bed, and then went out. The thin wreath of smoke wavered in the wind that stirred so strangely the faded hangings of the bed. The short summer night was already over; a pale gray light filled the room. Dalton went to the window and looked out. The dawn of a new day was breaking over Venice.

HOW WE WENT TO TIVOLI.

THERE are few places in the world about which more poetry has been written than Tivoli. The name itself is musical; the place which it designates has a very ancient foundation, dating centuries before that of Rome itself; while the vicinity and aspect of the site are grandly picturesque. It is spoken

of in every language, and is known to thousands of readers all the world over. It has furnished a subject for the painter and a theme for the poet. The romance writer has reveled amid its wild scenes, and has made it as familiar to the imagination of the reader as the artist has done to the eye. Among the an-

cients it was celebrated as having been mentioned in the *Æneid*; Horace lived in the neighborhood, and devoted some of his choicest verses to a description of its beauties; while Ovid, Catullus, and Martial have all had something to say of its attractions. Nor have the moderns been silent respecting its charms; the cold and courtly Addison has shown himself affected by the mingling of its sweet and sublime scenery; the poet Gray is humorous over the features of its landscapes; Chateaubriand has gilded it with his glorious word-painting, and Lord Lytton has placed one of the finest scenes in his *Godolphin* amid its solemn caves and rushing water-falls. Sung of by hosts of minor poets, and described in the pages of countless tourists' diaries, its beauties never grow stale, nor its charms commonplace.

No railway yet annihilates the eighteen miles which separate Tivoli from Rome. The old uncomfortable diligence, which might have been built in the days of Noah, so battered and broken and antiquated it is, is slowly dragged along every day by three sorry steeds over the undulating road between the two cities. But for a few dollars an open carriage may be hired that does the distance in three hours, and with a comfort unknown to Italian railway cars. In such a vehicle, a poet, a painter, a wealthy merchant retired from business, and the present writer might be seen approaching the Tiburtine Gate in Rome on one of the loveliest of Italian spring mornings. We all hailed immediately from the land beyond the Atlantic, and we were as various in tastes and sentiments as in appearance and pursuits.

There is a halt at the gate. The narrow exit through the city walls is blocked up by wine-carts bringing in their rich burdens, and by groups of peasants attired in strange and picturesque costumes. The men wear jackets of undressed sheep-skin above short trou-

sers of shaggy goat-skin. Their features are a dusky brown and their eyes a brilliant black. Their peculiar dress gives one the idea that they are the very models from which the ancient poets and painters depicted that wild combination of man and goat known as the satyr. The women are as brilliantly attired as the chorus in an opera, with scarlet bodices and blue skirts, their shining hair bound up in large plaits, folded at the back, and pierced by a silver dagger. Three custom-house officers thrust long sharp-pointed iron rods into the wine-casks and harmless vegetables which may be on the carts, and into the peasants' homely bundles, to discover if there be contraband goods concealed within their innocent coverings. Finally, we are allowed to pass out, and our poet exclaims:

"We are not in keeping with the surroundings. This carriage should have been a chariot, and we should be clothed in togas and sandals, as in the days of Augustus or Titus, when these old walls were fresh and beautiful in their newness."

"We are more comfortable as we are," replies the merchant, who seems to be very matter-of-fact.

"All things have changed since that old time," remarks the painter. "The very name of the gate has become Christian, and to-day the Porta Tiburtina is only to be found in the writings of poets and antiquarians, while every passing peasant will tell you that this is the Porta San Lorenzo, or St. Laurence's Gate."

Nature has not changed; for, as we pass on, a faint indication of immortal blue hills rises before us, and a gentle breeze woos our cheeks as we advance into the Campagna. Nor has death changed. A mile from the gate the dread King of Terrors holds his court and gathers his subjects around him. Here is the great cemetery of Rome; and, as we drive along, we see

the white monuments shining under the gloomy cypresses. We get farther away from the haunts of men and the home of the dead; and the Campagna spreads around us on all sides like a great undulating ocean of verdure. The scanty grass that grows on this wide plain is mingled with flowers. There is a faint odor of violets in the air that is indescribably sweet to the dweller in Rome accustomed to the peculiar perfumes that occasionally greet him there. The air is fresh and exhilarating, as if it were mingled with the essence of new wine. The Alban Hills, dyed in rich purple hues, stretch away, gradually lessening until they reach the shore where the silvery Mediterranean laves their feet. Here and there amid the purple, white villas with darkly wooded backgrounds, and tiny cities inclosed in antique walls, are scattered on the sides of the mountains and glitter in the new sunshine like pearls on the dark tresses of a Roman beauty. On the highest point of all, Monte Cavi, a lone convent overlooks the scene, and there the solitary monks may meditate and pray, as far removed from the turmoil of the world in spirit as they are in situation.

"What glorious tints!" enthusiastically exclaims the painter. "How difficult it would be to picture that formless mist that lies like a veil in the valley below, transparent and white at the same time. And then, look at the various shades of purple—there almost red, and here toning down to a cold blue with deeper shades still, marking outlines and indicating clefts and hollows."

"And I," says the merchant, with a generous look upon his face, "would give you a fair price for the picture if you paint all that as we see it now."

"Well you might," replies the artist. "That picture is God's handiwork, and we don't know where His colors are to be found."

"But you are forgetting the poetry

and romance of the place," interrupts the poet. "All the interest is not derived from color. These scenes owe most of their value, not to hues and tints, which a passing cloud may wipe out, but to the events that occurred and the men who moved and lived here in the olden time. I think," he continues, warming up to his theme, "that when you leave out the memory of the men who have trodden this soil during so many centuries, you take away all that is really valuable. I doubt not but in America there are many scenes as beautiful as this, in which we take comparatively little interest, because they do not attach us any the stronger to the great human brotherhood; and I never could understand that feeling which leads men to climb almost inaccessible mountains, and wander into unknown lands, for the pleasure of standing on a spot where no man ever stood before. I admit that all the new scene may be beautiful, but it is dead; there are no memories round it; it is not like Rome, where, as Rogers says,

"The very dust we tread stirs as with life,
And not a breath but from the ground sends up
Something of human grandeur."

The merchant looks at our poet for a moment in a sort of surprise, and then says: "Well, I never read Rogers. When I was a boy, poetry was not much in my way. My father often said to me that poets and play-actors never made money, and never came to good, yet I should like to know all about these places in Rome and round here; the *Guide Book* only tells you the names of the places and of the men who built them. I know nothing about the men, who are all passed away; and almost as little about the places, though they are here."

"Life has its compensations," says the poet, quietly; "we can not all be alike. We give applause to the play-actor who succeeds in diverting us for a few hours, and a little money or some barren praise

to the poet who is fortunate enough to satisfy our taste for the moment. One man has a talent for making money, another for making verses. The latter, when he is a true poet, has a heart that throbs in unison with nature, and an intelligence that finds beauty and harmony in the history of all the ages. Life in its various phases, and nature in her multi-form aspects, pass before him, making music in his soul, sad or joyous as they are scenes of woe or gladness, like the notes made by the wind on the strings of an Æolian harp."

"That eagle," interrupts the painter, desirous of changing the conversation, "circling in the bright blue up there, would form a splendid feature in a picture, and would give it a thought of loneliness. Lizards inhabit ruins, and eagles are found where men are few."

We are now far out in the Campagna, where the silence is only broken by the songs of the birds and the tinkling of the bells on the distant carts. The road occasionally lies through cuttings in the red tufa rock, and at intervals we come upon portions of the old Roman pavement, formed of six-sided blocks of grayish-blue lava, worn into deep ruts by the traffic of centuries. We are upon classical ground, and we are soon made aware of our proximity to the celebrated Lake of Tartarus. A strong smell, resembling that of very old eggs, which science terms sulphureted hydrogen—though that does not make it smell more sweet—fills the surrounding air; and, as we cross a tiny bridge, we see beneath us a rapid stream of a milky whiteness that passes from the Tartarean lake across the Campagna. Leaves left in this lake soon become covered with a limy deposit which hardens, and, while the leaves decay, retains the impression of each vein and line as perfectly as a plaster-of-Paris mold. These pretty formations, foot-prints of nature's most delicate children, are gathered by

the peasants of Tivoli, and offered to the curious traveler for a small consideration. The soil around this stream is covered over with limy deposits, and the only vegetation to be seen in this desolate tract consists of hardy weeds springing up here and there in crevices where a little earth and moisture have gathered.

"That round tomb we are approaching, which seems a warlike tower with its embattled top," remarks the painter, "is the chief feature in one of the most remarkable landscapes in the world. Poussin has painted this bridge that crosses the Anio, with the tomb at the other side, and a Roman prince has placed the work in the throne-room of his palace. A painter ought to produce a great picture when he has a Prince Doria for a patron, and a palace for an exhibition-room."

"Did the Roman general, Plautius," asks our poet, "when the Emperor Claudius sent him to Britain to subdue the savage tribes of Caractacus, ever dream that his name should be more known by his grave than by his deeds? The ovation he received on his return may have satisfied his ambition; but his tomb, because it was placed in a picturesque situation, has made him celebrated throughout the world. We, the descendants of the barbarians he subdued, can well afford to admire the immortality his name acquired, and to smile at the means by which it was obtained."

"It is all very beautiful and interesting, gentlemen," says the merchant; "but when do we reach Tivoli?"

We pass by the entrance to Hadrian's Villa, leaving its wonders of nature and its great ruins to be explored on another occasion. Our way now lies up a mountain road that winds through groves of olives. What strange wild trees! Here is one with the trunk split, and rugged roots clinging to the rocky soil like the fingers of a drowning man to a saving plank. Another leans over with

a bacchanalian air, as though reeling in intoxication. The grayish-colored leaves and the scarred bark seem the gray hairs and wrinkles of old age. There is one whose vitals have been torn out, as it were a new Prometheus transformed into an olive. One may imagine that it was from such a scene as this, with the darkness of night around, that Gustave Doré drew that terrible illustration to the "Wandering Jew," where the trees seem withered old men who scornfully stretch out their long branch-arms, and point their leafy fingers at the miserable outcast; while their rugged knots and notches make faces with horrible eyes and grinning mouths, that seem to jeer at the unresting wanderer. What dreadful pictures an imaginative mind might call up in an olive-grove when illuminated by the weird and solemn moonlight! But now rays of golden glory shoot down from the joyous heavens, and away behind and beneath us

"The broad Campagna sleeps in calm repose."

Far beyond in the dim distance a faint line of light is discernible, and we know that there is the Mediterranean, the tideless sea—

"The least in compass and the first in fame ;"

while clear above all that bounds the view, whether on land or ocean, rises the mountainous dome of St. Peter's, the only visible indication of Rome.

An ancient gate-way, with the magical letters S. P. Q. T.—"The Senate and People of Tivoli"—carved on its front, opens before us. Our coachman plucks up new spirit, and we dash along at a rapid pace over the rough streets, with many a shock and jolt, frightening strayed fowls, and scattering children; while the population come out of their houses and line the streets to learn what visitors are heralded by such hubbub. Glances along the narrow streets reveal the various out-door occupations of the inhabitants: here a cobbler sitting at the entrance of a dark door-way, working

and singing; there a group of women drawing water at a fountain, some departing with their bronze vases of antique shape balanced on their heads like the daughters of the patriarchs in biblical days, others engaged in feminine gossip with loud tongues and eager gesticulations; and here we behold a crippled beggar sitting in the shade and appealing in heart-rending tones to the charity of the passers-by.

At the Hotel of the Sybil—name most ancient and appropriate—we find a smiling landlord ready to receive us, who, with kindly thought, ushers us into the dining-room. The table is prepared with magical alacrity. Wine from Orvieto is brought up in Florence flasks wrapped in a sort of basket-work, and corked with oil, which is dexterously withdrawn by means of a piece of tow. Trout from the adjoining Anio, and chickens that an hour ago, all unconscious of their fate, ran joyously about the yard, are now subjected to the vigorous knife and fork; while a variety of other productions, animal and vegetable, soon appear and disappear. The dull sound of the cascade without rings in our ears, and by its music adds a relish to our feast. Even the hard face of the merchant begins to look almost poetical under the influence of the golden Orvieto, and he talks less practically than before. Our poet becomes witty, and, if he does not actually "set the *table* in a roar," he frequently does those who surround it. The painter is retrospective, relating his early struggles with color and outline, and the difficulties he had had in depicting Tivoli, not omitting the greater difficulties he found in trying to dispose of Tivoli when depicted. In such conversation the last flask of Orvieto was drained.

When we issue from the hotel a beautiful view meets our eyes; a deep valley, whose precipitous sides are clothed with a luxuriant vegetation, opens beneath

us. A roaring water-fall dashes down the opposite side of the valley, and on our right a graceful temple of Greek workmanship rises still and lonely like a gentle soul untouched by the strife below. The silvery spray of the cascade that forms a gorgeous rainbow on the opposite rocks, and which reminds one of the motto upon old sun-dials, "I only tell the sunny hours," never reaches this imperishable treasure of antiquity, that lifts its graceful fluted pillars and carved cornice high into the azure heaven. What changes have occurred in the world round here, even in the turbulent river beneath (which has changed its course within the last fifty years), since this gem of architecture first gladdened the eyes of men. Some call it a temple of Hercules, but the more common name is the "Temple of the Sybil." It consists of a circular cell, originally surrounded by eighteen fluted Corinthian columns, ten of which still remain. On the frieze, heads of oxen, rosettes, and *patera* or sacrificial pans, are designed in alternate carvings. A high door and a window, narrowing as they ascend, break the monotony of the wall. But no description can give an adequate idea of the beauty of the whole, a beauty greatly enhanced by the loveliness of its situation. As we stood gazing with delight on this wonderful combination of nature and art, and admiring its exquisite harmony, a small, round, happy-looking individual presented himself before us, announcing himself as the guide who had conducted the Prince of Wales to the grotto beneath, and amiably offering his services to us for a like purpose. It was something to have a royal guide to watch over our uncertain steps in our downward course, and we all, with the exception of the merchant, who considered this a "dodge to extort money from us," joyfully accepted the leadership of the happy-looking man. The merchant finally submitted.

Down through a garden, into a darkened passage cut in the solid rock, where there were occasional openings through which we got a peep of the world outside, along ways made slippery by water dripping from an unknown source, in narrow paths where daylight again shone round us, did we follow our royal guide. He filled our ears with the names of princes, princesses, marquises, and dukes whom he had conducted along these same routes, until we likened him to an animated *Almanach de Gotha*. He was "hand and glove" with every personage great in European annals, and he made jokes and told stories in broken English that were irresistibly comical.

Finally, like four Dantes led by a Virgil travestied, we reached an Inferno, where the waters boiled and roared with a sad, wailing, lost-soul sound, as they were hurried down into a deep dark grotto that opened into the bosom of the earth. Irresistible in its onward course, this portion of the river had worn away the rocks into rounded descents; and the roof of the grotto was formed by the same agency into cloud-like shapes—such clouds as precede a thunder-storm. Little imagination was needed to delude us into the idea that the storm had burst, and that from the hidden bosom of these stony clouds came forth the thunder that roared around us! Here, it is said, in times of old lived the prophetic Sybil, who wrote her oracles upon the leaves and scattered them on the wind; and here her trembling votaries came to ask her counsel for their loves or hates, or their miseries and sufferings, with unholy desire to pry into the secrets of the unknown. Here also came the messengers of the great Augustus to learn what should be the fate of his empire, when, according to the legend, the Tiburtine Sybil prophesied the coming of the great king, Christ, whose successors should reign in Rome. It was a fitting home for such a dweller, and with

an Italian moon making deep shadows, and throwing brilliant lights around this gloomy spot, the imagination of the strongest would be moved to accept the secrets of the supernatural from the tall and stately figure whose voice resounded above the roar of the elements, dealing out weal or woe to her listener. Here, too, in our modern days, did Bulwer's hero, Godolphin, tell his tale of love in the ear of Lady Constance, and plight his troth.

We passed down to the brink of the valley, and stood in front of the great cascade that falls over the rocks opposite, from a height of over 300 feet. There is no sensation of the terrible felt in looking at this fall; the spectator is rather delighted by its beauty than otherwise. Enshrouded by vegetation, always green from the abundant moisture around, the picture is pretty rather than sublime.

We visited on the other side of the valley several memorable spots—the ruins of the villa of Mæcenas, the prototype of literary patrons; the remains of the home of the “lean and hungry Cassius,” the murderer of Cæsar; and that of Quintilius Varro, where Horace, the graceful poet and man about town, frequently resided. Before returning to our hotel, the Villa d'Este—to-day inhabited by the celebrated pianist and composer, Abbe Liszt—claimed our attention. It is a fine example of the style of villa in vogue a couple of centuries ago, when all that elegant and frivolous life, which furnishes such rich materials to the romance writer, was flourishing in its fullness. Long walks pass between solid high hedges, and tall cypresses grace piazzas where fountains murmur pleasantly; statues appear at intervals—the guardian spirits of these leafy shades. Artificial grottoes, with imitation stalactites, are met with occasionally, as if the rich proprietor would force unwilling nature to adorn his dwell-

ing-place. From an elevated spot in the grounds, the whole Campagna is visible, with Rome in the distance represented by its one great dome standing out darkly against the sunset sky. There is a majestic loneliness about the scene infinitely sad and touching; the great expanse of level uninhabited land seems to cut off the extreme parts of the picture.

We continued gazing at this lonely land until our guide suggested that we should depart, as we had yet one object more to examine. This was the “Hundred Fountains,” consisting of a very long trough into which a hundred fountains poured their waters. The streams were dry, however, and the trough was half filled with an unsightly mixture of mud and water. We trudged along at the base of the trough through damp clay; our merchant, whose shiny boots lay heavily on his mind, walked clean and neat on the edge of the trough. In a few seconds a loud splash and a smothered cry were heard, and, as we turned our heads, the merchant emerged from the trough, transformed into the likeness of a river-god. He had been looking at the views around, and a false step had brought him down full length into the mud, and reduced him to this complexion. From his elegant coat and his irreproachable trousers, from his tall hat and his neat cravat, the mud dripped like long icicles. He was clothed in a thick coating of bright ochre-colored clay. He was the most woful spectacle ever presented to the eyes of merry excursionists. It was impossible to keep silent; we roared with irrepressible laughter; the little guide, holding his hands on his sides, rolled about as if he were in a fit. No one would approach this unfortunate merchant; his very touch was defilement. His first expression was naturally an oath; his next, “I am done for now!” Charity, however, prevailed over mirth, and the painter, probably because

he was accustomed to the treatment of *pigments*, approached him with a tile for a strigil, and gradually scraped him down to a less brilliant color. As we passed through the streets of Tivoli to our hotel, the idlers and the children gathered out to see our transformed friend, and he was received with cheers as we went along; even the very dogs barked at him. Being out for a few days, he had only one suit of clothes, and while these were being scraped and dried, he was obliged to get into the cast-off costume of a post-boy. His appearance then was even more ludicrous than before; he seemed a boy who had outgrown his clothes many years previous. His bare arms stretched out far beyond his sleeves, and his legs came out long beneath the extremities of his pantaloons. His ill-temper and harsh words added a new element to our mirth, and as we left him

by the fire, grumbling and quarreling with the hotel waiters, we confessed to each other that though Tivoli had many beauties and charms, yet we were grateful to the merchant for the march on the brink of the "Hundred Fountains," and for the amusement we derived from that performance.

We would have loved to linger longer in the sylvan shades which surround this beautiful retreat, to drink in the romance and antiquity which poetry and art have so plentifully diffused in this home of the Muses, to feel the sentiments that the spirit of the place conjures up, and to enjoy all the delights so bountifully spread around for eye and intellect; but the merchant would brook no delay. Next morning, we returned to Rome, all delighted beyond measure with Tivoli and its associations, save our merchant.

ISABEL;

OR, THE PEATSHIP OF BREDA.

"THREE centuries back, eight thousand miles east! Why tell us such old stories, which happened far away?"

"Because the present you know well enough, and the past has a lesson."

"What lesson? I should be glad to know!"

"The lesson of a people that three centuries ago conquered its freedom, and kept it through all the turmoils of war and revolution, just as you conquered yours a century ago and kept it until now."

"What then?"

"If you accomplish what that small parcel of humanity has done, in two more centuries you will be the leading nation of the universe."

"Amen!"

The most southern province of what was during two centuries and a half the republic, and now, since half a century, the kingdom of the Netherlands, is North Brabant. Bois-le-duc and Breda are its chief strongholds. The population belongs to the Roman Catholic Church, and is a connecting link between the stern Hollanders and the more cosmopolitan Belgians.

In the eighty years' contest for freedom from Spanish tyranny, the northern provinces struggled hard to keep their dominion in North Brabant, and many were the battles which Prince Maurice of Orange fought on its extensive plains. But Bois-le-duc and Breda had early fallen into the hands of freemen, and it is the way in which Breda came to be a

stronghold of Netherlandish freedom, which is the subject of this historical sketch.

There was great rejoicing in the Golden Lion, a large and well-provided tavern, kept by Karl Voigt. I say a tavern, for in those days the modern palatial hotels were unknown, the travelers few, and the wayfarer was but too glad to find hospitality in the most humble inn. And that of Karl Voigt was among the very best; its drinking-hall was large, and when the table was spread on a festive occasion like this, the guests sitting comfortably on their high-backed chairs, wine and beer served round by watchful attendants, and Isabel, daughter of the host, superintending with dignified grace, the passers-by used to loiter and listen to the mirth and song, drop in and order a pot of beer or glass of Rhenish wine, join in the laugh, applaud the wit, and criticise the more or less political allusions.

Among the passers-by, on this occasion, was one who, by his appearance, would command respect. Of dark complexion, with heavy beard and mustache, his glistening eyes took in the merry scene; and last, not least, rested upon the stately maiden, who, with a smile somewhat sarcastic, seemed to sweep over the whole assemblage, and with the fire of lightning answer the gaze of our passer-by, who had stopped. With arms across his broad chest, he, Hans Viering, leaned against the entrance, his broad-rimmed hat with dark feather leaving little to be seen of his countenance but the sharp, quick-moving eyes; the stiletto was safe at his side, but, judging from those eyes, it would be unsafe to provoke its unsheathing. His dress was simple and much worn—somewhat of the military cut. To those who, standing near, whispered some words to him, he answered by a significant shrug of his broad shoulders; then, following the gliding steps of the pre-

siding maiden, he would now and then, with nervous grasp, twist his long mustache, as one who knew whom he watched and why he watched. Louder and louder was the talk at the festive table. Spanish was the language; now and then only was a Flemish word heard; for the guests were nearly all officers of the Spanish garrison. A few of them were natives of the southern provinces, which as yet were under Spanish dominion.

Antwerp had been captured by the royal troops—Antwerp, the stronghold of the Schelde, the second city in commercial importance to Amsterdam. The Prince of Parma had done a great thing. "Hurrah for the Prince of Parma!"

The glasses were filled and emptied, and filled again. Louder and louder became the talk; and Don José Espinal, the *comandante* of the garrison, who until now had maintained a certain presidential dignity, repeated with boisterous clamor: "Hurrah for the prince; and a thousand hurrahs for Doña Isabel!" The eyes of Hans Viering shot fire at the mention of the maiden's name; his position became erect, as it were, ready for action. The right hand left its crossed position, and rested on the stiletto. "Hurrah for Doña Isabel!" echoed the guests, some scarcely knowing what they said, some with unholy gaze fixed on the girl.

Erect she stood, a blush for an instant bringing out her darkening eyes; then she paled, and looked to the entrance door. Don José, with staggering step, arose and caught her hand. "Better thee than Antwerp," he said, and kissed her fingers. The kiss was followed by a blow, which made the *comandante* reel. The maiden crossed her arms, and looked to the entrance door again.

Hans Viering was no longer there. Already he held the *comandante* in his iron grasp, already the stiletto was lift-

ed on high, when Isabel's hand took hold of the avenging arm.

"No murder, but freedom!" she cried, with ringing voice—"freedom from the tyrants, freedom from foreign soldiers. Flee, Hans, flee! Save thyself and us."

"And so I will," answered the young man, in a husky voice. "I swear it by the Holy Virgin!"

Hans Viering disappeared, Spanish soldiers rushed in, and soon Isabel and Karl Voigt were carried off to prison.

The following day there was much talk in the little city of Breda. But the talk was in an undertone. The Golden Lion was shut up. Karl Voigt and Isabel were in prison. Hans Viering was gone, no one knew whither. The *comandante* was reticent. Voigt was accused of conniving with the Orangemen. He was to be tried on a charge of high treason.

In those days the trials were short. There were no appeals. Condemnation was usually followed by execution. Karl Voigt was condemned. Days and days went by, but no execution.

"Strange what has become of Hans Viering," said one, whose crippled arm bespoke the soldier—"strange; no one saw him since that night."

"Run away, I suppose," said another, with a sneer, "and just in time; but he left his Isabel in the lurch!"

The other lifted his only arm in a threatening way; his eye glistened with indignation. "Coward thou art, to say as much of Hans. Run away! Think-est others like thyself? Didst not see him fighting at Turnhout? No, of course not; but I saw him, thou miserable cur! I saw him fighting beside the prince; and were it not for him, the prince would have been shrouded long ago."

"Now, stop thy boasting, and let Hans alone," said the other, in lowered tones. "Dost not see the guard?"

"But what *has* become of Hans Viering?" repeated the cripple, with a sigh,

little heeding the approaching Spanish patrol.

Hans Viering was a North Brabander, in the fullest sense of the word. He had high notions of personal liberty. His features showed the Walloon blood, which gives, especially to the female population, a Roman cast—dark and determined. Though obedient to parents and parish priest, he had from early boyhood taken to the wild and roving life of the musketeer; now serving this master, now that one, as chance would have it. When on furlough, or out of actual service, he used to loiter in and around Breda, the city where his father had made a competency in the peat trade—then, as now, of great importance in a country where there is no wood, coal is scarce, and turf-lands abound. There he often was a visitor at the Golden Lion, and one of the many who admired the somewhat severe beauty of Isabel. Severe she was, indeed. Her womanly dignity was such that she moved with perfect security in the midst of the most riotous company; and the kiss which the *comandante* pressed on her hand was the first show of familiarity she had had to resent. Many had been the advances made by the gallant Don José to win the smiles of Doña Isabel, as he called her with Spanish courtesy. But Isabel, on her dignity, knew her place, and kept it so much the easier, because one occupied her thoughts who in her eyes was superior to all others.

When, on that night of reckless banqueting, the stiletto of Hans Viering was arrested by the maiden's arm, "No murder!" she exclaimed, "but freedom! Flee, Hans, flee! Save thyself and us."

"And so I will," he answered, and swore an oath which no faithful adherent to the Church would easily break.

That night he was on the road to Vlissingen, where he knew the Dutch were gathering a force. Though rough

and ready in fight, Hans Viering was prudent, and careful to keep in his possession some papers and testimonials which his many acts of trusty bravery had procured.

"Thou art the very man," said the sturdy admiral, when Hans had presented him with his credentials and explained his plan. "Thou art the very man, but it is a risky thing. So few in a garrisoned town like Breda are likely to be worsted, and then——"

"Never!" interrupted Hans—"never! Give me three hundred men, all willing, all accustomed to life in a ship, all knowing what they are about; give me two buglers of the right kind, who know their business; give me two of your best officers, who are acquainted with the city—and the flag of freedom will wave on St. Paul's, as sure as I am Hans Viering." His eyes flashed fire; thinking of Isabel, he could not bear delay.

The admiral looked with wonder at what seemed to him an extreme of patriotism; he met with almost bashfulness the resolute stare of the North Brabander. At last he said, somewhat hesitatingly, but with a positive utterance: "Very well, Lieutenant Viering, to-morrow morning the men will be ready. May God help you along!"

"The Virgin will!" cried Hans, exultingly.

"May be," said the puritanical admiral; "at all events, the men will be ready."

"Hast heard anything about Voigt?" asked Barends of one of his neighbors.

"Nothing. He is condemned; that is what they say, but they seem rather slow this time. I wonder what has become of Isabel?"

"Well, that is what puzzles me," answered Barings, in a whisper. "The jailer tells me she is not in prison. Then where can she be?"

"Humph!" said the neighbor, "she may be safe enough. You know, the *comandante* was after her."

"Poor girl!" said Barings, "that might explain the whole thing. Court the daughter and hang the father would be rather rough."

"Well, let it be. I wish the saints would deliver us from these Spanish scoundrels. They cross themselves and come to mass, but they are a hard set to deal with. They even come and take provisions from my store, give me a scrap of paper, and that is all; the money I never see. And soon I shall be out of bread, and out of peat to heat the oven. What are we coming to!"

"Well, as for that," said Barings, "I have just heard that there is a large peatship in port, consigned to Viering."

"To Viering? Why, I did not know he had anything more to do with peat."

"Nor do I; but he is shrewd, and may be he'll sell at a high price—not a bad speculation just now."

Yes; peat had become very scarce, and the arrival of a large cargo created quite an excitement. When the baker came to Viering, in time as he hoped to make a bargain, he found the whole cargo had been bought already.

"But, wait till to-morrow," said Viering; "may be I can spare you some. It is a very large load; indeed, I never saw such a heavily laden ship. They had some difficulty to get it through the bridges; but it is safe now. Come early to-morrow, and I'll try to save you something."

Narrow and few are the streets of Breda. One or two canals run through them—the chief means of communication with the outside world. The largest runs near the Broad Street, where Viering had his dwelling.

"Had a great deal of trouble to get through the lines," said the heavy-bearded skipper to the crowd round him.

"They want to starve us out of fuel; they know they can not out of flour and meal. But then, to make bread, we want fuel to light the oven — eh, Viering?"

The skipper grinned; the peat-merchant grinned.

"Wonder how you got her through the bridge!" said one of the crowd. "Never saw such a load! About double the usual size. Is that your dog, Skipper?" A noise was heard far below in the vessel, something like the barking of a dog. It ceased, then began again.

"Yes; that's Poker," said the skipper, jumping on board. "I must look after him."

"Come, boys," said Viering—"come away. I hear the patrol, and you know it's unpleasant in the guard-house. So come home—quick!"

The crowd dispersed, but Viering contrived to jump on board, and disappeared, while the patrol passed, with the monotonous tramp of a night-watch. When it was out of hearing, the cabin-door opened, and out came Hans Viering, with sword and musket.

"High time," he said, in a low voice, to the skipper, while shaking hands with his old father—"high time; the men can not stand it longer—impossible."

"Just in time," answered the old man. "The patrol has just passed. Go ahead, my brave Hans; and may God be with you!"

At a given signal, armed men came, one by one, out of the cabin-door,* and, in deepest silence, ranged themselves along the quay. They formed three

companies of a hundred men each; two were commanded by officers of Viering's choice, and had their bugles; the third remained under command of Viering himself, and carried the Orange flag. The officers seemed to know what they were about. One company followed the road of the patrol, another a more direct street to the market-place, the third was ready to move as soon as Hans gave the word. A few minutes, and a bugle-call roused the inhabitants. The first company soon overtook the patrol, and made short work of it. On they marched, sounding the favorite march, *Wilhelmus van Nassauen*, and shouting "Hurrah for Prince Maurice!"

There was a sound of bugles and drums in the castle. Thither Hans ordered his men to go quietly, without shouting. They were veterans, and knew how to obey orders. But the excitement was great, and what they could not do in shouting they did in marching. They arrived when the whole garrison, some five or six hundred men, had left. They entered, took possession, raised the flag, left a guard, and, with the ardor of veterans, fell on the rear of the garrison. At the same time the two other companies had arrived, and now a hand-to-hand fight began, wherein the garrison, taken by surprise, not knowing where to turn, was worsted, and soon threw down its arms. Only one group of veteran soldiers refused to surrender. "*Por el Rey!*" shouted a sonorous voice in their midst, while doing good work with a bright blade of Toledo. "*Por el Rey!*" he cried again, as a bullet struck him down.

But when the leader fell all surrendered, and there was an end of bloodshed. Don José Espinal was surrounded by friend and foe. Hans Viering forgot all about the kiss pressed on Isabel's hand. "Take him safely to his quarters," he said to one of the officers; "call Doctor Relmsma; he lives in Broad Street, near

*For those who may have seen a loaded peat-ship in Holland, it is easy to understand how so many soldiers could be hidden in a small vessel without being suspected. Peat is a very light material, cut in blocks of eight by four inches. The vessels wherein it is carried are flat-bottomed, and the light cargo is piled up eight, ten, or more feet above the deck. A sham wall and cover of peat could thus easily give room, in the lower and upper deck, for a large number of men.

the Carmelites. Quick! do as I say. Save his life. Quick!"

Hans had the power of commanding, a power possessed by few—a magnetic power which makes others work with a will, just because "he said so." An hour thereafter, all was quiet in Breda—the dead ready for burial, the wounded cared for. And when the morning sun rose, its first rays struck the flag of liberty on the spire of St. Paul's.

It was to be the last sun for Don José Espinal. The Spanish *medico* fully agreed with Doctor Relmsma that the case was hopeless. The young *comandante* had just returned to consciousness. He looked round as one who wakes from a dream. It took some time before he realized all. But when Hans Vierung entered the room and stood before him with downcast look, as one who said a prayer, the eyes of the young Spaniard gleamed with fire.

"*Perro del diablo!*" he said, gnashing his teeth; "what dost *thou* want?"

Hans kept silence. He felt for the vanquished foe, who, after all, had done his soldier's duty. At last he said, in an almost beseeching tone, "Where is Isabel?"

Don José looked long at him. There was a conflict in his bosom—a conflict, not as bloody, but as severe as the one in which he got his death-wound.

Hans repeated, in a more beseeching manner, "As a *caballero*, I ask thee, where is Isabel?"

Don José was silent. His eyes remained staring at Hans Vierung. Then they closed as in sleep; his outstretched hand fell on his breast. The physicians approached, felt the pulse, stood a moment thoughtful, then, turning to the by-standers, Doctor Relmsma said: "Keep very quiet. He will wake again, but then keep quiet; his young life struggles hard against the end, which is sure to come. You had better have Father Antoine in readiness."

The sunbeams began to shine through the narrow windows, and cast a glimmer on the handsome face of Don José. The eyes opened, the dying man heaved a sigh as one who wakes out of a dream. "*Caballero*," he said, and the words came out softly as in a whisper—"caballero I am, always was; is it not so, Isabel?" He looked round, as if in search of some one. His eyes met Hans Vierung, standing immovable, with waiting look. "Call her," he said.

"Where—where?" asked Hans, with nervous excitement grasping his hand. "I pray thee, *caballero*, where?"

Don José did not withdraw his hand, but said: "Hast seen the father?"

"I have," answered Hans. "But where is Isabel?"

"Ah, yes!" faintly whispered Don José, "the promise—the promise!"

There was a few moments' silence in that room. Father Antoine came in and knelt down near the dying man, bending so as to hear his slightest whisper. Few were the words which he caught, but all at once he rose, and went out of the room. The by-standers were amazed. The physicians felt the pulse again. Don José smiled faintly. "Not yet—not yet," he said, and turned his weary-looking face toward the entrance.

Thus he remained for almost a quarter of an hour, always looking, sometimes smiling, now and then casting a glance at Vierung, who seemed to feel that something was coming to solve the riddle. At last the door opened, and Father Antoine entered, leading by the hand a woman whose features were hidden by a white veil. She wore the dress of a novice in the convent of St. Ann. They both stood before the bed of death. The priest lifted the veil, and Hans exclaimed—almost shrieking—"Isabel! Isabel!"

Yes, there she stood—the noble maiden—slightly trembling, but with eyes full

of pity meeting the gaze of Don José. At the sight of her he seemed to revive—to take in breath of life, when beholding her whom he really loved.

“Doña Isabel,” said Father Antoine, “repeat the promise which thou wast made to swear to save thy father’s life.”

There was a pause. The maiden at last said, with trembling voice, “That I should not leave the convent, nor make known my retreat, as long as my father lived.”

“Dost thou, Don José, relieve her of this promise?”

“I do,” he said, “and beg thy pray-

ers, that I may be forgiven this abuse of my authority.” After a pause, he added: “Indeed, I loved thee, and wished to keep thee safe, and did all I could to delay thy father’s execution. As a *caballero*, I have loved thee; as a *caballero*, I give thee to him who deserves thee. May I kiss thy hand once more, Doña Isabel?” he added, with a faint smile.

Isabel gave him her hand, and pressed a parting kiss on the dying soldier’s forehead. It was a parting kiss, indeed, for Don José Espinal was gone—dead, a *caballero*.

ONCE.

No matter when: enough that moon and stars
Shone as they shine to-night!
That tales of desolation and of wars,
Of struggle and of blight—
Like the low mutterings of a troubled dream,
Casting no shadow on the morning light—
Glanced o’er my soul and thine.
The music of the pine,
The subtile gliding stream,
A deeper impress left upon our hearts.
The murm’ring song fell soothing on our ears;
The silver stream with beauty charmed our eyes;
And so we bade the tales of shields and darts,
With all their train of agony and tears,
Go to the winds, and leave us golden skies,
And brooks, and stretching hills, and “lover’s leaps,”
With bold and rugged steeps,
And all the glamour of enchanting scenes;
For thou and I were midway in our teens!

“Once!” Breathe it softly—softly, O my heart!
And thou, my waiting one—
My unforgotten wheresoe’er thou art,
My soul’s unfading sun,
My guiding light beneath the storms and clouds,
My solace when the woods and hills are lone
And the dark pine breathes out its saddening moan,
And when the night the misty mountain shrouds—
Breathe it still gently, wheresoe’er thou art,
Strength of my fainting heart!

"Once!" Stop, O wheels of time, upon the word!
 Gather it in a knot of silken blue;
 Bind it all fondly with a nuptial cord
 Unto the widowed present. Bear it through
 All change, all chance. Love! dear Love! hold it fast—
 Let it no more be wedded to the past;
 That so two hearts, through all life's blotted scenes,
 May ever tarry midway in their teens.

GLIMPSE AT A CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THOUGH the commercial transactions between California and the Central American States are by no means inconsiderable, and the trade between the two countries is extending year by year, but little general information respecting these republics is possessed by persons otherwise tolerably informed. Their political history is known to few, and, as regards Guatemala, the largest and most populous of these five states, perhaps fewer particulars than even the scanty news of the other portions of Central America have, up to within the last two years, been made public. This is owing to the fact that this state, having been under the same government and unagitated by revolutionary commotion for a period of thirty years, no events attracting much attention have taken place within its territory during that time. In 1871, however, the Conservative Government of Guatemala, which had for more than a quarter of a century maintained itself in power, was overthrown by revolution; and in the latter part of that year, and during 1872, the Roman Catholic orders of the Jesuits, Capuchins, Dominicans, and San Franciscans were expelled the republic, the archbishop was deposed and hurried under an armed escort out of the country, and startling reforms of a

most liberal tendency were passed in rapid succession.

As it may be a subject not uninteresting to our readers, we propose to give in the following article a brief outline of the history of this republic, and a short sketch of the immediate events which led to this blow against the Roman Catholic religion.

When the provinces comprised in that portion of the immense possessions of Spain in the western world which constituted the viceroyalty of Guatemala followed the example of their southern sister colonies, threw off their allegiance to the mother country, and declared their independence in 1821, it was the hope of those leaders in that movement who were truly patriotic, to establish, with the United States as their model, a confederate republic out of the five departments of Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. This indeed was actually accomplished, and in the year 1824 the Central American Republic sprung into existence. Short, however, and bloody was the career to which it was born. The scheme, though well-intended, was impracticable, and proved a sad and deplorable failure. Spanish pride and ambition rendered agreement and unity impossible. No sooner had the infant confederation

sprung into being, than party jealousy and the dire effect of the antagonism of cliques and opposing family interests displayed their destructive power, and ere long overthrew it. Each state was a jealous rival of the other, while an equally bitter rivalry reigned even among the leading members of each separate state. Each state was uncompromisingly desirous that one of its own citizens should occupy the presidential chair of the union, and, consequently, exerted all possible opposition to the election of any other than its own nominee. It was soon evident that ambition and not patriotism had been with most the main-spring to the active part they had taken in the assumption of independence—that personal interest and aggrandizement, and not the elevation of their country to a higher condition of liberty, had been their object. The result was that civil war almost immediately broke out; and the next nineteen years, during which the republic dragged on its feeble life, constituted a period in which the two great rival factions, the “*Serviles*” and “*Liberales*” battled with each other for supremacy. In vain patriots, chief among whom was Morazan, endeavored to hold together this ill-built fabric of union. The materials of which it was constructed rendered every effort futile. State made war against state, and state after state declared its own national sovereignty and revolted from the union, till this existed in name only.

Amid the chaos of this disorder two elements maintained a definite form and definite action—the bitterly antagonistic factions above-mentioned—the Conservatives and Liberals: the one party contending for the establishment of a government which, if rightly named, would be classified as a despotic oligarchy; the other striving, professedly at least, for republican freedom in its legitimate sense. In no part of Central America did these two opposing factions exhibit

more fiercely their animosity to each other than in Guatemala. With fluctuating success each side in turn obtained the supreme power, and each side in the moment of its triumph dealt hardly with the other. It was during the period that the Liberals had gained the upper-hand, under the able conduct of their champion and leader, Morazan, that the first severe blow was struck at the priesthood and the religious institutions of Guatemala. In the year 1829 the archbishop and all members of the Capuchin, San Franciscan, and Dominican orders were expelled the country, the nunneries were thrown open, and in 1832 the Roman Catholic religion was declared to be no longer the religion of the state, and the tolerance of all forms of worship was proclaimed.

After useless attempts on the part of Guatemala to coerce the revolted states and maintain the confederacy, the project fell to the ground. In the year 1841 no semblance of it longer existed, and Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica recognized each other as separate and independent republics.

During the latter years of the protracted and sanguinary contest that was carried on between the Conservatives and Liberals, and while the union still existed, a third party, or rather person, connected with neither faction, was gradually gaining possession of the supreme power in Guatemala. This was no other than Rafael Carrera, the future president, or rather dictator, of that state.

More than half Indian by blood, of undaunted bravery and intense ambition, possessing not even the rudiments of education, but a man gifted with extraordinary acuteness, intuitive perception, and natural intelligence, he began his public career by a kind of insurgent guerrilla warfare, which he seems to have waged indiscriminately against the ruling powers whatever was their polit-

ical creed. Afterward, aided by the priesthood in the extremity of their fear of the Liberal party, he persuaded the Indian population of the south-eastern districts of the state that he would recover for them the sovereignty of their country and restore to them their ancient rights and liberty. By raising this standard and rallying-cry, he soon became an object of adoration with them, and a source of dread to the feeble and varying government. Though at first he was repeatedly defeated, and, at times, reduced to the utmost extremities, he never found himself without followers, and his summons to the field, when a favorable occasion offered, was ever eagerly responded to by his faithful brother Indians. Slowly yet surely he fought his way up, through extraordinary vicissitudes, to the highest success: one day at the head of an army threatening the capital; another, utterly routed, his forces dispersed, and himself a fugitive with a handful of followers in the trackless mountain ranges. Later on, after passing among these fastnesses weeks or months of exposure to drenching rains and the keen cold of their high altitude, he would again suddenly make his appearance where he was least expected, at the head of a formidable band, carrying terror wherever he went. Twice in his eventful career he entered the city of Guatemala with his half-savage hordes, causing the utmost consternation, and making the inhabitants pay large sums of money to his Indians. Such was the man whose destiny it was to put an end for a period of many years to the struggle between Conservatives and Liberals.

In the year 1839, when all was disorder and mismanagement within, he appeared for the third time before the capital with 5,000 men, summoned by the Conservatives to their aid. His strength was irresistible; the authorities, powerless to offer opposition to him, had no alternative other than submission. He

soon made it evident that he had no intention of yielding up the power he had won. From the day upon which he made his third entry into the city until the day of his death, he was virtually dictator of the republic. When shortly afterward, Morazan, with a greatly inferior force, in the desperation of forlorn hope, struck his final blow, Carrera easily defeated him, and was, only a short time after this, made president for the constitutional period, four years. When that term had expired he caused himself to be elected to the office for life.

Though he attached himself to the Conservatives' cause, and filled all the high offices of the state from their ranks, this party's victory over their opponents was bereft of its sweetness by their having themselves to submit to the dictates of the man by whose arms victory had been gained. Instead of seeing one of their own number—descendants, as they were, of noble Spanish families—directing the state, they saw with humiliation an Indian, who could not read the alphabet, their dictator and master.

Aided in his early career by the priesthood, Carrera restored to the clergy their former privileges and position; and though he was too resolute and determined a man to be guided entirely by them or by the Conservatives, their political slaves and supporters, yet they doubtless influenced to a considerable extent his headstrong and energetic measures.

In 1865 Carrera died, and Don Vicente Cerna, a brave soldier and able general—though, as the result has proved, not gifted with those high governing faculties which his predecessor possessed and which were necessary to maintain him in his position—was placed in the presidential chair by the Conservatives, who now seemed firmly established as the rulers of the country. Bereft, however, of Carrera's support and the overawing control which he exercised over their

enemies, it was not long before omens of trouble and danger appeared on the political horizon. Cerna's term of office had not yet expired before insurrectionary movements were set on foot. The Liberal party, though repressed for a course of years, had not been subdued. An insurgent band under the leadership of one Barrios, appeared in the northern districts of the state. This uprising was suppressed and Barrios executed. His followers, however, soon found another chief in the person of Serapio Cruz, a man who, though corpulent almost to an extreme, possessed unflagging energy and wonderful personal strength and activity. Cruz, from his intimate knowledge of the mountain by-paths and retreats, long harassed the government and kept it in continual exertion and alarm. Attacking in advantageous positions the forces sent from time to time into remote localities against him, he inflicted much loss while suffering little or none himself. When unable to cope with the enemy he would retire to inaccessible spots, from which he made descents upon the *aguardiente* establishments scattered throughout the country, destroying the distilleries and doing as much damage as possible to the company's property; nor did he hesitate to shoot those persons who, obnoxious and dangerous to his cause, were unlucky enough to fall into his hands.

The monopoly of *aguardiente*, sold by the government to private individuals, and forming an important source of revenue to the State, has ever been held in detestation by the Indian population, the chief consumers of this liquor; consequently, promises of the overthrow of this system have always been particularly gratifying to them, and the cry of "Down with the Aguardiente Company," raised by any popular man, insures him staunch and ready followers. Carrera well knew how to use this watch-word

in his earlier insurrectionary proceedings, and this was the first rallying-cry of Barrios and Cruz.

While Cruz was thus, in the distant corners of the republic, openly in arms, the government had to contend with a more serious foe in the capital itself. In the legislative chamber, the opposition party was waxing stronger and stronger, and began to express their opinions with a boldness not known since the time of Morazan. Fearlessly led by Don Miguel Garcia Granados, who never hesitated to denounce the proceedings of the ministers whenever opportunity offered, its numbers increased until its seats were nearly as well filled as those of the Conservatives.

Cerna's term of office had nearly expired, when he was again brought forward by his party as a candidate for the presidency for another period. The opposition now felt itself sufficiently strong to bring forward (more as an expression of defiance than with any real expectation of success) a candidate of their own nomination. General Victor Zavala, who enjoyed great popularity with the army, was its nominee. Though, as was foreseen, Zavala was defeated by a decided majority, yet the contest was in itself ominous of coming events; for it was borne in mind that the electors had obtained their seats though the influence of the existing government—which, though called republican, was neither more nor less than an oligarchy—and yet a large body of these electors had voted for the Liberal candidate.

On the day of President Cerna's second installation, the city of Guatemala was in a state of the greatest excitement; rumors of a revolution were current among all classes. When night approached, pickets were placed at the corners of all the principal thoroughfares; the guards at the residence of the president and at the government buildings

were doubled; at the different barracks the men were kept under arms, and sentinels posted at every available spot. As the darkness increased, cries of "*Viva Zavala!*" resounded through the streets, and large numbers of his adherents flocked to his house, calling upon him to put himself at their head and lead them to the attack. Shots were fired, and several persons were wounded; one young enthusiast was killed by the soldiery in the Plaza del Teatro. General Zavala, however, was too wise and too humane to encourage this wild demonstration. He knew that his competitor's fall was not yet to be, and convinced that the attempt would only end in useless bloodshed, firmly refused to leave his house. Yet his prudence on this occasion caused him to be afterward less warmly regarded by many of his more hot-headed and unreflecting friends.

The following day the agitation had subsided, but this near escape from insurrection in the city left the public mind in a state of great inquietude and tremor. Cerna's victory brought him no peace. His ministers met with the most strenuous opposition. In the chamber Granados kept denouncing in louder and louder accents the measures of the government, and day by day more boldly proclaiming the principles and antagonism of his party, until his language became menacing and alarming. A large proportion of the middle-class citizens of the capital and of many of the principal towns of the state were known to side with him. The army, too, was becoming affected by the leaven of the Liberals. No confidence could be placed in many of the superior officers, nor, consequently, in any under them. The state was burdened with debt, both internal and foreign, while the exchequer was empty; and, to crown all, Serapio Cruz's movements on the north-western frontier were daily gaining strength.

Aided with money supplied him by the Liberals of the capital, and timely informed by his ubiquitous Indian friends of every advance made by the government against him, he was enabled to furnish his followers with arms, and baffle all attempts to capture himself.

At this juncture (in 1869), the government had effected a new loan in London, and for a few months was able to make head against the opposing tide. All internal debts were paid up, the arrears due the army and civil officials were settled, and funds once more existed in the treasury.

Early in 1870 a series of events occurred, which at the time seemed to have crushed the opposition party and to have established the Conservatives once for all securely in their seats. During the latter months of 1869, Cruz had been unusually active and successful. He was now at the head of 700 or 1,000 men, and was ably supported by his second in command, Don Rufino Barrios, a man almost his equal in the qualities necessary to the conduct of such warfare. He had come into collision with the government troops on various occasions, not without success, and in the autumn of this year had attacked the important town of Huehuetenango, where a considerable force was stationed. Though repulsed on this occasion, his loss was insignificant, and he succeeded in burning a large portion of the town.

In December, 1869, he approached the vicinity of the capital itself, ever evading by the rapidity of his movements the forces sent against him—one day close to the city, another day far distant from it, no one knew where. On Saturday, the 13th of January, 1870, within the capital, to the uninitiated, all seemed peace. But there was no peace; beneath the calm aspect of the place a fire was smoldering which, had not Cruz at the most critical moment of his life and cause relaxed his vigilance, would have

burst out in violence on the morrow. The few who were well informed knew that the plans of the opposition were ripe for revolution, and that in the morning Cruz was expected to march into the city and support an insurrection which was to break out as soon as he appeared. In the early hours of Sunday, an excitement was noticeable in the city. As the hours passed on, the excitement gave way to agitation, and vague rumors about Cruz and impending revolution got afloat. Before noon it was whispered about that, on the road leading from the eastern gate and at no great distance from the city, a severe engagement had taken place that day. Soon afterward a report got wing that Cruz had been defeated and slain; and later, in the afternoon, it became known to the startled inhabitants and his panic-stricken partisans that *his head* was coming into the city. Crowds now congregated in the streets that commanded a view of the eastern road, and ere long a line of foot soldiers and mounted men was seen descending the mountain slope that lies about a league from Guatemala—a detachment of the victorious troops bringing into the capital the head of the man who, it had been confidently expected by a large portion of the people, would at that hour be in command of the city. The troops marched slowly along the thoroughfares, through dense throngs, to the hospital. In the centre of their array, a squalid Indian bore aloft on his uncovered head the hideous trophy, turning its dust-soiled face from side to side, that all might see the death-stricken countenance, the lank black hair, and the gory neck with its protruding bone and sinews and gaping arteries. The head was exposed at the gate of the hospital. A photograph was taken of it next day by a speculative artist, and copies of it sold in Guatemala for four *reales* (fifty cents) each.

The particulars connected with Cruz's

defeat and death are as follow: While the government believed him to be in a distant province of the republic, eluding the forces in pursuit of him by a rapid and secret march across the mountains, he entered on the Saturday above mentioned the small town of Palencia, about three leagues to the east of the capital. Here, confident that his whereabouts was unknown to all whom he need fear, equally certain of the faithfulness of the people of the town, with the intention of marching directly to the capital at early day-break upon the following morning, he neglected to send forward outlying scouts—who might have apprised him of approaching danger in time—and devoted the few hours that remained to him before the commencement of his undertaking to the rest and refreshment of his forces. Not that tutelary religious exercises were neglected. He and his followers devoutly attended high mass, which he had caused to be specially celebrated in the church at Palencia for the occasion. Late that night, however, information of Cruz's exact position was brought to the government by one of its scouts. At midnight an overwhelming force, composed of the Santa Rosa Indians, alike devoted to the president and hostile to Cruz's Indians, was marching secretly out of the city to Palencia. It was commanded by an officer whose faithfulness could not even be called in question—a native citizen, moreover, of Santa Rosa. Cruz was surrounded before he had begun preparations for his own meditated march. The attack began before daylight, and, though he maintained a desperate fight for two hours behind the adobe walls of a large corral, from the first his case was hopeless. Escape was his only chance. At no great distance from the position he occupied a deep gully extended, grown up with trees and thick under-wood; if he could once reach this cover, his extraordinary activity

would insure his own safety at least, and his final effort was made in this direction. A desperate rush carried him and his remaining men to the edge of the ravine, and he had already succeeded in making his way down half the steep descent when a shot struck him in the thigh and broke his leg. Quarter was neither asked nor given, and he was slain fighting fiercely to the last. The pursuit of his routed troops was unremittingly carried on during that and several following days, and numbers were killed in the surrounding ravines, or captured and shot.

Gloom now settled upon the ranks of the Liberals. All for the time being was lost. Correspondence had been intercepted or information gained which implicated their leaders in Cruz's insurrection. The arrest of these was at once determined upon, but with one or two exceptions they either fled from the country or hid themselves. Don José Maria Samayoa, the most opulent among them, after being incarcerated for some time, was banished the state, but his property was not touched. Granados, after lying concealed for a length of time within the capital itself, was ultimately discovered and compelled to leave his place of retreat. He was allowed to go out of the country on parole not to return to it under a penalty of the forfeiture of a bond for ten thousand dollars, which he was made to sign, and for the payment of which, in case he broke his word, members of his family made themselves responsible. Not a single execution stained the triumph of the government, nor was any of the property of their crushed enemies confiscated.

The clemency and moderation with which, in this hour of triumph, the victors dealt with their opponents, is highly praiseworthy. This leniency was, however, condemned by many of their adherents, and the charge of weakness was laid against them for adopting the

mild course they pursued. Whether it was that they really feared that extreme measures would rouse up to a desperate and deadly struggle the defeated Liberals, or that they felt secure and unassailable after their late victory, one fact is certain, the liberation of their bitterest opponents insured and hastened their own fall.

For a brief interval the harassed Conservatives had rest. But the campaigns against Cruz had been costly; the necessity of keeping on foot an army of little less dimensions than required in time of war had been a great drain upon the resources of the nation, and at the close of the year the treasury was again empty. The mortgages on the custom-house and other duties having, however, been taken up, the government was for the first time for many years in the full receipt of the estimated revenue, and had no other calls to meet except the half-yearly payment of the interest and installment of principal connected with its foreign debt. Its position during the year that followed the banishment of Granados did not by any means appear hopeless, and had it set itself energetically to the task of putting in order the disorganized machinery of society, judiciously introduced certain reforms of paramount necessity, and at the same time cautiously provided against future emergencies by placing the army on a better footing both as regards its organization and warlike equipments, it is even yet doubtful whether they would not have come out successful in the struggle which resulted in their overthrow. But the year was passed in fatal inaction, and blindness to the quicksand on which they trod seemed to have fallen upon their perceptions. No attempt was made to ameliorate the general condition of affairs, no steps taken to pacify and win over the discontented, and the unwilling soldiers even marched to battle still carrying their old muzzle-loading

muskets, though months before it was well known that Granados had obtained a supply of breech-loading rifles, and Cerna had had ample time to provide his troops with the same effective weapon.

Early in 1871 omens of the coming storm appeared. The Liberals in Salvador, aided by Medina, the president of Honduras, had overthrown Dueñas, the president of the former republic. Medina, blindly ambitious of making himself dictator of the three states, Honduras, Salvador, and Guatemala, had doubtless been cajoled by them and induced to espouse their cause. Granados, who on his departure from Guatemala had made Chiapas, a province of Mexico, his retreat, was in the meantime organizing an invading force on the very frontier. There is little doubt that his movements and those of the Liberals of Salvador were in concert, and that had his enterprise not met with the success it did, he would have received assistance from that state.

No sooner had the contest in Salvador been decided, than Granados proceeded to carry into execution his well-formed plan, and invaded the Guatemalan territory. Here, joined by Rufino Barrios, who on the defeat of Cruz had retired into Mexico, he was soon at the head of a formidable body of men. An uninterrupted series of victories attended his march from Mexican ground to Guatemala city. The forces sent against him at first, opposed but little resistance. Pressed into the service and disaffected, in dread of the enemy's superior weapons, led by officers lukewarm if not faithless to the cause of the government, they fled at the first onset, needlessly and purposely throwing away their arms in their flight. It was evident that a great effort had to be made, and Cerna, all confidence in his generals being gone, took the field in person. He put himself at the head of all the forces that could be spared from the capital, a

large proportion of which were his faithful regiments of Santa Rosa and Chiquimula Indians—as devoted to him as they had been in former days to his predecessor Carrera—and marched to join his discomfited troops; but he was in no condition to cope with the enemy, nor can he have been aware to what an extent he was being deserted by his officers, both those in the field and those left in charge of the military affairs in Guatemala. His funds and supplies were intercepted, his men in great part demoralized and afraid to face the breech-loaders of the enemy, and many of his ammunition-wagons were loaded, it is said, with bags of charcoal and brick-dust instead of gunpowder. Disaster followed disaster. Five battles were fought, and in one, and one only, had he a chance of victory. By a successful strategical movement, at early dawn one morning he surprised the enemy in the hills between Tolonicapan and Quetzaltenango, which towns had already declared for Granados, and out-flanked them. For some time the fight was well maintained, but the bravery of Cerna's Indians prevailed, and the Quetzaltenangans were in full retreat, when Rufino Barrios came up with a strong body of his best-armed troops and restored the battle. At this critical moment, when all depended upon his coolness and skill, Cerna was no longer capable of commanding. It is said that a cup of coffee which he had taken before the action began had been drugged. His men shrunk from the deadly fire of the reinforcement, and a total rout ensued. His friends hurried him from the field, and a rapid retreat began. At Chimaltenango, between Quetzaltenango and Guatemala, he attempted to fortify himself, but with no success. His last stand was made near San Lucas, on the heights between Mixco and Antigua, and then all was lost. Knowing too well that he had nothing to hope for in the capital, he fled

to Chiquimula with a few faithful followers. Here the Indians thronged around him, declared their readiness to maintain his cause, and implored him to lead them to the field. But the bitter experience of the last short month, and

his better knowledge of the position of affairs, told him that the effort would only bring upon them calamity and disaster; he wisely counseled them to submit to the party in power, and proceeded on his flight to Honduras.

GOLD-HUNTING ON QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLAND.

LATE in February, 1852, a weather-beaten Scotch sailor, named Jack McLean, reached San Francisco from the North Pacific, and reported the discovery of gold mines of unlimited extent and marvelous richness on Queen Charlotte's Island. Jack was an honest-looking tar, a little fond of his grog at times, but, whether drunk or sober, his statements always tallied; and as he offered to guide a party to the new discovery, his story found many believers. Indeed, it was a very plausible one. He had been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, he said, and while in Englefield Harbor, on the west coast of the island, on a trading expedition, a seam of gold-bearing quartz was found that surpassed in richness anything ever heard of in California. While working the ledge, the eager haste and care with which the Hudson's Bay men gathered up the smallest particles of the precious metal excited the jealousy and suspicion of the Indians, who were numerous, and, thanks to the Hudson's Bay Company itself, well armed and supplied with ammunition. Without knowing, perhaps, the actual value of the prize for which they contended, the natives would rush to the ledge and struggle with the workers for the possession of every piece of quartz that was thrown out by the blasts. Becoming bolder at last, and no doubt satisfied that the Whites had found something of extreme value to them, and for which any quantity of blankets

and arms might be extorted, they finally drove the Hudson's Bay men from the island. On the voyage down Queen Charlotte's Sound, McLean's party were wrecked, and being rescued from a very perilous situation by an American trader, were brought to Victoria, from which point Jack pushed for San Francisco to tell us of a land where ancient Midas must have dwelt, and to which Ophir or California were but poverty-stricken and barren places. Jack backed his assertions with small specimens of gold-bearing quartz of extraordinary richness that he had secreted, and, as he only asked the privilege of returning, offering his services as guide and pilot gratuitously, we believed him.

This is why sixty-five of us, mostly Americans, found ourselves on board the little brig *Tepic*, on the 29th day of March, 1852, and fairly out on the broad Pacific, *en route* for the new El Dorado. A few hours before, we had been mingling with the restless, unquiet life of San Francisco, pushing, and crowding, and jostling among its feverish population in the wild chase after fortune; but, reckless as that life was, it was entirely too tame and plodding for us, and we despised it. Others might engage in the ignoble buying and selling of merchandise. Those we left behind might plod along in the slow, dull ruts of trade; they might build great warehouses, banks, and palaces; send ships to the far ends of the earth; grow rich and be-

come gray-bearded together; but we, who were going where tons and tons of gold lay inviting us to scoop it up, would soon return and buy them all. This was our dream of youth, and, like the vision of Alnaschar, it made us happy for the time being at least. The low green hills of Contra Costa, richer than all the mines in which the pick was ringing, lay behind us enveloped in a mellow hazy light, the afternoon sun playing hide-and-seek among them, weaving a tangled web of light and shadow, beautiful and inviting as dream-land; but our eyes were in another direction. The long swell of the Pacific rolled up to the Golden Gate, just as it had rolled at the feet of Drake and Viscaino centuries ago, and as it broke and fretted against the rock-ribbed portals, it seemed to say: "Return, for wealth lies behind you;" but our ears were caught by a far-away syren's song. Many of us had listened to such delusive notes years before. We had chased fortune in the Sierra, and over those same green hills that lay so invitingly now. We had carried our blankets and prospecting tools from the Mariposa to the Trinity, and turned away discouraged; for, in the vernacular of the "early days," the Californian mines had "given out." We had rushed frantically to "Gold Lake," only to find it a myth and a cruel imposition on mining credulity. We had sailed with buck-skin bags of the largest dimensions to the "Gold Beach" north of Trinidad, expecting to return millionaires, only to find that the precious sands had been swept away by the last receding tide. Nothing daunted, we were again pursuing another shadow; but this time we felt sure that we should corner the fickle jade at last on that golden island of the North Pacific.

With a hearty cheer for the pilot, as the old salt slid over the side, and a half-reluctant, lingering glance at the green hills of California, we bid both

good-by, and with a fresh breeze and bellying sails our little brig was headed for the north-west. Our voyage was not by any means a monotonous one. We had a pompous little captain, named Lortt, a splendid smooth-water sailor, who had been in the West India trade; fond of rum and molasses, good natured as a porpoise, and timid as a woman when the wind whistled louder than usual. He was a jolly little soul, however, unlike the generality of his class very attentive to the comfort of his passengers, and we liked him. We were essentially a cosmopolitan crowd, representing nearly all portions of the globe, but the American element greatly predominated. Among us went custom-house officers, discharged at the last election; gentlemen of leisure, anxious to replenish their shrinking exchequers; sea-captains tired of the sea, making just one more voyage; gamblers out of favor with the blind goddess; clerks out of employment; miners out of luck, hoping for a strike: and, with that peculiar *abandon* and unreserve so marked among us Western people, we were soon all acquainted with each other and our past experiences.

Jack McLean was the central figure of the expedition, and he took advantage of his newly acquired importance. Before embarking he had warned us to go well armed, as the Indians might be troublesome, and there were but few of us not supplied with a rifle and six-shooter. Now that we were fairly out at sea, Jack seemed to take a melancholy sort of pleasure in informing us that we were going among cannibals of unusual ferocity, who would skin us alive and eat us without cooking if they got half a chance. Our little captain was seriously alarmed. When five days out, he appeared on deck arrayed in a gorgeous naval suit, with tin buttons and brass epaulets of extraordinary dimensions; called all hands, organized us into for-

ward-guards and after-guards, and assured us that he would stay by the ship like a man, especially if the savages staid on shore. We rather liked the fun, as it cost nothing. The *Tepic* was armed with four nine-pounders and four swivels, and as gun-practice was new to us we indulged in it freely. The captain was more than satisfied, and perceiving a new source of apprehension, locked up the remaining supply of ammunition for possible emergencies. On the eleventh day of the passage we caught a glimpse of the "promised land." It was Cape St. James, the southern extremity of the island, a low bluff point, against which the breakers were dashing angrily, rising rapidly northward to dark and heavily wooded mountains—rugged and forbidding. A splendid breeze, such as sailors love, was blowing off shore. The white caps glittered over the fretting sea far as the eye could reach, and our little vessel was dashing bravely along the west coast of the island, everyone anxious to set foot on its Pactolian shores. Our chart was very imperfect, and every hollow and indentation along the rough and desolate coast was eagerly scanned with our glasses.

While watching a small cove where no surf was breaking, a canoe under sail shot out from the shore like an arrow, and it was evident from its course that its navigators intended overhauling us. A heavy sea was running and the wind was quite fresh, but the frail little craft kept steadily on its course, now lost in the trough of the sea, now riding on the crest of a wave like a petrel, and about the middle of the afternoon was alongside of us. It was manned by two stalwart Indians, who had brought some cod and halibut for trading with us. Now was our little captain's opportunity to distinguish himself. The savages were invited on board, seated on the quarter-deck, and a bountiful spread of biscuit and molasses set before them.

Lortt appeared on deck in his naval costume, and in commanding tones ordered all hands to duty. The nine-pounders were crammed to their utmost capacity, consistent with safety. Revolvers were discharged with great rapidity, that the savages might relate to their people the story of our wonderful improvement in fire-arms. Round shot and scrap-iron from the San Francisco founderies ricocheted and hissed over the breaking waves, and every demonstration was made to show how dangerous we were. It was of no use; the visitors sat with perfect unconcern, and gave no sign of interest or astonishment. The *Tepic* was a British bottom, and of course sailed under British colors, and it was only when the union jack was run up that our guests gave an approving grunt, and ejaculated "King George!" This was quite encouraging. The Hudson's Bay people had taught the north-western tribes to regard King George's ensign as a friendly token, and in their jealous guardianship of the company's privileges had doubtless taught them that all other people, especially Americans or "Boston men," were intruders not to be tolerated. Perhaps the American manner of dealing with Indians in general had something to do with their existing hostility; but, at any rate, we were ready to take advantage of every point. We had just acted suspiciously like "Boston men," and, although sailing under false colors, were quite willing to accept the protection assured by British bunting—protection too frequently denied by our own flag.

Meanwhile, the wind had risen nearly to a gale, and our visitors were glad to remain on board, while their little canoe drifted astern. The sun went down angrily that evening in a heavy bank of storm-cloud. Sail was shortened, and before midnight we were running off shore under a close-reefed fore-topsail; the Pacific, certainly now a misnomer,

boiling and seething like a caldron, and the gale hissing among the rigging with perfect fury. It was a fearful night, but our little brig was ribbed with English oak, stanch and strong. Several of our passengers were experienced seamen—one indeed was a "branch pilot" from San Francisco—and as the gale was off shore we felt but little apprehension. Morning broke and found us out of sight of land. The gale was over, but a terrible sea was running, and the *Tepic* was again headed for shore. The middle of the afternoon found us abreast of Englefield Harbor, from which point we obtained a splendid view of the island. The fog had cleared up along shore, hanging only in shreds and patches among the sharp granite peaks that rose skyward, crowning the steep and heavily wooded mountains like a tiara. Here and there banks of snow, scarcely whiter than the bare granite, showed the altitude of the chain. Dark, deep cañons like ink-streaks down the mountain sides, and precipitous cliffs of naked rock standing out occasionally from the heavy timber, were all that relieved the grim and desolate monotony.

We were not looking on "fairy land," but on such a place as that in which the genii and ogres of olden time guarded the treasures of the orient, and the fact that it was a *terra incognita* only increased our anxiety to set foot upon it. The entrance to the harbor was narrow and apparently intricate. Standing far out on each side were low rocky islands, or rather masses of rock, among which the heavy swell was surging and thundering. Now and then a dangerous reef showed itself unpleasantly close, and there were but few of us who did not long for the moment when we should drop anchor in the smooth water clearly discernible beyond. It was then that our Indian passengers rendered valuable services as pilots. During the night their canoe had been dashed to atoms,

and, therefore, they had a common interest in our safe landing. McLean spoke a little "jargon," the language used among these northern tribes by the Hudson's Bay men, and it was evident from his anxious looks that he depended more on the knowledge of the Indians than on his own judgment. Perched high on the vessel's bow, our dusky pilots watched earnestly every reef and sunken rock, giving their orders by quick nervous signs, but with the judgment of experienced seamen. We had nearly gained a point of safety, when the wind slackened, and we soon realized the fact that a strong current was setting us among the most fearful of breakers. A whale-boat was launched and manned in a few minutes, and a line made fast to our bows. In vain did her crew bend to their oars; they pulled with a will, but the current was stronger than human muscle. Then was a moment of wild excitement. Lortt was unequal to the emergency. He ordered the sails backed, then braced to every point of the compass, wrung his hands, and told us we were lost. In truth, it looked like it. We had one more boat on board, but in the confusion it was forgotten. We only thought of a desperate swim for our lives, where muscle and skill only stood one chance to win against a hundred chances to lose. Every instant was an age. We could have tossed a biscuit among the outer breakers, when a cat's-paw struck us and filled the foresail. The boat's-crew saw it, and with a wild cheer they bent again to their oars. Venmer, the San Francisco pilot, sprung to the wheel, the braces were hauled taut, and in a few minutes we were safely anchored in twenty fathoms of smooth water.

Much to our surprise, we were boarded the next morning by the first mate of the Hudson's Bay Company's brigantine *Recovery*, which he reported as lying fifteen miles farther up the harbor, real-

ly an estuary penetrating about twenty miles inland. The envoy was a genuine John Bull, who informed us that we would oblige the agent of the company if we would immediately weigh anchor and leave the island, as our visit was one of interference with the privileges of the company. The request was accompanied by a command, inhibiting us from proceeding farther inland. This modest communication was delivered in a sort of Dundreary style, and with such a reprehensible disregard of the rules of international politeness that we actually laughed at it. Our conduct was certainly impolite, but, under the circumstances, how could we help it? We were Americans, imbued thoroughly with the American idea that we had a natural right to all this broad continent. We had opened the gates of California to all nationalities; surely, then, it was no more than courtesy that all other gates should be opened to us. This was our opinion, and we had full confidence in our power to sustain it. We sent the envoy back to the agent of the company, with the hope that he would enjoy our genial society very much, as we would assuredly drop anchor alongside of him within a few hours. We assured him that, as the boundary question was an open one, somewhat dependent on the interpretation of the "Monroe doctrine," we would be, each and every one of us, personally responsible for any complications that might arise between the magnates at Washington and the Court of St. James, in consequence of our uninvited presence on the island, and promised him our valuable co-operation in the development of its mineral resources. We were as good as our word. A few hours saw us snugly anchored within a few lengths of the *Recovery*, and in the evening her commander, Mr. Simpson, and Captain Stewart, of the Hudson's Bay service, visited us. No allusion whatever was made by either party to

the messages of the morning, as the subject would not have been an agreeable one, and the agent was shrewd enough to perceive that we had come to stay. We found them pleasant and cultivated gentlemen, and, as they had the freedom of the *Tepic*, they no doubt enjoyed their visit. They gave us all the information in their possession with regard to the mineral deposits on the island, but confessed that it was vague and mostly derived from the Indians, who were not communicative on the subject. The vein of which we had heard such marvelous stories was being worked by them, but had decreased in richness; and on board their vessel they exhibited several thousand dollars' worth of specimens that must have been torn from an almost solid vein of gold. They informed us that faithful search in that portion of the island had failed to develop any more gold-bearing quartz; but we were not satisfied. The sight of the gold specimens only increased our ardor, and we ascribed to sinister motives information that we subsequently found to be the truth.

Our first step was to examine the discovery of the Hudson's Bay people. We found it a narrow but well-defined vein of white flinty quartz, only about eight inches in width, incased in a hard blue slate, and breaking off abruptly at the water's edge. Dipping into the mountain at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and only uncovered for about twenty feet, it was difficult to determine either its extent or value. The cropings had been immensely rich, and the rock showed some free gold; but the discovery was evidently only a pocket, that was soon exhausted. Far from being discouraged, we immediately organized prospecting expeditions, and determined to penetrate the island as far as practicable in every direction. The *Tepic's* boats were brought into service, canoes were purchased from the Indi-

ans, and for about ten days we prosecuted a patient but unfruitful search. We found numerous quartz-veins—hard, flinty, and barren. One small vein was discovered in which was a little free gold, but we had no appliances for working it, and in that early stage of quartz-mining it was considered valueless. The conformation of the country was unfavorable for placer-mining. There were no water-courses, except those that poured almost vertically down the rugged and broken mountains, fed by the melting snow; no evidence whatever of any gravel deposits; and we were beginning to feel discouraged, when a mining excitement was raised that gave us new hope. The Indians we had picked up at sea were still on board the brig. On our arrival we had purchased a canoe for them, and supplied them with provisions, but they stubbornly refused to leave or even set foot on shore. They were among a hostile tribe, and insisted on staying with us until we left the harbor. They had been watching our operations carefully, and, on learning the object of our search, informed McLean that in their country, on the west side of the island, we could find any quantity of such stuff. They were anxious to have a party start at once, and as we saw no reason why gold should not exist in one part of the island as well as in another, we resolved on the expedition. We had one fine boat, which was immediately put in sailing trim and supplied with ten days' water and provisions. Six of us volunteered for the voyage, by no means a safe one, and, led by our native pilots, we got off in as fine style as if entered for a regatta, instead of a venture among hostile savages and along an unknown and a dangerous coast. Our guides staid close to us until fairly out of the harbor, when they began to show signs of impatience. Doubtless they were anxious to reach their homes, but, as the distance to their

village could not exceed forty miles, we saw no reason for undue haste. Our crew were all good oarsmen, but several times it taxed our skill to follow the canoe among the foam-lashed rocks that beset us on every side. Instead of steering for the open sea, the Indians hugged the shore, depending entirely on their paddles, their canoe bobbing among the rocks like an egg-shell. We were losing ground, and hailed them to suggest a change of course. A furtive glance behind them, a few rapid strokes of their paddles, and the canoe shot through a narrow passage where we dared not follow. We never saw those guides again. The guileless savages had played us a trick—the Red had outwitted the White. We immediately realized the situation. The Indians only wanted a convoy from among their enemies, and had shrewdly made use of our cupidity to procure it. We indulged in no angry feeling, but rather felt grateful to those untutored children of the forest for not leading us among their people. At best our expedition was a fool-hardy one, and had we actually reached the strange village we might have been scalped for our pains, or held as prisoners until ransomed by some passing vessel—a common practice among these tribes.

Interest in the object of the expedition was now manifestly slackening. Three other vessels, two from San Francisco and one from Portland, Oregon, had entered the harbor. The newcomers had as strong faith as we, and they prospected with the same energy and the same results as ourselves. Most of us were thoroughly disappointed and discouraged. We had "seen the elephant," and felt anxious to return to California; but the *Tepic* had been chartered for thirty days' sojourn in Englefield Harbor, and no inducement could persuade her captain to sail for any other point on the island, or to weigh an-

chor until the expiration of that time. Fishing excursions to the cod and halibut banks at the entrance of the harbor were made with good success. Boat-races and shooting-matches with the Hudson's Bay men served to fill up the time, and, as the natives were perfectly friendly, pheasant-shooting was extensively indulged in. We had expected the Indians to be sullen and hostile, but found them over-friendly—so much so, indeed, that boarding-nettings were absolutely necessary to prevent them from crowding our decks; and, anchored only a cable-length from a large village, we had ample opportunities for studying them. Physically, they probably have no superiors on this continent; but in point of morals, judging both from observation and the information of the Hudson's Bay men, it is equally probable that they have no inferiors. The men were great stalwart fellows, many of whom were over six feet in height, broad-chested, muscular as athletes, very light-complexioned, many of them with finely chiseled features and wearing a savage dignity that but ill comported with indolence and idleness. It was not infrequent to see a splendid-looking savage—noble as any specimen that ever guarded the door of a tobacco-nist or adorned the pages of an Indian romance—offer to barter his wife, or sister, or daughter, for a drink of rum or a plug of tobacco. Industry was not really a matter of necessity; and, with the exception of canoe-building and fishing, no labor was performed by the males. Halibut and cod were easily taken in large quantities. Small patches of potatoes, wherever a spot of level ground could be had, were cultivated by the women, for the men were too proud to work. Some of the women were good-looking, but the majority were absolutely frightful. As usual, they bore all the heavy burdens, and it was apparent that more of their time was spent in provid-

ing for their lords than at the toilet. Tattooing was common, and so effectively done as to leave the face deeply scarred with unseemly corrugated lines. A practice of piercing the lower lip about half-way down to the chin was prevalent. In infancy, a pin or small piece of silver was inserted; this was increased in size, until at puberty it was replaced by a wooden plug, usually a quarter of an inch in diameter. In old age, a mussel-shell was inserted, in such a manner as to throw the lip outward and downward, exposing the lower teeth and forming a receptacle for saliva, giving the wearer an extremely disgusting appearance. A canoe-load of voluble old hags, their faces darkly streaked with fanciful forms and their shell-lips wagging in time with their tongues, was a singular spectacle; and yet they seemed happy in the observance of a custom not less ridiculous, perhaps, than many of our own fashionable follies. There was considerable ingenuity among these islanders. Slate pipes manufactured by them, elaborately carved with grotesque figures representing "Boston" or "King George" men, and with other strange things, not found under the sun, were sold at a nominal price. Stone plates, very creditably worked, were purchased for a few biscuits each, and many of these articles found their way to San Francisco as presents to friends. Their appliances for fishing were rude, but quite effective. The lines were made of long strips of kelp, tied together with a genuine weaver's knot; they were very brittle when dry, but strong enough when wet to hold the largest halibut. The hook was made of wood bent like the letter V, a strong piece of bone lashed across the outer arm for a barb; and, rude as it was, it was no doubt as serviceable as a gentile "Limerick." The canoes of these people were marvels of beauty, and it is doubtful if ever a clipper was launched from the ship-yard of any civilized na-

tion more exquisitely modeled. The cedar of this region grows to an immense size, and during our stay a delegation of the Nootkas from the mainland visited the island, bringing with them several canoes over sixty feet in length, with lofty and beautifully carved bows, giving them the appearance of a Venetian gondola. In fair weather they carry large sails made from the inner bark of the cedar, and are said to perform long sea-voyages with speed and safety.

Who can fathom the wisdom of the Creator in the allotment of a race of people to this sterile, uninviting region? Incomprehensible to us, it seems to be in contravention of the universal law of human progress. For untold centuries, perhaps, these people have occupied this barren, inhospitable spot—for centuries treading in the same steps as their forefathers, observing the same customs, depending on the same resources for sustenance—making no step forward. They are pure savages. Contact with the superior civilization has taught them little, and the policy pursued toward them by the great Hudson's Bay Company, very unlike our own, has been peculiarly fortunate and successful. They have accepted the Indian as God made him—as they found him. They have striven to utilize him on the earth, rather than “civilize” and “evangelize” him off it, making him a friend and auxiliary, useful in his own sphere. Possessing exclusive jurisdiction in all matters, civil and commercial, throughout their territory, they have taught the Red people to respect them as masters; but while ruling them sternly have treated them with justice. They have kept all compacts faithfully. No shoddy is found among their articles of barter. The agents of the company are, like “John Littlejohn,” upright and downright in all their dealings—passing no spurious coin, weighing no light weight, and their

word is never doubted. On the other hand, any violation of law is inflexibly, summarily punished; powder and lead are the “peace commissioners” of the English company, and the result is that murders or outrages against their *employés* rarely occur.

While it is true that missionaries of various denominations have been allowed to establish themselves among the Indians, it is questionable whether any serious or systematic attempt at Christianization has been made among the northern tribes. On the contrary, any system of education or enlightenment likely to change the aboriginal character, would have been deprecated as unprofitable and inimical to the interests of the company. Agricultural pursuits, or a desire among the Indians for civilized life, would have diminished the annual quantity of fur taken, and resulted in a corresponding decrease in the annual receipts of the company's treasury. It may look strange that a purely selfish policy should outweigh that which springs from the noblest motives; but the reason is obvious. The Hudson's Bay people recognize an existing state of things; they leave the Indian undisturbed in his normal condition, control the evil in him by wholesome fear, fairly reward the good, and are successful. Our Utopian dreamers endeavor to immediately change the not-immediately changeable, and fail because the motive is misunderstood and unappreciated by the object of their doubtful philanthropy. God has apparently made beasts that kindness can not tame, and created men whom civilization can not refine.

We had made all preparations for departure from the island, when an occurrence took place which nearly involved us in a serious difficulty. A boat-race had taken place between a canoe belonging to some of the crew of the *Recovery* and our whale-boat, in which our boys were beaten. The wager was

five gallons of whisky, and the victors indulging too freely, as a consequence a canoe containing two of them was capsized that evening, and one of them drowned. The natives were greatly alarmed and excited, fearing that they might be blamed for the accident. Canoes flocked about us in great numbers, and some of our own crew, a little in liquor, prepared for hostilities. A swivel loaded to the muzzle was about to be fired into a group of canoes by McLean, when he was knocked down by a passenger, and the match extinguished. A timely explanation allayed the excitement, and the next day the natives got up a performance for the benefit of the White strangers and the expression of their friendly feelings. The first intimation we had of the exhibition was the beating of drums and the approach of one of their finest canoes accompanied by a fleet of smaller craft. The large boat contained about fifty men and four or five women, painted and arrayed in their gayest and most fantastic style. Some of them had their heads covered with white down, much like the powdered hair of a gentleman of the last century. Others wore head-dresses of eagle-feathers, or were adorned with circlets of claws and teeth taken from wild animals. The music was peculiarly wild and barbarous. Drums singularly like those used by the Asiatics, pipes that might have been heir-looms from the house of Pan, and tamborines constructed with shells, were beaten and played

with considerable skill and a marked attempt at harmony. The chief performers chanted in a low, monotonous tone, keeping time to the music with their bodies; and an occasional burst of savage melody from the instruments would almost throw them into spasms of contortion. For several hours this was kept up, the fleet passing from vessel to vessel, receiving presents of biscuit and other things, for which they seemed very grateful.

Our time had expired; the anchor was apeak; the *Tepic's* bows turned homeward, and we bid good-by to these wild scenes forever. The passage from our anchorage to the sea was narrow and tortuous, and the captain of the *Recovery* very kindly sent a boat's-crew to assist us in reaching the mouth of the harbor. We gave the *Recovery* a parting salute, and with the red cross of St. George at our mizzen we made our way to the sea, in idiotic wantonness firing volley after volley, that went crashing among the timber, waking echo upon echo among the old granite cliffs that we wished never to look on more.

Twenty-one years have passed, and that band of adventurers is scattered far and wide—some in the Atlantic States, some growing gray among the blue mountains of California and Oregon. Some are in "Silverland," and some have gone over the "shadowy mountains of the moon" to seek for El Dorados, and some—where there is no more gold-hunting.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

CHAPTER II.

ADAM and I steadily increased in stature, and he, at least, in favor with God and man. My Ady, as I called him—his candid hazel eyes and brown curls, his fair, delicate, sensitive body, his ready, open smile, his glad laugh, were to no one so fascinating as to his clumsy, cold-eyed, ungracious brother Daniel. In Ady I lived and moved and had my being: it was not a friendship of Jonathan and David, but an unheard-of brotherhood of David and Saul; two unlike and complementary hearts, knit pulse and pulse into one life.

Say, he is twelve and I am fifteen. He looks up to me in all things. What, indeed, is there of any consequence that I can not do, I? Not, of course, make cheeses, nor spin, nor knit, nor patch together marvelous many-colored coverlets (curiously associated in my mind with old Jacob preparing Joseph's coat), nor toast oat-cake until it breaks off like glass, fragrant as corn-fields in autumn, nor make and frame astounding silk and satin and Berlin-wool pictures of young persons in the sheep-herding and pipe-playing business, of a pre-Raphaelism to astonish Ruskin—this is ma's work, and indefatigably and well she does it, teaching us to read and write besides. But everything else almost has father, or Rab Saunders the blacksmith, or Gawn Bruce the plowman, taught me. I can drive a cart at a trot, standing right up, not touching the sides once; ride a horse, never so much as looking down at the mane; guide a plow sometimes more than a minute—Gawn holding his big brass watch in one hand and the plow by the other, so that neither of us could possibly be mistaken; use ei-

ther a reaping-hook or a scythe to cut down thistles; fish for pike and eels in the river; and, chief of all, load and shoot off, under the careful supervision of my father, an old musket that Rab Saunders had cut down to a reasonable length for me.

How, with the further assistance of the stout young smith, I had the brass-work of this gun furbished to a supernatural brightness, the main-spring retempered (I, flushed and proud, assisting at the bellows), the pan, battery, and cock set in deadly array, and flints chipped to within an inch of spontaneous combustion—need not here be enlarged upon. Suffice it to say, that I was soon judged worthy to be detailed by my father on the outpost duty of guarding the ripening grain from sparrows, and that, with Ady and Bounce the Newfoundland dog as assistants, I fulfilled my office with infinite loss to the enemy, if with little advantage to the wheat-fields, which were trampled down terribly in the construction of various cunning trenches and ambushes, judged necessary by us to the successful conduct of the campaign.

The harvest days came on, and extra reapers gathered from all parts: all the supernumeraries of the parish, besides picturesque half-clad Celts from the south and west, swearing strange oaths in their native tongue or in a jargon of English hardly more intelligible to the Saxon ear. From these Irish I learned several new things in the use of my musket: how to cast, cut, and hammer rods of lead into dense, atrocious little slugs—for killing big game, as my instructors used to say, with a sinister chuckle; how to stick a bit of white paper on the

fore-sight, that one might take aim at night; and how and where to find hares, pheasants, partridges, and other animals sought after by sportsmen and poachers.

Filled with courage and the desire of adventure by the deadly capabilities of my weapon and ammunition, Ady and I, one day in mid-harvest, determined to follow up our little stream toward its source, to penetrate the dark mysteries of the Wilde. What a day that was! It was morning when we set out, but we dallied so long beside pools in the stream, and climbed so many trees to see warily how the country looked as we advanced, and Bounce ran off so often in pursuit of strange unseen animals and enemies, that it was full noon as we forced our way through an immense thorn hedge and over a low, hoary, moss-grown, rough stone-wall into the thick undergrowth of ferns and whins which, with straggling tall trees, here and there, made up a to us primeval forest of unlimited extent. We pushed on, following rude trails made by the herds of cattle that inhabited the place; over rocky, mossy hillocks, and through reaches of rushy and heathery bog, the ground on the whole falling steadily toward the centre of the place, which, after hours of delightful weariness, we at last gained. We were standing on the last bluff, and as we pushed aside the furze and gazed down on the beautiful basin below, we clasped each other's hands closer; even Bounce crouched down without a whimper; we could not speak, our vocabulary had no words fit to set to the music of our emotions. Balboa, kneeling upon the Andes at the sight of the Pacific, "the ten thousand" as the echoes of their "*thalassa*" died away and the tideless sea flashed before their dusty eyes, knew a little of what we felt. Down at our very feet lay a dark, deep stream, reflecting the cliff on which we stood from the reeds and alders at the

water-line up to the mosses that hid our feet and the great yellow-flowered whin-bushes from between which we gazed. Ivy-vines crawled up the side of the little cliff, cooling their warm olive-green leaves among the dank buff and purple mosses. Strange flowers and grasses shot out of little cracks and clefts of the rock; delicate leaves, veined like the limbs of a race-horse; flowers white as snow; flowers tufted with orange and flame, gold-buttoned like little mandarins, like Greek maids with their whole dower in their hair. We crouched still as death, flushed with the emotions of a new life; water-fowl, frightened into the reeds and sedges by our approach, paddled gently out again over the dappled water, where the clouds and the sun shone and moved as in a subterranean heaven. Bounce suddenly stirred a little; Ady pointed at the shining head of a great wild-duck just under us; the barbarian's hunter-blood burst its vessels and flooded my eyes and body. The shining brass butt of my little blunderbuss leaped against my shoulder, and in an instant the whole pond was convulsed with flame and smoke and torn water. Innumerable fowl rose and took flight on every side with screams of resentment and terror, and when the din subsided, Ady and I had somehow descended the cliff and stood at a kind of natural landing where cattle went down to drink; while Bounce was swimming steadily toward us with a big real dead duck in his mouth. I tried to look unconcerned, pretending to wipe out my pan very carefully and load as usual, but Ady jumped about and kissed me so that I could hardly keep the horn steady enough to measure a charge; and Bounce, on landing, added to the excitement, until we all had to stop and look at each other and pant for very breath.

Through the stillness there instantly rose a near clatter of horses' hoofs, and

a great bloodhound burst out of the thicket on the opposite side of the pond, baying furiously; he caught sight of us, and, leaping in, began to swim across the fifty yards or so of water. I should certainly have run away, only for the trusting agony of terror with which Ady clung to me. My cowardice turned at the touch of his fear into the ferocity of a beast at bay. I mechanically rammed a handful of slugs and paper down on the powder in my piece, and stood, shaking in every limb, waiting for the instant the brute should attempt to land. But Bounce had already introduced a new factor into the problem, and, answering Ady's gasping "At him!" he, too, had plunged into the water, meeting and instantly engaging his opponent. I dared not fire, and indeed it seemed little needed, Bounce's amphibious nature giving him a great advantage over his powerful and ferocious enemy. He was instinctively, and apparently with every chance of success, trying to drown his tawny antagonist, when down the cattle-trail at our back clattered the hoofs already heard, and, with a wild whoop, a boy of nearly my own size reined in his *shelty* before me; and a girl, who might have been his twin, pulled up just behind him, with a jerk that brought her wild auburn hair flying about her face. There was cause enough to stop; they were looking down the barrel of a villainously dangerous-looking weapon, with a face behind it murderous in every quivering line of its utter despair. "Don't shoot!" cried the girl, with a face as white as snow; "what have we done?"

I started at the sound of her voice, looked at the beautiful scared eyes, and mechanically turned away the gun. The boy laughed a little jerky laugh and bade me call off my dog.

"Call off your own," I said, but called all the same, and with some difficulty peace was restored. The dogs kept

growling at each other still, however, and I began to retreat, face to the foe, sullenly enough. The girl moved her pony forward a little. "Who are you, and why did you wish to kill us?"

It was hard explaining, and I kept silent; but Ady and she seemed to trust each other with a look, and the matter of our scare was somehow cleared up. "You were awfully wicked," she said. "And silly, too," added her companion, angrily.

I made some sulky rejoinder, but the little witch only laughed, and asked us our names. Ady and she had managed to get side by side at once, and began to talk in the most familiar way possible, he stroking her pony's mane, and not attempting to disguise his great admiration. This boy rider was Harry Knox; his apparently twin sister, really more than a year his senior, was Mary; and their father—old Jamie Knox of the Den, as he was called—owned the Wilde and the cattle in it, together with the Den farm-house and its appertaining broad grain and bog lands. We must come up and see them some day—such near neighbors, scarcely two miles apart, and a good fair path existing, if we but knew it, from house to house, across the Wilde; we should be even met at this spot, and have "lifts" on the ponies—so chattered on little Mary, her face all aglow at the idea of some congenial companionship in her isolated life; while Ady's sparkling eyes answered her every word.

So it was all agreed. With a nod as of hollow truce, and a "Come on, sis," Harry shook his rein and started up the path. Mary kissed her hand to Ady, who kissed his in return as gallantly as if it were not for the first time in his life, and waved his cap. She looked with a mock-reproachful air at me, where I stood aloof, and put out her hand. I stepped forward, with a face impassive as a wooden block, though my heart rung

like an anvil, beaten in upon from every artery and vein. "I am afraid you are very cross to-day," she said, laying her brown, ungloved hand against mine; "but we shall be good friends by and by, never fear." Her touch unnerved me. I knew enough manners to know I ought to say something, but the thump, thump at my heart was suffocating me. I ground my teeth firmly together lest I should burst out crying, and, looking over her shoulder to where her brother was shouting impatiently, I bowed with the solemnity of an undertaker and turn-

ed away, while her final good-by was echoed by a whoop from Harry and a cheer from Ady, with a torrent of barking from Bounce.

I picked up the duck at my feet, my pride in it dead as itself, and turned toward home, hardly hearing a word of the glad candid babble of my brother, or heeding the birds and beasts that, from time to time, crossed our path. An unknown spirit was groping in darkness over the face of my life, and shaping it through intolerable chaos to new strange possibilities of delight and of bitterness.

THE STORY OF BATTLE ROCK.

THE Indians of the southern part of California were at an early date brought under the mild sway of the mission fathers, and taught to some degree the art of winning bread from the soil. Those at the extreme north of Oregon and Washington Territory affiliated with the Hudson's Bay Company, and became hunters for peltry. There was, however, at the time that the incident I am about to relate took place, a certain stretch of coast where the influence of the missionaries had not penetrated from the south, and the Hudson's Bay Company had not introduced their civilization of rum and blankets from the north. It was the policy of this powerful company to keep these tribes as inimical as possible, in order to thwart the advances of the rival Russian company, already established at Bodega Bay, northward. No treaties were, therefore, made with these Indians, and the tribes bordering on their territory were encouraged in a ceaseless warfare.

Within this then debatable ground is the little roadstead of Port Orford, in latitude 44° 44' 28" north, longitude 128° 24' 13" west. It is what is known in

nautical parlance as a north-west lee; being protected from the heavy trade-winds of summer, but open to winter storms. At this time, the plateau back of the beach was covered with a stately growth of the odoriferous white cedar (*Cupressus fragrans*), afterward to become famous in the lumber market of San Francisco. This plateau was watered by numerous living springs of cold pure water, and the spaces free from forest were covered with luxuriant wild grasses and flowers, through which roamed elk and deer in great numbers. The little bay was filled with fish at the different seasons of the year when schools swam near the coast, and the rocks were covered with mussels and other shell-fish. These advantages made Port Orford a very desirable location for an Indian tribe, and, accordingly, several large villages were to be found here in 1851, the inhabitants of which were inimical to the Whites, and prone to theft or war as occasion offered.

It was at this time that an adventurous White man, cruising along the coast in a small schooner, dropped anchor in Port Orford. Charmed with the secure

shelter it afforded for his little vessel, and the future possibilities of wealth shadowed forth in the rich soil and groves of cedar, he determined to make a settlement there. Returning to Portland, in the then new territory of Oregon, he engaged nine young men of the class that build up our frontier settlements, expert with either rifle or axe, and, providing provision and ammunition, sailed with them for the port. On arrival, he saw the Indian chiefs, and, through an interpreter, made a treaty in which, by virtue of liberal presents, the natives bound themselves not to molest the strangers for a certain period of time.

In addition to the usual supplies, the captain furnished his nine colonists with an old-fashioned ship's carronade, and a quantity of sheet-lead for slugs. His instructions to them were, to go on with the construction of the houses, to behave well to the natives; but on the first signs of hostility to betake themselves to a natural fortress, which he pointed out, and await his return, which he promised would be in twelve days, with reinforcements and supplies. The fortress pointed out was "Battle Rock"—afterward so named—a large isolated crag of metamorphic sandstone, crowned with a few bushes and trees, and presenting precipitous faces toward the sea, by which it is surrounded on three sides. Toward the land a narrow ledge affords a foot-path to the summit, accessible only at low tides.

The little vessel sailed away and left the adventurers on the morning of the 2d of June, 1851. Their first camp was on the main-land near a fine spring of water which gushes from the bank, and here they began the construction of their rude wooden houses. The Indians gathering in from their villages were apparently friendly, and desirous only of bartering fish or furs for the trinkets possessed by the men. Women and children mixed freely with the crowd, and

the Whites flattered themselves that they had by kindness secured a hospitable reception. Lulled into security, therefore, they wandered about looking at the country, and even visited one of the villages some miles distant.

How the first offense was given or taken is not now known, but on the second morning it was evident to the experienced eyes of the Whites that trouble was brewing. Although the men yet mingled freely enough with the party, it was noticed that the warriors were all armed, and that the women had disappeared. These aborigines did not at that time possess any fire-arms, but were well provided with bows of the elastic yew (*Taxus brevifolia*), with arrows of cedar having tips of jasper and obsidian, with clubs of stone, spears, and other weapons. Warned by these signs, and taking advantage of a temporary absence of the major portion of the savages, the Whites made a hasty move, and succeeded in getting their provisions and effects to the summit of Battle Rock without opposition. A small breastwork was then thrown up across the narrow causeway, and in this was planted the carronade, loaded heavily with slugs. That these preparations had not been begun too soon was evident, as there could now be seen many canoes coming up by the sea from the villages below, and on the spot so lately occupied by the camp of the settlers was an excited crowd of warriors.

As the day waned, the canoes took station round the rock, but still out of gunshot, while evident preparations for an attack were being made by the Indians on shore. With anxious hearts the little band watched these warlike signs, and awaited the storm.

The moon rose slowly from behind the forest ridges on the east, throwing a gleam of silver light across the bay and lighting up the narrow path to the rock, the glistening beach, and the

bank beyond with its crowd of dusky figures. Soon, a movement was perceived, and a tall chief mounting a stone made a speech full of gesticulation. A prolonged yell was the answer, and the next moment the entire body came tearing down the bank, across the beach, and swarming up the narrow path toward the little breastwork, using their bows briskly as they advanced, and supported by showers of arrows from their friends in the canoes. Despite these arrows and various flesh-wounds they were receiving, the Whites awaited, coolly, until the foremost Indian was within a few feet of the gun. Then, when the whole path was filled with the yelling assailants, a match was touched to the carronade. There was a thunderous report that echoed back and forth from rock and mountain and died away in the distance. When the smoke cleared away, not a human form was visible in the place which a moment before was crowded with Indians. The beach, however, was strewn, here and there, with dead and dying, and the surf, as it washed up, caught a tinge of blood. One rifle-volley at the terrified occupants of the canoes completed this signal victory. Never before had the Indians heard the report of artillery, or known its effect, and a great terror fell on them. Leaving their dead and wounded where they lay, they retreated to the cover of the woods, and in a few minutes all was again still. During the remainder of the night no further attempt was made to storm the rock. When morning dawned, two of the men ventured down, and, covered by the rifles of their companions, procured a supply of water. These men counted eight dead Indians lying on the causeway, and noticed a number of wounded wretches crawling up the beach. After a time the Indians came to the help of their wounded, being careful, however, to keep well out of range of the terrible cannon.

So passed, without further attack, that day and the next, but on the third morning the Whites discovered that the Indians had erected a breastwork out of the beach-drift, and that a number were ensconced behind it. Again was the old carronade brought to bear, and a shower of leaden slugs poured into the drift. The Indians instantly abandoned the spot and ran away, not making their appearance again for several days. Then they began to creep up singly, and, sheltered behind some rock or tree, they discharged arrows into the air so as to drop into the space behind the breastwork on Battle Rock, on the same principle as the parabolic curve described by a shell from a mortar. Occasionally one more daring than the rest would show his head from behind his shelter, when, whiz! would go a rifle-bullet from the rock.

This desultory warfare was kept up for seven days, when the Whites held a midnight council as to the policy of abandoning the rock. Their provision was growing scanty, and they had nearly exhausted their ammunition. No lead remained to load the carronade with, and if the arrival of succor was long delayed and another attack made by the Indians, they would be unable to defend their position. On a vote being taken, five were in favor of leaving, the remaining four voting to stay; these latter were, however, persuaded to join the others. Leaving their camp-fire burning and all their effects, on the tenth night of their beleaguerment they stole down the path and crawled up the opposite bank. A dark night favored the escape, and before daylight they were safely hidden away in a dense swampy morass, about four miles from the rock. Here they remained, the Indians being as yet ignorant of their escape, until night again approached, when they traveled north toward Coos Bay. With the exception of one or two bloodless brushes, they

had no further encounter, and finally crossed the mountains through the virgin forest, and, after many privations, arrived in safety in the Willamette Valley. Two or three days after the evacuation, the steamer *Columbia* arrived in the bay with the promised reinforcements and supplies. They found only the Indian graves on the main shore, and the dismantled carronade and the remains of the breastwork to tell the story of Battle Rock. Subsequently the torn leaves of a journal kept in pencil were found, which narrated the facts up to the final vote; though for a long time the fate of the little band remained an uncertainty.

But, although the little settlement now grew and prospered, yet Battle Rock was destined to be the scene of another tragedy connected with the Indian race; which occurred in this wise: At the time of the breaking out of the Rogue River war,* one of the most sanguinary and stubbornly contested of the conflicts of the White and Indian races on the coast, there lived at the little town of Ellensburg, at the mouth of the river, an Indian named Enos. He was from an eastern tribe—I believe the Cherokee—and had come out to the western coast on a whaling vessel, and drifted up to this settlement in Oregon. Dressing after the fashion of the Whites, speaking their language fluently, having no intercourse with the natives, and being besides quite industrious, he was regarded with great confidence by our countrymen.

At this time the tribes at the mouth of the river had not broken out in open hostility, although fighting was going on in the Rogue River Valley well up the stream. Two White men, desirous of joining the volunteers on the upper river, engaged Enos to accompany them. They supplied him liberally with am-

munition and arms, and expected to find him a useful auxiliary. The three men departed together, and nothing more was heard of them for a long time. Subsequently, to the great surprise of the White men, Enos was discovered as a leader of one of the most warlike and brave of the bands of their enemies. This led to a search, and the skeletons of his two companions were discovered beside the ashes of a camp-fire—evidently murdered in their sleep by their treacherous ally. After various mutations, the war was closed by the surrender of a large body of Indians, among whom was Enos.

They were removed to the reservation at Vancouver, under the charge of the United States authorities. But Oregon justice was not to be thus easily satisfied. The widows of the two murdered men cried out for revenge. A warrant was sworn out for the apprehension of Enos on the charge of murder committed before actual hostilities had broken out, and therefore rendering him amenable to civil authority.

The sheriff of the county proceeded to the reservation and demanded the body of Enos. The lieutenant in command yielded him up, and he was conveyed in irons to Port Orford, the county seat. Of this journey down, the sheriff, who is still living, relates the following anecdote: Enos wished to exchange the dirty shirt that he wore for a clean one, but his custodian refused to unlock his handcuffs. Nevertheless he is said to have actually accomplished the apparently impossible feat of taking off the soiled garment and replacing it with a clean one, by drawing both through his irons.

Arrived at Port Orford, the criminal was tried before a regular court. There was, however, no evidence to prove that he actually committed the murder, and he was set free. To use the sheriff's words: "Enos was confined in the

* Rogue River is in latitude 42° 25' north, and is about thirty miles south of Port Orford.

blacksmith's shop of the village. After the decision I went in, told him that he was free, and unlocked his irons and took them off. I then led him to the door. When I opened it, I found myself suddenly pushed back. Two men stepped forward with cocked revolvers. Each seized an arm of Enos and hurried him down a lane of men, which, formed in double row, extended from the shop down to the beach and up to the summit of Battle Rock. Ten minutes after his lifeless body dangled from the limb of a tree." And with this act of retributive justice ends the story of Battle Rock.

J A E L.

"O Barak, I came forth to meet thee
 With tidings of joy ;
 Thou art mighty, O Barak, in battle,
 And strong to destroy,
 But he whom thou seekest so hotly
 Was met with a kiss,
 Hath escaped from thy strength and thy vengeance,
 And I have done this.

"Nay, frown not and say that I mock thee ;
 , And thou by his side,
 I know thee, fierce Deborah—curl not
 Thy lips, nor deride
 The wit of a woman, thou art one—
 But come to my tent,
 I will show how he passed from thy vengeance ;
 'Twas this way he went.

"Yea, enter ; now wait till the sunlight
 Hath passed from your eyes ;
 Till ye see through the gloom of the tenting
 Where Sisera lies ;
 Nay, lay not the hand to the sword-hilt—
 He can not arise.

"I heard the great clamor toward Kishon,
 When he who lies here
 Came wounded and breathless with running,
 And cried out in fear :
 'They have smitten the armies of Hazor,
 I flee for my life ;
 I am weary and wounded ; O woman
 And mother and wife,
 As thou lovest thy children, but grant me
 For one night to lie
 In thy tent, for my mother who watcheth
 Will die if I die.

There is peace between Heber thine husband
 And Jabin the king; .
 As thy guest may I enter thy dwelling?
 Wilt thou grant me this thing?'

"Then I knew him, and bade him full welcome
 To all that was mine;
 'As I am a mother,' I told him,
 'I sorrow for thine.'
 Then I bound up his wounds, as I did so
 Pretending to weep;
 Till comforted, weary, and wasted,
 He fell fast asleep.
 Then took I the hammer and tent-pin,
 I crept to his side,
 And I thought of the mother who watched for
 The wheels of her pride,
 But the cause was the Lord's, and I smote him —
 Thus Sisera died.

"Thou art sad; wouldst thou alter, O Barak,
 The way that he fell?
 But Deborah's smile gives a token —
 It was well."

ETC.

Notes from Peking.

From a letter under date of November 13th, 1874, we extract the following:

"The foreign settlement at Shanghai is quite European in character, solid, cleanly, and handsome, and the foreign community is intelligent and hospitable, though very provincial and critical. Its site, however, is one of the most fertile plains in the world, watered by one of the greatest rivers. The flat, green country, the belts of willow, the muddy stream, all reminded me strongly of the San Joaquin Valley in winter. But the rice, cotton, and vegetables; the mud huts, and the countless burial-mounds and tombs scattered promiscuously, were purely Chinese. October 14th we sailed from Shanghai in the comfortable American-owned but Scotch-built steamer *Shinking*. The Yellow Sea was quite rough. The Gulf of Pechili, farther north, was smoother, and we reached

Tientsin in five days, making one way-port — Chefoo, a hilly place, much resorted to by foreigners as a summering-place. Tientsin used to be at the mouth of the Peiho River, as Chinese records state; but the *débris* has filled out so much that it is now accessible only by fifty miles of tortuous sailing up-river. At the entrance to the river are the famous Taku forts which were taken by the English and French in 1860, when the American Commodore Tatnall intervened to save life, saying, "Blood is thicker than water." The forts have been rebuilt and enlarged since the Formosa war-cloud arose. They stand on a sandy flat, and seem to rise from the very sea. The whole country from here to Peking, 120 miles, is a brown sandy flat, subject to overflow, yet densely populated, and under cultivation in millet, maize, wheat, barley, sorghum, cotton (in small patches), and vegetables. Tientsin, outside of the for-

eign settlement, is a large Chinese city. The meandering streets were generally so narrow that two chairs could not pass without almost touching. The trip to Peking, made by our party of four in two house-boats, took five days. The boats were towed by a dozen coolies each, who sung a wildly musical chorus as they trudged along the banks. Sometimes we got out and walked. Native villages of mud huts were thickly strung along, and we got many curious glimpses of native life—men plowing with oxen and donkeys together; old women grinding grain with mills like those mentioned in the Hebrew scriptures; peddlers carrying baskets of edibles, etc. Generally, the country wore an air of Sabbath stillness. I should say that the river was crowded with quaint junks and other river-craft, especially as we sculled through the city, and presented a very animated and Asiatic appearance. Just at the edge of the city we went ashore to see the ruins of the Catholic cathedral, which stand a sad monument of the massacre committed a few years ago. Within the walls are the monuments erected by the Chinese to the memory of the thirteen poor Sisters of Charity murdered at that time. One of these martyred women, you may remember, met the blood-thirsty crowd with the heroic words: "Take me, but spare these poor children." I plucked for you at this spot the inclosed leaves, one sprig from a bush that made a fragrance worthy of such a woman's grave.

"We were five days toilfully dragging up the river to Tungchau, where we took chairs for Peking, distant fifteen miles, over a plain rugged with burial mounds. The road is a granite causeway, built nearly three centuries ago, and now worn into deep ruts and holes. Our two chairs were borne by sixteen coolies, relieving one another in squads of four each. A bitter cold wind nearly blew us over, and made us shiver for hours as with the ague, retarding our progress so that we did not reach the city until night. We could hear a great bell in the distance, tolling the hour for closing the gates in the wall, and had gloomy anticipations of being left outside all night. Fortunately word of our coming went ahead, and the gates were kept open for us through the outer and inner walls inclosing the Chinese and Tartar cities. These

walls are thirty feet high and about twenty feet wide at top, built of large bricks filled in with earth, and crenelated on the outer side. The arched gate-ways are of stone, and gloomy, indeed, at night, lit by one or two paper lanterns only. The city is without drives, and no good walks, except on the wall-top. From that elevation, the wide-spread city with its numerous trees interspersed among many-colored tile roofs, pagoda-shaped towers, and bronzed palaces, looks quite picturesque. To the north and west rise fine mountain ranges. At sunset, with the clear air full of birds and resonant with bells, cawing of crows, and the mingled cries of a vast population, the scene from the wall is very peculiar and fascinating."

Through the San Joaquin Valley.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company having placed a special palace-car at the disposal of the representatives of the San Francisco press for a run through and look over the extensive valley of the San Joaquin, a number of these put themselves under the guidance of Mr. Edward Curtis, at the Davis and Front Street Depot, on the 23d of December, 1874.

We leave San Francisco at four o'clock P.M., running through a dense fog almost thick enough to fish in, with no stoppages to speak of, clear 300 miles through the night to Bakersfield, where we wake up at seven o'clock on the morning of the 24th, finding that the line is as yet laid no farther south. Bakersfield proper seems to lie about a mile to the west of us on a sage-brush level, where the hoar-frost glitters and snaps with a viciousness that makes one shiver at leaving one's berth and blankets. But it is the inevitable; what is to be done were well done quickly, if we do not wish to miss our Christmas dinner on the morrow at home. *Bismillah!* then—let us wash and dress and go hence; kind friends await us by the platform with buggies and horses; the thin tongue of the telegraph has ordered breakfast for us at the French Hotel. Very welcome are the great wood fire and the rude plenty of this country tavern's rickety table, though those who taste its "liquors" affirm them distilled

from the snakes' fangs and rattles hung so plentifully round the bar.

The town with its 200 or 300 wooden and adobe houses looks lively, considering the arctic weather. A few women move about, tricked out fine as their surroundings permit — "Roman falls," "Grecian bends," top-heavy *coiffeurs*, and jaunty if somewhat crumpled hats of the latest fashion but one or two. At one door two gentlemen in blanket coats are preparing for a journey, probably toward Panamint. A pack-mule loaded and two horses saddled stand at the door. The blanket coat with a fur cap is loading with scrupulous care a heavy double-barreled gun; the blanket coat wearing a wide-awake hat is fondling a revolver with an oily rag. The charge going into the gun is something to astonish an artilleryman; powder enough for a blunderbuss, and handfuls of BB shot and pistol-balls a quarter-inch in diameter. To an irrepressible inquiry as to what kind of game he was going about to destroy, the fur cap replied, suspiciously and premonitorily, as if addressing a probable Vasquez or Dick Turpin: "Two-legged game, Mister, as can't mind their own business. Ready to start, Hank?" Hank was ready, and so was the questioner.

We see here all the omens of the future prosperity of a fine grazing country. Irrigating canals intersect the district in many directions; drainage in the abounding swamplands begins to be better understood and practiced — lessening the ague, which once in awhile drives all Bakersfield to quinine and profanity. Cotton does not seem to be a success here, a thing not to be wondered at if the weather be often as it is to-day, but alfalfa clover is the present salvation of the *rancheros*. The stories told on all hands, and credited by the agricultural experts of our party, concerning its hardiness and unfailingly enormous yield on lands no matter how dry, where by irrigation for the first year or so it had been prevailed upon to take hold of the bottom soil with its deep roots, are too long and wonderful for the writer to repeat. It is enough to say that the evident easy circumstances and even wealth of its cultivators tell a tale that may be read by those that run.

But the sun climbs rapidly over the mist-

robed, snow-topped Sierra Nevada to the east; our horses' heads are turned toward the shining locomotive where it lies-to in a heavy sea of sage-brush. The wind from Mount Taheechaypah freezes the very marrow in our bones, as the sand flies like spray under flying hoofs and the silk cracks overhead. At 10.45 A. M. we stand on the platform of our moving and solitarily gorgeous car, bidding the frosty but kindly Bakersfield adieu. In about three minutes we cross the Kern River, say sixty yards broad, slow-flowing, full of little low islets where willows and cotton-woods grow, as also on the banks, here and there. The Sierra, seemingly forty or fifty miles away on the east, shoots up above the mist like a strong wall between us and the ugly Death Valley beyond it. Here, and all day long, we are running through a low-lying flat country. Away to the east a hawk flies level and steady against a white cloud on the horizon; clumps of dun sage-brush like bits of degraded cloud come up to the feet of the gray telegraph poles that leap forward, one after one, in endless malignant file, threatening with their wires as if they were soldiers armed with knouts and we wretches running the gauntlet. On the long reaches of grass-land an occasional great herd of kine, black, white, brindled, with horns like black elephant-tusks, huddles together at the snort and rush of our engine.

All this while the fog has been rising and falling in a confusing way like water about the lips of some Tantalus. At eleven o'clock we pass, without stopping, Lerdo Station — a platform, a few white tents, and a puddle or two edged with thin ice. Another station shoots past at half-past eleven o'clock; it has a name and local habitation, but neither is distinguishable for engine smoke — we are firing up heavily. Snipe spring in scared wisps from the pools and puddles illuminated through the fog by the fiery rain that our big cloudy funnel pours down like a judgment on their little cities of the plain, and escape toward the mountains for their life. Flocks of small twittering birds, like linnets, follow, their slower flight leaving them far in the rear.

Our lonely car, insulting with its warm and glittering splendor the cold and naked

land, flies on. Two engineers sit in front in their little pent-house, both keeping a sharp lookout, one with hand on a long lever by the furnace-door, the other holding the ready shovel and tolling his bell from time to time, as an occasional squatter's shanty appears through the mist. Beside the stove in our car nods, in fitful dozes, a quick-eyed young brakeman, face and garments charged with lamp-oil to the saturation point.

There is a sharp whistle from the alert engineer; the oily brakeman springs to his feet, to the door, to his brake, and breathless, black in the face, twirls it as if he had suddenly found himself in an exhausted receiver, and was boring for air and dear life. It is ten minutes to twelve o'clock just as we stop; the fog is nearly gone; we are to take in water here, and this is Delano Station—a corral—a few wooden houses—a person of tender years with blue nose, blue cloak, blue trousers, small horse and extravagantly large Mexican saddle—heaps of cattle-bones, live cattle, and sheep in multitudes, all the way out to the horizon, with lonely herders standing or riding here and there at immense distances apart—a train of canvas-covered emigrant wagons—and, “Good-by, Delano!” we are off.

Hardly is steam got up, hardly has the faithful brakeman laid down his weary limbs, when, sharp 11.45 A.M., the engine whistles again sudden and shrill; sheep on the line, crossing it—millions apparently, and bound to get across just there and just then, all because a leading miscreant of an old ram has led the way. Brake hard, then, O oily one! hard and swift, or much mutton and editorial flesh will become protoplasm and primordial atom, to the loss of sheep-owners and the bewilderment of undertakers. We are clear again, and go ahead, slowing up from time to time, as other innumerable flocks of sheep and herds of cattle persist in getting in our way. Surely never was land like this for multitudinous flocks and herds.

At 12.20 P.M. we shake the corral and half-a-dozen shanties of Tipton to their muddy foundations as we roar through, greeted by the frantic howls of a score of tow-headed children and dogs. It is 12.27 P.M., the fog has gone west, and the peaks of the Sierra on the east shoot out clear, snow-tipped, split, shat-

tered, filled with shadows and lights, among which rise the creeks and rivulets we have been passing at short intervals all the way up. Along these creeks we shall henceforth be able to see the occasional settlers' huts, with hay-ricks and corrals, and the clumps and belts of cotton-wood, willow, and live-oak that line their low banks. At 12.26 P.M. we stop a moment at Tulare town. Here are a hotel and a flour-mill, one or two hundred houses, a photographic gallery, lots of loungers in coarse raiment, and at least one tavern, in the bar-room of which two ready pistols were the principal items of furnishing, with several bottles of vitriol, labeled respectively whisky, gin, rum, sherry, etc., and lastly, a stable-keeper's advertisement in which “feed” was spelt “feede”—the school-master being abroad.

Leaving Tulare, we begin to see fenced fields; magpies, that might have dropped from their nests in any English ash, chatter impudently; great patches of live-oak, with a few specimens of that livelier oak beside whose stimulating touch the blister of cantharides tastes like the kiss of love, appear and disappear. As the watch ticks 12.58 P.M. we pass a pretty brick house, before which children and a mother with her baby stand, while up from a slough beside it a pelican rises heavily, flying away with a weary-of-the-world-and-of-my-beak appearance. Then plover rise in thousands, split through by two wedges of geese, and a great white swan follows.

It is 1.6 P.M., and we are at Goshen; to-wit, a saloon, a tent or two, three mules, six White men, and a Chinaman. We leave the main line here to visit Visalia, seven miles off, starting at 1.20 P.M. Running at first through some bad alkali country, we soon enter one of the prettiest districts of rolling lawn land to be seen anywhere, beautifully wooded, with level reaches of short thick grass that make us long for a game of cricket on them. We might be in an English park, but that down a long windy curving road there rattles an unmistakable American wagon, filled with gaily-dressed girls in scarlet and blue, defying the cold.

Visalia shines up through the trees at a quarter to two. We stop a little way from the town proper, mount a stage, and off we

rattle at a break-neck speed, pulling up at a German tavern, in the bar-room of which no pistols were kept in sight. This town is decidedly a pushing, lively place, with its population of 2,500; girls move about in becoming costumes; Indians dressed with *serapes*, Mexican fashion, lounge and ride through streets of pretty cottages and shops—streets in fact as well as in name, with jail, school-houses, churches, and public halls. It seems to an observer here (though no questions were asked on the subject) that the Visalia Indians have ousted the Chinese from the performance of those various lesser services that these latter monopolize so generally in California; not a pigtail happened to be seen at any rate, and the absence was noticeable.

At 3.30 P. M. we are back at Goshen on the main line, and resuming our journey north. It becomes monotonous to talk of these flat lands, all just alike, lying low and convenient for irrigation from King's River, and supplying plenty of grass for abounding herds of cattle. A month hence, we are told, the country will be one great flower-garden, far as the eye can see.

Passing one or two low muddy rivers, we run on into the fog now settling down with the darkening evening, and gain Fresno at 4.30 P. M. Near the station to the east of the rails lies a Chinese settlement of fifteen or sixteen huts; to the west of the rails lies the town proper—fifty or sixty houses, at a rough guess. Beside the depot lie piled thirty-six bales of cotton of 500 pounds each, consigned to "Eisen," of San Francisco, and reported grown on the farm of Dr. Brandt, six miles out from the city. This cotton is of fine quality, but rather short in the "staple."

At 5.50 P. M. we are off again from Fresno, running through mist and darkness, over various branches of the San Joaquin River, passing station after station with a roar. Night and Erebus dominate all things save our fiery Cyclops dragon, rolling itself on and on in thunder over the shining rails; and San Joaquin Valley and mist and sky become one and indivisible to every eye.

How, further, our travelers slept, and were torn from their berths by calls to visit various important places during the night, possesses only a private interest. In the morning, all found themselves rapidly nearing home, trav-

ersing that part of central California, along the Central Pacific Railroad line from Lathrop west, already so well known and described in its fertility and high state of cultivation. The glorious scenery of the Livermore Valley, its wooded beetling cliffs, where great sycamores mingle their now yellow leaves with the green foliage of the live-oak, and with some evergreen shrub bearing red berries that reminded us of the English holly so appropriate to that beautiful Christmas morning—all this passed rapidly before us, then was left behind, and at noon we saw the twin minarets of the Jewish synagogue amid the hills and spires of San Francisco.

Rain Dreams.

I, beside my window
Watch the falling rain
Patter, patter ceaselessly
On the window-pane;
Every drop so round and bright
Full of shifting rainbow light.

Full my lap of stockings,
Out at heel and toe—
Through and through in mazy mesh
Watch my needle go,
Keeping, ever keeping time
To the rain-drops' tinkling rhyme.

Wondrous tales they tell me
By their steady drip,
While my flashing needle
In and out I slip—
Seeing as I darn and pair
Many a castle in the air:

Castles famed in story
By the German Rhine,
Castles old and hoary,
Gray with moss and vine;
Once, in days of the Crusades,
Filled with knights, and dames, and maids.

Ranks of bold Crusaders,
Glittering shield and lance,
Flaunting knightly banners,
Steeds that gaily prance,
Heart of gold and cross of red,
Rise before me from the dead.

Would that I were living
In the olden time,
When men were brave and women true,
And Love was in his prime—
One among the noble maids
In the days of the Crusades.

'Stead of me here sitting,
Lap of stockings full,

I would broider scarf and flag
 With rainbow silk and wool ;
 With a page to hold my skein,
 And to sing when I should deign.

Many a bearded harper,
 Skilled in tale and song,
 Should help to drive dull time away
 When the hours grew long ;
 And my page might touch his lute
 While my waiting-maids stood mute.

I would have a lover,
 Handsome, brave, and strong,
 Bright as the great sun himself,
 Fearing naught but wrong.
 By him should lean the longest lance,
 On him the gayest plumes should dance.

Leaving me to dream of him
 With my maids at home,
 He with flag and prancing steed
 With his squire should roam
 Over to the Holy Land,
 Stoutest of the knightly band.

Yea, the foe should tremble
 At his very name ;
 Round his sword and lance should twine
 Laurel wreaths of fame,
 And his deeds outlive their time
 In the minnesinger's rhyme.

Sometime in the summer
 He should wander back,
 Bringing as he rode along
 Glory in his track ;
 Faithfully he'd come to me
 From the lands beyond the sea.

Yet alas ! my lover,
 Knightly though he be,
 Might in that far eastern land
 Not be true to me !
 Black eyes, they say, have sharper glance
 Than even the Crusader's lance.

In those days, too, all were not
 Born in castle halls ;
 Toiling ones were many
 Far outside their walls.
 And why should my poor lot be cast
 With the first and not the last ?

Castle walls were frowning,
 Crosses red with gore,
 Lovers who went wandering
 Came back never more.
 Ah ! my day-dream sadly fades,
 Like the days of the Crusades !

IRENE CONNELL.

The Japanese Indemnity Fund.

Most of our readers are already aware that a very large amount of money—several hundred thousand dollars—has been received by

the government of the United States from the government of Japan as "an indemnity" for certain offenses against the American flag, committed years ago. The uses to which this fund may be put have been discussed by various writers, and a summary of their views was given in this magazine for February, 1873.

President Grant in his recent message called particular attention to this fund, and recommended that it be appropriated to educational purposes. In accordance with this recommendation, Senator Sargent, of California, has introduced a bill to the United States Senate which provides for the establishment of an Oriental College on the Pacific Coast, in connection with the University of California, and for such other institutions as may be favorable to the end in view.

Such an Oriental College would be serviceable in several ways. It would afford to American youth the opportunity to fit themselves for residence in the Orient as diplomatic and consular agents, interpreters, explorers, merchants, etc. It would afford to oriental youth an opportunity to become acquainted with the institutions and ways of western civilization. It would bring together a body of learned men whose lectures, libraries, correspondence, and publications would be of the greatest value in disseminating a correct knowledge of Asiatic countries and people, thus promoting international friendship, acquaintance, and intercourse.

The text of the bill, as it comes to us through a correspondent of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, is as follows :

"A bill making provision for an Oriental College, a measure of both national and local-California interest, which, being well condensed and self-explanatory, is herewith transcribed in full :

"Be it enacted, etc., that the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized and directed to invest the proceeds of the Indemnity Fund paid by the government of Japan to the government of the United States, under the convention of Simonoseki of October 22, 1864, now remaining in the treasury, in five per centum gold-bearing bonds of the United States, and to annually pay the income thereof to seven trustees, to be appointed by the President of the United States, for the uses hereinafter mentioned.

"SEC. 2. That the President of the United States shall appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a board of seven trustees, to serve with-

out pay, and from time to time, as vacancies occur in said board, shall fill such vacancies; which said trustees shall maintain, in connection with the University of California, and with such other institutions of learning as may seem to them likely to promote the purposes of this endowment, an Oriental College, the object of which shall be to promote a knowledge of the languages, history, religions, laws, manners, resources, and commercial relations of Asiatic countries, for the sake of increasing international friendship and intercourse; and also to afford American youths an opportunity to fit themselves for residence and service in the Orient as diplomatic or consular agents and interpreters, or for private careers; and also to afford Japanese youths an opportunity to pursue their education in this country under favorable circumstances.

"SEC. 3. That said trustees shall annually, upon the meeting of Congress, report to the President of the United States the financial and educational condition of their trust."

It is obvious that if such a college is to be established in this country there are many reasons why it should be placed in the neighborhood of San Francisco. Through this harbor, in all time to come, intercourse will be maintained between the United States and Asiatic countries. Here it is that young Chinese and Japanese students first arrive; here are already liberal opportunities for them to acquire a knowledge of the sciences and arts of American life. The University of California, from the time of its opening, has stood open to students from any State or country, free from all charges for tuition. The climate of the Pacific Coast is more favorable than that of the Atlantic for those who come from the Orient. A knowledge of Japan and the other countries of Asia is especially important to the people of California, who, partly by necessity and partly by preference, must always maintain close relations with the countries upon the opposite shores of the Pacific.

We are informed that the proposition to establish an Oriental College in connection with the University of California has already met with the approval of many gentlemen in the Eastern States of this country. We hope that, short and crowded as this session of Congress will be, time may be found to consider the measure proposed by Senator Sargent—a measure so full of importance at once to America and to Japan, and one whose unbiased consideration, in view of all the points involved, can lead to but one result.

Art Notes.

The seventh exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association opened with considerable *éclat*, and a brilliant assemblage of the wealth and culture of San Francisco graced the opening night. A good indication of progress is the small number of really worthless pictures upon the walls, and the large proportion of good pictures by resident artists. The number of foreign pictures is less than usual, the most noteworthy being a portrait of a child, by Bougoreau. And here we should like to inquire why the best foreign pictures are always placed in the worst light in the room, where cross-lights and reflections prevent the visitor from studying them to advantage? Although this portrait is not a good example of the master, it is still a fine picture; particularly admirable are the pure tints of the face and the beautiful drawing of the hands. The drapery is not so pleasing, being somewhat cold and heavy in color and texture, and lacking the pleasing lights and warm reflections wherewith nature enlivens masses of white drapery. Toby Rosenthal's picture is good in *motif* and expression, but rather coarse in execution and chromo-y in color. "A Gala-day in California," by Charles Nahl, is an interesting picture of the romantic period in the history of California, when the Spanish-Mexican population like butterflies danced away the golden sunshiny summers, and with music, *fandango*, gay ball, tournament, and resplendent color, made it a long gala-day. There is plenty of sparkle, dramatic action, and admirable figure-drawing in the picture; indeed, its chief fault is redundancy, and it is more agreeable in parts than as a whole. A judicious toning and pruning would improve it. The color of the ox in the centre of the picture is a bad relief for the Spanish maiden's face, who is coquettishly resisting the attempt of the gallant to snatch a kiss. Admirable is the group in the right-hand corner, of a Spanish woman seated on the ground cooking *frijoles*, and the priest eagerly bending over her to secure some of the delicacies, while a little girl in front leisurely devours a smoking morsel. Well executed is the figure of the musician, and also the couple entering the gate and dropping alms into the hat of the beggar. The two *vaqueros* exer-

cising their steeds would be better separated or toned down. The black lazzaroni-like figures reclining on the ground are good in drawing and character. Altogether as a historical picture it is valuable, and, considering that the artist labored under the disadvantage of not having living models, a very creditable performance. The three large pictures by Tojetti are remarkable, chiefly for their size. They are faulty in drawing, bad in color, and very conventional in composition. It is a pity that a man who is a tolerable portrait-painter should so mistake his abilities, for an ambitious attempt like this, when it falls so far below mediocrity, becomes mournful. Thomas Hill exhibits several large and spirited landscapes, and a wood interior that is simply exquisite, being the most delicious bit of painting we have ever seen from his hand. Hahn has made an attempt at landscape that is a failure. As for composition, there is none in it; the drawing of the figures is very bad, and the whole effect tame and commonplace. Here again a man who paints still life excellently has made a mistake in attempting what he has neither capacity nor feeling for. There are two or three landscapes from Keith's easel, of which we like best the gray and misty mouth of Russian River, with deer in the foreground. Brookes has a picture of fowls, lifeless and wooden—not a good example of his abilities; Irwin and Shaw, some good portraits; Baumgrass, a very poor one; and Yelland, several small studies, that show good feeling for color, but a bad style that makes them resemble too painfully pieces of worsted work. Marple exhibits two or three landscapes; they are in his usual style, except the "Fog in Livermore Pass," which must be original, for we have never seen in nature or art anything like it.

There is nothing of special interest in the art stores. The principal artists seem to be doing very little; perhaps the *bonanza* affects them.

Immigration.

Within the past year, the advantages of California in respect to climate, soil, and variety of products, have made a very favorable impression throughout the Atlantic States

and Europe. The immigration has been unusually large; and the most encouraging feature in the matter has been the average intelligence and respectability of the classes who have come to the State. Although exaggerated descriptions have been given of our resources and the opportunities existing here for the employment of labor, yet the truth has been pretty generally disseminated all over the civilized world; and if in a few cases injury has been done by misrepresentation, the general facts set forth in various publications have been so fully sustained by our enormous productions of the past year, both in agriculture and the precious metals, that very few who have come here will be disappointed.

In this direction, the California Immigrant Union, of which Mr. Wm. H. Martin is manager, has done good service. This institution, got up and supported by private enterprise, has established agencies all over the Atlantic States and Europe. Mr. Martin has devoted himself to the duties of his office with an amount of intelligence and zeal that would have made him wealthy had he labored half so strenuously for his individual benefit. Already he has been instrumental in the subdivision and sale of the Lompoc Rancho, near Santa Barbara; the organization of the Centinela colonization project, and the proposed subdivision of nearly all the prominent ranches throughout southern California. Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the high prices at which these lands are sold, the result will unquestionably be a great benefit to the State. If people choose to pay for good land, susceptible of irrigation and well situated in respect to climate, what it is worth at public auction, we do not see that there is any good reason for complaint. A few years hence it will be worth a great deal more.

With the limited means at his command, Mr. Martin has done a great deal of good. Much of the work done by the Immigrant Union is seen only in its results; and few of those who cavil at it are aware of the fact that a large portion of the immigration of the present year is due to the persistent labors of its manager in the dissemination of useful and attractive information about the State.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE CONFLICT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By John William Draper, M.D., L.L.D. New York: Appleton & Co.

Readers who are familiar with Mr. Draper's *History of Intellectual Philosophy in Europe* will find in this volume little that is new. It is rather an attempt to popularize ideas which are elaborated at great length in his preceding work, than to open up a new field of thought. In small compass he has reviewed the history of the rise of Christianity, the attitude of the Church to scientific questions from its origin to the Reformation, the political history of the papacy, the intellectual influence of science, closing with a review of the present controversy between those who retain their faith in the supernatural, and those who trace all phenomena, both in the spiritual and material world, to law. Mr. Draper is one of the ablest representatives in this country of that school of thought which refuses all sympathy to systems of religious faith, and looks to science and to political economy for social regeneration.

We think Mr. Draper fails to do justice to the advanced thought of Protestant divines. He criticises the action of the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, charging it with hostility to science. A careful study of the utterances of Christlieb and other leading minds of that body would have revealed to him an earnest desire on their part to harmonize the seeming antagonisms between religion and science. The speculations of science are entitled to no more than tolerant hospitality from those Christian teachers; its demonstrations they are ready to accept. This is the distinguishing glory of Protestantism. It advances slowly; it has its own narrowness; it looks with jealousy upon every attack upon its prescriptive ideas; but it moves, and its foremost thought is not far in the rear of any actual discovery in the domain of scientific truth. The antagonism between religion

and science is not over questions relating to the method of the material creation or the origin of man. These are fairly within the scope of scientific inquiry, and on these questions we are undoubtedly much wiser than were the middle ages. The real controversy is over a class of questions which are wholly outside the range of scientific investigation.

The existence of an intelligent Will—the creator of the laws discovered by science—the immortality of the soul, the religious sentiment which has founded all the religious systems of the world, the possibility of spiritual communion between man and Deity, are questions which some scientists flippantly dispose of as superstitious dreams, and so provoke an antagonism which can never end while man lives to think, and suffer, and hope. They are ideas which dwell in the profoundest moral consciousness of all ages and of all systems of devout thought. The negative of these questions science can not demonstrate. They exist as human faiths in the primal instincts of the soul, and constitute the basis of natural religion.

The mass of mankind must, and will, obey their spiritual instincts, and crystallize into forms adapted to their culture, their hopes, and their faiths; preferring the consolations which flow from these to the satisfactions of barren speculation and denial.

One great sentence of a modern thinker contains the gist of the whole matter: "The limitations within which man must think will always give to doubt its more or less plausible argument; the necessities within which man must live will always give to faith its victorious answer."

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION. By W. D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is one of the few novels now publishing that grown-up persons with developments not wholly arrested at the "sensuous caterwauling" period, can read with pleasure and

without the crucifixion of either their morality or common sense. The plot is the perfection of art in its interest, want of involuntariness, naturalness, and adequacy to the development of the characters represented. Its author, strangely enough, does not seem to have written under the influence of *delirium tremens* or even of *hasheesh*; nor does he commit solecisms, or use any language unfit for a gentleman to repeat before decent people, or hint persistently at things too shameful for words. Among his heroes there are found no haughty, lofty-looking young giants, with the brows and eyes of Greek gods and the pulpy brains of some monkey ten thousand leagues below the missing link. Among his heroines there are women whose eyes he can describe without exhausting the adjectives generally applied to stove-polish and new tinware, and whose ordinary bearing would not make it the duty of a *gendarme* to keep his eye on them down the *boulevards*. It is a novel written by a man of culture, of experience in the world, of much native and acquired insight into the springs and outlets of human nature and conduct; to read it is like watching a face or a character, open indeed and lovable, but sometimes shaded a little with the unapproachable mysteries that underlie all life, and sometimes perplexed in the extreme at the snares and crooks that fall to all paths.

The scene of the tale is laid in Venice. In it is described one of the most life-like and suggestive modern Italian characters, Don Ippolito, ever reproduced from long, intimate, and accurate personal observation. The mixture of deference, smoothness, passion, courage, poltroonery, hypocrisy, and honesty, there embodied in man's flesh and producing the effect of a reality and not a puppet, is something marvelous, and must indeed be to those wholly unacquainted with the type something nearly incredible.

The key-note of the character of his heroine Mr. Howells strikes at our first introduction to her with a fitness and accuracy that ring through all subsequent changes, making of the whole one of the most attractive pieces of womanhood we have studied for a long time. "She had the air of being embarrassed in presence of herself, and of having an anxious watch upon her impulses.

I do not know how otherwise to describe the effect of proud, helpless femininity, which would have struck the close observer in Miss Vervain."

The picture of Mr. Ferris, the hero of the novel, is just as elaborate and characteristic in its way. The constantly recurring touches of quiet dry humor that spice his perplexities, in judging the character of the woman he loves, and in estimating his position in her heart, are thoroughly delightful. We refuse, however, to give any hint or idea of the development of the story, or to spoil by the precipitancy of a single word the subtle and perfect pleasure before every one who has yet to read *A Foregone Conclusion*.

SONGS OF MANY SEASONS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

It is hard to begin or to arrange all we have got to say about Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is so long since he began to please people, and he has kept up and increased the delight so well ever since, that we confess absolute inability to take up or consider any work of his in a properly cold and impartial spirit. We remember long years ago two students, half the world's breadth away from this editorial desk, sitting round a blazing fire, on a chill November evening. Another youth suddenly burst into the room with a flushed, beaming face, and in his hand an open book, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. He had read a few pages, and could no longer keep his treasure to himself. There were disjointed vehement superlatives of eulogy hastily spoken and listened to, there was an adjusting of fire, chairs, and pipes, and then three British lads lay half the night through at the spiritually present feet of a Boston philosopher, who spoke, to their mind, as never man spake. Sterne had been the favorite with them previously, but for long after there was but one literary god, and Holmes was his prophet.

Time, extended culture, and experience of men and books, has led us to be more cautious in condemnation and eulogy, and to render with more or less accuracy to every Cæsar the things which are his, but when we hear the old name the old flush is still felt

somewhere under the unmoved skin, and the old feeling of turning first toward the "hub" when we pronounce an *ave Caesar imperator* asserts itself like an inherited instinct.

Mr. Holmes is certainly one of the greatest living writers of lyrics generally and *vers de société* in any language; full of wit, *esprit Gaulois*, and curious out-of-the-way bits of science and art; musical and sweet as Moore, silver-polished as Gray, thunderous and echoing at times as Campbell.

His war songs are especially good, hard and fiery, with the stuff that *Marseillaises* are made of; all but the foot, this Boston man is the Tyrtæus of his father-land. When his teeth show white, he would turn upon the high heaven itself, if it should not aid his cause:

"All nations, all tribes in whose nostrils is breath,
Stand gazing at Sin as she travails with Death;
Lord, strangle the monster that struggles to birth,
Or mock us no more with thy 'Kingdom on Earth!'"

See how the stark claws bite like poisoned steel under the superb velvet of these eight lines concerning Grant:

"So well his warlike wooing sped,
No fortress might resist
His *billets-doux* of lispng lead;
The bayonets in his fist,
With kisses from his cannon's mouth
He made his passion known,
Till Vicksburg, vestal of the South,
Unbound her virgin zone."

How again the sarcasm spits like salt in the fire of this other verse:

"One country! Treason's writhing asp
Struck madly at her girdle's clasp,
And hatred wrenched with might and main
To rend its welded links in twain,
While Mammon hugged his golden calf,
Content to take one broken half."

It is useless, however, to go from poem to poem, especially as most of them have been already published and criticised many times. They are as full of moods and changes as Tennyson's brook, and beautiful or impressive in almost every light. The "Songs of Welcome and Farewell" are the most open to criticism of any in the volume, yet even they are as nearly perfect as may be after their perfunctory fashion, and if the kid glove is rather a bore, there is at any rate no flash of the flunky's plush.

"Best for worst shall make amends,
Find us, keep us, leave us friends
Till, perchance, we meet again.
Benedicite. Amen!"

DEMOCRACY AND MONARCHY IN FRANCE.
By Charles Kendall Adams. New York:
Henry Holt & Co.

This is a healthy book. It is a study of the history of France from her revolution of '93 to the present time, and was first presented in a course of lectures delivered by the author as professor of history before the students of Michigan University. It is most appropriately dedicated to Andrew D. White, his predecessor in that chair, and widely known as a scholar and educator.

The book is written from a conservative stand-point, and has little sympathy with that radicalism which regards innovation as reform. The author finds in the revolutionary spirit which has taken possession of the French people the bane of their national life. To find that repose and security which stable and just governments alone can afford, they need either to rise superior to this revolutionary tendency, or to submit themselves to a force strong enough to repress its excesses. This is the lesson he draws after a survey of the many revolutions which have so rapidly succeeded each other since the days of Louis XVI.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA, or a Discourse on Divine Matters between Krishna and Arjuna. A Sanskrit Philosophical Poem, translated by J. Cockburn Thomson. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House.

This translation of a Hindoo poem, dedicated by Mr. Thomson to his sometime instructor, Professor Wilson, of Oxford, is one of a class of works demanding all the consideration and assistance that scholars everywhere can afford. It belongs to a class of books believed by great numbers of our fellow-men to have been supernaturally inspired, and trusted by them for their guidance in the ways of this life, and for light to pierce the dividing darkness between death and a future existence. No such book can in the nature of things have been thus esteemed by rational beings without having in itself much

that is intrinsically valuable for comfort and instruction in righteousness, or at least, considered at its lowest, much that is curious and suggestive as affording insight into the desires and needs of the souls that found therein their bread and water of life.

The *Bhagavad-Gita* was written by an author of whose name no trustworthy record or tradition remains, and its date can only be guessed at. Its doctrines and philological characteristics belong probably to a period between one century before and three after Christ—to the golden prime, in fact, of Sanskrit literature. It is in the form of a dialogue between Krishna, the great hero demi-god of Hindoo mythological history, and Arjuna, his best-beloved disciple; and Krishna is the eighth *avatara* or “descent” to earth of the god Vishnu, who was thus made flesh and dwelt among men. At this point, we warn our readers that the process by which Mr. Thomson, in his “index to the proper names” of the poem, attempts to sift history out of the mythology of the Hindoos and to assign to its heroes dates and local habitations, is a process which has been already tried to the fullest extent with the theogony of Greece and Rome, and been found signalingly wanting, by the consent of the majority of modern scholars. No clue has ever yet been found in this way that led to any light more enduring than an *ignis fatuus*, and no system of mythological interpretation can much longer hope for a hearing among students which does not once and for all recognize the possibility of men’s evolving from the infinite depths and mysteries of their mind and soul a system of religion without basing it upon the life-exploits and death of some hero of a petty clan. To whatever extravagant lengths the “natural theories” of Møller, Tyler, and Cox have been carried by their less judicious and learned disciples, they have by their close adherence to inductive methods founded the science of comparative mythology, and enriched it with more facts in ten years than the followers of the antiquated system did during the whole period of its most vigorous life.

Returning to our *Bhagavad-Gita*, we find the scene in which its supposed dialogue took place to be the country lying between the Jumna and Sursooty rivers, in a district once

known as the “Kurukshetra, or plain of the Kurus,” on a battle-field where a fight was impending between the Kuru faction and the Pandu faction, two branches of an Aryan tribe. Arjuna, the disciple of Krishna, belongs to the Pandavas or sons of Pandu, and is now found waiting to take part in the engagement, the god Krishna guiding his chariot. The fight has just begun with a volley of arrows from either party, when Arjuna prays Krishna to drive the chariot forward between the opposing ranks. This is done, and the god points out to the young Pandava the great numbers in the two armies nearly allied by ties of blood and descent. Horror-struck at the fratricidal strife, Arjuna refuses to continue or take part in it; but Krishna combats his objection with a statement of the conditions, duties, and philosophy of life here and hereafter, forming the body of the poem. Arjuna gives in; the fight goes on, resulting in the victory of the Pandavas and the conclusion of the *Bhagavad-Gita*.

We close with extracts that explain themselves, and which, better than any form of words of ours, will illustrate the poem, its infinite reachings, its frequent failings to attain, its beauties, its trivialities, the generally excellent literary character of the translation, and, lastly much, to our annoyance and regret, the far too numerous proof-reader’s errors with which it abounds:

“I behold all the gods in thy body, O god! and crowds of different beings, the lord Brahma on a throne of lotus-cup, and all the Rishis and celestial serpents. I see thee with many arms, stomachs, mouths, and eyes, everywhere of infinite form. I see neither end, nor middle, nor yet beginning of thee, O Lord of All! of the form of All! crowned with a diadem, bearing a club and a discus. I see thee, a man of light, beaming everywhere, hard to look upon, bright as a kindled fire or the sun on all sides, immeasurable. I believe thee to be the indivisible, the highest object of knowledge, the supreme receptacle of this universe, the imperishable preserver of eternal law, the everlasting person. I see thee without beginning, middle, or end, of infinite strength, with the sun and moon as eyes, mouths like a kindled fire, heating all the universe with thy splendor. For this space between heaven and earth,

and every quarter of heaven, are [is] pervaded by thee alone. The tripple [triple] world is astonished, O mighty one! having beheld this miraculous and terrific form of thine."

"The wise grieve not for dead or living. But never at any period did I, or thou, or these kings of men, not exist, nor shall any of us at any time cease to exist." "There is no existence for what does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for what exists." "He who believes that this spirit can kill, and he who thinks that it can be killed, both of these are wrong in judgment." "Unborn, changeless, eternal, both as to future and past time, it is not slain when the body is killed." "As a man abandons worn-out clothes, and takes other new ones, so does the soul quit worn-out bodies, and enter other new ones. Weapons can not cleave it. Fire can not burn it, nor can water wet it, nor can wind dry it." "And even if thou deem it born with the body, and dying with the body, still, O great-armed one! thou art not right to grieve for it. For to everything born death is certain, to everything dead regeneration is certain."

PROSPER MERIMÉE'S LETTERS TO AN INCOGNITA. Recollections by Lamartine and George Sand. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This volume, the third of the very convenient and well-selected "Bric-a-Brac Series," well fulfills the promise of the motto upon its cover, "Infinite riches in a little room." As the editor remarks in his preface, "Lamartine, Mérimée, and George Sand have added such brilliancy to the French literature of the present century, that their association in this volume is entirely natural, and calls for no explanation or justification." Although Lamartine, from the extraordinary brilliance of his literary reputation, and the great influence which he at one time exerted in French politics, is unquestionably the most prominent of the trio, yet the first place in the volume is assigned to the *Letters to an Incognita*, by Prosper Mérimée. And we think this is as well, since the mystery which

surrounds these letters, their freshness, their epigrammatic brilliancy, their keen and flashing wit, the careless boldness with which they dash off the portraits of the leading men in English as well as in French society, will render them to many readers the most attractive part of the collection. This translation is, besides, the editor assures us, the only one through which they have thus far been made accessible to the English reader.

Until recently, Prosper Mérimée has been but slightly known, save to his own countrymen. It will, therefore, be in place to say a few words here concerning his career. He was born in Paris in 1803, and died in Cannes, September 23, 1870. He first appeared before the public in 1825, as the translator from the Spanish of several dramas, under the title *Théâtre de Clara Gazul*; in 1833 he published a moral tale—*The Double Mistake* (*La Double Méprise*)—and then there followed, at intervals, notes of journeys in the south, and also in the west of France; *Stories in Roman History*; *A History of Don Pedro I., King of Castile*; *An Episode in the History of Russia*, etc. *Columba*, a novel which was published in 1841, was extremely successful. In the course of his career, first as Inspector-General of Historical Monuments, a position to which he was appointed as early as 1834, then as a member of the French Academy, with an election to which he was honored in 1844, and afterward as senator (1853), he saw French society in all its phases, and constantly under circumstances which gave him the most excellent opportunities for observation. Cynical by nature, the lingering disease to which he finally yielded led him to look at men and things, especially during the later years of his life, in a morbidly critical way; but that he was capable of loving ardently, these now famous *Letters to an Incognita* abundantly prove. The letters, many hundred in number, and extending over a period of twenty-eight years, from 1842 to 1870, are dated from various parts of Europe. The style is free, careless, graceful, and will be best shown by quoting, almost hap-hazard, a paragraph or two. "You ask if there are any Greek novels; there are many, but very tedious in my opinion. *Daphnis and Chloë*, translated by Courier, is pretentiously *naïf* and not over

exemplary. An admirable but very immoral work is *L'Ane de Lucius*; one does not boast, however, of reading it, though a masterpiece. The worst of the Greeks is, that their ideas of morality and decency differ so entirely from our own. If you have the courage to attempt history you will be charmed with Herodotus, who enchants me. Begin with *Anabasis, or the Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, take a map of Asia and follow these ten thousand rascals in their journey; it is Froissard *gigantesque*. Lucien is the Greek with the most wit, or rather *our* wit, but he is a libertine, and I dare not commend him." In another letter he writes: "I am re-reading *Wilhelm Meister*, a strange book, in which the finest possible things alternate with the most absurd childishness. In all that Goethe wrote there is a singular mingling of genius and German silliness (*niaiserie*); was he laughing at others or at himself?" Here is something that touches ourselves more nearly: "I am glad my *critique* on Mr. Prescott has pleased you. I am not altogether satisfied with it, as I only expressed half of what I should like to say, acting on the aphorism of Philip the Second, that one must say only good of the dead. In fact, the work is only of slight interest, and not above mediocrity. It strikes me that had the author been less Yankee, he could have done something better." Mérimée's opinion of Bulwer's novel, *What will he do with it?* is curious, and, we think, unique. "It appears to me," he writes, "senile to the last degree; nevertheless, it contains some pretty scenes and has a very good moral. As to the hero and heroine, they transcend in silliness the limits of romance."

The memoirs of Lamartine, which occupy the second and largest part of the volume, are eminently interesting. The life of Alphonse de Lamartine was a brilliant though a chequered one. The financial embarrassments into which his extravagant habits plunged him during the close of his life, placed him in such an unfortunate attitude toward those who had for many years flattered and petted him, that his great popularity suffered a disastrous eclipse; but the matchless eloquence which he repeatedly displayed as an orator, the influence which he now and then exerted as a statesman, and the po-

etic glow and fervor which breathe through all his writings, have secured for him and his works a name which must endure. A few pages at the end of the book are taken up with a fraction of George Sand's *Souvenirs et Impressions*. Of this the editor says: "Doubtless George Sand might have given us one of the most notable volumes of reminiscences ever published, had she chosen to do so. Possibly she holds her material for such a book in reserve." Certainly her *Reminiscences and Impressions* is not by any means the work its title would lead the reader to anticipate. It seems to be a *réchauffé* of articles furnished, from time to time, possibly to reviews, with scattering personal recollections, few of them so pointed as to possess any personal interest.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE DEVIL, and other Biographical Sketches and Essays. By Charles Bradlaugh. New York: A. K. Butts and Co.

The literary profession has hitherto perhaps, of all callings, been most free from quacks. It has been our lot—our business, we might say—to read many books. Of these, some have instructed, some amused us; some have been written by wise, some by clever men; many by those who have trodden the literary wine-press till their feet are weary, yet whose constant treading presses out but savorless juice; many more by those who have evidently mistaken their vocation; but few, that we recollect, by intruders. And by intruders we mean men whose instincts, be they gross or fine, are foreign to the pursuit of literature; whose work grates upon the senses of, is in fact offensive to, the reader. Let us try to explain. Almost all men who make literature their profession do so from very love of it; none are driven to it: that is to say, no man would be driven to become a writer by poverty, or other cause, unless his tastes led him in that direction; almost any business would occur to him before that, almost any would be more profitable to him, unless he were fitted for it. Some men, as we have said, mistake their calling when they take to literature: that is, they can never succeed in it; but, though they lack ability, their taste and likings lead that way; they

are not intruders, they are only failures. Able men, who are not fond of literature, generally not only avoid but despise the Potter's Field, where so many outcasts are buried and forgotten—the Golgotha, where so many skulls lie useless. It is only in men combining “smartness,” ignorance, coarseness, and assurance, that we find the intruder, the true Philistine. And such a one is the author of *A Few Words about the Devil*, etc.

Charles Bradlaugh, demagogue and communist, begins his book with a marvelously impudent autobiography, wherein he boasts of a lack of scholarship—he should have written, a common education in both letters and breeding; he then goes on to discuss ignorantly matters which, of all others, require the most perfect erudition. He takes up the Bible, reads parts of it superficially, picks out such passages as suit his ends, puts a literal construction upon the most manifest figures of speech and poetry, blunders at every step, fails to understand the simplest idioms, insults common decency with his coarseness, and imagines he has irretrievably knocked into a cocked hat a question which for centuries has been a subject for argument among the most learned men. In short, he treats the greatest literary production the world has ever known precisely as an atheistical plow-boy might. We take no side in the question; our creed is *far* from being a bigoted one; but, as there is a time and a place for everything, so there is a man for everything, and we are sure that to the stanchest atheists of culture, this book and its author will be as distasteful as it will be to the most orthodox believers.

That Mr. Bradlaugh has “conveyed” unsparingly from sundry learned though doubting commentators, is evident; but even his thefts do him no good; he can not understand the men whose thunder he steals, and misapplies their arguments. When left to his own resources he is puerile and doltish beyond belief. In the Book of Job, in reply to God's query: “Whence comest thou?” Satan answers: “From going to and fro in the earth, and from going up and down it.” Mr. Bradlaugh says:

“In remarking on this answer, I do not address myself to those wretched persons who, relying on their reason and common sense, ignore the divine

truth. I address myself to the true believer, and I ask, is he not astonished to find, from his Bible, that Satan could have gone to and fro in the earth, and walked up and down, and yet not have met God, the omnipresent, occasionally during his journey?”

Again:

“It is urged by some that the Devil was the serpent of Genesis—that is, that it was really Satan who, in this guise, tempted Eve. There is this difficulty in the matter: the Devil is a liar, but in the interview with Eve the serpent seems to have confined himself to the strict truth. There is, in fact, no point of resemblance—no horns, no hoof, nothing except the tail—which can be in any way identified.”

And of such twaddle as this the book is full. It would be fatuous to expect a man of this stamp to be dignified, yet one would hardly think him capable of perpetrating wretched jokes while engaged in so serious a business as annihilating the Scriptures. But see how the clown peeps over the shoulder of the pseudo-sage:

“God is a spirit. Jesus was led up of the Spirit to be tempted of the Devil; and it is also true that spirits are very likely to lead men to the Devil. Too intimate acquaintance with whisky toddy over-night is often followed by the *delirium tremens* and blue-devils on the morrow. We advise our readers to eschew alike spirituous and spiritual mixtures. They interfere sadly with sober thinking, and play the devil with your brains.”

There is some confusion about Abraham's age:

“Eschew sense, and, retaining only religion, ever remember that with God all things are possible. Indeed, I have read myself that gin given to young children stunts their growth; and who shall say what influence of the spirit prevented the full development of Abraham's years?” “Men who had lost their sight in the time of Christ were attacked not by disease but by the Devil; we have heard of men seeing double who have allowed spirits to get into their heads.” “Jesus having obtained six water-pots full of water, turned them into wine. Teetotalers who reject spirits in bottles, but accept spiritual teachings, and who can not believe God would specially provide means of drunkenness, urge that this wine was not of intoxicating quality.”

These are a few of the many bibulous jokes with which the book abounds. Begging the reader's pardon for so doing, we close with a sample of other witticisms:

“Jonah's profit probably hardly equaled that realized by the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he had money enough to pay his fare ‘from the presence of the Lord’ to Tarshish. The exact distance of this voyage may be easily calculated by remembering

that the Lord is omnipresent, and then measuring from his boundary to Tarshish. The fare may be worked out on the differential calculus after evening prayer." . . . "Devils should be a sort of eternal salamander, for we are told there is everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his angels, and that there is a lake of brimstone and fire, into which the Devil was cast. Perhaps instead of being salamanders they will, while in the fire, be rather of the 'otter tribe.' . . . "A compromise was agreed to, and at their own request the devils were transferred to a herd of swine. People who believe this may be said to 'go the whole hog.'" . . . "Satan appears either to have been a child of God, or, at any rate, a most intimate acquaintance of the family." . . . "'So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea: and the sea ceased from her raging.' No pen can improve this story; it is so simple, so natural, so child-like. Everyone has heard of casting oil on troubled waters. It stands to reason that a fat prophet would produce the same effect."

TREASURE TROVE. Central Falls, R. I.:
E. L. Freeman & Co.

We venture to say that *Treasure Trove* is unique of its kind, and a marvel among books. First, and most prominently, it is a marvel typographically; it abounds in most elaborate initial letters of all sizes and patterns, and in fanciful designs at the beginning and end of every "book," "part," preliminary ode, and what not. Secondly, it is a marvel in arrangement and construction; it is divided into three books with seven parts in each; there are innumerable proems, preludes, interludes, sonnets, etc., which bear no appreciable relation to the rest of the work; pieces of music, some with words and some without, start up in the most unexpected places throughout the volume, as also do sundry extraordinary pictures, which appear as if they had been drawn by a blind man with a talent for sketching, and a hair in the pen with which he sketched. Thirdly, *Treasure Trove* is a marvel in matter. There are some three hundred octavo pages of closely printed verse, if we except the numerous pages set aside for the above-mentioned designs; no one part appears, as far as we can discover, to have any connection with any other part, yet we believe the work is intended to be one continuous narrative, or romance, or rhapsody, or something. There may be a plot, but to us it is undiscov-
erable.

But the strangest thing about this strange production is the poetry, if we may so style it, which it contains. The maddest and most puerile ideas seem to be jotted down without regard to syntax, sense, or measure. Where the writer would be most sublime, he is most ludicrously commonplace; pathos becomes bathos, the most lofty attempt an unintentional burlesque. A song of the wind begins thus:

"I heard the wind in plaintive key
Itself regressing regnant griefs:
'If I bring woes I bring reliefs.
Why, wherefore, is man's sympathy
From me withheld, or high or low
Or where or when or how I blow?'"

We have not space to give examples of all the nonsense of which the book is full, but pass on to some of the writer's most insane utterances. Somebody is supposed to be mourning for a dead maiden, and his grief takes this form:

"This God men praise is like an army chief,
Despotic, sensual, haughty, drunken, low,
As are his cringing servants, warrior, thief,
Living unshamed his livery to show;
Slaves to brute force, and selling soul and mind
To polished hatred, outwardly refined;
Such brutes within they scarce themselves would
know."

* * * * *

"This Bible history of those wandering Jews,
Call it a poem, never yet to man
Showed God himself directly. I refuse
Belief in miracles, and also ban
The prophecies, the fable of the fall,
The need of Christ's redemption for us all —
Life still is free from theologic plan."

And so on through a great number of verses, some of which are absolutely incomprehensible. Perhaps the author knew this, for he writes:

"The very music of the poet's strain
Within the texture of the reader's brain
Does equal sensibility require."

In every stanza we meet such sentences as "I who wert dead," "and yet thou trusted." And what shall we say of these three lines?

"What have I then to worship but Fate, cold,
Which thinketh not, which neither loves nor hates,
Whose life is laws that it a prisoner hold."

Still he speaks of

"This rude strain, confined to rules of art.

Nevertheless, as no man can write many thousand lines without getting in a good one here and there, the author of *Treasure Trove* gives us occasionally a verse worth reading ; for example :

"The orange light of afternoon
On prairie wide is falling ;

The trembling, scarce-distinguished moon
In crimson sky is palling ;
I feel the breath of fall is here,
The very weeds are crimped and sere,
The wind is moaning like a sea,
All naked stands the lone oak-tree ,
Where late the lark was calling.
But for these changes care not we,
Since Love now gives his sympathy."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco :

- ISSUES OF THE AGE. By Henry C. Pedder. New York : A. K. Butts & Co.
NATHANIEL VAUGHAN: PRIEST AND MAN. By Frederika Macdonald. New York: A. K. Butts & Co.
A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE DEVIL. By Charles Bradlaugh. New York : A. K. Butts & Co.
THAT QUEER GIRL. By Virginia F. Townsend. Boston : Lee & Shepard.
SOWED BY THE WIND; OR, THE POOR BOY'S FORTUNE. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston : Lee & Shepard.
PERSONAL REMINISCENCES. By Barham, Harness, and Hodder. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
RHYMES AND JINGLES. By Mary Mapes Dodge. New York : Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco :

- A FOREGONE CONCLUSION. By W. D. Howells. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.
ECHOES OF THE FOOT-HILLS. By Bret Harte. Boston : J. R. Osgood & Co.
A MAN IN THE MOON, AND OTHER PEOPLE. By R. W. Raymond. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

From Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco :

- THREE ESSAYS ON RELIGION. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. By T. Hardy. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
A FREE LANCE IN THE FIELD OF LIFE AND LETTERS. By Wm. C. Wilkinson. New York : Albert Mason.

Miscellaneous :

- MILITARY LESSONS. By Prof. W. T. Welcker. New York : Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From Matthias Gray, San Francisco :

- THE BRIDAL SCHOTTISCHE. By S. H. Marsh.
THE ORPHAN'S PETITION. Composed at Santa Clara College for the benefit of Mount St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum.
THE LAND O' THE LEAL. | Ballad composed by Austin T. Turner.
TAKE BACK EVERY TOKEN. | Concert song of Alfred Kelleher. Music by W. Schulthes.
MUSSETTE. Adapted from an original melody by Queen Mary Stuart. Composed by Chas. Morley.
STARS THE NIGHT ADORNING. Concert song of Alfred Kelleher. Music by J. B. Wekerlin.

From Sherman & Hyde, San Francisco :

- WEBER POLKA FOR THE PIANO FORTE. Composed by Leonard Georges.
DAVY CROCKETT'S MOTTO. Words by Sam Booth. Music by Chas. Schultz.

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DEVOTED TO

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MARCH, 1875.

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 14. — MARCH, 1875. — No. 3.

THE POLICY THAT BUILT UP THE WEST.

THE development and growth of the Western States of the Union, within the last fifty years, constitute so extraordinary a chapter in human history, that it is worth while to inquire into the causes which have produced such unequalled results. At the close of the first quarter of the present century, the sparse population of those States was confined to the margin of the principal navigable waters, the exceptions being so inconsiderable as to be unworthy of attention, in discussing general causes. The vast interior of the territory under review, consisting of fertile woodland and prairie, was a solitude. The contrast now presented is wonderful, and were the evidence not present to our senses, would be incredible. Now, millions of industrious, thriving, happy people, surrounded by all the concomitants of a high civilization, occupy those regions. What has, within so limited a period of time, wrought this mighty change? We may state, in general terms, that it is the wise and beneficent

policy pursued by the Federal Government. Let us inquire.

The example offered by New York, in the early part of the present century, by the construction of the great Erie Canal, and the benefits resulting from it, demonstrated, if demonstration were needed, the utility of constructing artificial works to facilitate commercial intercourse and transportation. In view of this example, the Western States were not slow to perceive that, if they would not be left behind in the grand march of civilization, they must resort to a like mode of internal improvement. But the Western States were thinly populated and comparatively poor. Their pecuniary resources were not equal to the task of constructing the canals they so much needed. In this emergency they petitioned the Federal Government for aid; they asked for a donation of the public lands, lying within their respective borders, to aid them in their several enterprises. Independent of the benefits which were to accrue to the general

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public from the construction of the contemplated works, the new States contended that they had just claims upon the bounty of the Federal Government, from the fact that the older States of the sea-board had, for many years, been the recipients of appropriations from the Federal treasury for river and harbor improvements. Enlightened statesmanship could not be blind to the intrinsic merits of this appeal, nor deaf to the justice of the arguments which urged it. Accordingly, large bodies of public lands were, at different periods, granted by Congress to the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and perhaps other States, to assist them in the construction of canals. The policy of granting land subsidies to the Western States, with a view to the construction of works of internal improvement, thus became fixed and permanent. Nor was it in this way alone that Congress sought to promote the welfare of those States. In the new States of the West and Southwest alike, the cause of public education was subsidized, by the donation of public lands, certain sections in each township being set apart to that end; and besides, five per centum of all the Government lands sold within each State or Territory was appropriated to its exclusive use and ownership.

The consequences of this comprehensive and sagacious statesmanship soon became manifest. No sooner did the Western States commence the construction of their canals than population from the older States, and especially from Europe, began to pour in upon them. Labor was abundant, and its rewards certain; for labor, like all other commodities, will seek the market where it is most in demand. Laborers not only came, however, but the cheapness and fertility of the lands and the provision made for education induced them to make purchases and become fixed inhabitants. Thus an extraordinary per-

centage was added to the population of the new States within the limit of a very few years. From feeble communities they sprung at once into powerful commonwealths, adding largely to the resources and strength of the Federal Government. The wisdom of Congress in granting subsidies to the new States to aid them in constructing works of internal improvement was now demonstrated and universally acknowledged.

The lapse of a few years, however, proved that the incoming population sought only those localities where the products of agriculture could be readily transported to market, along the lines of the newly constructed canals, or else added numbers to those communities which had before been confined to the margin of waters which nature had made navigable. A limited portion of country only was accommodated by these artificial and natural channels of communication. A vast stretch of interior still remained unoccupied and unsought, because of its inaccessibility to market. Agriculture could not be made profitable, because its productions could not be transported to salable points. Physical impediments made the construction of additional canals, to reach the remote interior, impossible; but, even in the absence of such obstructions, the load of debt which the new States had contracted, notwithstanding the subsidies granted by Congress, to construct the works already completed, so embarrassed their finances and crippled their resources that they were quite incompetent to undertake any new enterprise, however inviting. Fortunately, at this juncture, the progress of invention brought railroads into use; as if, by a law of nature, the human mind were so constituted that the faculty of invention should keep even pace with the growth of human wants. These were adapted to meet the very demands to which canals could not respond. It became at once apparent that,

with such means of intercommunication, population might profitably inhabit regions remote from navigable waters. But it was obvious, also, that to meet the general wants of the country a vast system of railroads must be constructed, involving an expenditure far beyond the available resources of the treasuries of the several States. It was, therefore, found to be impracticable for this reason, aside from other controlling reasons, for the States, as such, to undertake the construction of the railroads which they severally needed. Some more available agency must be brought into use, or the general public must do without the coveted improvements. The employment of associated capital, under the guarantees of corporate franchises, was the only remaining resource. This plan was accordingly adopted by the several States, without exception, so far as we are aware. In response to the public demand, the States readily granted charters to railroad companies, voluntarily clothing them with all the requisite powers. The people were not slow to perceive that, though these railroads with their franchises were the property of the several corporations, yet as means of travel and transportation they would inure to the public convenience and profit; hence the States were ready to exercise, and did in all cases exercise, for the benefit of the public, the right of eminent domain, through the agency of these corporations, the latter paying the valuation and holding the title to the property taken. Here is evidence of the favor with which these corporate enterprises were generally regarded. That wise and patriotic man, Chief Justice Marshall, in one of his great judicial opinions, remarks that "the objects for which a corporation is created are universally such as the government wishes to promote. Corporations," says he, "are created by government, because they are deemed beneficial to the

country." These observations are eminently just when applied to railroad corporations. But while it was an easy matter for legislation to create these corporations, it was found quite another and different matter for the companies to command the requisite means. The fact is, there was scarcely any surplus capital, at the period of which we are writing, outside of legitimate business, in the Western States. It speaks well, therefore, for the energy and enterprise of the western people that they did not falter in their great purpose in the presence of these financial difficulties. When individual subscriptions were found insufficient, resort was had to various forms of credit, the companies relying upon the future growth and development of the country to indemnify themselves and their creditors. Results have proved that they reasoned and acted with sagacity. We look back with wonder at the indomitable pluck and skill which surmounted such financial and other obstacles, and, by resistless effort, carved the way to success.

Among the wide stretches of interior country that remained unoccupied, because of the want of transportation facilities, were the vast prairies of Illinois. That immense body of fertile lands was a solitude, beautiful in its luxuriant and flowery verdure, but useless alike to the Federal Government and to the State. The recent invention of railroads, as a means of commercial transportation, inspired the American mind with new energy and a more far-reaching sagacity; and so the legislature of Illinois, about twenty-five years ago, under the impulse of the new inspiration, chartered a company with a view to the construction of a railroad, with branches, from the Ohio River to Lake Michigan, right through this vast prairie region. Railroad enterprises were then in their infancy in this country; the contemplated line was long, involving the outlay of an immense

sum of money, especially for those times; the means that the company was able to command were limited, and inadequate to the magnitude of the enterprise; and, all things considered, it looked as though many long years must elapse before the projectors would see their hope realized, if indeed their lives should be prolonged to see it at all. In this dilemma, certain great and active minds conceived the idea of grafting upon the new order of things the old and approved policy, established by Congress, of granting land subsidies to the States, to aid them in constructing canals. It had become manifest that it was railroads, not more canals, that the West needed. The legislature of Illinois, therefore, responding to the wishes of the people, seconded the company in petitioning Congress for a land subsidy. The petition asked for a certain number of alternate sections, on each side of the railroad track, for the entire length of the road; and here it is worth while to note the arguments upon which the application was based. It was stated that these lands had been for several decades, and were likely to remain, in the existing condition of things, without practical value to the State and to the country; that the construction of the proposed railroad, by making these lands accessible to a market, would insure their speedy sale and occupation; that the Federal Government would lose nothing, because, in view of the proposed improvement, it could hold the reserved sections at \$2.50 per acre, at which price, the road once built, they would be eagerly sought; whereas, without the road, time had already proved that they were unsalable at the established price of \$1.25 per acre. It was urged, also, that though the proposed improvement was undertaken by an association of individuals, it was a work of great public utility, in which the whole country was interested; that it was, therefore, worthy the atten-

tion and patronage of a great republic, justly ambitious of civic renown, and struggling for a higher civilization; that the company was undertaking to do for the State what the State, for weighty reasons, could not do for itself; and that the State, taking this proper view of the subject, and regarding the company, as to the proposed improvement, as standing in a certain sense in its own stead, joined in asking for the proposed subsidy as a favor to itself. The progress of invention, it was urged, and the new necessities which had arisen, had revolutionized conditions; and whereas Congress had formerly granted subsidies to the States in aid of canals, it now had the opportunity to promote the welfare of the State and country in a much greater degree by aiding the company to construct this great work, which, when completed, would stand a lasting monument to the wisdom, energy, and munificence which had conceived and executed it.

Enlightened statesmanship could not be deaf to such arguments, nor blind to the weighty considerations and intrinsic merits upon which they were based. The bill granting the lands was accordingly passed. This action of Congress placed the company at once upon such vantage-ground that it was able to negotiate its bonds upon favorable terms. The enterprise attracted world-wide attention, and its credit was established. Such were the immediate effects of that sagacious statesmanship which grafted an old and approved policy upon the new conditions which the progress of invention had created. But far grander results soon followed. The road and its branches were speedily constructed, and all that had been predicted, and much more, was very soon realized. The vacant lands were eagerly sought and improved by practical farmers, smiling fields and thrifty towns adorned the late unoccupied wastes, and a commer-

cial city of great magnitude and importance was built up with almost magical rapidity at the northern terminus of the road. As another practical consequence, Illinois at once leaped from a subordinate to a commanding position in the Union. In less than ten years the vast prairie solitude was made, by practical remunerative industry, to "bloom and blossom as the rose." Such were the fruits of the subsidy policy intelligently applied to the new order of things.

The country could not be inattentive to the utility of a policy which had produced such beneficent results. It was evident that Congress had acted with consummate wisdom in its course toward Illinois; for "wisdom is justified of her children." This example sufficed. Other Western States immediately applied for subsidies in behalf of their several railroad enterprises, pointing with just pride and with convincing emphasis to results in Illinois. The Federal authorities, under such circumstances, could not hesitate. Congress, therefore, wisely resolved to organize into a system a policy which was evidently replete with material blessings to the country. Accordingly, grants of public lands in aid of railroads were soon after made to Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and perhaps other States in the Mississippi Valley. The news of the great and extensive railroad enterprises which were thereupon undertaken, was soon carried to Europe; and immigrants, assured of the certainty of employment, and incited by the cheapness of desirable lands whose products could be transported to market over these new improvements, poured into the Western States in unprecedented numbers. They brought both industry and money. The country was becoming rich and powerful with a rapidity before unparalleled in its history, or in the comparative history of any other country, ancient or modern; for it may

be affirmed with confidence that such energy and such progress are without an example in the history of the human race. The West at once leaped into an advanced position of greatness and power, and the effulgence of her newly acquired glory illuminated the whole country.

And such is a hasty and imperfect sketch of an enlightened system of national legislation, which has, within the last quarter of a century, made the States of the Mississippi Valley the abode of an energetic, new, and resplendent civilization. Indeed, the policy of granting subsidies to aid American enterprise not only began at an early period of our history, but has been applied to many different industries. A tariff for revenue carries with it incidental protection to American citizens engaged in manufacturing the article taxed; it increases the price of the foreign article to the extent of the tax, and thus operates to the advantage of our own manufacturers; but a tariff for protection, especially, is but another name for a subsidy to the American manufacturer. Education is subsidized, the postal service is subsidized; in one word, without subsidies civil government, equal to the demands of the spirit of the age, could not be maintained.

But this essay would be incomplete did we fail to take a glance at the Pacific States, which, in the rapid progress of our history, have now become the West. When the pressing necessities of the late civil war, as well as the general interests of the country, demanded the speedy construction of the transcontinental railroad, Congress resolved to pursue a policy whose wisdom had received such ample proof. There existed, indeed, no reason why the new States of the Pacific should not be the recipients of the like consideration that had been bestowed upon their elder sisters of the Mississippi Valley. Impartial

justice demanded that there should be no invidious discrimination against our new republican empire, so large and valuable a portion of which had been recently acquired by our martial valor. But independent of considerations which appealed to our impartiality and our pride; there existed weighty reasons which addressed themselves, with resistless force, to our material interests. True, the project of spanning our vast continent with a railroad was a conception of such grandeur as to excite our emulation; but a glory which lacks utility as a substratum is evanescent and profitless. But here was a project not only morally grand, but one fraught with vast utility to our own commercial interests as well as to the commercial interests of the world. When, before, did any nation possess the prerogative of demanding tribute from the commerce of the world? We had but to put forth our hand, construct the great transcontinental railroad, and this prerogative was ours. The American Congress was too sagacious to let this opportunity slip. Taking this enlarged and comprehensive view of the subject, Congress endowed the companies that undertook the construction of this great work with a subsidy of public lands. But the lands so granted, as everybody knows, were quite inadequate to meet the immediate and immense outlay which the speedy construction of the road demanded. A large proportion of the lands, lying in the mountain regions, are worthless, and it would take years to realize enough from the sale of the best lands in the grant. It was impossible for the companies, without other aid, to command the necessary means to meet the pressing and important demands of the country. In one word, the country could not afford to wait. In order, therefore, to insure the early completion of the road, beyond all hazard or contingency, Congress adopted the plan of loaning to the com-

panies, upon certain conditions, the credit or bonds of the Government; for which loan the companies stand toward the Government in the attitude of debtors; and, like debtors in other cases, must respond to their creditor. The alternate sections of land were the only actual donation to the companies; the loan must be repaid; and it is gratifying to state that such is the prosperity of the companies, the constantly increasing volume of their business, and the prudence of their management, that they will, no doubt, be able to reimburse the Government substantially upon the terms prescribed. This liberal and enlightened action of the Government enabled the companies to complete the road within a time so short as to excite universal wonder. And now let us take a glance at the practical results of the masterly policy pursued by Congress.

Without waiting to inquire into the part which our great railroad plays in the commerce of the nations; or its influence upon the commerce of our own country in bringing us so near the Indies; or to dilate upon its agency in building up a community of powerful commonwealths along the Pacific slope, we proceed at once to the question, Does the subsidy repay the Government? In answer to this question, we quote from a report made by the Committee on the Pacific Railroad, to the Senate of the United States, February 24th, 1871. The committee, summing up the subject, says: "The net result to the United States may be thus stated: The cost of the overland service for the whole period from the acquisition of our Pacific Coast possessions down to the completion of the Pacific Railroad, was over \$8,000,000 per annum; and this cost was constantly increasing. The cost since the completion of the road is the annual interest —\$3,877,129— to which must be added one-half the charges for services performed by the company, about \$1,163,-

138 per annum, making a total annual expenditure of about \$5,000,000, and showing a saving of at least \$3,000,000 per annum." The committee adds: "This calculation is on the basis that none of the interest will ever be repaid to the United States except what is paid by services, and that the excess of interest advanced over freights is a total loss."

By the "annual interest," in the above quotation, the committee means the interest on the Government bonds, loaned to the companies that constructed the Union and Central Pacific roads, which bonds amount in the aggregate to \$64,618,832. It should be noted that this report was made in 1871; since that time the volume of Government overland transportation has largely increased with the vast increase of population on the Pacific Coast; so that it may now be assumed that the saving to the Government, by the use of the road, is about \$6,000,000 per annum, nearly twice as much as the annual interest upon the bonds loaned to the companies. If, therefore, the Government were to sink every dollar advanced to the companies, it would still be the gainer, in the course of a few years, by many millions. Such are the practical facts, as to the financial attitude of the Government toward this great work.

Notwithstanding these grand results of the subsidy policy, a feeling hostile to it has sprung up in the country, within

the last few years. This feeling, we are inclined to believe, has grown out of certain alleged abuses, rather than from any opposition to the policy itself. There has been a good deal of discussion concerning these alleged abuses; but it is foreign to the purpose of this essay to treat of that topic. So far, however, as the companies have made honest gains, we are glad of it; for it is certainly true that they have created vastly more wealth than they have acquired. The hope of gain is a stimulus to exertion, and such extraordinary enterprise deserves corresponding reward. But for a hostility that originates in envy and is fostered and adopted by demagogism, we have no respect. These companies have, by their energy, added lustre to our national glory; they have built a highway across our continent, for the nations, and made the commerce of the world pay tribute to American enterprise. It seems to us that any man who takes a proper view of what constitutes a solid and desirable fame—who regards the building up of a great people as an achievement superior to their destruction by armed force—would rather have the reputation of projecting and executing such an enterprise, than to wear the diadem of the most renowned of the Cæsars. Whatever else may be said of the companies who constructed the transcontinental railroad, this may be confidently affirmed—that the world is better for their having existed.

THORPE, CAVALIER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—CAUGHT NAPPING.

A BROAD shouldered young American in a check suit awoke with a start from a noonday doze in a drawing-room car, and found himself gazing straight into the eyes of beauty in the next chair.

Allan Thorpe—man of the world and wanderer over the face of the same, *dilettante* artist and author, superb athlete, present student and casual attendant of medical lectures in New York—was afraid that he had been detected in an unlovely attitude. His knowledge of anatomy, even unaided by a railway experience in two hemispheres, told him that the human head and form divine, when caught in the nimble lasso of sleep, tend, by very gravity, to poses most unheroic and grotesque. Had he sprawled, or twisted, or tied himself into such grotesqueness? Had he snored like a *gourmet*, or nodded like a sunflower, or lolled gaping like a dotard? Else what was the cause of the ill-concealed smile on the face of the radiant beauty in a gray traveling suit? Thorpe was not the weakling to linger long over these questionings. Cravat adjusted and a rapid hand passed over beard and mustache, with a fond lingering twirl of the latter, he turned his chair to avoid so complete a *vis-à-vis*, and resumed his novel, which had fallen to the floor; re-reading the same line many times without comprehension, as he railed at himself for his untimely nap, and wondered at what station this fair spectator had come on the train. He had come into an almost empty drawing-room car in the city station. With his novel and the moving grandeur of river and field—grateful rest to

his brick-fed eyes—he had whiled away an hour or more, lapsing into that peaceful frame of mind of one turning his back on the big bully work, and fleeing for awhile to his best friend in the world.

He was bowling along the banks of the glorious Hudson at forty miles an hour. The stream ran silvery under the full beams of the midday sun, which brought out the rough features of the Palisades opposite in startling nearness. Numerous sailing-craft, that had coasted all summer from Maine to Florida, were furling their sails and creeping up the banks to winter-quarters, tired wanderers seeking brief rest. Sailors were employing the rare October day in various labor on their boats, and here and there a red-shirt among them added unconscious picturesqueness to the scene.

Across from the water, as the train stopped at a station, came a faint cadenced “Yo-ho-o-o, yo-ho-o-o” of a crew at work. Thorpe, hearing it as he lay with his head on the back of his plush chair, closed his eyes drowsily, and on its subdued rhythm floated leagues and leagues from the Hudson. He was in the dreamy harbor of Smyrna again. Yonder on the hill is the solitary castle, lording the town. Minarets and domes here and there pierce the cypress-groves, and southward the flood of light pours upon the white slabs of the Armenian burying-ground, until the whole hill-side seems a marble-quarry exposed. In the bay, soft puffs of air from the south fill out the graceful curves of lateen sails; a fleet of fruit-traders drops silently into port; and from an English man-of-war at anchor in the roadstead comes this same measured “Yo-ho-o-

o," softened almost to a tone of melancholy by the tender medium of the drowsy atmosphere. Presto! and he was sitting bolt upright, grasping the arms of his chair, and looking fair into the depths of a pair of dark-brown eyes not three feet distant. No foam-born goddess of Asia Minor; no black-eyed Jewess of Smyrna, roused to life by the creative realism of his dream, and transported bodily on the buoyant current of his returning thoughts from her Levantine home. Palpably a fellow-countrywoman, uncrowned princess of his own royal republican land. So grand a specimen and so regal a princess, moreover, that Thorpe's disgust at being surprised in sleep and in possible grotesqueness somewhat abated.

"After all," he said to himself, "a fellow might have many a worse interruption and many a less lovely prospect than that fresh face. Walter Scott never met a man on the roadside without learning something of him. I'll study this disturbing creature, who, by the way, seems not at all disturbed herself. By Jove! as imperturbable as Pygmalion's statue. Character, though, loads of it. Strong mouth, master of its movements; honest brown eyes, not too dark—good color to trust; firm, substantial nose; mass of wavy brown hair, simply coiled; no attempt at display. And what a superb figure! Neck worthy of supporting a crown; grand bust; smallish head. General air of thoughtfulness; no disfigurement of *prononcé* style; a woman to go through fire and water for one whom she loved; possibly to do as much for an abstract idea or a community at large. No 'blue,' however. Strong-minded in the best sense, certainly. General diagnosis: a sweetly earnest young New Yorker, of perhaps twenty-two summers. Signed, Allan Thorpe, M. D. *in prospectu*. 'A Scotchman may be made much of,' said Johnson, 'if caught young.' Happy the fellow

that may capture this grand woman—or is she already captured? Perish the thought—or perish Thorpe!"

Thus soliloquizing, after the jerky manner of railway thought, and with less and less frequent glances at his novel and the river, Thorpe amused his weary medical intellect, glancing now and then at his subject with polite evasiveness, as a sculptor returns to his model for fresh hints and inspiration. He would as soon have thought of attempting a flirtation with his grandmother as with this self-contained being at his elbow—granted that he was given to that idiotic diversion of shallow wits, as he was not. But there were times—as when he was turning a half-read page of his book, or looking up at a passer-by, or re-adjusting his traveling shawl—when he stole many a glance at his fair fellow-traveler, in profile or otherwise; and once or twice their eyes met again as in the first awakening.

A statuesque calmness of expression, with scarcely the change of a muscle. Thorpe was wearying of this immobile beauty, even with the study of grand lines which every turn of her head allowed him. He could think of nobody with whom to compare her but the melancholy Inca Yahuaraccac, so mournful that he shed tears of blood at his birth! In default of better synonym, and in defiance of sex, he was about dubbing her in his mind with this unmelodious name, when he saw her lean forward suddenly and raise her window. It fell presently, and a second time. She was preparing with becoming petulance to raise it a third time, when Thorpe stepped forward with a polite "Permit me," and fastened it up.

As though it relished such pretty attentions, and chuckled slyly to itself to think what grave mischief it could work with such a pair of voyagers if you only gave it time, it fell again, after the style of such railway mechanism, adding an

ironical emphasis to Miss Flemming's "Thank you very much."

Thorpe rose again, threw a reproving glance at the obstinate window, and stood looking down upon her in mock severity of expression.

She smiled at his droll manner, and, as he stooped to the window again, said gently: "Never mind. I'm sorry to give you so much trouble. But it's so close in the car."

"Never mind!" For that smile he would have braved the fury of the combined railway corporations of Christendom, have demolished every window-pane in the car, and stormed the cave of Æolus himself for fresh breezes and oxygen pure enough for this fair suppliant. It was close in the car. A crowd had poured in at Garrison's, filling every seat, exhausting the fresh air, and compelling Miss Flemming to raise her window, as we have seen.

Thorpe saw that there was no seat to which the suffocating *incognita* could move, and, searching in his pockets, he drew out one of his cards, saying: "Ah! this will do. Let me fasten it with this. There."

"I'm very much obliged," returned Miss Flemming, as Thorpe leaned past her, lifted the sash, and secured it with the folded card—double-folded, as he recalled long afterward. Fateful little pasteboard!

That was all that was said. Thorpe had done a gentlemanly kindness. She had returned ladylike thanks. What more could be expected? Oddly and perversely enough, however, Thorpe had a lingering hope that some little angel or imp of accident might befriend him again, and that he might at least bring another smile to that calm, earnest face. Hers was one of those placid, absorbed, almost severe faces, to make which smile may well be called a triumph. Not a face over which frequent sunny ripples of smiles ran; not

a tiresome face of perennial Cheshire grins.

No further opportunity came. Thorpe looked longingly at his too faithful pasteboard, and wished it would give way. He called on all his airy familiars of good and evil craft to help him. But the window remained stubbornly open; the card did its little duty bravely, not to disgrace the name that it bore; Miss Flemming calmly looked from the window at the river; and Thorpe—

CHAPTER II.—THE GREAT MOGUL.

"This is your station, I believe, sir," said the polite conductor, tapping sleepy Thorpe quickly on the shoulder, as the train was stopping at Mogulville.

A drowsy stare, a hasty gathering up of the paraphernalia of travel, and Thorpe was ready to alight. And the *incognita*? Her seat was again vacant. The Russian leather bag which had lain at her feet, and on which Thorpe had looked in vain for initials or name, was gone. The window was closed. The card had disappeared. Thorpe felt a little twinge of surprised dismay as he thought of his placid but apparently wily fellow-traveler coolly pocketing his card in this way, with "Mr. Allan Thorpe" in full upon it, and in finer script in the corner, "—Madison Avenue;" and he examined the floor carefully to see if by chance it were there, after all—an operation of intense amusement to a mediæval young woman across the car, of that disappointed expression of feature common to unrecognized merit. No card.

Five minutes later, Thorpe was striding grandly eastward, baggage left at the station, a walking-stick in hand; the picture of a perfect pedestrian—no shambling, or loitering, or slouching, or knocking of knees, or irregular footing—good square "heel-and-toe" walking, head and body thrown slightly forward, chest expanded—a solid, regular tramp; in up-hill work, a longer stride, with bent

knee, after the manner of the Scotch gillie. He turned but once to take a glance at the glistening river and distant Catskills behind him, and in twenty minutes had finished his mile and a half; swinging lightly into a winding avenue, heavily shaded, that ran up to the front door (which was on the side!) of as neat a little box of a country-house as Thorpe had ever clapped eyes on. His heavy tramp ran before him, as it were, like a stout messenger, delivering its message so well, that, before he had fairly reached the door-bell, a companion athlete in fez cap and oriental slippers emerged suddenly, pipe in hand, from a window opening on the piazza, and struck an attitude of invaded Great Moguldom—Percy Pelham.

"*Salaam, salaam,*" said Thorpe, the invader, with bended head and semi-circular waving of arms.

"In the name of the prophet, figs!" thundered Pelham. "What seeks the bold Moslem, that, staff in hand, he dares invade the sanctum of the great Panjandrum? Caitiff, speak!"

"*Salaam, salaam,*" continued Thorpe. "Most mighty Pan, a weary toiler in the haunts of men, whose doll is stuffed with sawdust, and whose world is no longer the luscious bulbous fruit he plucked in youth, but a sucked orange, would fain, for a brief season, abide with thee; that here, within the limits of this idyllic spot, he may take and eat a mighty slice of happiness from out the heart of Pan." He ended with a tragic gasp.

"Old boy, how are you? You shall—'a mighty slice of happiness!' Good!" shouted Pelham, transformed from Mogul to honest American, grasping the honest hand of Thorpe. "But we didn't expect you till next train."

"Couldn't wait," said Thorpe. "Wall Street a bear's den, hospital a pest-house, the avenue swarming with returning butterflies, fluttering back to winter cots—you know I hate it all. But where is

she? You're looking well, old fellow."

"Ho! Alice," called Pelham, turning to the window, "here's a mendicant brave, in full war-paint, wants a slice of happiness, or something of that sort. Quick, or he brains me."

A slight rustle, the noise of a pair of scissors falling to the floor, and Mrs. Percy Pelham followed the Great Mogul's lead through the low window and stood shaking hands with Thorpe, beaming the while, as Pelham, the exuberant, the incorrigible, the effervescent, burst into a grandiloquent mockery of introduction:

"Permit me—O woman, O shining exception to a treacherous sex, O tamer of the heart of man, tamer of me the untamable—permit me to present to you the brave, the philosopher, in search of a slice of happiness; the nomad of two hemispheres; the graceful hobnobber with sheiks, emperors, 'big Injuns,' and grand lamas——"

"And K. C. B. (Knight Contemner of Buncombe) in the order of Oratory," added Thorpe, turning from a low chirrupy talk with Mrs. Pelham, and belying his knightly order by replying to Pelham in equal buncombe.

But this chronicle is of a cavalier, and not of a cosy young couple in the hey-day of the honeymoon. While we are peeping into the sanctum of their Swiss cottage, aptly dubbed "The Box," the cavalier stands without, booted and spurred, with hand on pommel, longing to mount and be off.

Suffice it, Pelham was tall, broad, and jolly—who could help liking him for his imperturbable good humor and well-meant bombast!—Mrs. Pelham was shortish, fair, and lovable; ingenuous to a degree, and with the happy faculty of smoothing everybody the right way. Exactly the style of woman to deal destruction among her husband's bachelor friends, who went from her terribly insecure in their cherished notions of happi-

ness, beating their heads wildly against the bars of their self-made cages, and longing to be out.

What roused other men's envy, only fed the torch of Pelham's own content, which he waved so valorously in his large-hearted enthusiasm, that it shed a cheerful glow over all their snug household and glorified their young faces with the happy light of mutual satisfaction.

Search both sides of the matrimonial line, in every country which Pelham and Thorpe had traversed, and you would find no more loving, lovable, and thoroughly satisfactory young woman—as Pelham, at least, was convinced. Search the world, and you would find no happier couple than Thorpe found when he jumped, like a Jack, into their "Box," this brilliant October afternoon.

Exeunt Great Mogul and Mrs. G. M. Mount, cavalier, and away!

CHAPTER III.—THORPE TAKES A LEAP.

"Glorious! glorious!" Thorpe shouted to himself, two days later, as he cantered southward along the banks of the Hudson, mounted on Pelham's favorite hunter, just then a trifle weak in the off fore-knee.

A telegram had called Pelham to New York, twelve hours after Thorpe's arrival at "The Box." It was from his banker, and ran: "Stocks taken with vertigo, falling right and left. Come in and pick them up."

He left hastily, telling Thorpe that he bequeathed to his care the two things that he valued most in the world—his wife and his old hunter; and he tried to twist a compliment out of the Tennysonian line,

"Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse,"

but he bungled, and didn't care. "He's a little unsteady in the off fore-leg, though—the hunter—and I beg you not to come any of your wild Persian tricks with him. Above all, beware of leaping

him. I'm afraid his leg will give way. By-by."

With a "by-by" to his wife, which was smothered in the rosy death that comes to most honeymoon farewells, he was off.

Thorpe had taken kindly to his two legacies. He had ridden the hunter once or twice, and found him much to his liking. He had sat and chatted and read with Mrs. Pelham. He had stepped into Pelham's pet oriental slippers, smoked his pet pipe, and lounged in his favorite easy-chairs in and out of doors, generally with the gentle legacy of Mrs. Mogul near at hand. Altogether, he was beginning to think himself quite a fool to imagine himself happy in his bachelor quarters in the city—"in the truest sense, I mean," he would add as he communed with himself.

After lunch and a short *siesta* in his hammock on the second day, he had the hunter brought round, and mounted him for a spin before dinner, as an appetizer; for even in New York he had taken more exercise than here at "The Box," where the sweetest do-nothingness was too much the order of the day, after the manner of most country-houses.

Honesty, nerve, pluck. Even a casual observer might see this grand trinity of traits stamped on Thorpe, as the Mussulman discerns a man's future life traced in mystic lines on his forehead. Left an orphan, with just enough property to gratify his tastes withal, he had been a roamer over almost the entire globe, had dabbled in many things without holding to any, and, as he had said in burlesque, had found in reality that the world was a "sucked orange" for him. He seemed to have heard all its symphonies, seen all its art, listened to all its wisdom and twaddle, and met identical human nature in New York and Peking. In short, he lacked motive-power. Honesty, nerve, and pluck would seem to be inconsistent with lack of mo-

tive-power; but they were his normal traits, while lack of motive-power was a negative quality which nullified their force and turned the edge of his enthusiasm in the ordinary phases of life—except when, as now, he is in his element, a good horse under him, purest oxygen about him, and a bit of the middle ages in his brain.

In the city and ordinarily he wore an air of easy indifference, in bold contrast to his exhilarated mood as we now see him. A great favorite, withal; for even moderate attractions, joined to an indifferent happy manner, form a powerful loadstone. "Lucky dog," said many a man in society, as he saw him in easy *tête-à-tête* with some charming beauty or handing in the reigning belle to dinner. "Aggravating fellow," was the mental verdict of these same beauties, whose most ample charms appeared to have no effect upon him. He seemed to have seen and heard all before.

A man of charming mode of life and excellent taste, moreover. An invitation to dine with Thorpe in his bachelor quarters meant an admirable *menu*, the ordering of which he superintended himself, a small variety of choice wines, an after-dinner cigar, a chat even more delightful than the dinner, and an unending fund of stories and *mots* from the host—all above reproach; indeed, a low allusion from himself was impossible, and from an unwitting *raconteur* was met with such a calm negation from his eyes that one attempt of the sort sufficed. Almost any man would forsake the most brilliant "rout" of the season for the pleasure of a *partie carrée* with Thorpe.

One of the numerous classes of young men who need but a spark of intense love or the kindling of a great ambition to be fired with the glory of grand living. At present there was much cumbersome stubble, much unkempt rubbish, in the field of his thoughts and feelings;

but the soil underneath was of the best. More substantial fields of springy turf and crumbling mold he is careering over now on horseback—all traces of city weariness gone.

Turning his horse's head southward from "The Box," he had taken a rapid spin of several miles, following a high road which dipped now and then into small valleys, but which commanded for the most part a far-reaching view of the winding river and the Catskills, now bathing in afternoon mist.

A rare October day. The chalice of nature was brimming with a spicy brew, which he who runs and rides may quaff—a brew drawn from the copious spigot of the mellowing autumn days.

Cyrano de Bergerac's favorite method for reaching the sun was by incasing himself in bottles of dew, and rising as the dew was drawn up by the sunbeams. A clumsy method. Only to bathe in the electric waves of this invisible sea, only to drain fragrant beakers of this champagne *au naturel*, were enough to raise one to the sun with buoyant life.

Every atom in Thorpe's body seemed to respond to the exhilarating influence of air and ride combined. He sat his horse like a Centaur, riding with all the *abandon* of a Cossack and the joyous enthusiasm of an alert American. He put the old hunter through all his paces, shouting operatic airs to him by way of encouragement and praise.

He found it hard to obey Pelham's injunction about not leaping the horse. A pair of low bars to a pasture proved too tempting to be resisted. Putting spurs to his beast, over he went. He was cantering grandly now over noiseless springy turf. At every lunge the long body of the old hunter thrilled with vigorous life.

Thorpe felt the answering enthusiasm of the horse, and sped on and on through the fields, taking one low fence after another. He shouted, he sung, he rose in his stirrups to slash with his riding-stick

at an imaginary foe, he dropped from his saddle like a Comanche and picked a lowly "Marguerite" from the ground, flinging it in the air and cutting at it. He raised the "Yoicks, tally-ho!" which he had followed so lately over the green fields of England, and again he was riding at break-neck speed for the "meet."

He settled into a long rhythmic lope over a broad pasture, and as he went he sung, in the voice of a Stentor, that stout-lined "Complaint" of the Icelandic Harold, adapting it oddly to a familiar air: "I know how to perform eight exercises. I fight with courage. I keep a firm seat on horseback. I am skilled in swimming. I glide along the ice on skates. I excel in darting the lance. I am dexterous at the oar. And yet a Russian maid disdains me."

The last line he gave with an explosive *crescendo*, adding an *obligato* movement of the spurs; at which the now aroused hunter leaped forward as though he would unseat him, and broke into a tearing run. Many and braver beasts had tried this unseating of Thorpe before, from New York to Kamtchatka, and with equal effect. As he shot over the fields in this wild run, now thoroughly electrified, his color perceptibly heightened and eyes flashing with excitement, horse and rider as one, he was a study for Vernet. Alas! for the Russian maid that should disdain so perfect a youth!

He was miles from "The Box" now. He had not yet turned his rein for the return. He would cross this firm-turfed field, clear the fence at the boundary,

and gain what looked like a returning road beyond. The tower of a fine country-house "pricking a cockney ear" above the foliage, showed itself in the trees toward which he was heading; but the road appeared to intervene between him and the house.

"One more leap, then," he said to the grand beast that had carried him so well. "One more leap, and we shall canter home along country roads as quietly as a rural doctor on his rounds. Now give me your prettiest canter. Show those old oaks what you can do. *Bravo!* A royal reach. Another peck of oats for you to-night, old boy. Now gather yourself for the leap. Here it comes! *Bravissimo!*" he shouted, as he leaned lightly forward, pressing tight knees, and the quivering hunter with a bound rose grandly over the four-barred fence.

Half-way over, he saw the danger of the leap. A narrow brook concealed in grass, through which it had cut a deep way, ran treacherously on the farther side of the fence. Thorpe pulled his feet from the stirrups, to be free for a spring, if necessary, and tugged hard at the reins. It was too late. The full leap was taken, and its momentum was carrying them down—no changing of course or clearing the danger now.

In the next instant they struck the brook. The horse gave a single groan as his fore-feet sunk in the deceitful depths, and he rolled heavily upon Thorpe, who had fallen on the bank of the brook. Thorpe lay where he had fallen; the hunter got up and shook himself.

GLIMPSE AT A CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

UPON the news of Cerna's defeat and flight, the greatest excitement and no little trepidation prevailed in the capital. Those of the Conservative party who had been prominently obnoxious to the Liberals sought refuge in flight. Merchants were under extreme apprehension that the Indian hordes, forming the mass of the conquering army, would become unmanageable, and that violence and pillage would follow. There was no little reason to dread that bloodshed and cruelty might stain the victors' triumph, and when they had arrived within a few miles of the city, the diplomatic and consular representatives of foreign nations, resident in the capital, went out to meet Granados and his officers. It was, doubtless, in some measure due to the representations of these agents, among whom the minister of the United States was prominent, that the occupation of Guatemala was conducted in the quiet and orderly manner in which it was.

On the 30th of June, the "Army of Liberators" entered the capital. The civil authorities had previously met Granados outside, and delivered up to him the keys of the city, which, with the castle and the various barracks, were surrendered quietly and in order. Confidence was soon restored, and, later in the day, the shops and places of business, which had been closed in the morning, were opened.

The arduous task of remolding the disorganized public affairs now occupied the attention of the conquerors—a task of no little difficulty, and requiring the utmost caution. The first thing to be

accomplished was the nomination of ministers and the establishment of a provisional government. The House of Representatives no longer existed, the heads of the important offices of the state had fled, the treasury was empty; and what alarmed society and threatened to imperil the position was the existence of a dangerous element among the Liberals themselves. No sooner was the late government's overthrow accomplished than nightly meetings of a red republican character were held, attended by large numbers of the middle orders—mechanics and artisans. These classes, asserting that the success of the revolution had mainly resulted from their own influence and operations, arrogated to themselves an alarming importance and power, and displayed an inclination to assume a dictatorial part in the conduct of affairs. In their discussions, which at first exhibited a sanguinary tendency, the proceedings and probable intentions of the new powers were boldly canvassed and debated upon; and whenever the former did not coincide with their own views, or the latter fell under their suspicions, they had no hesitation in proclaiming their displeasure or their warnings. Their violent dislike to the Jesuits and other Catholic orders was also conspicuously apparent, and the pressure they exercised in that direction had probably much to do with the expulsion of the Society of Jesus, three months later.

In his first attempt to form a cabinet, Granados was not successful. Several persons who were offered portfolios declined to accept office, and when the new

cabinet was actually formed, it consisted of but three members—a minister-general, under whose direction several offices of state were combined; an under-secretary of state for foreign affairs, and a minister of war.

A few days before the battle of San Lucas and the final dispersion of Cerna's army, a proclamation had been issued at Patzicia by Granados' followers, constituting the latter provisional president of the state. This document, stigmatizing Cerna's government as a usurpation, and as tyrannical in its operation, solemnly declared the intention of its subscribers to devote their lives to the cause of liberty and the overthrow of the existing despotism, and not to lay down their arms until they had accomplished their aim. In view of this their object, they thereby chose Granados as their chief, and appointed him provisional president of the republic.

The Act of Patzicia, as this proclamation was called, was now approved by all the important towns of the republic, except those in the Santa Rosa and Chiquimula departments; and Granados was recognized as the provisional president.

It may be well here to remark that, though the management of affairs was, and had been all along, conceded to Granados, it was generally felt that the supreme power was centered in Barrios, and that the provisional president was virtually subordinate to this man's directions and wishes. It is not asserting too much to say that, even at this period, it was currently believed that Barrios' designs were to cause himself eventually to be elected president by the Constituent Assembly when it met; but that, unskilled as he was in political affairs, he left to his better-informed associate the labor of putting in order the disrupted state and of directing *ad interim* the necessary legislative measures.

The difficulties and uncertainties at-

tending Granados' position may be tolerably well understood from his address to the Guatemalans upon his elevation to the provisional presidency. In it he feels himself called upon to use this language: "Enthusiastic supporter as I am of personal liberty, I will respect the laws for the personal security of citizens; not only those laws which are laid down in our fundamental codes, but those also which, without being expressed therein, are deduced from those principles of eternal justice that God has written on the hearts of men. I will provide that, during the short time that my administration may last, no arbitrary acts of violence, much less of cruelty, shall be committed." And again: "Compatriots! often have I ardently longed for the title with which your enthusiasm at perceiving that I bring you liberty has honored me; but, believe me, the place in which I find myself has no attraction for me. I occupy it for the present as finding it my duty to do so, and shall abandon it without regret the moment it may be thought that I can not do good, or that public opinion appoints some other citizen to fill it."

Various reforms were at once entered upon. The *aguardiente* monopoly was abolished, and the system of issuing licenses to manufacture and sell that liquor was adopted instead of it. The restriction on tobacco was also done away with, and its free cultivation permitted. Liberty of the press was decreed, and Champerico declared a port of entry as well as of exit. The want of such a port on the north-western coast had long been felt by the population of those districts.

In order to provide money for immediate wants a loan of \$200,000 was solicited and obtained from the principal merchants. Although care was taken to impress upon the contributors that there was no intention of exacting a forced loan from them, but that they

were only invited voluntarily to assist the government in its present pecuniary difficulties, yet the mode employed to bring to their notice the government's wishes on the subject was significant, and had an unpleasant air of compulsion about it. Precisely as in the case of forced loans, a list of all the mercantile houses and principal store-keepers in the city was made out; these were then rated according to their supposed means, and a sum of money was set down against their names, as the several proportion of each toward the whole amount proposed to be raised. This list was then sent round to be subscribed to, and it is needless to say that few indeed were hardy enough to decline paying the quota assigned to them.

Hardly had the new government commenced its task of reform when an insurrection broke out in the Santa Rosa district. There can be but little doubt that this movement was fomented by the priests. From what has been already said the reader will understand that the priesthood and conservatism in Guatemala have ever been leagued together, and that their mutual safety depended upon their mutual support. It was the great influence of the Church that enabled the Conservatives to hold their ground after Carrera's death; while these latter were the Church's strong protection against the loss of power and almost certain oppression which would befall her, if the opposite party ever became able to introduce the liberal reforms whose principles they proclaimed.

It does not appear that any immediate design against the religious orders established in the country was entertained by Granados. The tone of his address to the Santa Rosa Indians on the outbreak of their insurrection in the beginning of September, 1871, is such as to preclude the idea that his intended line of conduct would be inconsistent with absolute religious tolerance. In it he

assures the insurgents that "enemies of order, abusing their credulity and simplicity, had instigated them to take up arms against their government;" that, "knowing their adherence to the religion of their fathers, they had persuaded them that an attack was meditating against it, and that the expulsion of the religious orders was determined upon." This, he denounces as "a calumnious accusation," and assures them that "the government neither had had, nor then had, the least intention of wounding the religious feelings of the nation."

The priests, however, could not resign their high place without a struggle, and it was through their plotting and intrigue that these ignorant Indians made front against the new order of affairs. Had the clergy been content to accept their position and remain non-interferers in political matters, it is probable that, unmolested, they would have been unmolested. As it was, Granados' appeal to the Santa Rosans and his call upon them to return to obedience were unheeded; the insurrection by the end of the month was crushed with much bloodshed, and, conclusive evidence of the Archbishop's and Jesuits' complicity in it coming before the government, both he and the order were expelled from the country.

It is not our intention to pursue farther the late political events of Guatemala. Suffice it to say, that in the year following (1872), the religious societies of the Capuchins, Dominicans, and San Franciscans followed into exile the Society of Jesus; that the prospects of a permanently better order of things in Central America are, to say the best, not encouraging; that the effort at a confederation of the states in 1872, if it did not result in, at any rate was followed by, internecine war of state against state. With respect to Guatemala itself, we shall leave the reader to form his own opinion as to the results of the

events which we have attempted to sketch; merely placing before him, for his guidance, the views with which the two opposing factions that figure in its history regard each other. The Liberals charge their opponents with gross mismanagement of the public funds and affairs; with oppressive and unconstitutional acts; with willful attacks upon the liberty of the people, and with the employment of political methods that militate against the general progress of the nation. On the other hand, the Conservatives contend that, imperfect though their government may have been, it was well adapted to the community over which they ruled; that, composed as this community for the most part is of ignorant Indians (two-thirds of the population of the State being of that race), it is not capable of bearing a higher form of government; that misuse and abuse would be the certain consequence of more liberal institutions; while, at the same time, they attribute to the Liberals other motives than those of patriotic zeal as the cause of their revolutionary enterprise, asserting that the high principles set forth in their programme are but a mask used to cover ambitious designs, and a weapon wielded for the promotion of personal interests only; and they predict that the change of gov-

ernment, instead of ameliorating the condition of their state, will eventually prove disastrous to it in a very high degree.

Whether, from the chaotic and opposing elements of which the Central American States are made up, it will be possible in our day for a truly republican confederation eventually to spring up and permanently to survive, is indeed a doubtful question. To those who are aware of the insatiable thirst for power of the Spanish-American race; of the uncompromising jealousy of each other inherent in the different families of which this race is composed; to those who have seen the ignorance and abjectness of the great mass of the aboriginal-population of these countries, among whom not one per cent. can read or write; who are conscious of their present inaptitude for self-government in any other than a semi-barbarous form; who know that the education of the Indian must, for long years, be unremittingly carried on, and that another generation must arise, before he can begin to appreciate or even understand the advantages of a truly liberal government and the blessings of progress;—to such observers of the condition of these people, far distant, indeed, seems the dawn of the better day.

TO THE LION OF SAINT MARK.

I.

Lo! under the lion of still Saint Mark
 The small curled moon has dipped a horn
 In the dimpled sea; and, up in the dark,
 The wrinkled old lion looks away
 To the east, and impatient as if for morn. . . .
 I have gone the girdle of earth, and say,
 What have I gained but a temple gray,
 Two crow's-feet, and a heart forlorn?

II.

O, terrible lion of tamed Saint Mark! —
Tamed old lion with tumbled mane
Tossed to the clouds and lost in the dark,
With high-held wings and tail whipped back,
Foot on the Bible, as if thy track
Led thee and fed thee once again,
O, African king, in all thy might
On Christian men over desert plain —
How very silent art thou to-night!

III.

O, silent old monarch that tops Saint Mark,
That sat thy throne for a thousand years,
That lorded the deep which defied all men —
Lo! I see visions a-sea in the dark,
And I see something that shines like tears,
And I hear something that sounds like sighs,
And I hear something that sounds as when
A great soul suffers and sinks and dies.

IV.

I know you, lion of gray Saint Mark —
You fluttered these seas beneath your wing,
Were king of the seas with never a king.
Now, over the deep and up in the dark,
High over the girdles of dim gas-light,
Atop of your granite of Africa,
And crouching as if about to spring,
With wings in the air as if in flight —
Say, what shall be said of you some day?

V.

What shall be said, O grim Saint Mark —
Savage old beast so crossed and churled —
By the after-men from the under world,
Sailing east for some sign or spark
Of the old dead fires of the dear old days;
Sailing these seas and searching long
When men and story have gone their ways,
And even your city and name from song?

VI.

O, sullen old monarch of still Saint Mark!
Strange men of the west, wild-clad and strong,
Will come some day, and, gazing long,
And mute with wonder, shall say of thee,
Grand old monarch of lands at sea:
"This is the saint. High over the dark,
Foot on the Bible and great teeth bare,
Tail whipped sharp and teeth in the air —
This is the saint, and none but he."

THE RICHARD MURRAY MATERIALIZATION.

THE accounts of the spiritist manifestations all over the world during the past year, recalled certain phenomena of a mysterious nature in my own experience, to the full understanding of which a short explanation is necessary.

My sister Fannie was regarded by her friends as an exceedingly enviable young person. Her sponsor, Mr. Young, had been betrothed to our aunt Frances, and upon her death, he begged leave to bestow her name upon my sister, then an infant of a week's age. His little god-daughter was henceforth designated by him as the heiress of his snug property; with which favorable outlook in a financial direction, a sweet temper, and good looks, she was much sought after.

John Ford, a sterling fellow, though a trifle awkward, was the admirer whose cause her friends espoused; but she fell desperately in love with Richard Murray, a handsome coxcomb, with more than a suspicion of the character of fortune-hunter.

When all fair means to shake her fealty had been exhausted, we resigned ourselves to the inevitable, and prepared for the wedding; a week before the celebration of which there happened a very disagreeable event.

Mr. Young had remained unconsoled for the loss of my aunt for nearly twenty years, to the admiration of romantic damsels and interested parties, when his grief was suddenly assuaged by, and he united himself to, the daughter of his housekeeper. He wrote just previous to the ceremony that he would not forget to bestow a generous dowry on Fannie; but he executed no legal arrangement to that effect, for his wife, though only seventeen, proved a lady of great de-

cision of mind, and refused to sanction anything of the sort.

Fannie, in her faith in the disinterested affection and the business talents of her lover, was not a whit disturbed by the loss of her dowry; indeed, she was infatuated enough to rejoice that now there could be no imputation cast upon the motives of that gentleman.

Dick, better acquainted with his own capacity, showed his discomfiture so plainly that we daily anticipated his withdrawal from the engagement; however, he went to the altar with an air of resignation. As a husband, he was a decided failure, though his wife never admitted that he had a fault. He droned and loitered about, cursing the folly of Mr. Young in marrying at his age; and for three years father supported the establishment for them, as Fannie piteously insisted that Richard was delicate.

At that time, 1852, the excitement in regard to California grew contagious, and Dick was seized with a longing to try his capacities in the new State. With gratifying expedition, father furnished him means to make the journey; observing to mother that Dick would never earn enough to return, and this was the cheapest method of getting rid of him. In truth, we exulted at his departure—all but Fannie; she still adored him, and kissed and clung to him with exasperating fondness, as he took his farewell. She had one child when he left, and another was born within the subsequent month.

We were a numerous family, and, as Dick sent home nothing, Fannie realized that the maintenance of herself and babies was a burden which ought not to fall upon her father; therefore, as soon

as the second boy was old enough to trust to a nurse-girl, she began to teach music and drawing, and to play the organ in church, sustaining herself and children thereby.

Dick was a voluminous correspondent; he was always on the brink of marvelous success, but straitened for funds to carry out his projects; whereupon, the dear foolish girl pinched herself and little ones to send every spare dollar to her husband. This fact reaching my father's ears, after two years and a half of such self-denying imbecility on her part, he remonstrated with her so decidedly that it produced a rupture between them, and she resolved to go to California and put herself under the protection of her liege lord.

We vainly protested against so insane a step; telling her that during the whole time of her married life her husband had failed to provide for her, and pointing out his selfish greed in taking her scanty earnings.

She replied with indignant tears that we all hated Dick, and were guilty of cruel injustice toward him; that she had perfect confidence in him, and should throw herself on his care and affection in utter reliance. She wrote to him for directions regarding the journey; sought her godfather, laying her determination before him, and entreating his aid to enable her to join Richard. By some stratagem he contrived to elude the vigilance of his wife, and furnished Fannie with passage-money.

Fannie prepared with eager expectancy to set out as soon as she heard from the absentee. But instead of the expected letter came the following missive:

"TOWLE'S FLAT, August 8th, 1855.

"MRS. FANNIE MURRAY—

"*Dear Madame*: The melancholy task devolves upon me of informing you of the sudden death of your husband, and my friend and partner, Richard Murray. We were on a trip in search of new claims, when he received a sun-stroke which proved fatal in a few hours, during which he was never conscious. I have buried him in the grave-yard in this place. I

have his effects, and will forward them to you at the earliest opportunity. I regret to say that he left no available property.

"Deeply sympathizing with you in your bereavement, I remain,

"Respectfully yours,

"MYRON S. FLYNN."

My sister was beside herself with grief for weeks after the receipt of this communication. We keenly felt for her distress, but were entirely resigned to the dispensation of Providence which removed Dick from a sphere in which he was superlatively useless; and it added poignancy to Fannie's sorrow to know that, however we might repress the utterance of these sentiments, they were universal among her friends. Father, indeed, made such overtures of reconciliation as healed the breach between his widowed daughter and himself; but she never forgot that he had held the deceased in slight esteem.

Her first rational procedure was to write to Mr. Flynn, requesting him to erect a suitable tombstone over her husband's grave; and to inform her what sum would be requisite for the purpose, that she might remit the amount. That gentleman, in reply, gracefully begged leave to testify his regard for his late partner by raising the memorial shaft at his own cost; saying, with evident sincerity, that his obligations to Mr. Murray were many. So touched was the widow by this generous tone in regard to Dick, that she continued to correspond with Mr. Flynn for ten years in a friendly manner; sending him, from time to time, pictures of her sons, and receiving those of his wife and daughter.

After the demonstrative stage of mourning passed, she continued to nurse her affliction, wearing the most uncompromising weeds, and dwelling on the memory of the dead. When, several months after his demise, she received the trifles of which Mr. Flynn wrote, she gave way to a frantic outburst of woe. To the extreme chagrin of her family, she now

turned her attention to spiritism, and was persuaded that she obtained the most authentic messages from the spirit of her husband.

We endeavored by argument and by ridicule to shake her faith in this theory. She averred, however, that the "medium" had several times related to her circumstances only known to Richard and herself, in such amplitude of detail that she could not dispute the genuineness of the communications.

Her natural self-control and quiet good sense on all topics save that of the object of her idolatry, kept her from any extravagant exhibition of her devotion to the new philosophy, but she cherished a strong conviction of its truth. In the light of my own subsequent observation, as I remember how often she seemed wounded by my caustic sarcasms, I could wish that I had shown more forbearance with her in reference to what I was pleased to consider her delusion.

For five years she struggled on in poverty and bereavement; then her old suitor, John Ford, renewed his addresses, and we all urged her to accept him. She was sadly tormented by scruples as to the propriety of marrying a second time, and consulted Richard's spirit on the subject. His answers, given through a trance-medium, were as occult as those of a priestess of Dodona; and in desperation she wrote to Mr. Flynn, asking *him* to advise her.

We were heartily ashamed of her for depending on this stranger for an opinion in so delicate a matter; but he indited an extremely sensible reply, assuring her that if the departed could express himself he would insist that she should reward the faithfulness of Mr. Ford. Mrs. Flynn also inclosed a few kind words, saying that she herself had undergone a similar conflict of mind before espousing her present companion, and yet had found greater happiness

in her second union than in her first. Thus encouraged, my sister, with many declarations to her wooer that her heart was in the grave of her husband, and that she had nothing more than respect to give another, became Mrs. John Ford, and entered upon a life of comfort and plenty with a man who worshiped her. She did not cease to lament for the father of her children and to chant his virtues to them. They, I am sorry to admit, cared nothing for that shadowy parent, but gave a hearty allegiance to his successor.

Nought marred the content of my new brother-in-law but his wife's loyalty to the past, and her conscientious determination not to love him so well as she did the memory of Richard; in fact, the grim joke of our family was that the skeleton in John's house was Dick's ghost.

With the outbreak of the civil war, I entered the army, and remained until January, 1865, when I returned with shattered health. After several months of ineffectual effort to regain my strength, a voyage was suggested. My physician recommended the climate of California, and Fannie warmly seconded the plan. When I had fully decided to go, she took me aside, and, with deep emotion, charged me to bring on my return the remains of her former husband. To disinter those grewsome relics for conveyance across the ocean seemed an unsavory task; had cremation been in vogue in 1855, I should have cheerfully agreed to put into my trunk the pickle-jar or oyster-can containing the beloved ashes; but as I was about to decline the trust, my sister's tears induced me to bow my neck to the yoke.

At as early a period as possible, after landing on the Pacific slope, I made a pilgrimage to Towle's Flat, finding that once thriving mining-town a ruinous hamlet, only kept in existence by a stage-stand and post-office. The grave-yard was hideous, with its sunken mounds

and broken palings; its chief use being that of a corral, in which Mexicans lassoed their horses. My kinsman's grave, however, showed marks of careful attention. A low but strong wall of brick masonry protected it; the shaft of gray sandstone, with its brief inscription,

"RICHARD MURRAY,
Aged 29,
A native of Ohio,"

was entire.

In response to my interrogations, the landlord informed me that "Mr. Flynn, from up-country," took charge of Dick's resting-place, and that he would know whether my sister's request could be fulfilled. Thereupon I addressed a letter to that gentleman, inclosing Fannie's note of introduction, and asking his opinion as to the possibility of removing the coffin. I moreover desired him, if convenient, to visit me during the next week at the hotel from which I wrote.

Turning my back upon the decaying village, I sought my room in San Francisco, remaining there until nearly the date when I anticipated meeting Mr. Flynn; then I journeyed again to Towle's Flat. My disappointment was severe to find that the gentleman had visited the place, spending two days thereat, and then departed, leaving a statement of his opinion for me with the landlord. I hastily tore open the envelope, to read a dozen formal lines to the purport that he had waited for two days to see me, and found it inconsistent with his business to tarry longer; that it was impracticable to attempt to disinter the remains, and that he was mine to command. I threw down the epistle in anger; where was the boasted hospitality of Californians? This well-to-do rancher did not so much as offer me a meal at his house. I was an invalid and among strangers; I had unconsciously counted much on my semi-acquaintanceship with Mr. Flynn. Fannie had expected that his

doors would be flung wide to me the instant he heard of my arrival; while he had, on the contrary, in the curtest possible fashion, washed his hands of me. I was fatigued with my stage-ride, my supper was uninviting, and I strolled discontentedly out into the mellow twilight. The abandoned shafts, the deserted houses, the general air of dilapidation, weighed down my spirits, already depressed by weariness and home-sickness. I loitered, after a few moments, toward the burial-ground, with a forlorn idea of companionship in the thought that some one I had once known slumbered there. My heart softened with late contrition at the heartless manner in which we had regarded the sudden termination of Dick's young life. "Poor fellow!" I soliloquized, "we were brutally apathetic. He was only twenty-nine; if he had been spared, he might have retrieved himself." Thus recalling his errors, for the first time, with gentle compassion.

I opened the hingeless gate, and went in to look at the grave once more; a pale, timorous young moon faintly illuminated the evening. As I approached the mound at a sauntering pace, there rose, or seemed to rise, on the opposite side of it the figure of a man. I was not much startled at this, until, as it silently confronted me, I saw the features of my dead brother-in-law. My vision had accommodated itself to the subdued light, and I could not be mistaken. It was Richard Murray, with a wild, reproachful stare in his large eyes, and a sickly, greenish pallor on his visage. I was awe-stricken for a breathing-space. I closed my eyelids, I re-opened them; the phantom was still there. Rallying my courage, I attempted to spring across the wall to seize the shape, mortal or disembodied; but I did not rightly calculate the height, my foot caught, and I fell upon the grave. I rose as quickly as my strength permitted, but the ap-

partition had vanished. Reasoning with myself, I sat down to await its return; but, after a fruitless stay of a half-hour, I retraced my steps to the hotel and retired. Ere long I was oppressed by a vague haunting perception of another personality than my own. I rose and looked round the room; finding nothing, I drew aside my curtain to see the spectre dimly outlined against the window. The sash was raised two inches to admit air, and I caught hold of it in a nervous flurry to throw it open and investigate the mystery, but before I could step out on the unsafe balcony the wraith noiselessly disappeared.

I spent a sleepless night, though with the return of the garish sunshine I was fain to cheat myself into the belief that my imagination had deluded me. "I will stay another day and see if Dick's ghost is really trying to shadow me," I said, defiantly. Once I was tempted to confide in my host, but an unwillingness to brand myself as a lunatic bridled my tongue.

At an early hour, I went to my trysting-place in mingled fear and incredulity. The semblance of Richard Murray was indeed there, at the spot where I had seen him before. I had carefully examined the ground for human footprints that morning, but found none. I could not deny that this vision was in very deed the duplicate of Fannie's idol. It was not arrayed in the ugly cerements of the conventional ghost, but in the decent black costume in which modern taste arrays the dead. Its fixed melancholy gaze magnetized me into immovability, for I know not how long; but I wrestled with its fascination, and, urged by harrowing doubts, walked firmly round the inclosure toward the phantom. It gently receded from me with a grave and dignified air, waving me back with a gesture strangely deliberate and august. I followed it a short distance, and it suddenly became invisible.

Baffled and distressed, I retreated to my room, where I soon felt that my unwelcome visitant was still near. I resolutely closed my eyes, but slumber never blessed me until daybreak. When the stage came, I set off for San Francisco, hoping to escape this inexplicable pursuit. I was not conscious of the impalpable horror until the second night of my stay in the city. Then, as I strode along a dimly lighted quarter, the same indescribable feeling of a subtle espionage over me crept through my flesh. Turning to re-assure myself, I saw in the shadow of a building my intangible tormentor. I dashed toward it; it melted into a neighboring alley.

My mental state now became one of great uneasiness. My blatant skepticism in regard to supernatural phenomena did not avail to comfort me in this strait. Though infirm in body, my mental powers were still vigorous, and, while I had mocked at the testimony of others, I could not controvert the vision of my own eyes. To feel myself dogged by a spectre would have been disagreeable in any case; but Richard had been odious in his earthly reality, and his spectral essence was not less hateful. To my sister, the belief that he attended her in guise of incorruption was a sweet consolation; to me the knowledge was vexatious in the extreme. "Why," I continually asked myself, "does this thing haunt *me*? Does it object to my disturbing its repose? Is it to convince me that the manifestations I have held in such contumely are real? Does it really follow me at all times?"

While propounding these dark problems to myself for the hundredth time, I resolved with inward shame to seek information from one of the class of enthusiasts I had so often reviled. Determining to apply an unimpeachable test, I bethought me, as I set out to consult the oracle, that I had in my trunk an old letter, written by Richard. "My

criterion shall be the ability of the seer to reproduce this chirography," was my silent asseveration. "Had I not this document by which to form a just estimate, my fancy might mislead me, but here is evidence I can not gainsay."

I sought the residence of a writing-medium, who, at my request, slipped out of his own individuality with obliging facility, and assumed that of my late kinsman. To my mental question, "Why do you appear to me?" the answer was returned, "Because you intrude upon my slumbers. You never regarded me with kindness; let my body remain in quietness."

I eagerly contrasted the penmanship with that in my possession. It was the same. I asked: "Are you often with me?"

"Constantly," was the reply.

"How long will you trouble me thus?" was my last unspoken query.

"Until your soul opens to the light and beauty of the spiritual philosophy," was the rejoinder, with the addition of poor Murray's dashing signature.

Skepticism could exist no further. I paid the medium his fee, and descended the stairs a most unhappy man. Henceforth—for years, it might be—this spectral attendant was to be my bane. During my waking hours, I was conscious of this forbidding presence ever at my side. My sleep was marred by dreams of my invisible watcher. I read the *Banner of Light*, and Andrew Jackson Davis' works, trying to scourge my cold rebellious reason into fuller acceptance of the new truth.

In my perturbation, I never revealed a word of my singular persecutions to Fannie. I could not humiliate myself by the confession of my reluctant acceptance of her faith. I merely informed her that the grave was in excellent condition, and that Mr. Flynn discouraged the attempt to exhume the coffin. I did not mention the cavalier treatment I had

received at the hands of her correspondent, lest it should give her annoyance. My sufferings produced grave symptoms of heart-disease, and I resorted to one of the most eminent physicians in the city with the intention of laying my case fully before him. As I sat, with twenty others, in the anteroom, I was informed that a dozen ladies were waiting his leisure in another apartment, and that two hours was the limit of time for all. I judged, therefore, in the hasty interview I should obtain, I had best confine myself to my physical symptoms. When my turn for consultation arrived, the doctor listened hurriedly to my statement, scratched off a prescription, in which the only legible character I could find was that remnant of pagan superstition, the invocation to Jupiter, and dismissed me to call again in a week. A learned apothecary skillfully deciphered the Runic inscription, and I took the medicine "three times daily," without apparent improvement.

After once meeting this shrewd, matter-of-fact gentleman, I felt that to unbosom myself as to my peculiar affliction would be to suggest in his mind the propriety of introducing me to the commissioners of lunacy; so I presented myself for a second and a third examination, and received fully six minutes of his attention in the final conversation. His abstracted manner had filled me with a resentful suspicion that he did not give sufficient thought to my malady, but I now saw that he had read me at a glance.

"You have no structural affection of the heart," he observed, "but you seem to be laboring under the effect of a nervous shock. Have you received any violent concussion lately?"

I answered in the negative.

"Have you been crossed in love?" No question is impertinent from your physician.

"No."

"Or been losing in mining-stocks? Then your system has never recovered from the exposure of army life. I'll tell you what to do, though I haven't much hope that you'll take my advice. Go to Marysville, buy a gentle horse and a stout buggy, and drive up to Floyd's Mills, a day and a half's easy travel. It is in the mountains, and there you must stay at least two months; ride, drive, fish, hunt, but don't read. Do this, and let me know if you are not a sound man."

"Doctor," I said, compliantly, "I will start to-morrow."

"Good. You have better sense than most patients. I'll send you a letter of introduction to Floyd this evening, and he'll use you well." So the busy practitioner shook hands and bowed me out.

I followed the direction to a tittle—went to the little inland city, secured a stout vehicle and an animal of high repute for steadiness, and set forth on my trip with my mind somewhat diverted from its late gloomy bias. I halted at night in a cheery little inn in the foothills, resuming my journey in the morning. Finding solitude irksome, I picked up an affable pedestrian who carried on his shoulders a roll of blankets, supplemented by a frying-pan and coffee-pot. The agreeable discourse of this amiable cosmopolite, whose abiding-place was wherever sunset overtook him, beguiled the tedium of the route as he sketched the history of his varied "raises" and "bust-ups."

Just after midday we passed a rough school-house in a picturesque nook by the road-side, and at a little spring a mile beyond we stopped to dine. My passenger unharnessed and tethered the horse, built a fire, made coffee, and fried bacon with cheerful alacrity; after which we partook of the meal in much amity, parting at its close with sincere regrets, as his trail now diverged from the highway.

I lay down in the shadow of the pines, untroubled by my grim monitor, and slept for hours, awaking much refreshed, to essay attaching my steed to the buggy. Having been reared in a city, my experimental knowledge of his race had been confined to receiving a docile beast fully equipped at the stable, driving him at a discreet speed a few miles, and returning him in the same state to the ostler. A single harness had, therefore, struck me as an admirable structure—light, strong, handsome, and easily applied; but in my unskillful grasp it developed into a fearfully complicated piece of mechanism—straps, rings, and buckles, without obvious use, multiplying under my fingers. I battled manfully with the refractory gearing; but I was weak, and my knees soon tottered under me, while perspiration oozed from every pore of my frame.

I fancied I detected in the countenance of my meditative horse a sardonic leer at my disgraceful ignorance. I must have abandoned the effort in another instant from sheer lack of strength, had not a horsewoman cantered into view. Beholding my dilemma, she exclaimed, with prompt kindness, "You are ill—let me assist you!"—sprung lightly from her pony, gathered her riding-skirt out of the way, and took the task into her own deft hands. With great quickness and perfect gravity she arranged the harness, backed the animal into the shafts, presented me with the lines, and swung herself into the saddle before I could proffer my aid. She acknowledged my profuse thanks with dignity, and galloped on, her rounded figure displaying itself to great advantage in her snug-fitting habit.

As I drove slowly toward my destination, I mused on this episode, at once mortifying and pleasurable. My "good Samaritan" was not more than eighteen, with a round dimpled-face, dancing black eyes, and the hue of a peach-blossom

on her fresh cheek. She had been too much of a gentlewoman to smile at my awkwardness, and I found a singular charm in the contrast between her frank readiness to offer succor to a stranger and the sedate decorum of her bearing.

An hour's travel brought me to Floyd's Mills, where I met the proprietor, and exhibited my credentials from my physician. The hospitality of Californian mountain people is wonderfully graceful and spontaneous; perhaps from the pure sweet air that gives them health, or from the loftiness of their elevation above the sordid cares of city life. Mr. Floyd received me with heart-warming cordiality, and ushered me at once into his house. Had I been that "long-lost son returned from the Indies to enrich his aged parents," dear to the novel-readers of the past generation, I could not have been given a more generous welcome. They asked nothing of my antecedents; they only saw that I was ill and away from home, and took me under their protection.

The family consisted of Mrs. Floyd (a benign and portly matron), two blooming daughters, and Miss Hattie Bond, the school-mistress, who proved to be my fair rescuer of that afternoon. She met me without embarrassment, and the other ladies appeared as gracious as if they had anxiously awaited my coming.

In this group of vigorous friendly beings my pale melancholy visage awakened lively sympathy, and they made me even better than an honored guest—one of themselves. In my prostrate state of body and racked condition of nerves, this sunny, unconventional household medicined my ailment as satisfactorily as my doctor had predicted.

I was not left to my own meagre resources for amusement. I was invited to lie on the lounge in the kitchen while the morning work was in progress, and after that the ladies read or sung to me. As I grew able to stroll round the prem-

ises, the girls pursued me with scarfs and coats, chiding my carelessness as freely as Fannie would have done. Miss Bond, my earliest benefactress, was also equally ingenuous in her solicitude.

These bright, healthy, supple damsels belonged to a class with which I was not familiar. I believe they were absolutely fearless; any one of them would shoot a fowling-piece, drive a four-in-hand down a narrow grade, gallop a half-broken colt bare-backed over the hill, or, if necessary, talk with the most repulsive man. With all this calm audacity, they were neither loud nor fast, and could check presumption with icy self-possession. They were always merry and well-bred, and, while their intellectual culture was not profound, their nice maidenly instincts and remarkable aptness prevented them from exhibiting any deficiency.

Probably the service she had rendered in so happy a manner drew me to Miss Bond as something braver and more magnanimous than any woman I had ever known. I gave studious attention to Mr. Floyd's instructions, and, by the time I was fully convalescent, was competent to harness my own animal. I now made it my regular office to escort the teacher to her school-house in the morning, and thence at four o'clock. I often took my lunch, and lingered in the little dell, finding the air bracing and the water refreshing to a beneficial degree. I failed to see any charm in the spot on Saturdays and Sundays, however, and occupied those days in excursions with the school-mistress and the other young ladies.

While I continued to be a valetudinarian, Hattie was as gaily candid in her association with the invalid as the good hostess herself. The sprightly conversation of the Misses Floyd was also a source of real pleasure, as they confided to me their friendships and dislikes, their family connections, and their small

coqueties. If I was reticent in regard to my own past, it was because there hung over it that nightmare horror which I seemed to have eluded; and I chose to put it behind me, lest I might call back the uneasy spirit.

I lent, as I have said, a willing ear to all these girlish revelations, but to Miss Bond's open-hearted details I gave enraptured audience. She told me that she was an only child; that her father was a sheep-raiser, and had an extensive rancho; all of which, with other not very striking pieces of domestic history, was interesting to me because it was narrated by a pair of lips so rosy and enticing that I was often tempted to hazard the anger of the speaker by stealing a kiss.

Before the appointed time I reported myself as healed of my infirmity, but I still delayed until the school closed. I was now pained by the change in the frank demeanor of Miss Bond. As I ceased to be an invalid, there rose and thickened like a mist between us a pronounced reserve on her part. She was coldly polite; all the sweet familiarity of her bearing had vanished. I was dismayed. I told her that she had no right to be so frigid with me; that from the moment I saw her I felt as if I must have known her in some previous existence—her face had seemed like the memory of a lovely dream. She shook her pretty head, with its short curling locks, reprovingly; she was not mystical nor transcendental. I made up my mind that she liked some one of the dozen other admirers that beset her, and decided it was that snobbish Coats, with his offensive allusions to his quartz-mill and his stock in "Gould & Curry."

The school session closed with a brilliant exhibition from the infant mountaineers, and the teacher gathered up her portable effects to depart.

I was wretched; had she not chilled the easy sociability of our intercourse

into elaborate formality, I would have boldly dared the worst. I sat under a manzanita-bush in the yard, conscious that she was packing her trunk, and that to-morrow's stage would convey her from my sight.

Of a sudden I beheld that upstart Coats, arrayed with disgusting ostentation, approach the house, looking as if he were on his way to a dentist's office. I watched for a quarter of an hour, to see him at last emerge with the expression of one whose longest molar had broken in the grasp of the forceps.

I gathered courage, rushed in, and, with what blundering phrase I can never recall, offered myself to her. I do not remember what she said either, but she accepted me with the discreet proviso that her parents approved.

I was overjoyed. "I have references that Mr. Bond can not refuse to receive—General Halleck, for one."

"His name is not Bond," cried Hattie, amused at my mistake; "he is only my step-father; but my own father died so young that I have always felt to papa as if I were really his daughter. His name is Flynn."

"Myron S. Flynn?" I demanded in astonishment.

"Why, yes; do you know him?" she asked.

"Only by reputation; my brother-in-law, Richard Murray, was his partner. My sister feels under great obligation to him," I said, forgiving his shabby behavior to me, because he was a connection of Hattie's.

"Are you really poor Mrs. Murray's brother? How strange we should have crossed each other's path so!"

"Strange and sweet, my darling. Now I understand why your dear face has seemed familiar to me; my sister has your picture, taken years ago."

We concluded that it was best for me to accompany Hattie at once to her home to ask the parental sanction; and in the

morning we departed in the same vehicle, soberly propelled by the same horse which had first introduced me to my betrothed. The Floyds bade us farewell with the warmest congratulations, and the strongest entreaties that we would visit them on our bridal tour.

I shall not disclose any of the rapture of our journey, which was figuratively in its whole extent along the borders of Gulistan, the land of roses. Never mind that to mundane faculties it was dusty and through a country parched with summer heat; we should have been content to be pilgrims together through a Sahara for years.

Just as we reached the gate, Hattie blushing confessed that she had never mentioned me in her letters to her mother. "I guess I took too deep an interest in you from the first; and to think, you foolish boy, you imagined I didn't love you because I was distant just on purpose to hide my liking," was her shy admission.

Mr. Flynn was absent at his sheep-ranch in an adjoining county; but his wife, a very agreeable prophecy of what her daughter might become after twenty years of matronly cares, took me metaphorically to her maternal arms.

She had a genuine sympathy for young lovers, and was delighted to learn of my relationship to Fannie, chiding me for not coming to them as soon as I reached California. It was plain that Mr. Flynn had never informed her of the short correspondence between himself and me, so I did not explain the reason of my failure to visit them before.

So altogether amiable and propitious was Mrs. Flynn, that I regarded the conventional portrait of a mother-in-law as a malicious caricature.

The proprietor of the house did not return at night-fall, and I was told that the precise hour of his advent was in a general way very uncertain.

I awaited with praiseworthy resigna-

tion his tardy appearance, too blissful in my surroundings and companionships to repine at his delay. Hattie and I strayed at will over the fields, or sat in the summer-house, planning that future, in which I was to love her "more than ever wife was loved," and she to greet me with the immaculate raiment and perennial smile worn by model house-dames in the charming books of advice to newly married people.

The second night of my stay at Hattie's home, we sat in the parlor, which was lit up by the radiance of a full moon. She left me to bring lights, in order to read to me, and I leaned back in a luxurious arm-chair, indulging in glad anticipations. Suddenly, some foreboding of a ghostly vision chilled my heart, and as I lifted my eyes to the door I beheld the abhorrent spectre that already had so nearly driven me mad, standing on the threshold, its hands raised as if to threaten, its expression that of repugnance and malevolence.

I was powerless beneath the sickening conviction that I had never been free from its pursuit; that in the long weeks I had believed it banished, it had abode in viewless entity at my side; that in all time to come I should know it dwelt with me, hateful, impalpable, inexorable.

It remained stationary for a brief period, then crossed the space between us, while I shuddered in impotent anguish, without the ability to retreat from its advance. It came closer and closer, finally laying its loathsome grasp on my shrinking arm, as it demanded hoarsely:

"Have you told my wife, now that you have hunted me down?"

With the contact of its touch, with the sound of the voice, the ghastly incubus was lifted from my soul; saner nerves and sounder health than I once had told me this was surely Richard Murray in the flesh. Spite of my relief, my brain whirled with the revelation.

"Are you really alive?" I maundered in reply.

"Hush, hush!" he whispered, swiftly drawing me out of the parlor to a safe distance from the house.

"Have you told my wife?" he reiterated.

"No, no," I said, trying to comprehend the fact that I saw my kinsman in mortal form.

"What brought you here?" he demanded.

"To ask your consent to marry Hattie. I thought you food for worms ten years ago. Tell me the truth at once: What possessed you to pretend to bury yourself?"

He drew a long breath. "I may as well make a clean breast of it, Andrew. I was doing nothing out here; you all despised me; I was robbing Fannie and the babies to furnish bread for me; and when she wrote she was coming out here, I was dumfounded. Just then Flynn died, and it occurred to me to change names with him; no one knew mine—they generally called me 'Barkeep,' as I sometimes tended a saloon—so I disguised my hand and wrote to Fannie that I was dead. I knew she and the children would be better off without me.

"Within two months, I married this lady; I saw her before I concluded to begin under a new title. She had the property, and I have managed it well; she's as fond of me as your sister used to be.

"You think me a scamp without conscience; but I had enough to let Flynn's mother in Kentucky know of her son's death; and I was very anxious about my abandoned wife, until she wrote about John Ford, and I was glad to advise her to take him. You know I've always kept up a correspondence, and known how she and the boys prospered.

"I have stood on the brink of ruin though, myself; dreading exposure, sus-

pecting every stranger, and hiding from anyone who I imagined could have a clue to my story. I was frantic when I received your letter. I believed you had a suspicion of my identity. I went to the Flat before the day you named, to see if you had thrown out any hints, and hid in an old cabin near by, instead of going home as I pretended.

"When you discovered me in the grave-yard, I was frightened, and should have begged for mercy; but I saw, after waiting for you to speak, that you took me for a ghost, so I resolved to play that *rôle* until I scared you out of the country. I went back and raked over the dust to hide my tracks, and climbed on the balcony in my stocking-feet, partly to watch and partly to terrify you. I was on your track until you went into the mountains. Now you know the whole. I don't ask forbearance for myself—I don't deserve any; but bear in mind that the happiness of two families is at stake." He sat down on the ground, and abjectly covered his face.

I weighed the matter gravely. I hope that to preserve the peace of Fannie and of Mrs. Flynn was the strongest motive that won my silence; but I did not forget that to hold up to condign reproof the crime of this man would be to raise a terrible barrier between Hattie and myself.

"Dick," I said, with salutary directness of speech, "you are a contemptible scoundrel, and deserve the severest chastisement of justice; but to punish you appropriately, I must cover with confusion two innocent households. I promise to keep your secret. You impudent villain, how could you write your own obituary, erect your own monument, and communicate with your injured wife year after year, in this shameless fashion? To think how nearly you drove me mad by your fiendish imposture!" I mused for a space. "Dick," I asked, "what gave that frightful cadaveric col-

or to your countenance when I saw you before?"

He laughed. "Fright and guilt and moonlight all together, I suppose. You were livid with consternation yourself."

"Then," I continued, going over the scenes anew in retrospection, "you glided away with such a weird peculiar motion, vanishing so unaccountably!"

"That was principally in your excited brain, Andrew. I did jump into a hole once, but the manner of my locomotion was not different from the common."

"Yet," I still persisted, "I received most striking confirmation of your existence in another sphere." And I went on to relate the developments at the office of the medium. "Was it sorcery?"

"I don't know; but I suppose when one man gives another the reins of his scared and disordered imagination, it isn't hard to drive it to the devil."

I assented, thoughtfully.

"You shall have Hattie and a handsome portion, and you had better take her East with you. Come, let us go in, and I'll explain that we have introduced ourselves."

I followed Richard, or—as I had to make constant effort to call him—Mr. Flynn, into the sitting-room, where the ladies were, dismayed at my absence.

To my petition for a speedy wedding Mr. Flynn gave a cordial assent. He was evidently ill at ease in my society, and Hattie was grieved to observe that we did not take kindly to each other. She consented to follow me to my home in Ohio, and thither I bore her in triumph. My relatives were all gratified with my choice, and Fannie was unusually demonstrative.

As I feared she might exhibit Richard's picture, the likeness of which to her step-father would occasion embarrassing questions on my wife's part, I seized the earliest opportunity to tell my sister such fragments of the truth as might shake her allegiance to her first husband.

"Fannie," I said, as gently as possible, "I must tell you something painful. You have no reason to mourn for Dick; before he died he married in California a woman who was wealthy. Mr. Flynn told me so, but did not think best to let you know it. Richard was really a heartless wretch."

She wept bitterly for a moment; then she flushed. "And I was half-starving my babies to send him money at that time!" she said indignantly.

I was forced to let this unjust accusation, of receiving Fannie's pittance while he was enjoying the fortune of his second wife, rest upon the head of the criminal.

"I would thrust him out of my memory, my dear," said I, cautiously putting away his miniature in my pocket; "you have a worthy, affectionate husband now."

She sighed. "So, it is all over! Yet we will let Richard and his sins rest in his distant grave. My good, faithful John!"—she turned fondly toward his portrait on the wall—"I have given him a divided heart. Henceforth nothing shall sever my love from him."

The spirit of the Californian appeared to my sister no more. And so the materializations of Richard Murray sleep beside those of Katie King. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

COMMUNISM.

SINCE the brief and bloody episode of the Paris Commune in 1871, communism is sometimes confounded with socialism, sometimes with internationalism, and generally, in the minds of the order-loving part of American and European society, with red republicanism and red radicalism of the most pronounced type. Strictly speaking, communism represents a form of local or municipal government, which was in vogue in France at a very early day. Communes were generally small municipalities, governed by mayors and councils; little centres of local government, owing their origin and existence to royal favor at a time when the king was weak and the nobles strong. But as power became centralized, the communes declined, and almost ceased to be recognized.

In 1791, when the insurrectionists had possession of Paris, they organized a Commune, which was in succession dominated by the various factions, until it went down with Robespierre, and was suppressed shortly after his death. It is not therefore strange, when eighty years afterward the *sans-culottes* of 1871 seized the artillery and arms on the hill of Montmartre, closed the gates of Paris against the troops of the Thiers government, and, like their progenitors of 1791, proclaimed the Commune, that a shudder went through the governing classes of Europe. The working classes, on the contrary, did not disguise their joy, and Internationalists and Socialists on both continents openly proclaimed their sympathy with the new revolution. But the men who led and the populace that supported the Commune were not by any means all Socialists and International-

ists. It is true, very many were; but still, very many were mere adventurers, without principles or opinions. It was an uprising of dissatisfied classes—the poor, the lowly, the dreamers, in short the radicals of Parisian society—and while it is difficult to say exactly why or how, yet it is undoubtedly the case that very soon, in popular apprehension, communism, socialism, and internationalism came to be confounded together, and now when spoken of are rather convertible terms than representatives of distinct ideas. Treating them therefore together, I shall more particularly sketch the history and opinions of the International Society, the latest and most formidable development of socialism.

It is a matter of common observation in the history of thought, that generally, when a strong current of opinion is setting in any given direction, a counter-current springs up and flows with more or less vigor in an opposite course. Thus we see in our own day materialism and spiritualism invoking at the same time the earnest attention of the community. So within a century the doctrines of political economy and the antagonistic ideas of the Socialists have grown beside each other. Through the teaching of Adam Smith, Ricardo, Mill, Bastiat, and their disciples, certain beliefs touching production, distribution, capital, profits, rent, credit, exchange, and international trade, have gradually spread among the educated and prosperous classes, until it has become axiomatic with them that the ideal society is where there is perfect freedom for the full play of the selfish instincts of men in the accumulation and distribution of property, and that, if untrammelled by vicious

legislation, wealth will distribute itself through a community precisely as it should; that he who is entitled to a million will receive it, and he who should only have a pittance will have it doled out to him at the proper time by the spontaneous action of his fellows.

During very nearly the same period, other doctrines have been slowly spreading—principally, but not entirely, among the uneducated and less prosperous, or more properly speaking non-prosperous, classes of Europe, and to a limited extent of America—which challenge the soundness of the axioms of political economy; claiming that free competition especially in labor, individual ownership of land, the system of wages and of inheritance, are false in principle, productive of the poverty which crushes the major part of the human family, and should therefore be abolished.

The social inequalities which sprung from the feudal system have been maintained in a great degree by the unequal distribution of wealth. Take, for instance, the condition of Great Britain to-day upon the point of wealth distribution. There are 13,720,000 producers, with an aggregate income of £814,000,000 per annum. One-half of this is divided between 1,250,000 persons: 2,688,000 persons have an average income of £189, or \$945, per annum; while 11,000,000 persons have an annual income which does not exceed £29, or \$145. The aim of the Socialists is to level these inequalities by force of law.

It has so happened that socialism sprung up and has been more vigorous in France than elsewhere. Probably the ferment of ideas caused by the revolution of 1789 prepared men's minds to receive with favor any views affecting the social organization, no matter how startling. Men had seen a social and political system, elaborated from the feudal ages, tumbled about their ears, and apparently dissipated—though only ap-

parently, as we have seen since. We know that at the opening of this century all men, not of the privileged classes, were brimful of hope for the future. No dream was too wild; everything was possible. It was thought that the old had passed away, and the new was not to grow, but to be built up immediately. Is it strange, then, that St. Simon attracted about him the brightest of the budding intellect of France? St. Simon was a nobleman by birth, had been an officer with the French forces in our Revolutionary War, had accepted the revolution of 1789 of his own country, abandoned his nobility, gone into trade, and made a fortune; then, as he said, to touch the entire round of personal experiences, had expended his fortune in fashionable dissipations, been reduced to abject poverty, and at last set himself to construct a scheme of social regeneration, and to found a school of social philosophy which may be considered the forerunner of the socialism of to-day. Among his disciples was Auguste Comte, who in part received his inspiration from his eccentric master. A little later, Charles Fourier worked out in obscurity another social scheme, which, in his estimation, was to remedy all the many ills to which society is subject. Community of property was to be the rule, and men were to live in social *phalanges*, where each one was to have assigned to him that labor for which his aptitudes specially fitted him. When this theory was promulgated, it found many advocates, and it is probably within the recollection of most of us, that its practice was attempted in a modified way on this continent, but without success. St. Simon and Fourier, and their disciples, were men of acute intellect and wide culture, but had they not had the France of this century in which to propagate their strange opinions, these theories and ideas would no doubt have been relegated to the limbo of impracticable

dreams. But their theories were addressed to Frenchmen, and in France

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

A peculiar combination of circumstances had prepared the minds of the French working-classes—that is, the artisan as distinguished from the peasant class—for the reception of socialistic ideas. Governmental practices and traditions in France have been about the same since the days of Louis XIV., whatever may have been the special form of the hour—whether the revolution, the empire, the king absolute, or the king constitutional. Always, power has been centralized in Paris; always, Paris has been the head, the brain, though not the body and purse. The body and purse lay in the provinces. The feudal privileges and abuse swept away by the revolution gave place to a system which equalized all classes before the law. Another product of the revolution, was the law compelling a division of inherited property equally among the heirs. The power of testamentary disposition over property in France is limited to a part equal to one child's share; the remainder must go equally among the children; so that if, for instance, a father owns an estate of say 100 acres, and leaves ten children, he can only provide by his will for the disposition of ten acres; the remaining ninety must be divided among the ten children in equal parts.

The result of this has been to subdivide the country into minute farms, so that in 1868 there were 7,845,724 landed proprietors, and this, recollect, in a territorial area not so large as California. Of these, it was estimated that 3,000,000 possessed an average of two and a half acres apiece, 2,000,000 possessed an average of fifteen acres apiece, and the remainder had larger holdings, but seldom reaching in size to what we deem a

small farm. This large body of landed proprietors is, as might be expected, intensely conservative. It has always been ready to support any government, no matter what it calls itself, provided it maintains order and security. On the other hand, Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles have been the *foci* to which have been attracted all that part of the population which, either from necessity or choice, could not or did not wish to cultivate the land; but still, whether in city or country, they all submitted to the same imperative law which forced a division of goods upon the death of the possessor. And thus another result followed: a general leveling of fortunes, and to a certain extent a check upon inordinate accumulation; for who cares to become a slave to hoarding, with the thought constantly present that he can not dispose of his treasures as he may wish, but must leave them to become the spoils alike of the good and bad among his heirs? Add to this, the pernicious habit of every government, and more particularly that of Louis Napoleon, of furnishing employment on an enormous scale to the workmen of Paris—thus breeding in them the notion that the state owed them a support—and it is not strange that all the conditions for the reception and rapid spread of socialism were present. In truth, the vagaries of St. Simon and Fourier very soon penetrated to the very substratum of French society. When the Socialists were in possession of the government in 1848, they established national workshops, which were to furnish work to all the needy—a device even shorter-lived than the government which inaugurated it.

After the *coup d'état* of 1851, very stringent laws were passed in order to suppress socialistic organizations and utterances, and Louis Napoleon supposed he had killed the monster. There was absolute silence for seventeen years, but when in 1868 he relaxed the laws

concerning the press and public meetings, it was found that the very same ideas by the same class were more boldly uttered than before. Up to this time—that is, 1868—these theories had not obtained much of a foot-hold in other countries. Trades-unions had existed in England for over forty years, but their objects were limited to affording mutual protection in cases of strikes and lock-outs, in particular trades. As far as I am aware, no similar organizations existed on the continent. In fact, it would probably have been impossible under the severe repressive laws which until recently were common in continental countries.

In 1862, the London Exhibition attracted the attention of the whole world, and a deputation of French artisans, with the sanction, and, as it were, under the patronage of the emperor, went over to the exhibition. They were formally received by deputations of English artisans, and considerable hobnobbing came of it. The ice was broken. The next year the Polish insurrection burst out, and the French working-men were in active sympathy with it; but as they could not hold public meetings or give any organized expression to their feelings, they sent over a deputation of their number to London to induce the English workmen to call public meetings in aid of Poland. This was done; but the Englishmen were not so enthusiastic about the Poles as their friends on the other side of the channel. They had an eye to business; and so, after the Polish matter was concluded, they suggested to the Frenchmen that it would be well to organize an International Society of Working-men, based upon the idea of the trades-unions, for the purpose of preventing, in case of a strike in one country, workmen being brought from another to fill the place of the strikers. The suggestion was acted upon, and the germ of the International came into be-

ing. In the following year, 1864, the first International Parliament was held in London. It was small in numbers, and did not attract much attention. This body made a declaration of principles, which need not be particularly noticed, as we shall see that subsequently a more formal "platform" was devised. Rules were also adopted which provided that a general Congress should meet once a year; that the executive power should be vested in a central council appointed yearly by the Congress, and that this central council should form an internal agency between the different associations, so that the working-men of one country might be constantly informed of the movements of their class in every other country; and that questions of general practical interest mooted in one association, might, if deemed advisable, be discussed in all.

The fundamental idea of the association has been, from the beginning, that the working-men of all countries constitute a class to which its members owe an allegiance which is superior to that due the country, and that the guild of the laborer is broader than the state.

Notwithstanding the rule adopted at the first Congress, no session of that body was held in 1865. The truth was, the organization was very poor and feeble. Its money resources from all quarters were so meagre at the outset, that, even down to 1867, it could not raise funds enough to print the reports of the Congress and the constitution and rules, and at the close of 1867 there was but \$4.60 in the treasury. Notwithstanding that the original proposition seems to have come from the English workmen, the trades-unions as a body for long time held aloof. A second but quite small Congress was held at Geneva in 1866, at which were discussed questions touching the statistics of wages, the reduction of the hours of labor, and co-operation.

In 1868 a third Congress was held at Brussels, at which a formal declaration of principles was promulgated, which has been accepted by the societies generally. By this time the English workmen were more in sympathy with the new movement. From the outset it was received with general favor on the continent, and affiliated societies—or, where they are prohibited, individual members of the central association—are found in every European state; also in many parts of the United States, though it must be confessed in a very feeble condition in the latter place. In each successive year—except 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war was raging—the Internationals have held their congresses, and, as will be seen, have become thoroughly impregnated with socialistic theories. Two years ago it was estimated that on both continents there were 17,000,000 Internationals; being more numerous, however, in France and Germany than elsewhere. It therefore becomes of interest, if for no other reason than because of its numbers, to know what results this formidable organization hopes to accomplish, and this can best be comprehended from an examination of the principles which it officially utters. As stated above, the Brussels Congress of 1868 adopted a set of principles, which are in substance as follow:

I.—Relative to coal-mines and railways. Considering that these grand instruments of labor are fixed to the soil, and occupy a considerable part of the soil—that domain furnished gratuitously to humanity by nature; and that these instruments of labor demand necessarily the application of machinery and the collective force; and that the machines and the collective force, which to-day exist for the advantage of capitalists, should in the future profit workmen alone; and that, in order to accomplish this, it is necessary that all industries where these

two economical forces are indispensable should be exercised by groups freed from the wages system; the Congress thinks: 1. That quarries, coal-mines, and other mines, as well as railways, in a normal condition of society, appertain to society collectively as represented by the state, but by the state regenerated and submitting itself to the law of justice. 2. That quarries, coal-mines, and railways should be granted by society, not to capitalists, as is the case at present, but to companies of workmen, by means of a double contract—the one giving the fee to the workmen's company, and guaranteeing to society the scientific and rational working of the concession, its services at the price the nearest to the net cost, and the right to inspect the accounts of the company, making it consequently impossible to re-introduce monopoly; the other guaranteeing the relative and mutual rights of each member of the workmen's association.

II.—Relative to agricultural property. Considering that the requirements of production and the application of agricultural knowledge call for cultivation upon a large and uniform scale, and demand the introduction of machines and the organization of the collective force, and that, in addition, economic evolution itself tends to develop cultivation on a grand scale; considering also that agricultural labor and property in the soil should be put upon the same footing as the labor of the miner and property in mines; and that the land is the base of all products and the primitive source of all riches, without being itself the product of the labor of any particular person; and that the alienation to anyone of this first indispensable material renders society entirely tributary to him to whom it is alienated; the Congress thinks: That economical evolution renders it a social necessity that the arable soil should become a part of the collect-

ive property, and that the soil should be granted to agricultural companies, as the mines to mining companies, the railways to workmen's companies, with guarantees for society and for the cultivators similar to those required for mines and railways.

III.—Relative to canals, roads, and telegraph lines. Considering that these ways of communication demand uniformity of management and care, which can not be given over to the monopoly of particular persons, as some economists require, the Congress considers that ways of communication should remain the collective property of society.

IV.—Relative to forests, the commission proposes the following resolution: Considering that the abandonment of the forests to individuals would result in the destruction of these forests; that this destruction in many places would injure the springs, and consequently also the fertility of the soil, as well as the public hygiene and the lives of the citizens, the Congress thinks that the forests should belong to society collectively.

Then follow certain resolutions touching strikes, to the effect that strikes are not a means of completely freeing workmen from their oppressors, but are often necessities in the present condition of labor and capital, and that, therefore, workmen should form banks, as depositories, to aid those of their fellows who are compelled to strike.

Upon the matter of the reduction of the hours of labor, the Congress believes that the time has arrived when it is the duty of workmen to agitate the question everywhere.

V.—Upon the question of machines. Considering that upon one side a machine is one of the most powerful instruments of despotism and extortion in the hands of the capitalist, and that upon the other part its development is necessary to substitute a system of production truly social for the system of wages; con-

sidering that the machine will only render true service to workmen when a more equitable organization shall have placed it in their possession; the Congress declares: 1. That it is only by co-operative association, and by an organization of mutual credit, that production can arrive at the possession of machinery. 2. That, nevertheless, in the actual condition of things, it is proper for workmen who are organized into trades-unions, to interfere in the introduction of machines into the workshops, in order that their introduction may only take place under certain guarantees or compensations for the workman.

VI.—Upon the interest of capital and mutual credit. 1st, considering that interest upon capital, under whatever form it shows itself, is a value deducted from the labor of to-day for the benefit of a person who has already been enriched by the labor of yesterday, and that this person, if he has the right to accumulate, has not the right to do so at the expense of others; 2d, that consequently the interest upon capital is a permanent source of injustice and inequality, and that the incorporated companies which foster it simply cause to pass from the individual to the association the principle of egotism, which is the gnawing worm of society as now constituted; 3d, that political and economical creations, such as the consolidated debt and the privileges accorded either to financial societies or to railway companies, insurance companies, etc., increase in a frightful degree the spoliating quality of the interest of capital and consolidate the interests of governments and those of capitalists; 4th, that stock-jobbing pushes the action of interest upon capital to the last excess of immorality; 5th, that the application on a vast scale of the principle of consolidation by workmen is the only practical mode of placing themselves in a position to combat against financial feudality; the Con-

gress proposes the foundation of an international workmen's bank, having for its aim to render credit democratic and equal, and to simplify the relations between the producer and the consumer—that is to say, to withdraw labor from the domination of capital, and to bring capital back to its natural and legitimate rôle, which is to be the agent of labor.

VII.—The Congress recommends its members to enter into co-operative societies, because all deductions by capital under the name of rent, interest, or profit, should be discountenanced.

VIII.—It recommends the different sections of the society to furnish public courses of scientific, professional, and productive teaching.

IX.—It condemns war, calls upon all workmen to use their efforts to prevent it, and, in case of war, recommends the workmen of the belligerent countries to cease all labor.

At the Congress held at Bâle, in Switzerland, in the following year (1869), the foregoing resolutions relative to landed property were confirmed, and also the following were adopted:

I.—That society has the right to abolish individual property in the soil, and to restore landed property to the community.

II.—That it is necessary that the soil should become collective property.

III.—That the right of inheritance should be completely and radically abolished.

The Internationalists and Communists are divided into three schools. 1. The collective communists, who believe that the active supervision of the state should be substituted in every branch of labor, in the place of the individual or free association, and that the state should divide the products of labor among all the citizens, according to the value of their efforts. 2. The individual communists. It is difficult to understand what distinctive principle they claim. It has

been expressed in this vague way: that they respect individual liberty and responsibility, but demand that the individual workman shall be put in possession of the necessary tools and machinery at the public expense, and shall enjoy the product of his individual labor.

3. The mutualists, who are rather of the old St. Simon school of philosophers. The central idea of their system is a mutual bank of credit. Coin must be abolished; then there will be no interest to pay, because it will be absurd to pay interest for the use of simple pieces of printed paper. This bank will lend its paper money without interest to whoever wishes to borrow, and thus all the money needed in the community will be furnished gratuitously.

As already stated, Napoleon III., in 1868, relaxed the repressive laws which for seventeen years had shut the mouths of Socialists, and the result was that their orators aired their pent-up opinions with a boldness that astonished the timid shop-keepers and landed proprietors. The following are taken from some of their speeches, at random. M. Bretonneau said: "The *bourgeoisie* (middle class) is the most dangerous enemy of the working-class. Who is it produces capital? It is the working people. Who is it that improves and gives value to property? It is the working people. Who is it that causes all progress? Always the working people. Why and how is it that the working people possess nothing? Since capital, progress, and property are the productions of the laborer, they are our property." Another one—M. Beaumont—said: "Property is the principal cause of our misfortunes. It is that which it is necessary to modify. We wish that there may be neither poor nor rich. All have the same origin. We wish that all may be equal. The earth was freely given to man, and whoever takes it robs the state in general. It is necessary, by all means, to retake

it, for no one has the right to have a surplus when anyone lacks the necessities of life." M. Pelleni said: "Wages produce misery, slavery, and prostitution. The system of wages is but another form of feudality. All of us are seeking a new system more conformable to justice, and we believe we see the perfect ideal in communism. Let us then repudiate the system of wages, which is an acknowledgment of our degradation, the sanction of tyranny. No more wages! but absolute equality, without distinction as to power, talents, or virtue; equality without the vain distinctions of rank or caste." M. Duval said: "It is necessary to suppress the remains of feudality, in what is no more called the nobility, but the middle class. We desire equality of wages; that the value of each thing may be estimated by the time which it has taken to produce it. We desire the application of natural right, equality. We will suppress inheritance, individual property, and capital, which can not exist without labor. Whoever labors has the right to eat, but he who does not labor has not any such right. Through the supervision of the state there will be no more pauperism."

These are fair samples of the views of the Communists and Internationals, expressed upon the rostrum, and also through their newspaper organs in London, Brussels, Geneva, Zurich, and Leipzig. At the International Congress of 1871, held in London, the rural laborers of England were recommended to form societies to affiliate with the main organization, and no doubt the recent strikes of the English farm laborers grew out of the recommendations and efforts of the Internationals. The Granger movement in our own country is the legitimate offspring of internationalism and communism. In truth, their theories concerning railways are very much the same as those announced by the Brussels Congress of 1868. The Grangers may be

classed among the "collective communists."

The organization of the Commune of Paris in 1871 was not within the scheme of the International Society, and, so far as the history of that society is concerned, only has significance, because, after the downfall of the insurrection, it gave expression to its regrets and to its sympathy in that direction, and because this expression of sympathy has brought the association into greater disfavor than before, and for a time repressed its activities. The story of the Commune of Paris has never yet been fully and fairly told. Probably it will not be for years to come. When it is, it may appear that the atrocities which disfigured its last days, though not excusable when measured by the highest standards of action, should yet be looked upon with charity, as passionate and unreasoning reprisals for atrocities of equal magnitude perpetrated in the name of law and order.

Recognizing and measuring, then, the length and breadth of this new movement, the important question presents itself, Will it prevail? has it those germs of truth and fitness imbedded in it which will finally blossom into a more exquisite flower of civilization? Of course, it is dangerous to prophesy, particularly as to the course opinions will take, and as to what will be their outcome; but still there are certain elemental truths, certain necessities of human nature, that can always be appealed to with safety, when we propose to predict what men will do in the future.

It seems to me that socialistic maxims are founded upon a misconception of human nature. Until men become quite different from what they are now, and have been, at least during historic times, they can not reach their highest development, and consequently their greatest happiness, without giving free play to the principle of competition. Where there is free trade in brains, skill,

culture, as well as in goods, there is the greatest individual and collective prosperity.

Now, competition is the *bête noir* of the Internationalist. He dreads, hates, and proscribes it. It is intolerable to him that skill, forethought, persistency, and intellect should seize and hold the prizes of life. Born and reared in the densely populated countries of the old world, where the grooves of life do not run into each other as in our more favored land, he realizes when he reaches the age of thought, that the lines of his life are hard, and the outlook very cheerless. He sees about him hereditary privileges and hereditary wealth; he feels, perhaps, that his own manhood is cramped, but is still as full and rich in all human possibilities as the pampered aristocrat whose carriage-wheels bespatter him in the street. He sees, further, that labor is at the basis of all these accumulations of wealth, which his soured imagination pictures as weapons of oppression. He thinks it is, therefore, necessary to declare war against capital. He labors with his hands, and therefore he considers the manual laborer should own all the products of his labor. And as one laborer may be more skillful or more industrious than another, and thus in time surpass his fellows and become a capitalist and oppressor, he proposes to prevent this possible future inequality by paying the producer, not according to his skill or industry, but according to the number of hours he devotes to producing the given thing. He will not submit to wages, but must have a share in the profits, proportioned, as just stated, to the hours of labor. He is not even in favor of co-operation, except upon the largest scale; in fact, not unless guided by the state. He proposes to abolish interest, because that recognizes capital as something apart from the producer. He sees children living in idleness, or enjoying

superior advantages, because of the transmitted accumulations of their ancestors, and therefore he will do away with inheritance, and force all to begin life at the same point. He sees that great public enterprises, like railways, steam-ship companies, telegraph companies, etc., possess enormous power and wealth; therefore they must be owned by the state, and the profits divided among the people. In short, he proposes to level down social inequalities, and then make the state everything and the individual nothing.

Human nature will hardly ever, and never long, submit to such galling restraints as these dreamers would impose upon it, and therefore their Utopian schemes can never become realized to any full extent. If they should be, we might bid farewell to our present civilization, for we should certainly degenerate into worse than Chinese stagnation. But I have no apprehension that any such disastrous results will flow from this new phase of thought; certainly not upon this continent, where every influence, social and political, is against it.

It promises good, because men have begun to think, and talk, and particularly to discuss, and from discussion truth will flow at last; not only truth, but intellectual quickening, which, after all, is the greatest boon. Then, again, the narrow bounds of country have been overleaped, and the half-truth enunciated that a man owes more to his guild than to his native land. This may be the forerunner of the nobler truth that a man owes more to his race than to his country. And lastly, the political truth will grow to its true proportions, that all government depends for its existence upon the consent of the governed. The good that the Internationalists will eventually accomplish will not be through leveling down society to their plane, but in elevating themselves to higher ranges of thought and action.

CHAMBERS IN CHARLOTTE STREET.

IT is just possible that somewhere in the artistic annals of Fitzroy Square there is mention of a brotherhood like ours, but I doubt it. Will, Wallis, Joe, and I constituted a quartet of good fellows who seemed to live chiefly for the purpose of spooning on one another; we were like the four quarters of a whole; our little household was a unit that gloried in itself. We acknowledged no rivalry; we were the champion happy family of the season. The wonder was that we were so late in coming together, for all previous life seemed incomplete in comparison with our flourishing present, and we realized that the future would be a blank, a desert waste, a howling wilderness, if any one of us were spirited away, and our little circle—our little square, I should say—broken before we had grown gray and wall-eyed and decrepit, toward the close of a long and remarkable career.

Perhaps you might not have liked us, for as a general thing happy families are a bore; they always act as if they were a moral exhibition, to which even a ridiculously small price of admission is a kind of extortion. We were all in all to each other, and did not seem to care a penny for the world's opinion, but gathered about our frugal board in the early candle-light, feeling as gorgeous and important as a council of four. Will sat at the head of the table, and carved the roast as if he were a surgical student, instead of a dramatic critic who had written his novel and sometimes dined with the publishers. Wallis presided over the vegetable diet of the family and sketched comicalities for Punch. Joe, a rising Thespian, with big lungs and a morbid tendency, faced me; he and I

kept the beer-jug on the move, thus uniting, as it were, in closer bonds of fellowship the representatives of literature and art who graced the extreme ends of the table. We being a community of confirmed "stags," women were forbidden the premises; that is, all women save the blooming Mary, who tidied our untidy lounging-room and served our meals at the appointed hours.

We sat at table one evening, talking of men and things. It was toward the closing agonies of the Tichborne case, and we looked to Will for the summing up of the final evidence in that remarkable trial, and for the charge, which he kindly gave to us in absence of the jurors. We expected something of the sort from Will, just as much as if he had been judge, jury, queen's-counselor, and doctor of laws, all in one. A young man who has written his novel, who moles daily in the British Museum, who dines with publishers, and is growing round-shouldered, is surely one to look up to, and we sat with our bills wide open, like nestling birds, awaiting Will's concluding and conclusive remarks. Will looked at me, and said with some solemnity: "Such is life, dear boy! Have some more mutton?" I had no stomach for mutton; the life Will had just laid bare to me took away all my appetite. It did not concern Sir Roger; we had adjourned his case to the next day. We were discussing young Bricksharp, who was born with a silver spoon about the size of a ladle in his mouth. At the unearthly age of eighteen he had seen himself "hung on the line" in the Academy; yet not satisfied with that premature triumph, he infused his whole soul into a novel; the novel was

just out, getting praised and blamed, as all uncommon productions are likely to be, in about equal proportions.

Will was ready to wager any fellow at our table that Bricksharp would not be satisfied with a literary success as uncommon and unaccountable as his artistic ditto, but would probably turn to the stage in search of a new world to conquer, and then he concluded with that striking period, "Such is life, dear boy!" You may have heard it before, but I have my suspicions that Will is the father of it; it sounds just like him.

Joe discredited Will's prophecy, on the ground that no fellow who looked like Verdant Green, wore glasses, and had thick blonde hair with a deep part in the middle, would have the presumption to attempt the "boards." Wallis roared lustily, and at once produced a sketch-book, on a blank page of which he dashed off an astonishing likeness of Bricksharp attempting the "boards"—glasses, blonde hair, and all!

I said nothing. What could I say?—or do, but sit and wonder what manner of man your young Londoner is? And so we finished our dinner in an interval of silence, and withdrew to the fire, ringing for Mary to remove the cloth.

You see it was an "off" night: there were no engagements at the clubs, no new play to be seen and criticized, no pretty actress to be sketched in her pet pose; even Joe was out of the bills for a week or two. We therefore gathered about the fire in slippers and dressing-gowns, and loaded each his pipe. The after-dinner hour was ever sacred to digestion and fumigation. Many a brave plan was dreamed out over our pipes, and ended there in smoke; but Mary was sure to enter at the right moment with a great pot of coffee, and we restored our souls—helping one another with an amiability in which each sought vainly to excel, and a prodigality that was sure to be nipped in the bud by the

sudden appearance of damp grounds in the nose of the coffee-pot.

In the middle of our coffee, Will turned to Joe, the pet of the family, and reproved him roundly for putting the small of his broad back on the seat of the biggest chair in Charlotte Street, and throwing his legs on the mantel-piece. Have you noticed how family pets are always getting snubbed by big brothers? Joe growled, and looked to me for justification in an act which is popularly supposed to be one of the earliest instincts of the American, though he probably inherits it from the Pilgrim fathers; I believe it has never been clearly stated which side was uppermost when they came ashore. I blushed for my country—they seemed to expect something of the sort from me—and buried half my face in a coffee-cup, when a step was heard in the hall. It was not the step of Mary; you never knew she was within gun-shot until she took you at short range, with the least little bit of a tap on the thin panel of the door.

"Come in," said Will. We always shifted these responsibilities to Will's shoulders. Who is so well able to bear them as the novelist, the dramatic critic, the man who daily spends six hours in the British Museum? And then it seemed to us the best plan, for we could twit him with any misfortune that befell the family in the shape of a bore, and he took abuse like an ox.

"Come in," again said Will, with severity; for nobody accepted the first invitation. We were all silent, while you could count six, and the door opened. A blonde head with a deep part in the middle, eye-glasses, and the face of Verdant Green—this was the sum and substance of the apparition that followed the door-handle into the room. "Hilloa, Brick!" cried Wallis. "How are you, Sharpy!" said Joe. "Welcome, dear boy!" added Will, bringing up the rear with the paternal air that sometimes

impressed us, though as a general thing we scoffed at it.

Bricksharp drew up to the fire, and we all changed our positions; we did not, however, make a move until he had seen us in our normal state—that is, very much disordered and wholly at our ease. Girls would have been more cautious and considerate, but stags are such ingenuous fellows they don't seem to care a hang.

Bricksharp not knowing me, and apparently not caring to know me, sat close to me, and at once began a minute inspection of my person. I wish people who keep their eyes under glass would not scowl so! I mean those with a pair of round owlsh glasses, pinched on the bridge of their nose like a patent clothes-pin. I wish people who part their hair in the middle, and sit in a chair with their stomachs to the back of it as if they were riding a hobby-horse, would have some regard for other fellows' feelings!

Bricksharp took a pipe—he was offered a whole handful of them; we always kept a large assortment on the right side of the mantel, in a rack that looked like an arsenal when it was full. Bricksharp struck a match, and said, without reserve, that the editor of the *Saturday Evening Crucifier* was an “ahss!” Had Will seen what the imbecile said of the novel in the last issue? Will saw everything, remembered all that he saw, and was very concise in his evidence on any point when under cross-examination. Wallis, Joe, and I humbled ourselves every day before him, for we were shamefully ignorant of some matters that seemed to him quite as important as the salvation of our souls.

Will thought the case of the editor in question not without hope. But Bricksharp was merciless; he rended the unfortunate critic limb from limb; he took up the writhing fragments and reviled each in turn. In the heat of his anath-

ema it was discovered that we—Bricksharp and I—had not been introduced, and an introduction was exploded in our midst. I recoiled; Bricksharp barely acknowledged it, shuddered slightly, and resumed his slaughterous work. I suppose we instinctively disliked each other; but, thank heaven, we did not come to blows. I had not read his novel; he did not know that I was threatened with all the symptoms of a novel myself. We were not rivals—we merely loathed one another, from instinct, I suppose. A cat and a dog always do that sort of thing without provocation. Perhaps he preferred waiting until I could meet him on common ground, at Mudie's, in three volumes.

More knocking at the south entry! No need now for a summons to enter; the door was burst open as if the warm south wind had suddenly risen in the lower hall and sent an impassioned gust rushing up into our room. It came up in the form of an electrical head of hair, a silky-brown beard that had never known the razor, and a brawny, boisterous body that seemed to flush to the tips of the toes. This muscular Christian leaped into the middle of the room with a light portmanteau in one hand and a traveling-rug over one shoulder. He was saluted with a broadside from the fire-place, that sounded very much like a chorus from a comic oratorio; the refrain was, “Harry, Harry, Harry, O Harry Bluff! how are you?” He was likewise embraced with an enthusiasm which was rather continental than English.

It was Harry Bluff, the Oxonian, who runs up to London whenever he feels like it, and that is nearly every week—Bluff, who has condensed in his physical battery the vitality of six town-bred men, and who took our house by storm whenever he came into it.

Bluff came toward me as a stranger, with a look of greeting which would

have been enough to make us friends; and the moment the formality of an introduction was got over we were like old acquaintances. I came very near to asking after all his chums, as if we must know them in common.

After Bluff's arrival, the elements began to harmonize, and everybody said his wittiest things in his best style. Even Bricksharp grew amiable; he once or twice looked at me with less severity than at first, and I began to feel that perhaps I might eventually become comparatively unobjectionable in his eyes—though of course it must be a matter of time. Bricksharp told Bluff of the unlucky review of his novel, and hinted that the *Saturday Evening Crucifier* would not long survive. Bluff agreed that it had probably signed its own death-warrant, and offered Bricksharp his sympathy very much as a big Newfoundland dog offers his paws, with the very best motive but in a delightfully clumsy fashion that nearly flattened out young Bricksharp.

The circle was again formed about the fire, and we reveled in anecdote, mild punches, and deep sweet bowls of tobacco.

Bluff had opened his portmanteau soon after his brilliant advent, and exhumed a large jar of the weed, such as is affected by Oxonians; it was enough better than our best to warrant our encomiums, for the London mixtures have certain parts of fog in them that leave a stain upon their very memories.

More fellows came in: a youngster, fresh in England, who was looking for his first full-page cartoon in the next issue of *London Society*; a slender law-student who did a little versifying in the German tongue, but abhorred the publicity of print; an artist, who was ever imbibing, but never so far forgot himself or his friends as to be other than genial and juvenile—who but a freshman can be both at any age and under

any circumstances? There was also a musical celebrity who did the solo business in provincial concerts, but seemed to be traveling for the express purpose of having adventures suitable for retailing before our fireside, on his periodical returns to town.

We laughed that night until we were hungry, and Mary was rung up out of the basement to provide us with bread and cheese. We drank our house dry; we smoked ourselves black in the face; and then, regretfully, we took lingering leave of one another, and began working our way to bed.

Bricksharp came very near shaking me by the hand when he was about leaving, because he was shaking the hand of everybody in the room, and his glasses seemed to obstruct his vision; but he recognized me just in season to dismiss my palm when it was half-way over on the way to his, and I was obliged to make a wild gesture of farewell as if it were my custom, while I hope no one observed my awkward situation. Ah! Bricksharp, my fine fellow! wait until my novel comes out, and see how I behave under pressure! The limp artist, who rose to depart, took up the empty bottles in turn, and set each down again with a series of grimaces that would have filled one number of *Punch* to repletion, embraced us all freely and frequently, and returned to his seat as if it were all over with him. The musical member sung his adieu in a few bars from Offenbach that must have disturbed the seven sleepers on the floor below us; but we didn't seem to care for that.

The *London Society* boy acted as if he didn't want to go home alone, but finally went, which was well for him, as we stood in a line and yawned frightfully, as if we would eat him if he didn't go at once. The Oxonian staid; Harry always staid when he came to the Chambers; we made it so difficult for him to escape that it was quite useless

for him to attempt it, save in the direst necessity. I went up to my room over the hall of revels, and left all the fellows to sleep—about six in a bed, I should say.

As the only serious member of our family, Joe's melancholy was simply comical. I was wont to rise a half-hour earlier than the other boys and repair to the great room, which was study, studio, green-room, and dining-hall, all in one; there I sorted the mail, glanced into the papers, and walked the floor inhaling stale tobacco-smoke and thinking over the orgie of the night previous, until I was joined by the tardy ones. Meanwhile, Mary brought up the breakfast, and I threatened to eat it all unless each came forward immediately to claim his share.

At table we opened our letters. Will's usually bore a monogram, and was signed by the publishers. These documents of Will's impressed us, and we secretly revered the novelist and dramatic critic who apparently held the destinies of publishing-houses and theatres in his hands—but we never let him know it. Wallis got orders for more pictures than he could possibly produce, and he often threatened to turn some of the work over to Joe. Joe was not only actor, but artist and poet as well; that was Joe's great misfortune, for between the three he accomplished but little. His letters were mostly flowery, fragrant, and feminine. I fear to think what might have been the nature of these dainty epistles, but as Joe sometimes shot madly from his sphere—stars do that sort of thing when least expected, and we looked upon him as a star—and was not seen again for some hours, but returned to us dejected and distressed, as if he were a ruined man, I had my dark suspicions. Joe was older than Wallis, but Wallis always took Joe in hand on such occasions, and even Will could not be more authoritative. Joe suffered Wallis to

lead him back into the right path without a murmur; but if Will ever attempted anything of that sort, there was a row in our house.

My letters bore foreign postmarks, and were read a line at a time, between breakfast and dinner, so as to make them as long as possible.

On the morning after Harry's arrival, I found a large placard in the mirror, addressed to me in the following language: "Dear boy, don't wait breakfast for us!" It was Will's wording, but signed by a committee of the whole, and I at once bowed to the irresistible. It was Sunday, the London Sunday that has no beginning and no end. You are brought up standing at the close of six busy, blustering days, with a realizing sense of the fact that the business and the bluster are utterly suspended. Your sails are all aback; you do not know what to do with yourself. A thousand church-bells are ringing wild discordant changes, that are enough to drive any sensitive Christian soul from the very doors of the sanctuary; many of the streets are deserted; the people seem paralyzed; half the chop-houses are closed; all the public-houses are bolted during the hours of religious service, before and after which they are besieged by throngs of thirsty publicans and sinners, who drink so much and so greedily they get dreadfully disordered before evening. Evening! I used to think the evening would never come; yet there was no escape from the day itself. Even the great green parks had a desolate air about them, as if all their supplies had been shut off, it being Sunday; and the pedestrians who found their way into the broad meadow-lands, wherein even the roar of the city at high noon sounds faint and afar off, wandered to and fro like lost souls.

That morning I ate my lonely breakfast, took seven turns about the room, wished I could sleep the way some fel-

lows sleep, and then went out to church just to get rid of myself. In the hall I encountered seven pairs of shoes highly polished; they extended in a line from the door of our mess-room to the top of the stairs. Mary must have whiled away many a dull hour over the blacking-pot; but, for all that, Mary was good-natured.

In the street I met no one that I knew. It seems to me one never meets a familiar face in London. Where do all one's friends keep themselves, I wonder? The air was nipping; a hoar-frost lay on the shady side of the street; a blood-shot sun looked over the forest of chimney-pots and depressed me. I sought relief in prayer at my favorite chapel, the Italian, in Holborn, where the music is angelic and the congregation picturesque. Under one gallery knelt a group of girls, their rich olive complexions heightened by turbans of the gaudiest description. Coming out of the colorless atmosphere of a London Sunday, I believe I may hope for pardon if, in my distraction, my heart sought consolation somewhere between the high altar and the Italian seas!

The homeward tramp undid all the good I got of my hour of prayer. There seemed to be but two sorts of people in the world—those who were blacking boots, and those who were getting their boots blacked. I missed the thousand-and-one delights of the week-day; I grieved for the absence of the melancholy singer of comic ballads; likewise the man who cracks his cheeks over a cornet, which instrument was probably never intended by Providence to be sounded outside the pale of the barracks. What had become of the solo-performer who afflicted our streets on windy days? Oft had I seen that brass-mounted Teutonic tooter blowing his eyes out of focus, and as often had I turned from him with displeasure. I should have welcomed him on Sunday,

had he only ventured to break the day with his sharp staccato!

Re-entering the Chambers, I found the table cleared. Wallis sat at his easel by one of the windows, lightly throwing off a sketch for Punch—a rather serious sketch it was, in honor of the day. “Well, Charley,” said Wallis, with an *r* that was almost insurmountable, “how goes it?” It was thus we opened all debates at the Chambers; the interrogation was ever looked upon in the light of a challenge, and I turned to him suddenly with this reply, which I hurled at him with considerable spirit, as if he were to blame for such a state of things: “Do you know how London seems to me?” said I. “Well, sir, London, of a Sunday, seems to me the saddest place in the world. It is as if four millions of people had been condemned to dwell together forever and ever in uncomfortably close quarters. Some of them make the best of it, most of them make the worst of it; all of them must wander to and fro in the labyrinth of streets, strangers to the pure air of the hills and the sweet breath of the meadows; crowded into solitary corners, without the consolation of silence, without the charm of change, even without the blessed sunshine.” I paused for a reply; there was evidently no reply forthcoming, so I hung myself over one of the chairs by the fire as if I were a martyr just from the rack, who now courted his crown of flames. At this stage, Wallis forgot his art and came to my relief. We smoked together a pipe of peace; we sent Mary for a pot of stout, and began relieving our minds of some family histories that seemed to weigh heavily upon them.

It was very cozy up there in the living-room, we two together unweaving our web of life. Over the mantel hung a mirror nearly obscured under a cloud of photographs. On one side was a clever crayon sketch of a rowdyish girl, who smoked a perpetual cigarette and look-

ed bewitching; it was a testimonial from a lady friend of Wallis, who illustrates the monthlies. Our book-shelves came next; they were crowded by a miscellaneous stock that has won commendation even from the critical Will. There were two or three paintings by Joe; suggestions of what he might do in that line if he would only half try, and with which we were ever pointing a moral, much to Joe's discomfiture. If there is anything Joe hates more than another it is moralizing in Charlotte Street. He says he gets enough of that from home.

We had an original Wallis in our collection, of which we were all very proud, and also a couple of ideal busts in marble, done by a friend of "the boys," who died too early, for the busts are the admiration of every fellow of good taste who visits the Chambers. The little medallion of Shakspeare hung over the door of a closet by the chimney, in which were stored manuscripts, portfolios of sketches, play-books, retired pipes, and the numberless odds and ends that bachelors are sure to accumulate, and never know how to get rid of.

My little medallion of Shakspeare has a history. For two long years it had hung in the living-room at Anne Hathaway's cottage. Heaven knows how many pairs of covetous eyes had wandered to it, and heaven knows also how my heart leaped up when the good old dame at Shottery took it down from its peg on the wall and placed it in my hands with the wish that it were a choicer token. The serene quiet of that dear old cottage has hallowed it; could it be bettered, I wonder!

Then there was Wallis' easel by the window where it ever stood, and Will's desk by another window, the exclusive use of which I had, as Will did all his work at the Museum. There were dressing-gowns, slippers, smoking-caps, morning papers, and little drifts of "bird's-eye" all over the room. It was just the place

for four such fellows as we were, and we relished it hugely. Wallis said that when he first came to London with a portfolio under his arm and his heart in his throat, the room he had was as dark as a snuff-box; you saw nothing from the small window but a houseful of misery across a damp court that looked like a sepulchre. Day after day he set out with a hopeful heart and sought engagements, but was turned from office to office until evening. There is no end to the newspaper offices in London, and therefore there was a fresh hope every morning, though long before night it had dwindled to a mere shadow. He would have kept heart even on this light diet, if he could have kept stomach also, but that was out of the question. Young artists have young appetites, and you know what inconsolable things they are. He was growing faint, and dizzy, and desperate on small rations. At last he was driven in sheer despair to the office of the venerable *Punch*. Probably nothing but absolute necessity could have forced him to it, for *Punch* is such an august personage that it is quite natural to suppose he associates with nothing short of the Royal Academy. Well, Wallis ventured in and offered his sketches; they were rich "goaks," written out in a hand as plain as print and graphically illustrated. A severe person, sitting at a desk in an upper room, said, "Leave them and call in an hour." The sketches were left. Wallis walked round and round the block for half an hour, and began to think he had overshot the time; the next half-hour was like a lingering death, but he managed to survive it, and on the stroke of the hour he re-entered the office and awaited the final verdict. It was his last chance; he had eaten nothing for many hours, simply because he had had nothing to eat. The severe person said, "Did you do these yourself?"—as if Wallis would let anyone do his work for him. Wallis said he did,

and could do it again at the shortest notice. "Very well," said the severe party; "we will take these, and you may do it again." Wallis had a shock and a draft payable at the office below at one and the same moment. He staggered down the stairs, and when he got into the lower hall he fainted dead away. You see he was awfully hungry, and very much excited, for it was such a triumph to get into *Punch* so nicely.

I wondered if Will had ever suffered so. He, of course, had his trials; but as Wallis had broken the ice and got a footing, it was easy for Will to follow suit, and moreover the one encouraged the other, and so they got on finely. Joe could never have worked his way alone in London; but Wallis wanted some one to look after, and Joe was just the fellow who needed a good deal of that sort of thing, so Wallis sent for Joe, and saw him safely through his *début* and in receipt of a comfortable salary. He bowled him off into the provinces at times with some traveling company; and when Joe wrote up to the Chambers that the management had "burst," and that his wardrobe was in pawn, Wallis like a dear fellow redeemed the wardrobe, Joe, and all. Then we had a reunion dinner in Charlotte Street, and got very noisy and affectionate before morning.

There was but one objection to the Chambers in Charlotte Street. Just under us lived two medical students, who were so quiet during the week that we unanimously resolved they were under the influence of an opiate; but, as soon as Sunday came round, these *medicos* awoke from their slumbers, and sung Methodist hymns to the lugubrious accompaniment of a melodeon. We could have forgiven hilarity; we might even have countenanced a shade of profanity: but a London Sunday coupled with antiquated hymns—the music of the past, which is to me even more un-

intelligible than the music of the future—this was a little beyond forbearance.

Need I say that they were Americans, those chanting cherubs? Must I add that I began to wonder how I ever came from America myself, and yet was goaded to fury by the harmonies of my countrymen on the first-floor? Probably our countries will never be truly reunited so long as these things are persisted in by the radicals. Let them be crossed out of the code of international courtesies, or we are lost!

They took us for Englishmen, and in the guise of Englishmen we danced wild war-dances over their heads whenever we grew weary of their praise-service.

In these spirited diversions we were not unfrequently joined by our friend Harry Bluff. I am happy to state that he did wonders in the way of increasing the riot. It was his delight to raise the dining-table nearly to the ceiling, and then let it drop with a crash that ought to have loosened the plaster over the heads of the psalm performers on the first-floor. It was a bit of Guy Livingston business such as only Bluff the Oxonian was equal to; we blessed him in a chorus, chanted at the top of our lungs, and concluding with a burst of enthusiastic applause from ourselves. Meanwhile the house quaked to its foundations, and Mary stole in to remove the fragments of whatever fragile wares she might have left since breakfast.

Perhaps we may impress you as having been unamiable. I think we were not as genial as we might have been under other circumstances; but this pastime of ours seems unworthy of your disapproval, when I tell you that through all the tempest of our wrath the calm voices of those singers soared on and on to the very end of the Psalter, and I have always believed that they had a way of intoning the "index of first lines," as if it were a pious *pot-pourri* arranged

expressly for that purpose. Do medical students practice this sort of thing habitually, I wonder?

Finding American placidity rather too much for us, we usually gave up the contest in the course of a few hours, and quitted the house to slow music.

There was much visiting to be done among us: the clubs; chambers in other streets than Charlotte, where bachelor London reveled in luxury and ease, for it knows how to improve its time. The theatres beguiled us, and we took an occasional prowling in the dark parks, where we saw the shadow of much that was past finding out, and caught fragments of human history from the lips of woe that were wonderfully tragic and impressive. We chatted with the midnight watchmen at the street-corners, who often grew communicative, and we discovered that some of them have an eye to the romantic side of their life.

We had ever a seat at our table for a friend, and the amount of good-fellowship that emanated from the Chambers was in great disproportion to our incomes. That we seemed to care little for; we had all lived, loved, and suffered, and we could do it again if necessary—in fact we had a little rather do it than not.

Joe was finally booked for a benefit at one of the suburban theatres. It was to be the turning-point in his career—by the way, he is always having turning-points, and it is a singular but indisputable fact that if you will only turn often enough, you will ultimately come round to the original starting-place. This is a feat that Joe excelled in. Everybody now worked for Joe's benefit; even Will was good enough to forget the Museum for a whole week, that he might work up the matter well. Joe was perfectly safe with the critics—at least with Will, you know, and he was chief in our eyes. I suppose we were never more necessary to one another's happiness than at that

moment; for if the benefit were a failure, we should take upon ourselves the odium, and not for a moment think of blaming Joe.

Nine boxes were sold at once. We were wild with excitement; it seemed to us that all London was about to rise up and call Joe a genius. The second nine hung on our hands to an inexplicable degree; but all was not lost! Bluff sent a telegram announcing the joyful intelligence that he was coming up from Oxford with a tribe of his "pals," and if they did not carry the house by storm it would be because the ancient glory of Oxford had departed out of her!

At the very climax of the enthusiasm which this dispatch created, Joe was taken ill. Poor Joe! There is no place like home to be ill in, and so he hurried home, and the benefit was indefinitely postponed. Everybody lost interest in everything after that, at least for a week or two. It seemed as if London were preparing herself for the reception of Macaulay's New Zealander, and all on Joe's unlucky account. Things seemed to be raveling out.

One evening a letter came to me. We were gathered about the fireside, smoking in silence, as was our custom between dessert and coffee. I broke the seal, and read in the mysterious J——'s great, sprawling, unmistakable hand, something to this effect: "Ah God! Here is peace! Cross the Rubicon, and come to Rome. I have folded my tent, and in the shadow of the Seven Hills I will lay my bones!" So the blue J—— was nested again. I buried my face in my hands, and thought tremendously for five minutes. O Rome, my country! Rome, the eternal! the soul's city! How the word rung in my ears! I grew hot in the face, my breath came short and quick; then I re-read the letter that was so like J——. My hand shook so that I had to guess at most of it, but I had little difficulty in

recalling the substance of the first reading. So he had folded his tent! I did not know he had been camping out anywhere, but perhaps it was only his way of expressing something else. He was going to lay his bones under those classical old hills, was he? Evidently J—— was in a decline. I must fly to him, if I would once more see him alive. He had found peace at last, and perhaps it was a peace big enough for two. I wanted some of it—I never manage to get much of it anywhere; perhaps J—— would go me halves? This decided me.

"Boys," I said, suddenly—and there must have been something strange in my voice, for they all looked around at me in such a curious way—"Boys, I'm going to Rome!"

"When?" asked Will.

"To-morrow," I gasped; the thought half took my breath away. Then we were all silent for awhile. Wallis presently broke in with, "You Americans are queer cases. You never know where you are going next, nor how long you will stay when you get there."

I was hurt, and in self-defense read aloud J——'s letter.

"There, now! Is there any reason why I should not go to him, I should like to know?"

Joe grunted a deep stage grunt that unmanned me, as I said, with assumed indifference, "O! very well. Perhaps I shall lay my bones—somewhere—some time!"

Then Wallis melted, gave me a regular bear-hug, and said: "We shall miss you awfully, but it can't be helped, I suppose."

I was much flattered and partially consoled, but I turned to Will for a clincher. Will shook his wise young head, and added: "Such is life, dear boy—such is life!" I began to realize that it was; the conviction deepened that night as I packed up. All next day I was rushing about with a long through-ticket in my pocket and a hatful of P.P.C.s. When evening came on again many of the old fellows happened in; we had rather a quiet dinner, the only dull one I remember in Charlotte Street; and after that, as there was a Hansom at the door, and everybody was standing around rather loosely and looking at me as if something were expected of me, I said: "Well, so long, fellows!" and the next thing I knew I was whirling away in the chill air of the night, through endless streets, toward the great Victoria Station, on my lonely way to Rome!

DISCIPLINE.

Upon the patient earth
A thousand tempests beat,
To call to life the flowers
That make her glad and sweet.

So, o'er the human heart
The countless griefs that roll
But wake immortal joy
To bloom within the soul.

MODERN CIVILIZATION A TEUTONIC PRODUCT.

TO what blood are we indebted for the benefits of modern civilization, and to what must we look for its future progress? These questions have not been elucidated by our historians or philosophers (although everybody is supposed to be familiar with the claim of the French that they are the leaders in culture), and I propose to make some remarks on them.

The Euraryans, or Aryans, who migrated from Asia to Europe, consisted of five main nationalities—Greek, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic—each divided, when it first came within the range of history, into a multitude of dialects and governments, yet all were united by near relationship of blood and language, and a similarity of political, social, and religious institutions. The Greeks, the founders of European civilization, were in numbers the weakest of the five nationalities, probably not numbering 8,000,000 at the time of their greatest prosperity. Many were scattered in remote colonies, and they had not 2,000,000 anywhere in a compact nation (without alien admixture) to serve as a strong nucleus for the preservation of their race and language. Their various countries and colonies were overrun and conquered by the Persians, Celts, Carthaginians, Romans, Teutons, Slavonians, and Arabs or Turks, and in most cases were visited with repeated invasions, enslavements, devastations, and immigrations, so that little trace of their lineage remains in southern Italy, Sicily, Asia Minor, or on the shores of the Black Sea, where they were numerous 2,000 years ago. The old tongue is still preserved in modern Hellas, but I doubt whether one-fourth of the blood of its

people is derived from those who inhabited the country in the age of Pericles. The purity of the old nationality has been lost forever, and the modern Greeks have made no notable contributions to our civilization.

The Celts in 250 B. C. numbered not less than 15,000,000, with a fair prospect of becoming the leading race. They were large, strong, active, prolific, and brave, formidable in war, and not without skill in agriculture. Lombardy, part of the Italian peninsula, Ireland, France, Spain, and Great Britain were portions of their territory, and the last three were fitted and destined to be the seats of great empires. The Gauls of France were unfortunate in being near and dangerous to Rome, and in coming into conflict with her when a Julius Cæsar existed to lead her armies against them. For seven summers he fought them, and every campaign brought victory to him and severe loss to them. They began with 8,000,000, including 1,800,000 fighting-men, at the highest estimate; and Plutarch says that in the course of the war 1,000,000 were slain, and as many more, including many women and children, sold as slaves. During the war harvests were neglected, domestic animals starved or slain wantonly, and extensive districts devastated, so that there must have been numerous deaths from famine and the pestilential diseases which accompany it. We have no means of learning how many of the original population disappeared; but probably three-fourths of the men, and a still larger proportion of the bravest and most intelligent warriors, were swept away. Some such change is necessary to explain the perfect submission and complete quies-

cence of the Gauls, and the abandonment of its religion, tongue, name, and pride of race by a nation previously distinguished for fierceness, martial spirit, and dislike of alien domination.

Cæsar's last Gallic campaign occurred in 50 B.C., and after his death, in 44 B.C., Rome was troubled with repeated and serious civil wars for thirteen years, until the accession of Augustus. The Gauls then had abundant opportunities for achieving their independence. Many of the boys had grown to manhood, and many of the young men had learned much of tactics while serving in the legions. But no important move was made toward a revolt, nor was any feared. For centuries the senate had considered a Gallic invasion as the chief danger of the republic, and had kept in the capitol a large fund, reserved and regarded as inviolably sacred, to be used only in case destruction was threatened by the Gauls. Yet, in 47 B.C., Cæsar took the money, because there was no further use for it. The Romans accepted his excuse as satisfactory, and time justified it. The Gauls, far from thinking of conquering Rome, never tried to regain their independence. If all the women and children and one-third of the men had survived the war, the next or the third generation might have been more formidable than that which surrendered to Cæsar; and we can only explain the quiet submission of the Gauls and the confidence of the Romans by supposing that the larger proportion of the former inhabitants had disappeared, and that many Italians had settled in the country, had taken the place of the slain and enslaved warriors, and had married the Gallic women. Their children understood Latin and were loyal to Rome. There is no example elsewhere of a change of language so sudden without an extermination of a majority of the inhabitants. The Emperor Claudius, who was born at Lyons and knew the people,

induced the senate, about 100 years after the conquest, to admit all the freemen of Gaul to Roman citizenship, which, in his opinion, as expressed on another occasion, should not be given to persons ignorant of Latin. The frequency with which the emperors visited Gaul, and the long time which they and their relatives spent there, indicated that they were among a sympathetic population. The rapid advance in civilization also suggests a large migration from Rome. At the beginning of the third century of the Christian era, the cities and large towns of Gaul numbered 1,200, and they rivaled those of Italy in wealth and luxury. The Gauls not only submitted to the legions, but they accepted the religion of the conquerors; they made no show of resistance when the Druids were expelled; they not only gave up their Celtic tongue, but they adopted that of Rome without modification, except in a few small districts; and the Celtic now survives nowhere in France save in Brittany. The Roman dominion continued undisturbed for three centuries; and all this time, under the influence of Italian wealth and power and of Celtic ignorance, weakness, poverty, and slavery, the proportion of Latin blood must have increased, until probably it became equal in amount to the Celtic.

The Teutonic migrations into Latinized Gaul began in A.D. 250, and continued for a century and a half, during which time, as Guizot says, there was "an almost uninterrupted series of invasions." These were accompanied by plunderings, devastations, enslavements, and settlements, until, in A.D. 412, no vestige of Roman authority remained, the whole country having passed into the hands of the Visigoths, Burgundians, and Franks, the last subsequently acquiring power over the others. The Romans had come as soldiers, bringing few women with them; the Teutons came as settlers, bringing their wives

and children. The first detachments found themselves among a much larger number of Romans, in a higher state of culture. The new-comers felt compelled to adopt the refinement, the literature, the religion, and the language of their subjects and slaves. Each following migration was in the minority, and, before its arrival, its predecessors had accepted the intellectual dominion of Rome. And so it continued until all the Teutons in France had abandoned the tongue of their race and adopted another. Although the pure Latin had the assistance of the priests, monks, officials, and books, it died out everywhere, not preserving its hold, as the Celtic did, in a single district. Although the new language of France was divided into many dialects, all had the same general character of Latin words, altered in form by Teutonic influence, and united in sentences under a grammar predominantly Teutonic. Similar changes occurred in Spain, Portugal, Lombardy, Naples, Sicily, and Roumania.

A large proportion of the Celtic-Latin population in France vanished before sword and famine during the Teutonic invasion. Cities were not only sacked but destroyed. Many of the large towns disappeared. Fertile valleys, filled with cultivated fields in the middle of the third century, had in the sixth been overgrown with trees and briars, and had again become the home of the wolf and the deer. Barbarism reigned over a large region previously occupied by the elegance of Pelasgian civilization. A thousand military chieftains, whose principal business was warfare, had succeeded the harmonious authority of Rome. Peace was known only by tradition. When no enemy of alien blood could be found, practice in arms was obtained by fighting against men of one's own nationality. With time, however, the large principalities absorbed most of the small domains, private wars became rarer, the towns

grew, population increased, and it is to be presumed that the greater part of the gain was among the Teutons, who were a large majority of the freemen and land-owners, while the Latins were mostly serfs and slaves. The two classes did not promptly mix as did the Latins and Gauls under the dominion of Rome. Each had its separate laws; they were forbidden to intermarry; and the government made the fine for killing a common Fränk twice as high as for killing a Latin land-holder, and four times as high as for a Latin serf. The distinction between "Franks and Romans"—so the legal phraseology ran—was maintained in political and social relations until A.D. 1000; but never, not even when the invasions of the Huns and Saracens gave an opportunity for the destruction of the Teutonic dominion, nor in the almost endless wars between rival princes, did the Romans attempt a revolt. They must have been weak.

A theory that most of the blood of the French nation is Celtic, suggested perhaps by a false notion of national pride, and advocated with most success by the historian Thierry (himself the descendant of a Teutonic *Dietrich*), has been generally accepted of late in France, and not contradicted elsewhere. The chief argument for it is the supposed intellectual similarity between the modern French and the ancient Gauls, who, we are told, were vain, ostentatious, boastful, loquacious, excitable, fond of novelty, fickle in opinion and feelings, adventurous, quarrelsome, warlike, fiery in attack, and soon discouraged if the first dash were unsuccessful. If it be admitted that this is a correct description of the French of our time, it by no means follows that the sameness of character is due to sameness of blood. Climate, soil, military situation, industrial condition, and the changes from paganism to Christianity and from barbarism to civilization, may surely have had some influence, as well

as race, on the present national characteristics. The evidence of history, language, and law is too clear and strong to be overthrown by such remote presumptions as those suggested by Thierry. I think that half the blood of France, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, and of the White race in Latin America, and one-fourth of the blood in Italy and Roumania, is Teutonic, and that all these nations may be described as semi-Teutonic, or Teutonic-Latin. The Celtic blood is now represented at my estimate by about 24,000,000 people—that is to say, it flows in the veins of less than one-twelfth of the Euraryan race, most of it mixed, and all of it destined to disappear soon in its purity. It has no polity or literature to preserve it.

The Latins of antiquity were a strong race, and numbered, at the beginning of the Christian era, not less than 25,000,000, including large colonies in France, Spain, Africa, and the Danube basin. All were subsequently conquered and held in subjection by the Teutons, Slavonians, and Arabs or Turks, until no remnant of their pure blood or pure language was left anywhere. Italy, which was the home of the Latin race, suffered less from the barbarian inroads than France or Spain, but it had the misfortune to be a favorite battle-ground and plunder-field for the French, Germans, and Spaniards until the middle of our own century, and the original blood had to suffer with every invasion. The modern Latins, as they are called, held a large part of America, but as they migrated without their women, intermarried with the Red race, and took little care to educate their offspring, the Indian blood predominates largely in most of the Spanish-American republics, and it is mixed also with the Negro stock. At my estimate, the Latin share of the Euraryan nations amounts to 33,000,000 people, including 12,000,000 in Italy and 9,000,000 in France.

The Slavonians (including Lithuanians) were the last of the Euraryans to make a distinct appearance on the field of history. They now number 80,000,000, are rapidly increasing, and occupy a compact and fertile territory, with much room for expansion, in a good climate, under a powerful government of their own; but they are weak in popular education and industrial skill, in accumulated wealth and literature, and in manufactures, ships, railways, and harbors. They have never produced a great book, an invention, or a discovery, nor is there any probability that they will ever attain the leadership of the future.

Modern civilization is predominantly Teutonic. All the nations which have occupied a high place in culture within the last four centuries are Teutonic or semi-Teutonic, and so, presumably at least, are all the men who have made contributions of the first class to civilization in the same period. Nobody can safely assert that Cervantes, Galileo, or Lavoisier, were not of Teutonic descent. While the Latin is everywhere mixed, the Teutons have the largest stock of pure blood among the Euraryans, and are increasing more rapidly than any other race. They now occupy geographical, financial, manufacturing, commercial, and intellectual strongholds, from which they can control the world for a thousand years to come. They own, in overwhelming majority, the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Australasia, Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, and parts of Austria, Switzerland and South Africa. The three nations which lead the culture of our time are all Teutonic; and they have done more for modern civilization than all the other nations together. Especially within the last hundred years is their predominance in industry and science surpassingly evident. They have given us the steam-engine, the steamboat, the railway, the telegraph, the eight most important ma-

chines in manufacturing cloth, the five most important inventions in the production of iron, the iron mold-board which has doubled the productive power of our farmers, and the stereotype which has made a reduction of fifty per cent. in the cost of our books. In the same period the Teutonic-Latin nations have not given us one mechanical invention of the first class.

Let us compare the statistics of the Teutonic with those of the Teutonic-Latin nations in reference to commercial and manufacturing power. We find that the former have a preponderance of 75 per cent. in population and in the number of educated people; of 250 per cent. in the gross value of exports; of 300 per cent. in the quantity of shipping; and of 400 per cent., or more, in the amount of precious metals, of iron, and of coal produced annually; that they excel in the number of spindles and of miles of railway, and have the advantage by 10,000 per cent. in the area of coal deposits. Of the great sea-ports, the Teutons have Liverpool, New York, London, Glasgow, Hamburg, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Boston, Baltimore, Montreal, Singapore, Hongkong, Melbourne, Sydney, and San Francisco; while the Teutonic-Latins have only Marseilles, Rio de Janeiro, Lisbon, and Genoa. The last four together are not visited by so much foreign tonnage as Liverpool alone, leaving all the others as overplus for the Teutons.

We may now make a comparison between the Teutons of continental Europe on one side, and the Anglo-Teutons of the British Empire and the United States on the other. The latter have 80,000,000 out of the total 140,000,000 Teutonic people (exclusive of those of mixed blood in the Teutonic-Latin nations), 12,000,000 out of 15,000,000 tons of shipping, 100,000 out of 130,000 miles of railway, \$2,600,000,000 out of \$3,500,000,000 of annual exports,

8,500,000 out of 10,000,000 tons of annual iron production, 124,000,000 out of 150,000,000 tons of coal, and \$74,000,000 out of \$76,000,000 of precious metals. But the Anglo-Teutons rely not so much for future domination on their superior wealth in the items above mentioned as on their room for expansion, their greater rapidity of increase, their great advantage in coal area, and the mighty influence of 80,000,000 people in the highest stage of culture, speaking one language, and encircling the world in the embrace of their commerce.

It is not my purpose to assert or to suggest that the Teutons have superior mental or moral capacities, or that less is to be expected of a man because he is of Latin, Celtic, Slavonian, or even of a dark-skinned stock. The differences in the relative amount of service rendered to civilization by the various nationalities are probably to be ascribed more to the influence of training than of blood; and the training was the result of circumstances. The geographical position of England, and its agricultural and mineral resources, protected the people against frequent invasions, enabled them to maintain their political institutions almost undisturbed, to accumulate wealth, and to build the most ships; these circumstances contributed to form the national character, to create a great literature, and to develop inventive talent. The success of the Jewish merchants and authors of our time, the genius of Hannibal, the commercial greatness of Tyre, Sidon, and Carthage, the literary and military triumphs of the Arabs, prove the capacity of the Semitic blood; Confucius is a witness for the Chinese; and nobody questions the exalted and in many respects unsurpassed merits of Grecian and Roman literature and art. But, whatever may be the cause, I claim that modern civilization is mainly a Teutonic product, and is destined to remain for ages under Teutonic guidance.

THAT VALENTINE.

"**A**ND be a good boy, Teddy, won't you, until I come back?" pleaded Aunt Floy in her most coaxing tone; "and amuse yourself; you can look out of the window, you know, and—and"—on second thought she deemed it better not to be too explicit as to the method of amusing himself, so she repeated—"look out of the window, and remember not to make a noise to disturb mamma." To which Teddy answered, "Yes'm," in his most obedient tone, looking grave and important, his fertile brain already plotting a regatta in the bath-tub as soon as Aunt Floy should be safely out of the house. "And I will bring you some creams." Ted smacked his lips in anticipation.

Aunt Floy closed the door, only to reopen it and affirm rather than ask, "You know, Teddy, that you are not to leave the room?" Again Teddy answered, "Yes'm," with a virtuous, resolute air which seemed to add that ten horses could not drag him from that room during her absence. A second time the door was closed and re-opened, while Teddy called after her in a sepulchral whisper, "Aunt Floy! Aunt Floy!—and you'll not forget the valentine?" "Yes—close the door." "One in a box like that one you showed me." "Yes, if you are a good bby." "If"—there was to be a condition, then. There always were conditions, Teddy thought, with a great swelling in his throat and a mist coming up in the depth of his gray eyes, which Aunt Floy perceiving, she hastened to say: "And you are sure to be a good boy, Teddy, for you have promised, you know. Now run in." Teddy went back into the room, supported by his virtuous resolutions, and proceeded

at once into the bath-room to make the necessary preparations for the race; for what could be more quiet than sailing boats?

It was hard work turning the faucet, and Ted could only manage it by balancing himself on his stomach, at the imminent risk of plunging in head first; and that was why he filled the tub nearly to overflowing, coming near having a flood to start with. There were five of the boats, and when they were fairly launched Ted regarded them with a proud and happy face; but what was the matter? It was very vexatious indeed! The boats stood stupidly still, and the sailors, all in red and blue, stared with blank, round eyes at nothing in particular, not seeming to care whether they went or not. There was not any wind, and naturally sail-boats would refuse to go, so Ted began to look around for something with which to make them go; something with a hooked end would do. That something proved to be Aunt Floy's best parasol with the lace cover; but the pearl handle worked admirably, and Ted dragged the boats about until they were all wrecked, and the fat sailors from their watery graves looked up at him so reproachfully, that, in a spasm of remorse, he determined to let the water off and rescue them. Turning the water on had been difficult work, but turning it off proved to be infinitely more difficult, and in his effort to accomplish it Teddy sent the parasol down to keep the sailors company; and then, not a little disgusted at his lack of success, as well as at the stupidity of the sailors in not helping him, he left them all, and going into the other room perched himself on the arm of a great easy-chair,

placed his elbows on the window-sill, opened his wonderful gray eyes to their widest extent, and looked out of the window.

Above, a blue vault of sky, bright and luminous, arching high up in the clear radiant atmosphere, with pale yellow banks of clouds on the horizon dipping low down to the dingy roofs of gray; below, a street half sunshine, half shadow, and altogether black and muddy from the rain of the night before; opposite, stretching up and down the street, a row of houses all three stories high, all with three bay-windows with closed yellow blinds, all painted alike the same blank indifferent stone-color, and all having the same number of steps leading up to the front doors, whose only difference was the name on the door-plate: and that was everything that Teddy could see, though he pressed his chubby face against the glass for more than half an hour. At the expiration of that time the view began to be monotonous; he wished the man would come along and cry, "Tins to mend," or the baker's cart or the vegetable-wagon would rattle round the corner, or a hand-organ, or—or anything; for he was getting tired, and was sure it must be nearly night; and he heaved such a pathetic sigh as would have touched your heart if you could have heard it. Then he looked up at the blue sky again, and wished that people would build their houses up there instead of down in such a wet, muddy place as the street below, in which case he, Teddy, might play out of doors all the time. Then he fell to wondering if people would have to walk with their heads down like flies, and it was some time before his busy brain had solved the problem satisfactorily of what would happen if the world were upside down. Then from sheer desperation of not knowing what else to do, Teddy began to kick the wall—at first with a gentle, furtive kick, remembering Aunt Floy's

repeated charges about the paper; then, as the nervous vitality of his limbs became aroused, the kicks became more vigorous and violent, until Teddy was arrested in this innocent amusement by the sudden yielding of the paper and a rattling of the plaster. Then, oppressed with a sudden sense of his wickedness, he stared aghast. The paper was really torn, and the tempting edges hung down until Teddy's fingers ached to just take hold of them and see if they would peel off. Only one thing prevented him—he had promised Aunt Floy to be good; but, on the other hand, Aunt Floy had promised to amuse him, and here he had been left alone all day (Teddy was quite sure now that it was night) in a room which was, to him, to use a comparison more expressive than elegant, like a sucked orange; all the sweetness and juiciness of novelty were gone. He had had three days in which to exhaust its resources of entertainment. Every book with even the suspicion of a picture had been taken down and subjected to his careless touch and eager gaze. He had looked at and handled everything in the room, had explored the dark recesses of the closet, the delightful shelves of the wardrobe, and the mysterious depths of the bureau drawers; and the result of his explorations had been two broken vases, one bottle of hair-oil tipped over, the drowning of the pincushion in the wash-bowl, and a general state of chaos where before order had reigned. Not that Teddy thought of these things; no, indeed! He only thought of himself, as a peculiarly grieved and injured individual, in being kept as it were a prisoner in this one room all day long, and then sent to bed without his good-night kiss, because his mamma was sick; and Mary, his heretofore willing slave, now gave up all her time to that little, ugly, red-faced stranger, whom she insisted upon calling his sister; and Aunt Floy had actually refused to let him have a

hammock, or even take a blanket to play Indian with, because he might make a noise; and he had sailed boats in the bath-tub until he was tired of it. Poor little Ted felt utterly wretched and *blasé*; in fact nothing seemed to him worth living for now, if he could not tear off that paper, and somehow his fingers got hold of the edge of it, and it did tear beautifully; he never tired of the excitement until he had torn it all off from under the window and a long strip up one side. O dear! Ted felt that he had committed the unpardonable sin, and began to cry, but soon concluded that he was far too wretched for idle tears—besides there was no one there to be moved by his grief; so Ted, being something of a philosopher, stopped crying, cocked one eye meditatively up to the ceiling, and pondered what he should do next—for since he was a bad boy, he might as well be a very bad boy. Nothing better suggested itself than to mix up the loose plaster, and make images like those he had seen his cousin John construct. Soon he had knocked off what he thought would be sufficient to make a small equestrian statue, and perhaps a dog besides. Now, I have no excuse to offer for Ted. There was plenty of water in the bath-tub, but he preferred to use the contents of the cologne bottle, and use them he did; and if the plaster did perversely refuse to stick together, it smelt good, and it must be confessed adhered well to his clothes, as well as to the carpet, and altogether made a dreadful muss; until Ted finally concluded not to make a horse, but, as it must be nearly time for Aunt Floy's return, to scrape up the plaster as well as he could, and put the arm-chair so as to hide the torn paper.

Having got everything in readiness, he stationed himself at the window again to watch for her. The blue of the sky was more intensely brilliant, the yellow of the clouds had melted into the faint-

est pearl color, and the warm sunshine, Teddy observed, had almost dried the walks. The yellow blinds had been thrown open from one of the bay-windows in the corner house, and looking out of it was a little girl in scarlet dress and white apron, with long dark curling hair, which she had a coquettish way of shaking back, though Teddy did not know the meaning of the word "coquettish." To him she was the enchanted princess of all his fairy tales. Six weeks before, at the sight of her, the incipient romance and chivalry of his nature had sprung into existence. It was as if his six years had been quadrupled, and thus prematurely he was suffering all the agonies of an undeclared love; for, alas! he had never even spoken to her, though he had looked unutterable things from under his dark curling lashes, and had wasted a startling amount of sympathy on her imagined injuries; now picturing her as being carried down to the dark dungeon, and now as being forced to marry the Black Prince. Ah! how he had longed for St. Valentine's Day to come, which Aunt Floy had assured him was the proper time in which to make known his love. In fact, Aunt Floy was guilty of putting a vast deal of nonsense into poor little Teddy's head, already crammed with an undigested mass of fairy stories. The vision of scarlet and white, and curling hair, reminded Teddy of the valentine and of the conditions of his obtaining it; and his conscience told him that the most partial judge, looking upon the disordered room and the torn paper and the plaster, to say nothing of the bath-tub and parasol, could not pronounce him to have been a good boy. He was overwhelmed with a sudden sense of the hopelessness of his case. And the princess—ah! the princess! At the thought of her, Teddy threw himself down upon the carpet and howled a low mournful howl, beating time alternately with his

head and feet, until the first paroxysm of his passion had spent itself. Then a perverse imp of mischief whispered a suggestion into Teddy's ear, which apparently he was not slow to act upon, for he went straight to Aunt Floy's writing-desk and took therefrom a paper box; very carefully he opened it, and for one delicious moment feasted his guilty eyes upon the miracle of fragile beauty within. There were winged cupids ready to transfix you with their darts, and flowers which expanding distilled a subtle sweet odor. Ted listened. The house was as quiet as on a Sunday. He opened the door softly and went out. At the head of the stairs he paused again to listen. The soft carpet of the stairs gave back no echo to his tread. As he passed his mamma's room he could hear the subdued murmur of voices, and among the tones he thought he distinguished that of Aunt Floy. He clutched the box more firmly, and scarcely breathed until he had reached the hall door. A new obstacle was here to be overcome; would he be able to open the door? By a mighty effort he succeeded, and, trembling at his unexpected success, flew down the steps and up the street, never pausing until he had reached the house where his princess lived, and had given one, two, three, four imperative jerks to the door-bell.

Handsome Ray Chillingham, who had been all the morning lounging about in his sister's back-parlor, yawning over the magazine, and, as he called it, meditating—that is, looking into the grate with his eyes closed—was considerably startled by this peremptory summons; and, as the best and quickest means of satisfying his curiosity, he lazily took his six feet and two inches to the door, upon opening which he beheld with astonishment a little bare-headed boy, whose long yellow curls hung down in defiant tangled waves, and who looked

up at him with a mingled glance of fear and wonder in the gray eyes.

"If you please, sir," said Teddy, with a brave but trembling voice, handing him the box, "it is for the princess."

"The dence it is!"—looking with still more astonishment at the box.

"Yes, sir, for the princess"—in a weak little voice, for now Teddy felt very much frightened.

"And what knight are you?" asked Ray, thinking to himself what a strange child it was.

"Are you the giant what keeps her?" asked Teddy, looking up at him, for it seemed to him that no giant could be greater than this one.

"Am I what?" repeated Ray, with still more wonderment, running his fingers through his long tawny beard.

"The giant?" repeated Teddy, expecting nothing less than to be dispatched at once.

"The giant! O, certainly, I am the giant, and you are just the sized boy I need for dinner"—seizing him by the shoulder and swinging him into the parlor.

Teddy liked this; it was just his idea of the way a giant should act, so he did not cry.

"You are a pretty fellow to come here expecting to get the princess. Where are your arms and your coat of mail?"

Teddy did not just understand what the giant meant, but felt that he was laughing at his clothes and that some explanation must be given of their present disordered condition, so he said, frankly: "This isn't my best suit; my blue velvet is my best suit, but I only wear that on Sundays."

"Ought to have on your best suit when you come to see the princess," said the would-be giant, shaking his head sternly.

Teddy trembled. "It is the plaster from making the horse."

"O, well!"—as if that explanation

was perfectly satisfactory. "Now, what do you expect me to do with you?" The tone was a little less gruff.

"Put me in a dumjion," suggested Teddy.

"Can't; dungeons are all full now with other little boys. I might, though" — looking seriously up at the gas-fixture — "hang you up in a bag until you are in a fit condition for eating." Then he felt gravely over Teddy's plump arms and legs, and said: "You are almost fat enough to eat now."

"O!" breathed Teddy, "are you the giant that eats people?"

"Certainly; all giants eat people."

Teddy was glad that he was not fat enough for dinner, and that reminded him of his own hungry condition. He wondered if the giant would give him anything to eat. "If you please, Mr. Giant," he began, in a timid little voice. But the giant, who seemed to have curiosity in proportion to his size, had been opening the box which Teddy had designed for the princess, and was gazing with a very perturbed countenance upon the valentine within. Then he turned with a savage eagerness to Teddy, interrupting his "I'm berry," with "Where did you get this? Tell me."

Teddy, now thoroughly frightened at the giant's strange manner, and thinking that all his own iniquity must be confessed, burst into tears.

"Don't be a little fool," said the irate giant, "but tell me at once."

"I'm berry hungry," sobbed Ted.

The giant, seeing that nothing was to be got out of Ted in his present melting mood, set himself to work to soothe him as best he could. "What would you like?" he asked, when Ted was a little calmer. "A nice fat baby's leg, or some fried fingers and toes, with ——"

"O!" gasped Ted, in horror, "I don't fink I should like the fings you eat."

"Then what will you have?" asked the giant, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Some—some bread and milk," suggested Ted, doubtfully, "though I like cake better."

Ray rung the bell, gave an order, and in a few moments the servant returned with what to Ted was a sumptuous luncheon, inasmuch as there were tarts, and cakes, and nice cold meat, with jelly, and a great cup of milk, and some beautiful yellow oranges. Teddy quite forgot the repeated admonitions of his mother about cramming his mouth, and did not need any urging to help himself. He had begun upon an orange, when Ray said, quite gently, pointing to the valentine, "And now you are to tell me how this came into your possession."

"Well," commenced Ted, rather incoherently, "that was not the one I was going to bring at all, but a nice new one, and I couldn't help it. The water in the baff-tub run over, and the boats all sunk, and then I dropped Aunt Floy's parasol in, and then ——"

"Floy!" ejaculated the giant—"what's the rest of her name?"

"Why, the same as mine," answered Teddy, in contemptuous surprise.

"And what is yours, you little imp?"

"I'se not a imp," protested Teddy.

"Your name!" commanded the giant.

"Dey call me Teddy, but my name is Teodore Harkness Chapin," repeated Teddy, with great deliberation.

"Chapin!" muttered the giant; "I knew I could not be mistaken."

"What did you say?" said Teddy, bringing his mouth and nose up from the orange.

"Go on," was the answer.

And obedient Teddy took up the story: "And the paper got torn, and there was the horse ——"

"Yes; the horse. I know all about that," cried Ray, impatient for the rest.

"But the plaster would not stay made into a horse, so I took Aunt Floy's valentine and brought it to the princess, for I was afraid I was naughty and

couldn't have the other one," concluded Ted, diving into the orange again.

"Then your Aunt Floy wouldn't let you have this?"

"N-o-o," answered Ted. Then, inspired with a sudden desire of justifying himself, he added: "But it is berry dull now; mamma is sick, and Aunt Floy don't know much about amusing little boys, and I fink she has been gone a week since this morning."

"Then she wasn't there when you took it?"

"No," answered Ted, rather falteringly; "but I hope you are not angry with me, and won't make me take it back."

"But if your Aunt Floy thinks a great deal of it?"

"But she won't know where it is," said this unscrupulous Ted; and then he laughed to himself. "Besides, Aunt Floy never gets angry at me; she calls me her darling."

"Does she?" asked the giant, absently.

"O, yes. Do you know why she likes me?"

"No."

"'Cause I'se got gray eyes and light hair."

"That's an excellent reason," quoth the giant, who also rejoiced in gray eyes and light hair. "Tell me some more about your Aunt Floy."

"That's all," said Ted, settling himself back in the easy-chair, and casting his eyes about the elegant room. He added: "Do you know I like being here so much? I hope you will let me stay here always, and be your favorite, and marry the princess."

"O, of course," answered the giant, still looking at the grate in an absent manner.

"Where is the princess?" inquired Ted.

"She's out riding. But, Ted, how long has your Aunt Floy lived with you?"

"Ever so long; about twenty years, I should fink," replied Ted, whose idea of time was exceedingly vague. "Anyway, ever since last summer. But she don't like it at all; she says it is perfectly horrid in San Francisco. 'It's a good enough kimet'—that's just what she said"—and Ted shook his head wisely.

"But she don't like the people?" inquired this designing giant. Ted looked mystified. "What is it she doesn't like?"

"I don't know," said Ted, evidently rather weary of the subject. "I fink it's the Chinamen."

"Does she have much company? I mean—confound it!—are there any gentlemen who call very often upon her?"

"Mr. Walker comes most—most eb-ery night. He's berry nice!"

"I should think so. Does Aunt Floy think so?"

"Fink so!" laughed Ted; "she don't like him a bit. I heard her tell him so last night."

"Ah!" said the giant, with satisfaction. "Wouldn't you like another orange?"

"No, I fank you," said Ted, with sudden politeness; "but I like candy, after I've eaten oranges."

The giant laughed uproariously. "You are good at a hint, but I haven't any candy; won't this do?"—breaking off the frosting from the cake. Ted proved that it would do by devouring it with evident relish.

"And so she told Mr.—Mr. What's-his-name—that she didn't like him?"

"Yes. I wish the princess would come."

"She'll be along after awhile. And what did——"

"But we'll be married right off; won't we?" interrupted Ted.

"Immediately; I'll attend to that. And what did Mr. Walker say?"

"They talked so low I couldn't hear; and then Aunt Floy put me to bed."

"Does he come often?"

"Ebery day, most," said Ted, seeking to exaggerate the interest; "and he always brings me suffin'."

"That's quite proper," quoth the giant.

"And mamma said Aunt Floy would have liked him well enough if she hadn't seen some one going down the street."

"Who did she see?"

"I don't amember; it was such a long name."

"Chillingham," suggested the giant.

"Yes, that was it; anyway, Aunt Floy cried, and said she didn't and couldn't like Mr. Walker. But I oughtn't to tell you fings."

"O yes, you ought, for you know you are going to marry into our family."

"Yes," answered Ted, with satisfaction, "that makes a difference; mamma says I'se never to tell anything out of the family."

"But, tell me, does your Aunt Floy ever talk about people she used to know?"

"She never knew anyone before," affirmed Ted, who was getting tired of this inquisition. "Do you know Aunt Floy says it isn't proper to ask so many questions?" Then, fearing that he might have offended the giant, he added, quickly: "But, of course, she didn't mean giants. What are you doing?"

The giant was removing the valentine from the box, and there, under a flap at the bottom, lay a small pink-colored envelope. Taking it out, he found the seal unbroken. Then he seemed to be laboring under a great deal of excitement, for he walked rapidly up and down the room several times, muttering to himself disconnected fragments, which, as far as could be made out, were as follow: "Confound it! Serves me right for making such a jack of myself. I might have known she never would find it. That explains her silence. I knew she could not be so unjust. Bless her! if I had

been man enough to go and explain, I could have made it all right in a few words. I don't blame her for feeling outraged at receiving that nonsense." And he gave the inoffensive valentine a toss which came very near being the end of it, had not Teddy, with a shriek, just saved it from going into the grate. "That's right, little Ted; I'm not done with that thing yet." Then he put the valentine back into the box, and the note on top of it, quite heedless of the fact that in so doing he was entirely covering up the cupids and fatally crushing the flowers; next he put on the cover, fastened it securely, and wrote "Miss Floy Chapin, No. —." Turning to Ted, he said then, in a solemn voice, "You see, Teddy, my boy, it will never do to give the princess an old valentine like this. This must be returned to the owner, or you will never be happy; and I must go out and buy you another. Now, do you know what is the number of the house you live in?" Teddy shook his head. The giant looked nonplused: "What the dickens!" Then he had a happy thought. "Come to the window and point it out to me."

"It is the third one on that side," said Teddy.

"All right; that must be—let me see—339." Then he took out his watch—it was half-past two; a carriage stopped at the door, and the princess and her mamma descended.

"O dear!" cried Ted, dancing up and down and clapping his hands. "There comes the princess, and I haven't my valentine."

"Never mind; I will get you both one, and you can be married without."

"What on earth, Ray?" cried his sister, looking at Ray, at Teddy, and at the remains of the luncheon all at once.

"I have found her out," cried the excited Ray. "Come here, Princess Althea." The two children were silently observing each other. "This is a brave

young knight, who has ventured all things for you. If you can arrange all things satisfactorily, you shall have my blessing."

"Ray, are you dazed?" cried his sister.

"Perfectly sane now," answered Ray, "though I have been mad for two years past. Take care of the boy, Kate, till I return; he is Floy's nephew." And before she could get another word of explanation out of him, the hall-door closed with a bang, and Ray was moving with giant strides down the street.

At a much later hour than she had anticipated, Aunt Floy returned, and hastened at once to her room, wondering what mischief Teddy had perpetrated during her long absence. Two minutes sufficed to satisfy her curiosity on that point; then she looked about for Teddy, but he was not to be found. However, there was no occasion for alarm; he had probably run down into the basement for his luncheon, and as long as he was quiet, she would leave him there undisturbed, while she proceeded to put to rights the disordered room. This was not an affair of a moment. Then the Ainsworths called, and, just as they were leaving, the Hopkinsons, so that it was nearly four before she discovered Teddy's absence. None of the servants had seen or heard anything of him during the whole day. Jim was at once dispatched to Mrs. Henry's, the only place that he had ever been known to go to, but speedily returned with the answer that Teddy had not been there.

Then Floy was for the first time thoroughly alarmed. The idea of Teddy—precious little Teddy—wandering off alone by himself in that great city, was awful; and while she stood debating whether she had better send down at once, and tell his father, or send his description to the police office, there came a sharp ring at the bell which sent the

blood in swift rebound back to her heart. It was only a man, to leave a package for Miss Chapin. Floy tore it open in a maze of bewilderment, half expecting to see Ted spring out like the fabled Hop-o'-my-Thumb; but what she did see was the very valentine which she had received two years before, and, resting on its flowery surface, a small pink envelope. Here was mystery upon mystery; but of this Floy did not stop to consider. She was reading a note—a note which had she read two years before would have saved her two years of doubt and sorrow. It was a foolish lovers' quarrel, the cause of which the note explained. Being a sensible girl, she did not faint or go into hysterics. Teddy was safe, of that she felt assured, and no matter where the note had been, or how it had come, she was happy, contented, and expectant. And then, being a woman, she rushed up to her room, and—well, you would forgive her the vanity, could you peep over her shoulder and see the lovely reflection.

The evening shadows were lengthening in the western sky, and Floy, standing by the parlor window, was straining her eager eyes up and down the street. At last she saw a tall form approaching with a little figure trotting by its side. Then she rushed away from the window, and seated herself at the very farthest end of the room. She had been schooling herself for that meeting for the last hour; but, alas! the trembling wire had not time to give its message to the bell before she was out of her chair, into the hall, and, opening the door, crying, "O, Teddy, Teddy! you wicked, naughty little Teddy, is this what you call being a good boy?" As she stooped down to take Teddy in her arms, some one a great deal taller than she stooped down, and took her in his arms. "And you knew I was here all the time?" he whispered reproachfully between the kisses. And Teddy cried: "It was in the box

all the time, Aunt Floy. I saw him take it out and put it on top." At that moment the servant came to answer the bell, and was properly astonished at the tableau there presented. If it had not been for that, it is a matter of uncertainty whether they would not have been standing there yet; as it was, they adjourned to the parlor, where, it is to be hoped,

they had ample time for all necessary explanations. But Teddy could never understand why it was that Aunt Floy would not give him her valentine, it being much handsomer than the one the giant had bought for him.

At the wedding, three months later, Teddy was groomsman, and the princess was bridesmaid.

TOBACCO AND SUGAR.

"I DON'T know what you may think about it, Mark, but it simply comes to this. We've got to fork out or turn out, calm as you look over it." And the speaker proceeded to relight his pipe, which he had suffered to go out in the vehemence of his last appeal, and tilting back in his chair to the extremest nicety of perilous balance, looked his companion in the face.

The scene was more picturesque than attractively domestic, and, perhaps, most easily describable by negatives. The room was not very large, nor particularly tidy, the furniture was scanty and not in the best repair, and the view from the window, whose panes were scarcely in the condition of the original of the "glassy pond" simile, was such a one as only London can afford, and that on a November afternoon, damp, foggy, and miserable; though, probably, under more favorable circumstances, it might have been pronounced "sublime through the chimney-pots over the way."

The occupants were something better than their surroundings. Fine specimens of British youth both, and, to judge from the lightness with which the announcement of their destitute circumstances was given and received, possessed of their full share of the *insouciance* which seems inseparable from Bohemianism. For Bohemians they both

were, in spirit if not in the literal acceptance of the term. Charley Berresford, the elder of the two, and the enunciator of the warning of doom relative to the overdue rent, was rather the more sedate of the two, and was prone to give way occasionally to that most un-Bohemian failing—common sense; but then Charley imagined he had a stake in the country, and he certainly had a profession in the dim prospect of the future, for he was a medical student. Mark Little, on the other hand, was a Bohemian, pure and simple, with no thought beyond the immediate present, and no ostensible means of living save that most precarious one furnished by the pen. So often had this failed him, that he was wont to say the old Romans had done well to style a pen "*calamus*" (a reed), for to him it constantly proved a broken one. They were fast friends, these two, and had shared together plenty of privations, and an occasional "spree," brief and brilliant as the passing of a meteor, when Charley's quarterly allowance came from home, or when some editor, more accessible than his fellows, had accepted one of Mark's lucubrations—and paid him for it.

"What's the figure?" inquired Mark, sententiously, in answer to Charley's observation.

"Three ten," was the reply, delivered

in a tone which fully conveyed the speaker's sense of the utter disproportion existing between the liabilities and the probable assets of the firm.

Mark produced half a crown, and regarded it ruefully for a few minutes.

"You've got your watch, haven't you, Charley?"

"What a silly question! Don't you remember perfectly well that I——"

"O yes! so you did—I remember, now."

Silence for a few minutes, and then Mark broke in again:

"I don't care so much about the rent, but I must have a watch to wear to-night."

The other stared at him with such marked astonishment that he seemed to think an explanation necessary.

"I'm going out to dine to-night. I can get on without my dress-clothes, but it would look uncommonly shady if a fellow hadn't a watch, you know."

Charley seemed to appreciate the exigency of the situation. He pondered a moment or two, and then said:

"I dare say Carroll would let me have a fiver until to-morrow. We could put in the watch again and pay him back. But who are you going to dine with?"

"O! with some old fogies in Golden Square. They're not the attraction. But there's a young lady, beautiful as an houri and rich as Croesus. My dear boy, when I marry her I'll give you a blow-out that will open your eyes—champagne to the mast-head, and everything else in proportion. Why, you can have no idea of the wealth we'll have."

"Hold, my enthusiastic subject, aren't you getting on a little too fast? How do you know the young lady will have you? And, *imprimis*, who is she?"

"I'll tell you her name, but you'll be no wiser—Dolores Espinosa."

"The deuce you say! Spanish, I presume?"

"No, Cuban, with miles of tobacco

and sugar, and for aught I know a regiment of slaves into the bargain."

"Cuban! You don't mean to tell me you intend to marry a nigger?"

"For goodness' sake, don't be an ass if you can help it," said Mark, more than half irritated. "If you are so miserably ignorant as not to know that Cubans are as white as you are, and a jolly sight whiter into the bargain, you needn't let the whole world know it."

"Well, I didn't mean to rile you, old fellow. Just tell me how you happened to become acquainted with this West Indian paragon."

"O! very simply. I neither stopped her runaway horse, nor saved her life from either fire or water. I merely called on those Blanchards, who are solicitors, in Golden Square, and made her acquaintance there. We took to one another at once, and I'm to dine there this evening. Take my word for it, old fellow, it will be a match, and then I'll give you real Havana cigars grown upon my own property. It's all plain sailing, I can see."

"Is there no governor, nor guardian, nor anything of that sort?" inquired Charley.

"O! I haven't got that far yet. Of course, I suppose there is. There's always something in the way of everything else. But I'll deal with it when the time comes—trust me for that. By-by. Have the watch when I come in." And away ran Mark, whistling a *deux temps* as he sprung down-stairs, and out at the street door, wholly unmindful of the landlady's recalling cry; for that much-enduring woman had posted herself at the foot of the stairs, determined at least to have the satisfaction of dunning a little for her money.

But out went Mark, adroitly avoiding the ambush of the enemy—out into the murky November afternoon, with a lighter heart than many a millionaire, and assuredly with fewer cares to burden it.

The fog seemed to deepen as he turned out of the unfrequented street where he lived, into the crowded Islington Road. He marched along with his head in the air, and his heart full of light anticipations, nothing discomposed at the inevitable collisions with the other pedestrians, though muttering an anathema now and then at people "who would persist in keeping their umbrellas up whether it were raining or not." Then he turned to essay the perilous navigation of the crowded crossing. Careful steering had nearly brought him across, and he had drawn aside to wait the passing of a carriage with prancing bays, his last obstacle, when a young girl, seemingly confused by the fog and rattle, stepped off the opposite pavement to cross the street, right under the feet of the horses. The coachman reined them in with an impatient jerk, but too late. The pole struck the girl heavily on the shoulder, and she fell on the slippery and crowded crossing, a piercing scream ringing out through the denseness of the fog.

She was in Mark's arms in an instant, and carried to the security of the pavement, thence into a druggist's shop. "She must have been drunk," was the remark of the aristocratic Jehu, as he whipped up his horses and drove on. "What a sweetface she has," was Mark's inward comment, as he surrendered her to the care of the man of medicine, and withdrew to the door to warn off the curiosity of the intruding crowd.

She wasn't very much hurt after all—more frightened—and in a few minutes was sufficiently restored to face the foggy street again, and even to essay the perilous crossing. Mark would not hear of her taking a step alone, and perhaps she was not much in earnest in dismissing him. At any rate he walked by her side, and did his best to keep the umbrellas from intruding their barbed ribs under her hat. He had at first

proposed a cab, strong in the confidence inspired by the unwonted presence of half a crown; but this extravagant proposition had been met with a determined veto, so he had to be content with plodding along by her side. They had some distance to go, and before Mark's guardianship expired they were very good friends indeed. She owned, candidly enough, that she was much pleased at making his acquaintance, and felt quite indebted to the accident that had introduced him; and he, like most other young men who have such an admission from young and pretty lips, vowed and believed that it was the luckiest page in the whole chapter of accidents. They had exchanged names early in their acquaintance—hers was Jessie Raymond—and had advanced, as young people will do, pretty far in mutual confidences, when she announced that "this was her street," and she must hurry home "to get ready for business."

"Why, what have you to do at this time of night?" inquired Mark, pertinently enough, for it was by this time nearly six o'clock.

"Didn't I tell you? I work at the Accordion Theatre, Surreyside. Don't look so shocked. I'll tell you all about it sometime. Good-by." And away she tripped, and vanished into a tall, dingy-looking building near the middle of the street, looking back as she passed in to wave her hand and smile brightly.

Mark did not omit to observe the number of the house before he turned away and strode reflectively homeward.

The lamps had begun to assert themselves against the fog, and the street was not very crowded, yet he contrived to perpetrate more collisions than he had done in his former walk, and, if the truth must be owned, he did not take them nearly so good-humoredly.

"I believe I must be a fool by nature," muttered Mark, and as he did so his hands, thrust deeper into his pockets,

encountered the half-crown. This by some psychological process suggested another train of thought, for he at once struck off at a quick pace, muttering: "By Jove! I'll be late at Golden Square. I'd forgotten all about it." And so, strange as it may seem, he had.

Though he would scarcely admit it to his own mind, Mark was anything but pleased at learning the profession of his new acquaintance. It was all very well for him to reflect, "She's nothing to me. What need I care about her?" He felt that, for some unaccountable reason, he *did* care; so like a sensible man, he shifted his ground, and proceeded to argue from other premises. He urged on himself that he knew plenty of theatrical people, and had never liked them any the worse on that account; that the *coulisses* had been his boyhood's admiration, and that there had been a time when the foot-lights for him cast a halo of romance equal to the floweriest wreath of mediæval story. In vain. The prejudices instilled in childhood, however unreasonable, are more lasting than many of us imagine, and Mark Little was still a very young man.

He reached his room hot and breathless, and not in the very best of tempers.

"What kept you, Mark? Your adored one will be waiting. I've been here this half-hour, and here's the watch," was Charley's greeting as he entered.

He made no answer, but proceeded with his hasty and necessarily limited toilet. Then, as he donned the watch, his friend tried again:

"What's the matter with you? You seem out of sorts?"

"I had a hard run of it—and even now I'm precious late," he added, glancing at the newly acquired time-piece. "By-by, old boy; many thanks for the trouble you've taken." And in a few minutes he was bowling along toward Golden Square in a Hansom, sublimely indifferent to the inroad which that vehicle's

legal fare would make in his last half-crown.

Is it worth noticing that Mark had been less communicative to his friend on the subject of "tights and spangles" than he had been a few hours before on that of "tobacco and sugar?"

Dolores Espinosa was a fine woman; at least so Mark thought that evening, and even from a merely æsthetic point of view he was no poor judge. Typically Spanish, with all the charm which beautiful women of that race possess, it was little wonder if a speculative young man, moderate in nothing less than in his *chateaux d'Espagne*, should have made her the goddess of his airy palace, even without the more solid attractions of tobacco and sugar. He made himself very agreeable that evening, and flirted atrociously with the not unwilling beauty, yet he made his excuses as early as he decently could, and withdrew. His host was astonished, the fair Dolores piqued, and Mark, with a *savoir vivre* which did him infinite credit, endeavored to atone for his recreancy with a tender pressure of the hand. Whether this was returned or not, deponent saith not. And where did he go then? Straight to the Strand, and across the river, diminishing his resources further by paying one half-penny for crossing the foot-bridge behind the Charing Cross terminus! He stopped a moment at the centre, and gazed down the long vista of lighted water—one of the finest night-scenes in the world—and then, gaining the Surrey side, made the best of his way to the Accordion Theatre.

The people were coming out as he reached it, but he passed on and took his stand in the shadow, close to the stage door. The audience was nothing to him, neither was the play. He knew what he was waiting for, and stood very patiently.

The theatre was not a very aristocratic one; Mark could not help admit-

ting that, as he waited. The patrons seemed mostly coster-mongers and coal-heavers, with a slight sprinkling of cabmen. The locality was scarcely one in which you could expect to find a temple of the legitimate drama. "What on earth do such people want with a theatre?" thought Mark; and then he shifted himself to the other foot by way of resting a little, and hummed an opera air.

Presently he found he was no longer alone. A young gentleman, expensively "got up" in sealskin-trimmed overcoat, "fourteen-and-sixpenny gossamer," and all the other etceteras of the London swell, was standing at the other side of the stage door, evidently also waiting for somebody.

Mark did not care to be seen, and drew back farther into the shadow. He wondered who this fop was waiting for.

Presently the door opened, and the young swell stepped forward. He accosted the person who opened it—who it was Mark could not see—and quite an animated discussion ensued. The door opened a little more widely, and the unseen came forth.

"I won't have you following me, sir; I don't want you to see me home. If you don't go away I'll call a policeman." All this very petulantly spoken, and in a voice which, though trembling on the verge of tears, Mark recognized immediately. He stepped forward.

"O, Mr. Little! you'll protect me. He will keep following me, and I don't want him. Please tell him to go away."

Mark needed no second bidding, and proceeded to dismiss the intruder in no measured terms. The stranger struck him in the face with his cane. The rest of the interview passed very quickly. In a twinkling the "gossamer" was lying on one side of the alley-way and its quondam wearer on the other, and Mark was passing out into the broader street, with Jessie confidently clinging to his arm.

"It seems as if you were always destined to help me," said she, glancing up into his face with an expression that made his impressible heart beat quicker; "but I hope you haven't hurt that fellow too much."

"Not a bit more than he deserves," answered Mark. "At any rate, it will be a lesson to him to leave you alone in future."

"I hope it will," answered Jessie, devoutly. "O, you don't know what a torment he has been to me! I used positively to be afraid to come out of the theatre."

Mark enjoyed the walk home immensely, and he and Jessie had advanced far in acquaintance, if not in intimacy, before it was over. Circumstances have much to do with the development of friendships, and still more with the progress of warmer feelings. Nothing of this entered Mark's mind, or probably Jessie's either, but it is certain that when they parted at her door it was with the distinct understanding of a meeting on the morrow. Mark's prejudice against the foot-lights was certainly dissipating, like the fog that evening, if not quite dispelled.

Their meetings were very frequent in the next few weeks. He always saw her home from the theatre at night. "It would not do to have you exposed to that fellow's insolence," he would urge, and Jessie never remarked how well she had hitherto managed to take care of herself. Mark never abandoned his designs on the hand and fortune of the West Indian beauty. Visions of tobacco and sugar still floated frequently before his mind's eye, and formed a constant topic of conversation between himself and Charley Berresford; but he never mentioned the little actress to the latter, any more than he thought of her in the same connection with Dolores. I believe he regarded his acquaintance with her as an innocent flirtation, a kill-

time device equally agreeable to both parties, and one that could never prove eventually troublesome to either. With Dolores his progress was most flattering. Good-looking, clever, and entertaining, he quickly engaged the girl's fancy, if not her heart, and he certainly lost no opportunity of improving the occasion, and pressing on his suit to a successful issue. In this, at least, he was honest to himself, and did his best to realize the airy fabric which his fancy had built. About this time, too, he became unusually successful in his literary efforts, and his pecuniary affairs underwent a corresponding change for the better. He had always dabbled more or less in verse—chiefly amative effusions, as is the fashion of young men who have never experienced the grand passion—but now these efforts began to show some spirit, and to find favor with the magazine editors, and eventual acceptance at their hands. It was strange, however, considering the ardor with which he was pressing his suit with Dolores, that none of his verses dwelt on the deep dark eyes and raven hair which were the chief beauties of the fair Cuban. They rather recalled the sunny golden hair and blue eyes of Jessie. Perhaps Mark fancied they were tributes to a poetic ideal; perhaps, and more probably, he never gave the matter a thought at all, but just wrote as he felt. They were portraits, however, whether he knew it or not.

It was about a month after Mark's first meeting with Jessie (she was now engaged for the Christmas pantomime at a West End theatre) that an event occurred which forced him to look more closely into his real intentions, and precipitated a *dénouement* which from the first had been inevitable. It was simply wrought by that greatest of all mischief-makers, opportunity. He met Dolores one day. She was more warm in her manner than she had yet been; in fact,

gave him marked encouragement. They were alone, and a due sense of the market value of tobacco and sugar was uppermost in his mind. He proposed—not, perhaps, as warmly or with quite so much effusion as he might have done, but he proposed and was accepted. Then he half repented, but it was too late. So far as the young lady was concerned (and she gave him to understand that her *dictum* in such a matter would probably be final with her indulgent father), she was his—his forever—tobacco, sugar, and all the graces of purse and person with which she was so liberally endowed.

Mark dutifully went through half an hour of lover-like chat, but he was glad when it was over. He wanted to be alone, to think; and when at length he hurried out, to pace and ponder at his leisure in the winter evening along the deserted walks of the Green Park, what was the vision that first confronted him? Not the glorious love-laden eyes of the beautiful West Indian, not the life of ease and opulence which the events of that day had put within his reach: only the soft confiding face and slender graceful form of the little *danseuse*, Jessie Raymond. Now, for the first time, he felt how she had won her way to his heart; now, for the first time, he felt how impossible it would be to give her up. Life without Jessie! It would be a desert without an oasis, a sky without a fleck of blue, a cloud without the faintest edge of that silver lining which renders every lot tolerable. Dolores! What was she? Could she be to him what Jessie even now was? Perish the thought! She was proud, imperious; she was—his affianced wife; and his wayward heart sunk like lead as it acknowledged the truth of his conscience's unwelcome whisper. Poor weak Mark! He knew not what to do. He was too worldly, yet not worldly enough. He left the park with his mind still in a

chaos, and, through habit, mechanically directed his steps homeward.

"Well, Mark, what cheer, my boy?" was Charley's hearty greeting as he entered their room. Charley had not failed to notice a change in his companion of late, but had accounted for it by supposing he was in love. A sagacious hypothesis enough in this case, though, as Charley applied it, erroneous in detail. Mark sat down by the fire without answering, and taking a pipe from the mantel proceeded to fill and light it scientifically. The other watched the operation without interruption, and, when it was concluded satisfactorily, returned to the charge.

"How goes it with *la bella Dolores*? How do you stand for the tobacco and sugar to-night?"

"I am accepted," said Mark, in the tone of one who might say, "The doctors have given me up."

"By Jove, old boy, allow me to congratulate you! You don't know how pleased I am. Heavens! what a lucky dog, though!"

"Anything but that, Charley. I am the most perplexed, miserable cur alive. You don't know how little would tempt me to blow my brains out."

"Why, how's that? Anything gone wrong? *Paterfamilias* hasn't had time to cut up rusty yet, and you say Dolores——"

"You'll make me say, 'Confound Dolores!' and that wouldn't be right, especially as I'm going to marry her. But if you want an explanation, Charley, you can come with me to-night—that is, if you've nothing better to do—and I'll give it to you."

"I'll go, my boy; but is it any harm to ask whither?"

"Only down town—to the V—— Theatre. We'll start as soon as we have had something to eat."

From which utilitarian observation it may be inferred that Master Mark was

not quite so far gone as has been hitherto supposed.

"All right! I'm agreeable," said Charley; "though I must say I think the locality curiously chosen for the purpose of explanation."

It was a gala-night at the V——; that is, for the little folk. The Christmas pantomime was there in all its glory, and pit and galleries were lined with little faces all aglow with excitement, and little eyes dancing in expectation of the inimitable quizzicalities of clown and harlequin and the inevitable and ill-used policeman. In one of the front rows of the pit, gravely contrasting with the mirth and pleasure around them, sat Mark and Charley, with their eyes fixed on the stage, and their whole attention apparently absorbed by the evolutions of the ballet, who were just then going through some of their most intricate pirouettes.

"But, Mark, what can you do? You never mean to——" and Charley finished his sentence with a long breath that was almost a whistle, as he removed his opera-glass from the pretty innocent face and sylph-like figure of Jessie and turned his attention to his companion.

"I scarcely know what I mean to do. O, Charley, it was only to-day I discovered it, and it has made me very, very wretched!" almost wailed Mark.

"This can be nothing but the passing fancy for a pretty face, and yet to my taste she is not so pretty as Dolores. You can never throw yourself away by such a marriage, especially now when your prospects are so bright, and you are just beginning to make yourself a name in literature. And I think I know you too well, Mark, to fancy you would entertain other views toward the poor girl."

"I am half tempted to shoot myself," ejaculated Mark savagely, and with such vehement emphasis that a stout old lady who occupied the next seat started round

and stared at him nervously. "Every man has a right to do what he will with his own, and surely my life is my own."

Charley was very grave as he answered him. He had never heard the light-hearted Mark of former days speak in this strain, and it troubled and perplexed him. "Would you say that the captain of a ship at sea, in charge of the lives of his passengers and the fortune of his employers, would be justified in taking his own life, through a shrinking from encountering the first difficulty that overtook him?"

"The cases are not at all parallel," said Mark. "I have no one to care about me."

"Excuse me. They are more nearly connected than you think. Here are two women—both of whom, I shrewdly suspect, think a great deal more of you than you deserve. Following out the analogy of the sea-captain, who is bound, if he can not save all, to save as many as he can, you are bound to pull as much of this unfortunate business out of the fire as possible. There," he added, more lightly, "I have made you quite a speech, combining argument, simile, and exemplification; so I want to hear no more nonsense from you. Watch the pantomime."

"I don't care about the pantomime. Jessie won't be out again till the transformation scene, and all this tomfoolery is nothing to me. I'd go out until then if I thought I could get my seat again."

They sat patiently through the long array of uncouth masks and gorgeous dresses which were hailed with such exquisite delight by the little people around them. Mark did not attempt any further conversation, and Charley, who was both distressed and perplexed at what he had heard, sat thinking the matter out in his mind. He could arrive at nothing like a satisfactory conclusion. Mark's obvious duty and interests and his equally obvious inclinations appeared so direct-

ly at variance, that there seemed no possible adjustment of the difficulty without the sacrifice of something that should be preserved. He could not endure the idea of his friend's connecting himself fairly and above-board with a ballet-girl, and he shrunk from the contemplation in this case of a *liaison* of any other description. Though in general he entertained rather conventional ideas on these subjects, he was unconsciously impressed with the expression of confiding innocence—almost pleading tenderness—which was one of the chief, though most subtle, charms of Jessie's pretty face. Besides, Mark, though he had scarcely acknowledged it to himself, had evidently made up his mind to marry her—but there was Dolores. The subject was a tangled and not a pleasant one, and Charley gave it up with an impatient sigh.

The curtain rose on the grand transformation scene, pronounced by all the papers to be a masterpiece of scenic art, and decidedly the best thing of its kind in London. As it was disclosed—a bewildering fairy-land of light, and sparkle, and tinsel, and muslin drapery—a roar of applause burst from the overthronged pit and galleries, nor did the delight of the audience subside as its details were more fully unfolded. Shell-like boats, with fair nymph crews, glided over canvas lakes; varying lights changed the scene to all imaginable colors, and on lofty pedestals stood gracefully balanced the prettiest girls of the ballet, attired in dresses of muslin fairly blazing with (apparently) precious stones. On one of the foremost of these pedestals, with her eyes cast down, and her sweet face changing in the varying glow, stood Jessie Raymond.

"Isn't she lovely?" whispered Mark, and his companion nodded his head in assent.

Suddenly the fairy scene was lighted with a radiance that cast into the shade

all previous combinations of light, and the audience hailed it with fresh applause. But the cheers and stamping were almost instantaneously drowned in a wild cry of horror—"The stage is on fire!"—and the whole multitude were on their feet in a moment, and making for the door.

It was too true. Some careless management of the gas had ignited the inflammable scenery, and even now the tall spirals of flame, like hungry serpents, were chasing each other up the painted screens, and licking the tall pedestals, each of which sustained a human being on its narrow summit. Charley glanced instinctively at the column on which Jessie had been standing. Horror of horrors! the unfortunate girl, evidently distracted by terror, was in the act of leaping down on the burning stage. The height could not be less than fifteen feet. With a cry for help, he endeavored to gain the stage, but the crowd was too strong for him. He was forced with the stream, and all his strength and agility was required to keep his footing, for he well knew a fall would be certain death.

It was some time before Charley Berresford could cast a glance behind him. His superior height gave him an advantage, and he saw the stage, now burning fiercely, and Mark—yes, Mark!—with Jessie in his arms, endeavoring to make his way into the main stream from the orchestra, where he had been jammed by the side-eddies of the human torrent. It was impossible that he ever could make his way out, burdened as he was. What would not Charley have given to be at his friend's side at that moment?—but it was impossible. It would have been as practicable to swim up the Falls of Niagara as to force himself a single yard against that living cataract. He fought his way on, sullenly and silently, and with a heart heavy as lead with unacknowledged foreboding.

The theatre had suffered little, much

less than had been anticipated, and the loss was fully covered by insurance. The management was, therefore, content. In the rush of the panic-stricken crowd there were nine lives lost, besides an infinity of more or less serious casualties. But for this there was no one to blame. It was one of those fearful accidents which come at intervals to remind us of the precarious tenure of life.

And Mark! He was found at the door, crushed and dead, with poor little Jessie's lifeless body in his arms. His gallant conduct was remarked upon in the papers when they told the sad affair, and his early removal from the field of literature, "where he had already distinguished himself," was deplored, and then he was forgotten. Literature could do, and did, very well without him. Indeed, his fitful efforts in that direction had done little more than keep him in respectable starvation, and when he had a good chance of bettering his condition by a wealthy marriage, he——well, if he had lived, I do not think he would have married Dolores. She is far off in the West Indies now, and perhaps has an occasional tear for the memory of her first love, for she never had reason to suspect his fealty. As to this I can give no information, for I have lost sight of her. I do not even know if she be married, or if she still wears the willow, but think it more than probable that some suitor, more fortunate than poor Mark Little, has secured the enviable possession of lady, tobacco, and sugar. However,

"If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"

Charley Berresford often thinks of his friend, and never without a shudder at his horrible fate, made even more impressive by their conversation that evening. Poor Mark! He had found strength in the midst of weakness. There had come a desperate yet a simple solution of his difficulty.

PIONEER NIG SAUL.

COLUMBIA RIVER, the Mississippi of the farthest West, the great thoroughfare of Oregon, has ever been regarded since the foundation of Astoria as a peculiarly interesting geographical point in American frontier history. Explorers and observers have already made public many incidents and things of a local character, and left the field to be gleaned from somewhat bare. Rich handfuls still remain, however, and looking over an old note-book kept by some odd genius, who was evidently an adventurer in the land over twenty years ago, we find mention made of "Old Nigger Saul and the Callapooza."

Saul, it appears, was a son of Africa, who held the important position of cook on board the ship *Peacock*, one of the fleet of the United States Exploring Expedition, wrecked in the mouth of the Columbia, in 1841. The memoranda state that, although the commander of the expedition provided ample means of transportation for his wrecked seamen, Saul preferred to remain among the aborigines and the few White emigrants who had taken up claims along the borders of the river; so that on the day of sailing of the brig *Thomas H. Perkins*, Saul was missing from among his shipmates. Scarcely, however, had the vessel cleared the land before he made his appearance, accompanied by an Indian bride, decked out in all the gewgawglories of her tribe. The charms of this swarthy belle, it is said, induced him to abandon sea-life, and abide in the country; and tradition has it, that not only was he the first of the African race to reside in the Territory, but that also, in the fullness of his heart, he took to himself a wife in nearly every Indian

village along the banks of the Columbia, and was always hailed with joyous whoop and yell by his savage friends whenever he chanced to land at an encampment in his frequent aquatic wanderings. In fact, he seems to have been a general favorite among Whites as well as Indians, being possessed of some degree of shrewdness and a genial temper; an expansive grin was ever present on his broad jolly face, and nothing but respectful words ever escaped his lips when addressing his superiors.

Though at the period we are writing of there was no legal protection for Blacks in the Territory, Saul had nothing to fear. With his aptness for picking up a language, he very soon spoke the jargon fluently, and many a marvelous tale was related to the listening hordes of natives who at times gathered about him. "Solomon," or "Nig Saul" as he was sometimes called, led a half-civilized, half-savage life for the first few years after coming on shore; sometimes living with the Indians, at other times with the Whites, when he would turn his attention to piloting vessels on the Columbia, a knowledge of the channels having been acquired in his frequent wanderings with the Indians in their canoes. At other times, when Whites enough for a night's revel could be assembled at any given point along the river, Saul would manage to be present as fiddler. Thus he whiled away several years of half-vagrant life, sometimes existing for months, as the lawyers would say, "without any visible means of support."

Whenever playing the part of musician at a frolic, he was the happiest of mortals, and indulged in a generous

supply of the weed, as well as flowing drams of stimulants, evolving charming sounds from his violin, and such a supply of tobacco-juice that the managers of those entertainments always provided a bucket or some receptacle of like capacity for his use during the time of the performance. But what gives the subject of our brief sketch notoriety is, that he commanded the schooner *Callapooza*, the first vessel built in the country that hoisted the American flag and plied permanently on the Columbia and its tributaries. We recollect him, in 1849, in charge of his craft, filled with all the importance inherent in Negro character. Below the medium height, round shouldered, with a full face, the blackness of which contrasted widely with the Indians about him, he was clothed in a miner's gray woolen shirt and blue dungaree trousers—evidently a remnant of clothing from the Government ship *Peacock*—the ample legs of which were much the largest at the bottom and nearly covered his bare feet. On his head, cant-ed to one side, rested a broad-brimmed slouched hat, which completed his attire. The *Callapooza* was a stanch craft, that could boast of more wood in her build than is ordinarily used in constructing a vessel of twice her size. The original design of this piece of naval architecture was for a horse ferry-boat, to accommodate man or beast that might desire to cross the Willamette near Oregon City, at which place, it appears by record, the vessel sprung into existence. Her rig was a cross between that of a Chinese junk and that of a fore-and-aft schooner. Her cabin was airy, if not spacious, and her hold was well ventilated, as the space between the masts was not decked over—a shrewd contrivance of the builder to accommodate bulky freight or numerous passengers. Rope and canvas seemed to be all that had to be procured abroad to put her in efficient sailing trim. Although anchors are usually made of

iron, Captain Saul and his enterprising owner supplied the vessel with this indispensable part of her ground-tackle by combining the crotch of a tree, a huge oblong stone, and a crooked root or trunk of some hard tough sapling. The *Callapooza*, when completed, was, on the whole, bluff-bowed, flat-bottomed, with an abrupt stern, and possessed the safety and fleetness of the ancient ark.

The employment of this floating pioneer was as varied as that of her master had been; sometimes taking a load of household furniture, and families from grandparents down to swaddling infants intent on seeking the "land of promise," somewhere on the Pacific Coast—somewhere perhaps in Oregon or Washington Territory; "if not, it must have been in California, sure."

Nor were these voyages without their pleasures. Saul was gifted in Negro sayings, was ever ready to accept a "fid" of tobacco, or a cut of the weed sufficient to "load" his pipe, or a glass of "old rye," or anything else of a stimulating nature. A few presents of this kind would bring out his fiddle whenever the vessel was at anchor or drifting in the calm sunlight down the rapid river. Sometimes the passengers would prevail on him to anchor close to the bank and convey them in the tiny canoe (in lieu of a yawl) to the shore, where they would camp for the night. On these occasions the great anxiety of the party would be to get sufficient covering for Saul and his fiddle to prevent the dew from stretching the strings. The sod served as the floor of a dancing-hall, and by-the light of a camp-fire or of a large moon the sports were kept up until a late hour; or, if deprived of these, Saul would come out with some of his sea-yarns, which were sure to be full of zest, if urged on by an extra glass.

At other times the produce of the country was transported to the different embryo towns along the river, or to Fort

Vancouver, the principal trading-post of the Hudson's Bay Company, where the first emigrants from the Eastern States obtained, in a great measure, their necessary supplies, usually giving in return wheat or cattle. Saul often remarked that he liked the trade, "'cept der cattle business."

"And what is the matter with that?" asked an inquisitive Rhode Islander, on hearing Saul's statement.

"Der fac' is," said Saul, "you takes your wessel 'longside der bank, an' you lays a flatfom from der shore to der craf; den you drive dem bullocks down, but dey won't come 'board nohow, and all der way you kin 'swade de critters to come is to twist dere tails up till dey roar, an' den, dog me, ef dey won't go fur a darky quicker nur a White man, ebery time. O! you can't tell me; I'm been trabbeled a good deal in my time."

Now and then the *Callapooxa* transported Indians and half-breeds, together with wood, lumber, and salmon; or, mayhap, some strolling adventurer, with a wagonful of family—never happy except when on the move—employed Saul and his craft to ferry them across some water-course, too deep for fording. Thus our sable character of posthumous note passed a portion of his life, after abandoning the more adventurous career of an ocean sailor; and his unwieldy vessel, which, in his own eyes, was nearly faultless, after years of constant employment at last "laid her bones" on the pebbly shore near the water-front of Astoria, that oldest American settlement in Oregon, which is so near the Columbia's mouth that the dismal note of the waves is distinctly heard when a storm is brewing, and long after the winds are lulled at the close of a hard gale.

Poor old Saul, like a faithful adherent to the object he loved so well—his floating home for years—vowed in his mind never to tempt the perilous deep again, or ply a craft on the turbulent waters of

the river. And not far distant from the site of the wreck, in a dark glen shut out from the busy town by the dense forest, he built himself a rude cabin, of humble proportions, and cleared a small patch of ground, where some hardy vegetables were grown, that needed but little of the sun's warming rays to bring them to maturity. Here he lived in seclusion, much of the time with a cat and a worthless cur as his only companions. His numerous wives cared but little about him in the days of his adversity; occasionally one would join him with all the manifestations of her former affection, but as Saul had a great love for drink and never liked to drink alone, his willing squaw frequently joined with him in his potations; then an extra dose of the "strong water" imbibed by either was very sure to cause a quarrel and a separation. To change the scene, he would manage to get up and down the Columbia, either by ship, boat, or canoe, as a kind of pastime to while away the grief caused by his domestic troubles. In this manner he passed the last years of his life.

On making inquiries of several of the early settlers if they knew what became of old Saul, an indefinite reply was always given. One would say: "Old Saul? Ah! I remember—old Saul of the *Callapooxa*. He got thrashed once down to Clatsop; but I don't know where he died. I guess, though, somewhere between the mouth of the river and Kathlamet Bay." Another said: "I knowed Saul in '47. He undertook to pilot a ship an' got her aground, an' they was gwine to throw him overboard." A third affirmed he knew old Saul well: "A good old darky Saul was, you bet. He could jest play a good tune on his fiddle, an' keep number-one time with his big feet, an' he'd drink all the chain-lightnin' he could git; but I don't know jestly where he died, though I reckon somewhere 'tween 'here an' the mouth o' the Willamette." An old Indian chief

was then resorted to, who replied: "*Nar-wit-ka, nika cumtux Saul. Yaka halo, halo; yaka memiluce Kathalamet il-like*" — meaning that "Saul was gone, gone; he had died and was buried some-

where about the shores of Kathalamet Bay" — a wide place in the Columbia, about twenty miles from its mouth, denominated a bay by the early explorers. *Hic jacet Nig Saul.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

CHAPTER III.

WE went much to the Knox's after this. Ma was pleased at our intimacy with "the most respectable" ("richest," she meant to say) family in the townland; while father, although he had heard, as a "ruling elder" of the church, grave doubts expressed in the "session" regarding the orthodoxy of old Jamie Knox, did not, considering the extent of the Den farm, its nearness to his own, the probability of a big slice of it going to Miss Knox's dower, and the possibility of one of his sons securing her hand — father did not, as I heard him tell ma, think himself "boonden tae hinner the bairns frae gangin' their ain gate; the mair as, gin the auld seener disna fash himself unco muckle aboot releegion, he hasna mōnie mair years to leeve, an' maun soon scunner at his inequity — gin he be ain o' the elect awaw; and gin he be na — Atweel, atweel! it'll na be for us to torment a puir bodie sae near his ain troubles at the Lord's han'."

A remarkable man surely was old Jamie Knox, inheritor of a farm and fortune he had never taken much interest in, late married, and soon a widower. If his daughter had whirled like a portentous comet over my horizon, trailing after her far-darting luminous clouds, potential of incalculable frenzies that might be named emotion or passion, hither I had at last wandered into the influence of a fixed star, whose fascinating and kindly, if frosty, rays owed their existence only to serene sources

of knowledge and wisdom. The old man took to my reticent slow ways from the first; he made me free of his library, one of the few I have ever seen in Ulster worthy the name, and one which was to him and soon became to me the dearest spot in the world. It was a long low addition to the house, full of little windows on both sides, looking out into the old orchard, with a great hearth half-way down the room, and two doors quite close together, one opening into the main building, the other into the orchard.

Mr. Knox was a tall, somewhat gaunt man, whose head, bent thoughtfully down in walking, gave to his otherwise straight figure a slight stoop. That head was very noticeable and even attractive when lifted and animated in speaking or hearing: level steady lips; chin hidden by a short beard, nearly white, like his still abundant hair; straight nose; a rather high forehead, and under the heavy brows of it eyes over whose deep gray light time and study had brought no shadow of dimness nor need of glasses to strengthen or protect.

We had known each other for a year. It was full autumn again — the autumn after that first memorable expedition into the Wilde. It was a glorious day, sparkling full of yellow sunshine, of the twittering of birds, of the swish of mowers' scythes, of the fragrance of blossoms and ripening fruit and clover and mown grain, mixed with the subtile heavy odor of red and white poppies. Harry and Ady and Mary were out with the reap-

ers, riding from field to field; their shouts and merry laughter came faintly to us from time to time through the open windows, borne in by faint puffs of wind with butterflies and bees and certain swift noiseless swallows that built in the broad chimney.

"Is it not a pleasant enough world to live in?" he said (speaking as fair English, *ma* used to say, as if he had been born and bred in her father's house), striking his flint and steel together with a click that roused me from a reading reverie, and setting the lighted tinder to his heavy German pipe. "Turn that book over, and tell me what part you would like to play in this pleasant world."

"They want to make a preacher of me, like that stupid Dr. Leitham, but I won't be it. I'll be a philosopher, and read books all the time, and think and know everything, and——"

A low pleased laugh interrupted me, and the gray eyes fell amusedly on my flushed face. "It is a wide profession you choose, and as it will embrace it need hardly interfere with your theology; you will have enough to do at any rate. Do you think you will find it pleasant?"

I was not sure about that. I had good reason to think that Mary preferred *Ady* to me—how could she help it, indeed? I could not bring myself to make first advances even to a girl. Pleasant! No: I had decided in view of all the circumstances to do without pleasure—to be a stoic in fact, and feed my heart on pure ether, or at best on manna, in a desert of proud and lonely freedom, rather than enjoy the flesh-pots of a shameful bondage in any feminine Egypt.

Part of this I said in my hesitating and disjointed but stubborn and determined fashion, while the smile died away by degrees from the lips set to the old black pipe-stem. "That turn of mind, Daniel, wearing down into a fixed rut, as I have noticed it to be ever since

I have known you, is, even if it be an affectation or a delusion, something sad for the time being and ominous for the future. All asceticism, all renouncing of the innocent pleasures for which one's body or mind is fitted, only differs in degree from the mutilation and paralyzing of their own limbs by fakirs and medicine-men and Baal priests in general. There are cases, indeed, where the right eye or the right hand becomes incurably depraved or diseased, and guilty of capital treason against the supreme soul, when it becomes necessary to inflict capital punishment upon the guilty member—such an indictment and such a punishment *Lucretius* drew up and executed, wisely or not, against his whole body; but as a general rule such high-handed proceedings amount to simple ghastly mayhem or murder. I am an old man now, and have found, with your preacher, 'that it is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labor that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life which God giveth him: for it is his portion.'

"Do not think that there is here meant to be inculcated the indulgence of every momentary gratification without regard to its consequences. Such manner of letting each day provide for itself is but to provide for the morrow such a dower of care and regret as many, many days of bitter penance and retroactive toil may not suffice to relieve; for, so far as we see and know or can by induction arrive at the physical and spiritual laws of this universe, no crime against them, committed wittingly or unwittingly, can hope for any pardon or remission. The age of miracles is past. No redeemer any more walks the earth. For every sin against soul or body that we or our fathers have sinned, we or our descendants shall suffer, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, diseased limb or diseased mind. You are in danger of despising the body and its pleasures, of

laying at the door of what you would probably call 'the weak flesh' all sin—thereby, as St. Augustine, I think, says, 'making the fleshless devil sinless.' Believe me, that for every sin the flesh has sinned against the soul, the soul has, under some baleful ascetic star, sinned seven times against the body. Beware of erring in either extreme; find out by your reason and conscience, and such other guides as you believe in, the just medium between pleasure and excess; grave on your heart such laws of the action of matter and spirit as may apply to you, and keep them. Say you can not find them out: then God help you! for, if He exists, they are His laws; and at any rate *they* exist, patent to open eyes, and He can not—or, what is the same thing to us, *does* not on this earth—pardon their infringement. Whatever the past may have been, however miracles may once have modified the laws of habit and inheritance, for us and our children the sentence holds to soul and body with hooks of steel: 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still.' It is true, indeed, that with time and cross-

breeding the Ethiopian may change his skin and the leopard his spots; evolution, selection of the best, and repression of the worst, will do wonders in centuries; but for all practical and immediate purposes every vine we plant will only produce grapes and every thistle prickles."

I sat silent and thoughtful. It was a new way of looking at things for me, who had always been taught to suppose that my faults could be at any moment done away with and atoned for by a repentance, and that pretty much any mountain of consummation and consequence might be moved by a prayer. I was well accustomed to follow his peculiar mode of thought and fashion of expression; a mode and fashion so well suited to the roundabout turn of my own mind, that, boy as I was, nothing could have been more effective. I rose to go home; I wanted to go over the reasoning alone.

"You had better, I think," the old man continued, reflectively, "tell your father that you will be ready to go to college by next November, as he wishes. What classics you still need we can 'make up' in the meantime." And I passed out.

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF MEN AND WOMEN.

THE cultivation of character is, or should be, the chief concern of life. Conditions for growth, expansion, and development are what should be most earnestly sought, and eagerly coveted. We are too apt to forget that there is a system of devolution, as well as of evolution; that there is a developing downward, as well as upward. Every man owes it to God and the world to make the most of himself; and every woman is in duty bound to cultivate ev-

ery gift and grace with which she is endowed. No limit should bound attainment but the limit of one's own painstaking.

Is society, as constituted at present, favorable to such development? At all events, might there not be substantial improvements suggested? Might we not, with wholesome advantage, return to the higher and more elevating joys of the refined *conversazione*, which has so largely given place to "the tyranny of

toes?" Not that the latter graceful and inspiring diversion should be abolished, but only made to yield gentle hospitality to its queenly consort. A premium on heels involves a discount on heads, while a fair valuation of each argues a healthy condition.

In the days of the *Round Table*, a keen, sententious writer defined society to be "an aggregation of all that is best, or that deems itself best in the community, united in the potent freemasonry of idleness, to pursue a protean phantom of impossible delight; a close corporation with a funded capital of selfishness, for the cultivation of folly and the abolition of time; a co-operative union for the attainment of the greatest amount of happiness with the least possible outlay of trouble; a kingdom with an unwritten constitution called etiquette, with an unwritten history whose chapters are *on dits*, with walls of invisible adamant, with a tailor and a *modiste* for its king and queen; a world whose only traffic is in pleasure, where compliments are current coin, where manners pass for virtues, and vulgarity is the only crime—this gives but a vague notion of the familiar abstraction we call society."

There is less of satire than truth in the vivid portrait; and while utilitarianism and asceticism are even more to be deprecated, there is a happy mean equally distant from all three which we do not yet despair of attaining. The serener pleasures of exalted friendships will eventually solve the knotty problem. There are those who can not comprehend the divineness of a genuine friendship, even when existing between persons of the same sex; much less when it exists between man and woman, unlinked by family ties. They are then no longer friends, but lovers. Strict inquisition must be had upon all such fellowships; they can only exist upon tacit condition of decorous reserve in expression, prim precision of demeanor, and

rigorous restraint of thought and action. There is a conscious, uneasy thralldom in all this, which is abhorrent to steadfast souls. "To the pure all things are pure," and that which we do not understand we are ever wont to condemn.

To make a full and perfect friendship, there must be harmony of taste, feeling, and aspiration; the natures must match each other in every faculty. There is such a thing as kinship in this regard, apart from that tenderer sentiment which we call love. It is said of Madame Récamier, that "she brought the art of friendship to perfection;" yet, to many, the friendships of which hers is a type are an enigma and an offense, and those who venture upon them invite the venomous darts of envy and uncharitableness. In the election of its companionships, the soul is dominated by laws all its own. In every perfect friendship there is honest comradeship of spirit—a kind of duality in unity. The surest guarantees for the perpetuity and advantage of such friendships are education, culture, character, and moral worth.

The light and frivolous, the double-dealing and profane, have neither need nor claim in grave companionships. The terrible punishment of saying nothing aloud should not be visited upon tongues attuned to nobler things. There are those whose garrulousness is in the inverse ratio to their common sense, and it is fortunate that an all-wise Providence has provided kinship for all such, that the harmony of things eternal be not disturbed by their plenitude of utterance. We see the opposite of these—souls all astir after truth and light. To find a revealer, an interpreter, a helper, is to them the richest dower of life. To find some one who can proffer a satisfactory "because" to their endless "why," is a serene and perfect joy. The quick intuition and eager questioning are matched by the patient research and profound reflection of the newly

discovered helper, and there is an understood sympathy between such souls. This species of mind-grafting insures richest fruitage.

There are, it is true, deep, brooding natures, with a touch of asceticism in them, given to introspective tendencies, who are wont to resolve their perplexities in the crucible of solitude. They thread with soft and lonesome tread the mystic ways of thought and feeling, and finally shrink and shrivel under the debilitating atmosphere of self-isolation. The healthful soul, in its activities, pants for companionship. There must be contact, there must be the friction of fellow-thought, in order to development. Fire can not feed itself; there must be wholesome nourishment for the mental and the spiritual of our complex nature, or the vestal part will wax low and dim. We must look upon life and its possibilities with an eye that has kept eager watch over the best conditions of growth and development. If one is prepared for growth, outward circumstances and fellowships are helpers. Many an aspiration dies and makes no sign, simply from the lack of timely aid and encouragement. Misunderstood and misinterpreted, native inspiration locks itself up from the taunts of men, and waits, sick with hope deferred, its teeming possibilities until disenthralled of clay.

These helpers and inspirers are not always to be found among the *coterie* of friends of one's own sex. There may chance to be none of that charmed circle who possesses the subtle power of ministry to our highest demands and necessities. The soul has reasons of its own, for which it is not answerable at any tribunal of dialectics. There are women with strongly outlined character, of æsthetic tastes, and lofty endeavor, who feel the fetters of a clogging artificiality in the conventional routine of their feminine acquaintances in general. Such a woman must find her deepest

friendships among those who most sympathize with her in her aspiration after knowledge, and who can best minister to her in the struggle after truth. If she fail to find these among those of her own sex, she has a right and title—birth-given and sacred—to aid and encouragement from masculine mind. Culpable beyond expression is that man or woman, who, by abuse of such friendly interchange, shall imperil the privilege, or invite the suspicious scrutiny of a too-eager faction upon the loftiest and purest of earthly pleasures—a full and well-adjusted friendship. Pitiful and perfidious, indeed, is that observer who would distort an unstudied and unconscious frankness of spirit-converse into unwonted familiarity. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*

It is a fact to be deplored that so large a proportion of both sexes is so wrapped up in the trivialities that minister to mere momentary enjoyment, as to imperil solid and final attainment. More especially true, we reluctantly admit, is this of women. For the most part, they are too easily satisfied with a partial and fragmentary cultivation of their being, and so defraud life of its worthiness, amplitude, and elevation. Pretty inanities take the place of substantial acquirements, and, with no high aims or exalted purposes, what wonder that so many become victims to feminine follies, or drift into a state of fatuous and chronic *ennui*? With an uneasy consciousness of deficiencies which might have been remedied, and a self-imposed poverty of soul that should have been averted, what wonder there is such woful dearth of marital fellowship and felicity? What wonder that so many wives, who start in life abreast their husbands, in the full tide of delicious companionship, so soon fall out by the way, find themselves distanced in the race, and bereft of soul-partnership? And so it comes to pass that a blight overshadows two

lives, and an ever-widening gulf hopelessly sunders two doomed to a baleful contiguity, inducing even those most patient reverently to cry out, "What man hath joined together, let God put asunder!"

Then, again, we see women of the finest fibre, tender, loving, and faithful, linked by some strange law of contrast to peevish, petulant, and perverse men, with palates more sensitive than their hearts, speedily transformed from adoring suitors into petty autocrats, who believe that woman has no loftier mission than hot muffins, immaculate shirt-fronts, and family mending. And if, in abject obedience to an absolute idea of wifely subjectivity, she be unwise enough to become the slave of her husband, she shall be rewarded for her self-abasement in the assurance of his unbounded admiration for some other woman, of more self-assertive exhilarating freshness and softer daintier palms. It is a grave question where wifely sacrifice ends and where slavish servitude begins. If love be reciprocal and real, there will be little debatable ground. There is a divine covenant of body, soul, and spirit, that makes all interests mutual, all pleasures and attainments a joint stock.

Woman's life is too often hedged about with a surplusage of care, that shuts out all the higher joys which spring from self-help and activity; she lies upon the lees until all the subtler graces of mind and heart evaporate. Like a languid, obstructed rivulet, existence wears on, lacking even the necessary strength and impetus to carry off the slum and *débris* that more or less invade every life. Marriage is perhaps deemed the *ultima thule* of existence, over whose forlorn portal is engraved the immitigable sentence, "Let her who enters here, leave hope behind." With a hopelessness born of despair, the victim settles back into mute dejection, and, like a plaster-cast, hardens and congeals—all further

effort after beauty and perfectibility forever abandoned. We believe that in friendship, pure and exalted, is to be found a comfort and recompense in such bereavements, an antidote for such slow poisons.

Friendship of the noblest type is love refined of its dross, clarified and etherealized; it is unselfish, constant, self-forgetting. In its devotion it disdains itself, and in calamity it is as inflexible as adamant. The counsel of the old-fashioned Bible in regard to friendship has never been transcended by any modern philosophy—"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly"—and had the Scriptures been compiled in the age of woman, there would, doubtless, have been given many a substantial hint to her on the same subject.

In the matter of shaping or molding friendships, there is much unnecessary planning and plotting. There is a mysterious indefinable drawing that enters into this matter, defiant alike of preconcerted purpose and proffered service. Soul answers to soul with an emphasis not to be misunderstood, and not easily resisted. Like the union of different chemical elements, with a kind of instinct of fitness they combine because immutable laws so order it. There is an inspiration in it, a sort of celestial reason. There is no critical analysis about it—the soul speaks, and it is done; the spirit commands, and it stands fast. We may examine afterward for reasons, if we will, and may find that similarity of tastes and pursuits, innate sympathy, common attainments, oneness of aspiration and aim, may seem to be the conditions of harmony; but the fact itself stands forth bold and intrepid, unmoved alike by inspection or speculation.

We see women of commanding genius, like Madame de Staël, Madame Récamier, Madame Necker, and Margaret Fuller, finding their companionship for the most part among the gifted of the

opposite sex. Minds laden with such wealth of treasure needed deep waters on which to launch their argosies. And even with the warm friendship of such regal minds as Talleyrand and Benjamin Constant—courted by the most brilliant of intellects, and admired by a host of cherished and notable friends—it is said that Madame de Staël found much wanting, had still in large measure to live the inner life alone. There is a conscious isolation, a spirit of aloneness, that pants after larger life and fuller fellowship.

"Because the few with signal virtue crowned,
The heights and pinnacles of human mind,
Sadder and wearier than the rest are found,
Wish not thy soul less wise or less refined.

* * * * *

They know man doth not live by joy alone,
But by the presence of the power of God."

There is no solitude like soul-solitude. Often to be with the multitude is to be most alone; and sometimes to be most alone is to enjoy the divinest fellowship. Friendships, the most sacred and helpful, do not make contact an absolute condition of communion or ministration. The subtle law of sympathy defies distance; it permits conscious fellowship in the most abject isolation, and evokes the glad and grateful response, "Yet, I am not alone." There are friendships, regal and rare, begotten of communion with authors, never to be mutually recognized, or rewarded in the flesh; yet, there have been soul-contact and recognition, and the heart, in the thrilling sense of new-found companionship, involuntarily cries out: "Somebody hath touched me!" Soul reaches soul in magnetic sympathy, quite independent of physical interposition; and no letters of introduction are needed to insure welcome and hospitality. Books smile, salute, and fraternize; they are courteous, urbane, affable, friendly, or fascinating, as the case may be. Their companionship is no myth or figure of speech, and their

friendships have emancipated many a soul from the thralldom of chill and bitter loneliness. So viewed, how sacred is the mission of every printed page! Shall it carry health and healing, courage and sustenance, light and melody, hope and aspiration; or, shall fever or apathy and gloom distill and drop from its noxious sentiments and fancies? Happy they, who with voice or pen lubricate the jarring wheels of life by kindly interchange of generous word or helpful message!—who, casting aside with generous gesture all selfish considerations, awaken, by the concords of their own nature, music in the hearts of others, until even the prodigal in his exile shall catch the far-off melody of the home-song, and turn repentant footsteps thither.

A trustful friendship will not lack a friendship that is trustworthy in return—it reproduces itself. But shall he who boasts of having lost all faith in man expect to find fidelity in friendship? Because there is so much of the tattered paper-currency order of friendship, that so soon becomes irredeemable and valueless, shall we disdain the garnered gold, scarce though it be? Life to be rich and fertile must be reinforced with friendship. It is the sap that preserves from blight and withering; it is the sunshine that beckons on the blossoming and fruitage; it is the starlight dew that perfumes life with sweetness, and besprinkles it with splendor; it is the music-tide that sweeps the soul, scattering treasures; it is the victorious and blessed leader of integrity's forlorn hope; it is the potent alchemy that transmutes failure into success; it is the hidden manna that nourishes when all other sustenance fails; it is the voice that speaks to hopes all dead, "Because I live ye shall live also!" For the loftiest friendships have no commercial element in them; they are founded on disinterestedness and sacrifice. They nei-

ther expect nor desire a return for gift or service. Amid the tireless breaking of the billows on the shores of experience, there is no surer anchorage than a friendship that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things.

There are friendships, if it is true, that are but copartnerships for evil, joint-stock associations for vicious indulgence; but it is a great misnomer to call such alliances by the name of friendship. Better that they should be known as confederacies for crime—mutual degradation societies. There is no real friendship where affection for its object does not underlie and inspire it; and fealty to such friendship draws upward, not downward.

We plead, then, for larger, freer, and purer friendships. Let them be deepened, and broadened, and strengthened! Let men and women learn to live more in their sympathies—sympathies dominated in action by common sense and judgment, but sympathies warm, active, and potential. Let the soul, guileless and disenthralled, seek and elect its own

companions. Let men and women meet and mingle on the loftiest plane of human converse. Society need not fear the results of such freedom—freedom in the arena of high and noble duties. The danger lies not here. It is in the lotus-land companionships of uncandid servile souls that the peril lurks. Yet to put such souls under lock and key is not to make them trustworthy or virtuous; to keep them under a system of espionage is not to make them incorruptible or noble. Enforced allegiance pays but poorly; it is more fruitful of disaster than benefit. The abuse of a good thing is no argument for its disuse. Let there be indeed *anathema maranatha* written over any soul that profanes by thought, or word, or deed, the sacred precincts of friendship; but let faith in true manhood and womanhood be unshaken, and let the feeble clatter of suspicious minds fall all unheeded on those who learn lessons of untold value from their life-fellowships, and find in pure friendships the pledge and prophecy of heaven!

PAN AVENGED.

Pan is avenged! The fair dethronéd gods
Whose awful wail, "Great Pan is dead," proclaimed
The victory of the dying Nazarene—
The gods who, pale with fear and wonderment,
Were stricken on a sudden from their seats—
Who through the years have seen man slaughter man
For the sweet sake of Pan's great conqueror—
Are all avenged. Their memory has been kept
That men may tell their children how of old
Their ancestors were strangely credulous;
They may go now—their places in the past
Are needed for a mightier form than theirs.

Pan is avenged! The cry, "Great Pan is dead,"
Was but the prelude to a deeper wail;
For one whose form doth cover half the world,
Whose strength hath gathered with the centuries—

Pan's conqueror—hath met a plain-faced foe,
 Lacking in subtlety and outward grace,
 But with an eye that pierceth through the veil
 Of mystery the conqueror holds up
 To daze men's sight, and with an arm that makes
 A mortal wound at every blow it strikes,
 And with a stride that moves but slowly, true,
 But never draweth back, and with a heart
 That dareth all, so that it find the truth.

Pan is avenged! The veil is rent in twain;
 Serene-eyed Science standeth in the breach;
 The Holy Place, forbidden unto men,
 Unknown and unexplored, yet held in awe,
 Proves but a vacant chamber. One step more,
 Another blow like that which rent the veil,
 And through the very wall light shall come in.

TOBY ROSENTHAL.

HOW HE BECAME A PAINTER.

IN March, 1848, exactly twenty-seven years ago, in Strasbourg, west Prussia, of German-Jewish parents, there was born a child who has made the name at the head of this article famous among the best of living great painters. The rabbi who was to pronounce the name "Tobias" over him; the father, twenty-six years old, who rejoiced over his lowly tailor-bench at the news that a man-child had been born; the two grandfathers, one a teacher of the Hebrew law and scriptures, the other a master and teacher of eight languages, who blessed him as he lay at the breast of his dark-eyed mother—none could have suspected what new honor the God of Israel was about to put upon that chosen race, illustrious even in these last degenerate times with such names as Spinoza and Heine.

Times were hard and business dull, and father Jacob Rosenthal, having two sons older than Toby by one and three years respectively—besides a fourth boy,

born when Toby was four years old—thought it best, in 1853, to move to the United States. For over two years he resided in New Haven, Connecticut, sending his three eldest boys to school to learn English. Marcus, now a San Francisco attorney, and Joseph, now a Healdsburg merchant, took to their books kindly from the first; but Toby, first and last, was perverse in that direction. Not that he did not try to do his best, but the absurd little pictures in his primer had a fascination for him not to be resisted. The staring letters were neglected, while every atom of margin and blank sheet was crowded with copies and variations of the wood-cuts—copies better almost from the first, in many respects, than the stiff originals.

So they began to teach him drawing at school from better copies; and ideas of the grandeur of a life spent in making pictures came more and more into his little six-year-old head. He came home one day sooner than his brothers,

his long, wavy, light-brown hair pushed excitedly back from his brow. With a solemn memorable look in his black, piercing, deep-set eyes, he went up to his father at the bench, and, in words not to be forgotten, said: "*Vater, wenn ich gross werde, dann mußt du mich Maler werden lassen*"—"Father, when I grow up, thou must let me become a painter." And Jacob Rosenthal, wise among fathers above his generation and his experience, pondered these words in his heart, watched the indomitable toiling spirit that had inspired them, and, understanding himself to be no god, did not attempt to turn the boy's brown hair black, much less alter the mold of his infinite soul.

After another year in New Haven, the family moved to New York, where they staid a year; and in March, 1858, they settled in our city of San Francisco, where they have since remained. Toby was at this time about nine years old. After eighteen months' residence in Dupont Street, between Vallejo and Broadway, the household fixed itself, not to move for fourteen years, on Stockton Street, between Broadway and Vallejo, in a house no longer in existence there, but corresponding to the present street number 104.

Jacob Rosenthal had, as I have hinted, peculiar notions on the subject of education. He stood out stubbornly for the special, several, and natural development of each individual child's brain; believing in his fixed Semitic fashion in but one God, he mutilated the sacred democratic trinity. *Egalité* and *Fraternité* he relegated, in his passionate way, to the limbo of the false, not to say infernal, gods; and he not only declined to force the mind of Toby down on the mental Procrustes-bed of the public schools, but forbade him or his brothers to associate, much less fraternize, with the children ("hoodlums" was the undemocratic term used) of his own

neighborhood. He hired, at an expense only to be supported by the sternest sartorial frugality, an intelligent private tutor to superintend the study of his sons. With this tutor Toby got such a knowledge of the three R.s as sufficed him, until in Europe, in after years, the necessity of mending his somewhat *gebrochenes Deutsch* and of making poetry and history aid him in his art, forced him to acquire his present surprisingly liberal breadth of reading and culture. The boy still devoted the major portion of his leisure (he was thirteen years of age, and had to work with his hands) to the direct study of his art, hoarding up and copying such wood-cuts and other pictures as he could lay his hands on, besides receiving lessons from a Monsieur Louis Bacon, a sculptor who kept a drawing-school in a small alley off California Street, between Kearny and Dupont.

While attending this school, Toby, then fourteen years old, copied from a French illustrated newspaper a cartoon—the "Taking of the Malakoff"—containing over seventy faces, all of which were rendered by him with a *verve* and verisimilitude that are said to surpass the original. At any rate, the picture is a striking and even, the circumstances being considered, extraordinary production. Toby was encouraged to begin *painting*. But alas! the poor Bacon could not teach that, and our young artist went to and fro dolefully enough during his spare hours, seeking some one who could. He went to Thomas Hill, then as now famous for his western landscapes. Mr. Hill would give him instruction at the rate, by the hour, of \$2.50—a sum clearly beyond the resources of the little house on Stockton Street. He must work and wait, hanging out his drawings among the old tailor-patterns in the window; who knows but——

One day there passed a stranger—a well-to-do German baker, Hess by name—who looked at the Malakoff picture.

He opened the door and walked in with an abruptness that startled the thought-absorbed father.

"Who drew that?"

"My son."

"How old is he?"

"Fourteen years and a half."

"With what artist is he?"

"We can not afford to send him to any good one."

"Bah! I'll send him where he shan't be asked for anything but work like this. I know a good artist who loves art more than money. I'll be back to-morrow for the boy."

A very rough, decided, quite angry way had this Herr Hess, but he helped Toby Rosenthal (not with money, indeed: "That no man ever did with any Rosenthal," interjects father Jacob, proudly)—helped him with strong influence and a discerning friendship, at the most critical moment of his life.

The Herr Hess returned on the morrow. "Bring along that picture, boy." Down to the corner of Clay and Kearny streets the two went together. There "Fortunato Arriola, portrait-painter," had his studio. He looked at the drawing, at the wistful fixed eyes, at the lips smitten dumb before the ineffable possibilities of the canvases and colors littered through the little room. The beautiful and sympathetic Spanish face, afterward to be reproduced on Toby's own canvas, beamed welcome incredible encouragement: "I'll teach you all I know for nothing. I do not believe I can teach you much; your way lies above mine."

Honestly, kindly, well, Señor Arriola kept his word, never jealous of his *protégé's* rising fame; and when young Rosenthal's first notable picture ("Affection's Last Offering") came to him from Europe, he sobbed over it with uncontrollable tears of joy.

A year and a half had Toby been with him, when the master sought his pupil's father and told him that he could teach

the boy no more; the lad must go to Europe, at last. And the father and mother (who had been preparing for this) said, "It shall be done," and put into their son's hands the savings of years to this end—refusing many a generous offer of pecuniary assistance. In May, 1865, Toby Rosenthal left San Francisco for Munich—not knowing a soul in the great German art capital. But he prospered for all that, as all the world knows. He brought a better thing with him than letters of introduction, and the grand coveted medal of the Royal Academy of Munich now lies in a little tailor-shop in San Francisco.

He has now been ten years in the Bavarian capital, excepting the time occupied in his various excursions to Italy and through Germany, and on his visit, in 1871, to his old home in this city. His progress, his successes, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the art of Europe and America? He has been the pupil of Professor Roupp. He is the pupil—one of the favored few—of Herr von Piloty (who has succeeded Kaulbach as Director of the Royal Academy of Munich). His great pictures have been engraved by the principal illustrated periodicals of Germany, France, Spain, and the United States, and hang, reproduced by chromo or photograph, in every picture-dealer's window and on the walls of thousands of mansions and cottages. One, "Sebastian Bach," has been purchased by the city of Leipzig, and hangs in the great museum of that place. Another, "Elaine," is *the* great picture of this year; and yet another, "Nature and Humanity," is pronounced by Herr von Piloty to be greatest of all. I set out, however, not to give a detailed history of these latter things; not to view Mr. Rosenthal in his triumph, but in his struggle toward that triumph, with all its helpful lesson to every gifted and toilsome life. Rarely, surely, has God's

great gift of artistic speech been more carefully trained under difficulties and better brought to the fullness of perfect expression than by the insight, independence, industry, and self-sacrifice of

Jacob Rosenthal and his wife—honor to them! Rarely have paternal kindness and nurture been better repaid than by Toby Rosenthal, most dutiful of sons. Has he not his reward?

ETC.

How Pioneers began a College.

President Gilman sends us the following interesting notes regarding the origin of the college which was the precursor of our University of California:

The recent death of Dr. Henry Durant, late President of the University of California, has brought to mind some of the incidents in the early history of education in this State which ought not to be forgotten. They illustrate the character of one class among those who laid the foundations of society in California, and they also show what peculiar difficulties were encountered in their endeavors.

It is the glory of New England that within the first twenty years after the settlement at Plymouth, a college was begun at Cambridge which has lived with constantly increasing influence for good until our day. It will be the glory of California that within the first twenty years of its history as an American State, the foundations of a university were laid upon a broad and comprehensive plan, likely to endure, we hope, as long as Harvard and Yale.

In 1849, three men (all hale and hearty yet after an interval of twenty-five years), endeavored to found a college at San José: these were Hon. Sherman Day, now of Oakland, Rev. S. H. Willey, now of Santa Cruz, and Professor C. S. Lyman, now of New Haven. They subscribed what they could, and devised a good plan, but they failed to obtain a charter for lack of sufficient funds.

Four years later there landed in San Francisco a scholarly New Englander, Dr. Henry Durant, then more than fifty years of age, who came, as he said, with "college on the

brain." The one idea with which he was charged was to create, if possible, a college which should be to California and the Pacific States what Harvard had been to Massachusetts and the Atlantic States, a pioneer of cultivation.

"He came, he saw, he conquered." On his arrival in Oakland, in 1853, he began a "college school;" out of this, in due time, grew the College of California; and from that, a few years later, sprung the University of California. He began without any funds, without any assistants, and with only three pupils. He lived to see established the University, with a property in funds and buildings worth fully a million and a half of dollars; with an income of \$100,000 or more; and with 230 scholars of the college age, taught by a staff of twenty-six teachers.

I had heard Dr. Durant tell some amusing stories of the difficulties which he encountered at the beginning of his enterprise, and had begged him to write them down for the benefit of those who are to come after us. But he would not do so. One evening in January, 1873, in accordance with a previous appointment, I called at his dwelling-house with a phonographic reporter, and asked him to tell again the story I had heard him tell before. He readily assented, embarrassed a little by the consciousness of the reporter's presence, but soon regaining his full self-possession. Three of his anecdotes I propose to quote in his own informal and conversational language:

"I might as well begin at the beginning. Suppose I were to say then that I arrived in California on the 1st day of May, 1853. I came here with college on the brain, and opened a college school the next month, in

the early part of June. I began it with three pupils, in a building* which I hired for \$150 a month, to be paid in gold coin monthly in advance; to be occupied by a man and his wife whose wages were to be another \$150 a month, to be paid in the same way; which made \$300 a month for three pupils. The school increased a little during the first two months and a half, but the income was not sufficient to meet current expenses, and my housekeepers—Quinn was the man's name, he and his wife not having received the entire pay for that term—began to be alarmed. He said that whatever did not succeed in two months and a half in California never would succeed. He could not trust me any longer. One morning I went up-stairs as usual to my school. It got to be time for luncheon, and I went down-stairs and found nothing prepared. Quinn had squatted on the lower part of the house, and put out his shingle: 'Lodgers and boarders wanted here. Drinks for sale at the bar.' He had got up a bar-room with his bottles in it. I sent out to a restaurant and got a luncheon for the boys. Then I went down town to a lawyer's, and entered a complaint before a Police Court extemporized for the occasion. Quinn was summoned to appear. He was found guilty of getting up a nuisance, and was ordered to desist and pay a fine of \$5. Meanwhile I went up to clear out his fixings.

"He came up, and wanted to know what I was about. I told him what I was going to do. He told me to desist. I told him that I had made a beginning, and was not going to stop until I had made an end of it. He got into a rage, laid his hands on me with considerable force, and was pushing me away, when suddenly he became pale as a cloth, lifted up his hands over his head,

*It was in Oakland, down at the corner of Fifth Street and Broadway. There was a market there. The building has been burned up. It stood at the corner of Fifth and Broadway, just this side of the Plaza. It was one of the principal buildings in the place. Indeed, Oakland was at that time, except on Broadway and one or two other places, almost entirely unsettled. There were not even marks by which you could tell where the streets would be. They had been staked off, but were grown over with shrubbery and grass, and the cattle had roamed over them.

and began to pray. He begged that I would pray for him that God would have mercy on his soul."

"I suppose he had a dim vision of the future glories of the University of California," I suggested, in play.

"No," said Dr. Durant, quite seriously, "I think it was not that. His religion came to my relief. He had an impression that he had laid hands on a consecrated person, and thought he was committing the unpardonable sin. He regarded me as a priest, and had been so taught. I think that was the secret of it. He told me I need not trouble myself to move the things; he would do it.

"He and his wife staid with me for a considerable time after that—a great while. When he went away he left his son with me and the key of his own house, and left his business in my hands until he went out of the country and returned to Alabama, where he died. His little boy was taken up and put through college by Mr. ——. He came back to California after our civil war, and thanked me for our care during those years, saying it was due to that that he had received a liberal education."

I asked him how he came to establish the college on the four blocks in Oakland, where the University of California was subsequently organized?

"Well," he replied, "I was going on with our school, and was looking round for a place where we might have a home of our own. Oakland was unsettled then. After looking over the whole ground, and taking walks every day over 'the *encinal*,' as they call a grove of oaks in Spanish, I hit on the spot which the University building now occupies, for this reason: it is on a road that was then in construction, connecting San Antonio with Oakland, opening out in that direction. Some of the most classic trees were then on it, though one or two of the largest have been cut down. I thought something of these. Then it is on an elevation, hardly perceptible, but from which the water runs off in all directions. It is the highest point in the city.

"Just at this time, 'the jumpers,' as they are called—a certain order of squatters—asssembled in pretty large numbers at the end of Broadway—two or three hundred of them.

It seems a plan had been arranged, and they had been gathering in small numbers until there was a large crowd of them. They were discussing, haranguing, and working themselves up to the point of taking possession of all the unoccupied grounds in Oakland. Learning what they were about—that they were about to take possession of the various lands of the city, and divide them off by drawing lots, giving each one something—I went down into that crowd, took off my hat, got their attention somehow, and proclaimed that negotiations were pending for the purpose of securing four blocks that had been selected for the purpose of building a college. A motion was made that three cheers be given for the coming college. A committee was appointed to take charge of these four blocks, to keep them safe from interference from any quarter, and to hold them sacred to the use for which they had been voted.”

But the difficulties were not yet completely overcome. By hard exertions some funds were raised for the construction of a college building—not enough, however, to complete it. The enterprise of Dr. Durant again appeared in an adventure which he told to me in the following language. The scene he describes would be a good subject for a historical picture.

“The house was building,” said he; “it had been roofed in, the outside of the house pretty nearly finished, some of the rooms quite well under way, and one room finished inside. The funds now gave out, and the contractors, as I understood, were about making arrangements with some parties to let them have the money to finish up the building—some six or seven hundred dollars—and to take a lien on the building. They proposed to get the whole property for themselves in that way.

“This thing had been done, I knew, with regard to a pretty good house that had been built a little while before. The builder was not able to pay for it immediately, and the contractors got somebody to advance the money to complete the house. They put into the house a man armed with a pistol to keep the proprietor away, and took possession of it themselves; and he lost the house. Knowing that fact, and not knowing but

something of that kind might occur, I consulted a lawyer, who told me what I might do. Said he: ‘You go and take possession of that house. Be beforehand. You have had to do with the contractors; you really may be regarded as the proprietor of it.’ I came over at night, took a man with me, went into the house, put a table, chairs, etc., into one of the rooms up-stairs, and went to bed. Pretty early in the morning the contractor came into the house and looked about. Presently he came to our door. Looking in, says he: ‘What is here?’

“I was getting up. I told him I didn’t mean any hurt to him, but I was a little in a hurry to go into my new home, and I thought I would make a beginning the night before. I asked him if he would not walk in and take a seat. I claimed to be the proprietor and in possession. He went off. My friend went away, and in a little while the contractor came back with two burly fellows. They came into the room and helped themselves to seats. I had no means of defense except an axe that was under the bed. The contractor said to one of the men: ‘Well, what will you do?’ Said he: ‘If you ask my advice, I say, proceed summarily,’ and he began to get up. I rose, too, then—about two feet taller than usual; I felt as if I was monarch of all I surveyed. I told him that if I understood him, he intended to move into the room. Said I: ‘You will not only commit a trespass upon my property, but you will do violence upon my body. I don’t intend to leave this room in a sound condition. If you undertake to do that, you will commit a crime as well as a trespass!’

“That seemed to stagger them, and finally they left me in possession.”

This is only a small portion of the reminiscences of our departed friend. Do the readers of the *OVERLAND* call for another chapter?

First.

Come now, let us reason together;
Count the names one by one,
The great bright names that weather
All storms as the time-tides run—

Names of the sages and masters
That ye can not hope to surpass—
Their woes and wants and disasters,
Lift them up to your eyes as a glass.

Does face answer then to face?
Gaze long on the thorns and the rods
Ere you lift hot eyes to the place
Where they now sit, thronéd gods;

And answer me once, and forever,
The truth as your soul would live,
Ere you lean on a broken lever,
Ere you drink from a Danaid sieve:

Have you any credible message
Of science or faith to tell,
Of cheer, of reproof, of presage
From heaven or earth or hell?—

Have the fates, the iron-fisted,
Beat into one seething whole,
And kneaded and intertwisted
Its leaven and all your soul?

Then on! forewarned of sorrow,
Expecting what crown you may;
Perhaps of gold to-morrow,
But surely of thorns to-day.

WALT. M. FISHER.

Canon Kingsley.

The English Church and English literature have lost greater men than Charles Kingsley, but very few who will be more widely or more sincerely mourned. His visit to this coast a year ago, and his kindly expressed friendship for the OVERLAND, are still in our pleasant recollection, and all of us who socially or otherwise came in contact with his magnetic nature have felt a sense of personal loss in his death. At the age of fifty-six, in the maturity of his powers and his influence, a recognized leader in the church and in society, he closes his earthly career. A scholar and a gentleman by birth, with tastes which naturally led him to seek his associations with the cultured and (in England) privileged classes, he nevertheless gave his sympathy and devoted his rare gifts to the cause of the people. In the freshness of his early enthusiasm, when to unite his fortunes with the struggling masses of England was almost certain forfeiture of favor with his own class, he did not hesitate to advocate the cause of the poor. His *Alton Locke* was a bold defense, not of the license of the Chartists, but of their cause as against the wrongs inflicted by government and by capital. It was an earnest appeal to the common sense and the humanity of the country to recognize the claims of labor, and to so adjust laws and in-

stitutions as to bring them into harmony with the spirit of Christianity. On his recent visit to this country, at a reception given him in the city of New York, he said in his reply to the reception address that he still adhered to the principles of *Alton Locke*. He had never lowered the flag with which he entered the field of English effort to ameliorate the condition of England's laboring poor. And it is this devotion of a rarely gifted nature to a cause which has nothing to offer in return, which constitutes his first claim to grateful memory.

Canon Kingsley was one of the few clergymen of the English Church who realized that while the social principles and the morality of the Christian religion are immutable, its symbols and methods of expression must conform, more or less, to the spirit and the philosophy of the time. Robertson, Brooke, Maurice, Kingsley, and a few other liberal minds, by their wise recognition of the new wants of a new era, saved the English Church from a narrowness and intolerance which would have lost to it every broad and cultured nature.

Mr. Kingsley was a voluminous writer. His published sermons reveal a profoundly religious character, and all his works have their inspiration in an earnest love of his race. His name may pass out of memory, but what he wrought will abide.

Stray Notes of a Naturalist at Mazatlan.

We have obtained the following notes from the unpublished papers of the late Andrew J. Grayson:

A stroll upon the beach is always pleasant, when the sun's rays are mellowed by the thin veil-like clouds of evening, and the breeze begins to seek the distant sea. There, "where we gathered shells of yore," our fancy wanders among these strange shapes as they lie before us, or hide far below ocean waves within the silent grottoes and caves of the deep. They have now become the materials of a science, classified and arranged in imposing array by the conchologist, and forming an interesting study to everyone.

The pearl-fishery carried on by the Spaniards in this gulf during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries bears testimony to its

richness in molluscan life. To obtain the "pearl oyster," 800 divers were regularly employed, and the annual value of the exports was \$60,000. So exhaustive was this fishery that it was gradually abandoned, and the very limited trade between the gulf ports and the old world did not lead to more than the most fragmentary knowledge of its marine fauna. A few of the shells of Acapulco had been brought home by Humboldt and Bonpland as early as 1803. The shells of Panama and of the coast of Ecuador, closely related to those of the Gulf of California, had been obtained in great abundance by the late Hugh Cuming, whose collection was not only by far the largest in the world, but was, through the generous courtesy of its owner, the most accessible to students of every nation. Scarcely any specimens, however, had been collected in our gulf, and indeed, the records of scientific voyages, rich as they are in additions to our knowledge of fresh forms, rarely afford satisfactory data as to the fauna of any particular district.

At the period of the Mexican War, Major Rich and Captain Green visited Mazatlan, and became acquainted with a Belgian gentleman, M. Reigen, who had been employing himself in making a vast collection from this neighborhood. This collection ultimately passed into the hands of a merchant, who divided it into two portions: the smaller was sent to Havre; the larger, occupying no less than 560 cubic feet, to Liverpool. A collection of such magnitude, known to have been made only at one spot, had never before been thrown before the public, and it led to much valuable information in reference to the geographical distribution of the species.

To the close observer the immense variety of shells already discovered and the many new ones constantly brought to light, with their countless varieties of parasites, are truly wonderful. Dr. Philip P. Carpenter, in his excellent catalogue of the species obtained from Mazatlan, says: "The very few that fell into my possession proved to be a little museum in themselves; each specimen so abounding in parasites, within and without, that I have described upward of a hundred entirely new forms of molluscan life derived from this source alone; besides about 250 others, which had not been personally inves-

tigated, or which are not yet determined—a variety of annelida, crustaceans, zoophytes, sponges, protozoa, protophytes, and algæ—which are yet awaiting the attention of naturalists acquainted with these special departments."

A shell known as the limpet, which is very common on the beaches about Mazatlan, is itself a parasite, living upon the outside of oyster valves and other large shells. A larger species (the *Patella Mexicana*, or giant limpet, sometimes a foot in length, and large enough for a basin) prefers to live on rocks; others are always found on dead shells; others again always adhere to living ones.

Most mollusks have the power not only of forming but also of absorbing shelly matter; and these limpets, by the constant action of their strong muscular foot, eat into the valve of the *spondylus* (oyster), and leave a mark by which each species can generally be recognized. Some of them make regular excursions to browse on the algæ and nullipore, which they rasp off with their thousand-toothed lingual ribbon, always returning to their own holes to sleep. Others appear to lead a sedentary life, depending, like the bivalves, on whatever nutriment the water brings within their reach.

Those which go by the names of "bonnet," "slipper," and "cup-and-saucer" limpets, found on the *spondylus* valves, are the most beautiful and varied that are known in any part of the world. These shells are large and thin, delicately furrowed, and, as it were, engine-turned with a profusion of tubercles, which sometimes rise up into long, hollow spines. The colors vary from white to a rich black-brown, or are variously mottled with sienna, while the shape may be either an elevated cone or a wide-spreading disk.

The shells which produce the rich purple dye so much sought after by the Indians of the coast, are found more to the south. I have seen them collecting this dye in the Bay of Banderas, below San Blas, from the shells as they clung to the rock. It is done by disturbing the shell, when the coloring substance is ejected by the animal and caught in small cups by the collector. This beautiful purple dye is held in high estimation by the natives, and is used to a considerable ex-

tent by the Zapoteca Indians in Tehuantepec for dyeing the cotton cloths of their own manufacture. Six yards of this cotton stuff, or enough to make a skirt for a woman, dyed with this peculiar dye, sell for \$16 or \$20. The shells of this class are not found very abundantly anywhere.

On the whole, the many beautiful shells in the Gulf of California would well repay study, perhaps even pay pecuniarily; for oysters of very large size and good flavor, as well as the pearl oyster, are found at many points, though the species found in the *estero* growing in clusters upon the branches of the mangrove bushes, is not considered wholesome.

Art Notes.

In art there is but little new to record, except the closing of the exhibition, and the re-opening of the School of Design, with the prospect of an increase in the attendance, and with the addition of new and valuable casts just received from Paris.

The admission of Hill's picture, when the exhibition was drawing to its close, establishes a precedent that we fear may become rather troublesome in the future, and opposed to the usual practice of art associations elsewhere; but we are glad to welcome so good a picture, though its coming be out of order. The "Heart of the Sierra" is a fine harmonious landscape, representing an amphitheatre of lofty mountains girdling a lake of unknown depth—placed there, we may fancy, as a mirror of their god-like forms, and to that use sacred forever. A vast pla-

teau studded by a straggling forest of pines occupies the middle distance, and is very finely rendered. A river divides the plateau, and, approaching the foreground, throws itself over a ledge of shelving rocks and disappears from the eye, bearing the cold pure glacial waters to the thirsty lower world. The transparency of the water, falling over the rocks and revealing its gravelly bed and the wave-worn boulders, is admirable. On the left and beneath some pine-trees is an Indian encampment. The fore and middle ground is solidly treated and beautifully finished as to detail, but not quite true to the color of the Sierra landscape, suggesting rather Swiss mountain scenery in the prevailing tones. At the extreme left a waterfall has chiseled from the rock a cup for its sparkling waters, that overflow and spread greenness and verdure in their vicinity; this, though a beautiful feature by itself, interferes with the effect of the picture, by repeating the tones of color in the river. The cold green tone of the sky is objectionable, and the mountains are rather conventional; but on the whole it is a picture that we can be proud of, and we are glad that a wealthy Californian has shown his taste and judgment in purchasing it for a liberal sum, and thereby setting an example worthy of imitation by the rich *parvenus* who have hitherto been afraid to purchase any but foreign pictures.

—We notice in Niles' window a fresh and poetic Russian River landscape by Keith; a very pretty fruit-and-flower piece by Hahn, and a group of shells by Baumgrass that are excellent.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ECHOES OF THE FOOT-HILLS. By Bret Harte. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Bret Harte is at any rate notorious, punished and praised as he has already been in every degree between crucifixion and apotheosis, under the jurisdiction of every critical court from the Farallones to Newfoundland, from John O'Groat's to the Land's End, from the *fjords* of Norway to the marshes of the

Danube. It is not so many years since his first flame of inspiration, nursed, fanned, fed between the brown covers of the OVERLAND, was blown abroad into all lands, almost with the suddenness of an explosion. Not many writers in the English language had then such prospects and possibilities; not many writers now of any note at all would be willing to change names with that inscribed on the

sputtering falling stick that went up so lately one blazing pyrotechnic glory, which men named, with blinking eyes, "Heathen Chinese" and "Luck of Roaring Camp." Wandering sparks of the first light, and of divers Catharine-wheels, and Roman-candles with a Spanish snuff to them, kindled at the same source, still descend slowly to the kindly bosom of Erebus and Lethe; a thousand bright, tickling bits of tinsel and red paper are still blown hither and thither in every wind of Saxon slang; but Bret Harte, *the* Bret Harte, is gone "where the woodbine twineth," where the plesiosaurus hunts the dodo in the coal-beds of the Carboniferous.

There is something mournful in it all. Here is a man who, properly applying his transcendent genius, his opportunities, and his young life to lexicography and grammar, might have reached a proud distinction as the Johnson of the Pacific or the leviathan of Western neology, and written a dictionary of mining-slang that would have won him a unanimous admission extraordinary to the Society of California Pioneers. But it was not to be. He has closed his own gate of gifts. Upon the sands of a vain and shallow novelty, he has been building worse than he knew, piling meretricious pinnacle on pinnacle, until the stucco and lath and plaster of them stand naked and insulting, in their sad insincerity, between a heaven of brass and an earth of iron whose first quake will send the whole raree-show with all its puppets toppling to dust and rubbish.

These *Echoes of the Foot-hills* are, indeed, only echoes—the old sounding brass and the old tinkling cymbal, worn thin and jangled to the old tune; mock sentiment, mock pathos, mock English, dancing the old St. Vitus dance through pages of metrical enigma and laborious epigram. They afford, in the light of what *is*, a curious and instructive study of wonderful, abnormal, distorted development; in the light of what might have been, they are pathetic as a dying gladiator, in cap and bells, deprecating the inverted thumb. This pamphlet in boards with its beggarly array of empty spaces has, on the whole, no more right to be called a book than the swollen frog of the fable to call itself an ox. This, we take it, is the fault of the publishers.

THE BUILDING OF A BRAIN. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

MEDICAL PROBLEMS OF THE DAY. The Annual Discourse before the Massachusetts Medical Society, June 3, 1874. By Nathan Allen, M.D., LL.D. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

JOURNAL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. Containing the transactions of the American Association. Nos. VI and VII. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The subject of adequate physical and mental education—especially, though by no means wholly, as applied to women—is, in view of its instant and absolutely incalculable importance, receiving a large share of the best thought of the day. Does every parent and teacher in the United States know that a majority of the descendants of those "embattled farmers" who "fired the shot heard round the world"—a majority, especially, of the women descendants—are, day by day, by an ignorant or criminal neglect and perversion of the laws of their body and mind, hastening the already demonstrably rapid progress toward extinction of their race, and entailing upon such few helpless children as they may have a more or less pronounced tendency to mental and physical misery and sin? If this be not an established fact of social and medical science, it is an assertion made, so alarmingly possible and even probable (as far as our own observation goes), and so loudly and persistently repeated of late by many distinguished American physicians, that it ought to repay examination—a personal examination on the part of everyone, so far as his opportunities allow; for our space forbids us going into the subject to anything like the extent necessary to fully instruct our readers, even were we fully instructed ourselves.

Doctor Nathan Allen, of Massachusetts, speaks of "the changes in our population, especially the decrease of numbers in our New England people, which, if continued another hundred years in the same proportion as in the past, will, in all probability, remove them from the stage. Their record will exist only in history. . . . On account of the rapid increase of a foreign element in our midst, this change going on in our population has not been so perceptible,

nor created much interest. Had no such additions ever been made to our numbers, the change would have excited universal attention, and some explanation of the causes would certainly have been demanded."

Lest we should think that this applies to the New England States alone, it may be wholesome, if not palatable, to consider further an extract from the United States census for 1870: "No one can be familiar with life in the Eastern and Middle States generally, and in the Western cities, and not be aware that children are not born to American parents as they were in the early days of the country. Luxury, fashion, and the vice of 'boarding,' combine to limit the increase of families to a degree that in some sections has threatened the perpetuation of our native stock. *This tendency is not one that requires to be brought out by statistical comparison. It is patent, palpable, and needs no proof.*"

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the January (1875) *Atlantic*, says: "We must recognize a strong tendency in American families to run down and run out, not peculiar by any means to American families, but, it may be suspected, more marked in them than in the stock from which they came. There are more men and women, *or what pass for such*, in an average American community, who show an apparent falling off in original force of development and in vital capital, than in a corresponding English one. Such, at least, is a very general impression among us. A friend, who has often combated the opinion, said that when he got into a street-car here after his recent return from a long visit to Europe, he felt, on looking round, as if he must be going with a load of patients to the hospital."

Mr. W. D. Howells, in his just-published novel, *A Foregone Conclusion*, makes us wince again in the old gall. "Ferris [an American] had noticed that all his countrywomen, past their girlhood, seemed to be sick, he did not know how or why? He supposed it was all right, it seemed so common."

This apparent state of things has of course, like most effects, been brought about by various causes, and by different causes in different cases. Dr. D. F. Lincoln, of the Social Science Association (as do indeed all our au-

thorities), deplores a general absence of any approximately correct ideas on the subject of school and college hygiene—bad heating and ventilation, overheating and draughts; bad light, with its attendant myopia and other affections of the eye; bad seats and too much sitting, inducing all manner of weakness and deformity; bad acoustic arrangements, with consequent ills to the nerves and the organs of hearing; bad drinking-water, bad sewage, bad water-closets, with headaches, indigestions, coughs, pale cheeks, and poor appetites; the whole, taken with the direct effects of fashion, bad dress, overstudy, and the general infernal system of children's prizes and competition, making up a mournful and ominous roll, written within and without, had we but eyes to see, with national, social, moral, and religious mourning, lamentation and woe. To a general ignorance on these and kindred subjects "are due," writes Dr. A. L. Carrol, of the Social Science Association, "the appalling death-rate of infancy; the slow devitalization of children in overcrowded, ill-ventilated school-rooms; the crippling of operatives in deleterious trades; the myriad evil effects of sewage-poisoning, the generation and perpetuation of endemic diseases; the ravages of epidemic contagions; and, less directly, perhaps, but almost as surely, a great part of the intemperance and moral decadence which are as often the consequences as the causes of insanitary conditions among the poorer classes."

For the cure of these things everyone, in his own degree of knowledge and ability, is responsible. In pointing out such a state of things as existent, and calling attention to it, we have, for the present, performed our mission in connection with a nearly illimitable subject. Dr. Clarke, to whom, for his *Sex in Education*, the world owes a great debt for the practical explosion of the miserable Brummagem system of making "a very poor kind of men out of women, and a very poor kind of women out of men," still in vogue in some quarters—gives especially valuable hints toward building up a perfect brain on a perfect body without excess of either brain or brawn. A study of this work and of his *Sex in Education*, taken in connection with that common sense which encourages nature and natural development

only, will go far to relegate the now too-prevalent American hot-house body and brain to a place in Barnum's Museum.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE, LYRICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS. Edited, with a prefatory Memoir, by William Michael Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Mr. Rossetti has conferred an enduring favor upon the book-loving public in giving it this carefully prepared volume of Blake's poems, accompanied as it is by an invaluable prefatory memoir. Although both Mr. Alexander Gilchrist's *Life of William Blake* and Mr. Swinburne's *Critical Essay* were perfect and exhaustive so far as they went, yet something more was needed; namely, a sufficiently high statement of Blake's extraordinary claims to reverence and admiration, without slurring over those other considerations which need to be plainly and fully set forth if we would obtain any real idea of the man as he was—of his total unlikeness to his contemporaries, of his amazing genius and noble performances in two arts, of the height by which he transcended other men, and the incapacity which he always evinced for performing at all what others accomplished easily.

William Blake, mystic, poet, painter, and engraver, was born in the year 1757 in London. His father was a hosier and a man of small means; Blake's education was consequently of the scantiest, and at an early age it became necessary for him to engage in some calling. From the first he evinced a marked artistic turn of mind; at ten he drew skillfully. With such capacities and tastes, the career of a painter would have been the natural one for Blake to adopt; but the father's narrow fortune placing this profession out of the boy's reach, he was bound to an engraver, and the engraving branch of art was that which he followed ever afterward as his regular calling. At the same time he studied and practiced drawing, and, in his spare hours, indulged a fondness for verse-making. His term of apprenticeship came to an end in 1778, and he next studied in the antique school of the Royal Academy, under the keeper, Mr. Moser. About this time he began to paint in water-colors, and to engrave, on his own account, for publish-

ers. He afterward exhibited a number of pictures in the Royal Academy.

In 1782, Blake married Catherine Sophia Boucher, the daughter of a market-gardener, "a slim and graceful (or, in fact, as has been said, a 'very pretty') brunette, with white hands, which had attracted the painter's notice, and expressive features." His choice of a wife was most fortunate. No ordinary woman could have borne with the capricious and eccentric disposition of the visionary, his utter disregard of all worldly pleasures and even conveniences, and his audacious ideas of the sexual relation and the marriage-tie, along with other burning questions—ideas which were "more conformable to the quality of an oriental patriarch than of an English engraver of the eighteenth century." Not that there is any sufficient evidence of any *de facto* breaches of marital faith on Blake's part; on the contrary, "he seems to have observed the practical obligations of man in society, in this as in all other regards;" but the mere expression of his ideas must have been a sore trial to his wife, who, it appears, was naturally of a jealous disposition. She proved, however, to be a most excellent believing and devoted wife. If Blake had visions she credited them, though without professing to see the same appearances which were manifest to him, and she actually caught from him a visionary faculty of her own. She was his companion, his untiring assistant, his ever-ready comforter. "She would get up in the night when he was under his very fierce inspirations, which were as if they would tear him asunder, while he was yielding himself to the muse, or whatever else it could be called, sketching and writing. And so terrible a task did this seem to be, that she had to sit motionless and silent, only to stay him mentally, without moving hand or foot; this for hours, night after night. Often in the middle of the night he would, after thinking deeply upon a particular subject, leap from his bed, and write for two hours or more." His habits were extremely temperate, money he despised, and fame he was ready to do without. "He was eminently single-minded, energetic, impulsive, vehement, without reticence, and without indirectness." He was also indefatigably laborious. His disposition was pe-

cularly lovable. "We feel," writes Mr. Palmer, "that he is truly of the 'kingdom of heaven.' Above the firmament, his soul holds converse with archangels; on the earth, he is as the little child whom Jesus 'set in the midst of them.'"

The essence of Blake's faculty, the power by which he achieved his work, was intuition. Each of his pictures and poems "embodies a perception, a vivid perception, of his mind, which he realized to himself in rapid and luminous words." Along with this faculty of intuition, Blake had a boundless capacity for faith; doubt was not in him; he either believed or repudiated, accepted or rejected. As Mr. Swinburne has said: "His outcries on various matters of art or morals were in effect the mere expression, not of reasonable dissent, but of violent belief." Mr. Rossetti compares his religious belief to that of those long-extinct sectarians, the Marcionites, who, as a part of their curious creed, held that there was an irreconcilable opposition between the Creator of the world and the Christian God, and their respective systems, the law and the gospel, and condemned marriage as being subsidiary to the propagation of new slaves to the Creator.

Blake's sanity has been argued *pro* and *con* by many writers. Mr. Rossetti's opinion is cool and given dispassionately, and, in our judgment, should take precedence of all others. "To call Blake simply a madman," he writes, "would be ridiculous and despicable; even to call him (as some have done) an inspired madman would be most incomplete and misleading. But it may, I think, be allowable to say that he was a sublime genius, often perfectly sane, often visionary and *exalté* without precisely losing his hold upon sanity, and sometimes exhibiting an insane taint." To us this appears to be the true statement of the matter; nor do we think it derogates from a respectful and grateful acceptance of Blake's work.

Blake's splendid, but chaotic and dark imagination found vent equally in painting and poetry. His brush was perhaps rather more prolific than his pen, but he worked incessantly at both professions. At engraving, he worked sufficiently to supply himself and wife with the necessities of life; with paint-

ing and poetry he fed his peculiar nature. Of his fine art we can only say here that it was characterized by the same spiritual and vital force, the same mystery, as his poetry. Of his writings, the strangest part, and the part most peculiarly of the man, is formed by his *Prophetic Books*, which are not given in Mr. Rossetti's lyrical collection. Of his early poems it has been well said: "They have the grandeur of lofty simplicity, not of labored pomp; a grandeur like that which invests our imaginations of the patriarchs. By a well, beneath a palm-tree, stands one who wears but a linen turban and a simple flowing robe, but who watches browsing sheep and camels drinking; yet no modern monarch, however gorgeously arrayed and brilliantly surrounded, can compare with him in majesty." To attempt to penetrate the darkest recesses of Blake's mind through the medium of his poetry is a difficult though not unpleasing task. It can not be denied that he wrote much that is absolutely incomprehensible, much perhaps that is absurd; but from the cloud of obscure mysticism that floats before the reader's eyes, there leaps forth now and then an idea or a phrase of transcendent beauty and power. The words abstractly taken may mean nothing, but for all that they paint unmistakably an idea which the reader can not conceive in *other* words. We close with one of the more simple and most beautiful of his minor poems:

"Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?"

"In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?"

"And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?"

"What the hand and what the chain
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?"

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with thy tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

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THE OVERLAND MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. 14. — APRIL, 1875. — No. 4.

CALIFORNIAN INDIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

THERE are several ideas which the reader who is acquainted only with the Atlantic tribes must divest his mind of, in taking up the study of the Californian Indians. Among them is the idea of the "Great Spirit," for these people are realistic, and seek to personify every thing; also, that of the "Happy Hunting Grounds," for the indolent Californian, reared in his balmy clime, knows nothing of the fierce joy of the Dacotah hunter, but believes in a heaven of Hedonic ease and luxury. The reader must also lay aside the copper color, the haughty aquiline features, and the gorgeous barbaric ornamentation of the person. Our warrior doomed to death shows, indeed, the same stern immobility of feature as the Iroquois or Pawnee, but he has often the physiognomy of the born humorist, with eyes absolutely dancing and sparkling with mischief. The reader must lay aside the gory scalp-lock (for the most part), the torture of the captive at the stake, the red war-paint of terrible import (the Californians used

black), the tomahawk, the totem, and the calumet.

It is a humble and a lowly race which we approach, one of the lowest on earth; but I am greatly mistaken if the history of their lives does not teach a more wholesome and salutary lesson—a lesson of ways of barbaric plenty and providence, of simple pleasures, and of the capacities of unprogressive savagery to fill out the measure of human happiness, and to mass dense populations—than may be learned from the more romantic story of the Algonquins. Perhaps it is too much to ask anyone to believe that there are regions of California which supported more Indians than they ever will White men. But if those who peruse this paper shall lay it aside, with the conviction that the cause of our savage's extinction does *not* "lie within the savage himself," and that the White man does *not* come to "take the place which the aborigines have practically vacated," I shall be content. Civilization is a great deal better than savagery; but in

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order to demonstrate that fact it is not necessary to assert, as Wood does in his great work, *Uncivilized Races of Men*, that savagery was accommodatingly destroying itself while yet the White man was afar off. Ranker heresy never was uttered, at least so far as the Californian Indians are concerned. It is not well to seek to shift upon the shoulders of the Almighty (through the savages whom He made) the burden of the responsibility which attaches to our own race. Let it not be thought that this article will attempt to gloze or to conceal anything in the character or conduct of the aborigines. While they had fewer vices than our own race, they committed more frequently the blackest crimes. Revenge, treachery, cruelty, assassination—these are the dark side of their life; *but in this category there was nothing ever perpetrated by the Californian Indians which has not been matched by acts of individual frontiersmen.* This I can substantiate by the voluntary and even exulting admissions of dozens of the latter themselves. As above remarked, the torture of captives was not one of their customs. Infanticide was probably more frequent than among us, being almost always practiced in the case of twins, and often in the case of a very young infant being left motherless; but we must judge them leniently for this, as they knew nothing of any artificial means of nourishment. Their occasional parricide, done in cold blood, but often at the instance of the decrepit parents themselves, stands perhaps without a parallel with us.

There are seven distinct styles of wigwams found in California, made by different tribes, according as one kind of material or another is more abundant in a given locality. Wood, earth, and different sorts of thatch are the materials employed. In wooded regions, poles, puncheons, and the great slabs of bark furnished by certain trees are used, and

the structure (except on the Klamath River and Clear Lake) bears a general resemblance to the traditional Indian wigwam; but on the vast treeless plains they use only enough timber to make a rude frame-work, and this is covered with a heavy layer of earth, dome-shaped. In a house of this kind a mere handful of twigs or grass will heat the atmosphere comfortably all day. The tribes that live in thatch-huts generally burn them every year to destroy the vermin. As soon as the dry season sets in most Indians quit their warmer habitations, having nothing to fear from rain, and live in *wickiups*, which are brush-wood booths—often nothing but a flat roof without sides. These are situated upon little knolls close beside the few living streams; and here they live a delightful, free-and-easy, joyous, indolent life through the long, cloudless summer, roving along the creek in the deep shade of the willows, gathering roots and berries, or spearing salmon, or lying prone in the shade of some great live-oak and drowsing their idle lives away. Although the Californian Indians probably lived as peaceably together as any tribes on the continent, they were careful so to place their camps or villages as to prevent surprise. In the mountains they generally selected a sheltered open cove, where an enemy could not easily approach within bow-shot without being discovered, and where there was a knoll in the cove to afford good drainage in the drenching rains of winter. The Putes of Nevada made their camps on hill-tops, compelling the squaws to bring up water in willow jugs; and Kit Carson used to say that the reason so many emigrants were killed in early days was because they would camp by the water, where the savages could pounce down upon them. But the Californians were either more considerate for their squaws, or less fearful of their enemies.

A few words will suffice to describe

one of these knoll-built hamlets in the foot-hills. In front is the stream, whose bed is a dense jungle of willows and aquatic weeds; while back of the village the low rounded hills spread away in the arid sweltering air, tawny-colored and crisped in the pitiless drought, with here and there a wisp of faded poison-oak, or a clump of evergreen *chaparral*, or a low, leaden-green, thin-haired silver-pine, scarcely able to cast a shadow in the blinding glare of a Californian summer. Crowning the knoll the dome-shaped dance-house swells broadly up—a barbaric temple and hot-air bath in one—in the middle of the hamlet, and an Indian is occasionally seen crawling on all-fours into or out of the low arched entrance; hard by which stands a solitary white-oak that swings its circling shadow over the village. Half-a-dozen conical smoke-blackened lodges are scattered over the knoll, each with its open side on the north to protect the inmates from the sunshine; and rude *wickiups* stretch raggedly from one to another, or are thrown out as wings on either side. One or more acorn-granaries of wicker-work stand round each lodge, much like hogsheads in shape and size, either on the ground or mounted on posts as high as one's head—full of acorns and capped with thatch.

Drowse, drowse, mope, is the order of the hour. All through the long hot days there is not a sound in the hamlet, unless it is the eternal thump, thump, of some squaw pounding acorns. Within the heavily earthed dance-house it is cool and dark, and here the men lie on the earth-floor, with their heads pillowed on the low bank round the sides; but the women do not enter, for it is forbidden to them to go in except on festival days. They and the children find the coolest places they can outside. While the belles of the camp are sleeping off the effects of the last dance, the old crones are condemned to that one unceasing

toil of the Californian squaw, the pounding of acorns; and they may be seen in the hottest weather sitting bareheaded on top of some great rock, lifting the heavy stone pestle in both hands hour after hour. When night comes on—cool, clear, and delicious—likely as not the whole camp will dance all night, for they are as nocturnal in their activities as Negroes.

In *physique*, as above remarked, they differ materially from the traditional Algonquin type. The figure is a trifle shorter and stouter, especially in youth; the color is not coppery, but varies from yellow and hazel to dark brown and even jet black. The nose lacks the bold aquiline curve, but is depressed, and issues from the face almost on a line with the pupils of the eyes, so that if an Indian should wear spectacles the glasses would have to be connected by a straight bar.

Physically the Californian Indians are superior to the Chinese. There is no better proof of this than the wages they receive, for in a free and open market like ours a thing will always eventually fetch what it is worth. Chinamen on the railway receive \$1 a day, and board themselves; Indians working in gangs on public roads receive seventy-five cents a day, sometimes \$1, and their board—the whole equal to \$1.25 or \$1.50. But on the northern ranches the Indian has \$1.50 or \$2 a day and his board, or \$1 a day when employed by the year. Farmers trust Indians with valuable teams and complicated agricultural machinery far more than they do the Chinese; they often admit them to their own table, but never a Chinaman. And the Indian endures the hot and heavy work of the ranch better than even the Canton Chinaman, who comes from a hot climate, but wants an umbrella over his head. In a square stand-up fight the Indian will thrash the Mongol's head off. In short, he has a better body every way you take him. The valley Indians are

more willing to labor and are more moral than the mountain Indians, because the latter have better opportunities to hunt game, and can pick up small change and old clothes about the mining-camps.

There is a common belief among the prejudiced and ignorant that the Indians are such enormous eaters as to overbalance their superior value as laborers over the Chinese. This is untrue. It is the almost universal testimony of those who have employed them and observed their habits to any purpose, that when they first come in from the *rancheria*, with their stomachs distended from eating the innutritious aboriginal food, for a day or two they eat voraciously until they become sated on our richer diet; and after that they consume no more than an American performing the same labor.

I am inclined to attribute something of the mental weakness of the Californian aborigines to the excessive amount of fish which they consumed in their native state. It is generally accounted that fish is rich in brain-food, but it is an indisputable fact that the grossest superstitions and lowest intellects in the race are found along the sea-coast.

Another erroneous impression generally prevails among Americans as to their *physique*, because they have seen only the wretched remnants of the race, the inferior lowlanders, whereas the nobler and more valorous mountaineers were early cut off. I have seen many hundreds of them, and I should estimate the average weight of the adult male at 145 pounds, and the height at five feet six inches. Old pioneers, especially on the upper waters of the Trinity and the higher foot-hills of the Sierra, have frequently spoken with enthusiasm of giants whom they had seen in early days, weighing 180, 200, even 250 pounds; tall, fine fellows, not gross, but sinewy; magnificent specimens of free and fighting men. On the other hand, the desic-

cation of body in old age, especially in the women, is something phenomenal. In a wigwam near Temecula I have seen an aged man who certainly would not have weighed over fifty pounds, so extraordinarily was he wasted and shrunk-en. Many others have nearly equaled him. This fact accounts for the repulsively wrinkled appearance of the aged—that which has made them odious in the eyes of superficial writers and fastidious tourists. There is probably no other race so excessively fat in youth, and so wasted in old age.

Although they are filthy in their personal habits, yet of the many hundreds I have seen there was not one who still observed the aboriginal mode of life that had not beautiful white teeth and a sweet breath. This is doubtless due to the fact that, before they became civilized, they ate their food cold. When they learn to drink hot coffee and eat hot bread, they are liable to toothache and offensive breath, like ourselves. There is another singular and apparently paradoxical fact about their habits of body. Though so generally uncleanly about their lodges and clothing, there is no people, unless it was the ancient Romans, who bathe oftener than they. Their hot-air bath is the same thing as the Turkish bath; only the one is a luxury of savages and the other of Sybarites. They were almost amphibious, and rival the Kanakas yet in their capacity to endure prolonged submergence. They had no clothing to put off and on, and they were always splashing in the water. They never neglected the cold morning bath, and many do not to this day, although pestered with clothing. And never, since the fatal hour when Adam and Eve tied about them the fig-leaves in Eden, has clothing been a symbol so freighted with evil import as to these people. On excessively hot days they would lay off the miserable rags which hampered and galled their limbs;

and then would come colds, coughs, croups, and quick consumption, which swept them off by thousands.

It has been said that the two cardinal tests of national greatness are war and women—prowess in one, and progress in the other. Tested by this standard, the Californian Indians seem to fall short. They certainly were not a martial race, as is shown by the total absence of the shield, and the extreme paucity of their warlike weapons, which consisted only of bows and arrows, very rude spears, and stones and clubs picked up on the battle-field. It is unjust to them to compare their war-record with that of the Algonquins. Let it not be forgotten that these latter tribes gained their reputation for valor, such as it is, through two long and bloody centuries, wherein they contended, almost always in superior force, with weak border settlements, hampered with families and enfeebled by the malarial fevers which always beset new openings in the forest. Let it be remembered, on the other hand, that after the republic had matured its vast strength and developed its magnificent resources, it poured out hither a hundred thousand of the picked young men of the nation, unencumbered with women and children, armed with the deadliest weapons of modern invention, and animated with that fierce energy which the boundless lust for gold inspired in the Americans; pitting them against a race reared in an indolent climate, and in a land where there was scarcely even wood for weapons. They were, one might almost say, blown into the air by the suddenness and the fierceness of the explosion. Never before in history has a people been swept away with such terrible swiftness, or so appalled into utter and unwhispering silence forever and forever, as were the Californian Indians by those hundred thousand of the best blood of the nation. They were struck dumb; they fled from all the

streams, and camped in the inaccessible hills, where the miners would have no temptation to follow them; they crouched in terror under the walls of the garrisoned forts, or gathered round the old pioneers, who had lived among them and now shielded them from the miners as well as they could. If they remained in their villages, and a party of miners came up, they prostrated themselves on the ground and allowed them to trample on their bodies, to show how absolute was their submission. And well they might. If they complained audibly that the miners muddied the streams so that they could not see to spear salmon, or stole a pack-mule, in less than twenty days there might not be a soul of the tribe living.

It is not to this record that we should go, but rather back to those manuscript histories of the old Spaniards, every whit as brave and as adventurous as ourselves, who for two generations battled often and gallantly with, and were frequently disastrously beaten by, "*los bravos Indios*," as the devout chroniclers of the Missions were forced against their will to call them. The pioneer Spaniards relate that at the first sight of horsemen they would flee and conceal themselves in great terror; but this was an unaccustomed spectacle, which might have appalled stouter hearts than theirs; and this fact is not to be taken as a criterion of their courage. It is true also that their battles among themselves, more especially among the lowlanders of the interior—battles generally fought by appointment on the open plain—were characterized by a good deal of a puerile kind of thumping, hustling, and beating, or shooting at long range, accompanied with much voluble Homeric cursing; but the brave mountaineers of the Coast Range inflicted on the Spaniards many a terrible beating. It is only necessary to mention the names of Marin, Sonoma, Quintin, Solano, Colorado, Calpello,

Captain Jack, and the stubborn fights of the Big Plains, around Blue Rock, at Bloody Rock, on Eel River, and on the middle Trinity, to recall to memory some heroic episodes. And it is much to the credit of the Californian Indians, and not at all to be set down to the account of cowardice, that they did not indulge in that fiendish cruelty of torture which the Algonquin races practiced on prisoners of war. They did not generally make slaves of female captives, but destroyed them at once.

But if on the first count they must be allowed to rank rather inferior, on the second I think they were superior to the Algonquin races, as also to the Oregon Indians. For the very reason that they were not a martial race, but rather peaceable, domestic, fond of social dances, and well provisioned (for savages), they did not make such abject slaves of the women, were far less addicted to polygamy (the Klamaths were monogamists), and consequently shared the work of squaws more than did the Atlantic Indians. The husband always builds the lodge; catches all the fish and game, and brings most of it home; assists liberally in gathering acorns and berries, and brings in a considerable portion of the fuel. He good-naturedly tends the baby for hours together, and in fact "helps about the house" just about as much as the average Western farmer, and if the squaws had only mills for grinding acorns—their one incessant labor—their lot would be no harder than that of the American frontiersman's wife, except when moving camp. The young boy is never taught to pierce his mother's flesh with an arrow, to show him his superiority over her, as among the Apaches and Iroquois; though he afterward slays his wife or mother-in-law, especially the latter, if angry, with very little compunction. There is one fact more significant than any other, and that is the almost universal prevalence,

under various forms, of a kind of secret league among the men, and the practice of diabolical orgies, for the purpose of terrorizing the women into obedience. It shows how they were continually struggling up toward equality, and what desperate expedients their lords were compelled to resort to, to keep them in due subjection.

The total absence of barbarous and bloody initiations of young men into secret societies, was a good feature of their life. They show sufficient capacity to endure prolonged and even severe self-imposed penances or ordeals, but these seldom take any other form than fasting, and that principally among the northern tribes. In their liability to intense religious frenzy, or rather, perhaps, a mere nervous exaltation resulting from their passionate devotion to the dance, they equal the African races. The same religious bent of mind reveals itself in the strange crooning chants which they intone while gambling.

As they were not a race of warriors, so they were not a race of hunters. They have extremely few weapons of the chase, but develop extraordinary ingenuity in making a multitude of snares, traps, etc. At least four-fifths of their diet was derived from the vegetable kingdom.

If there is one great and fatal weakness in the Californian Indians, it is their lack of breadth and strength of character; hence their incapacity to organize wide-reaching, powerful, federative governments. They are infinitely cunning, shrewd, selfish, intriguing; but they are quite lacking in grasp, in vigor, and boldness. Since they have mingled with Americans they have developed a Chinese imitateness, and they take rapidly to the small uses of civilization; but they have no large force, no inventiveness. On the reservations the children learn so quickly to sing Sunday-school songs and to print or write letters, that one wonders they had no sys-

tem of hieroglyphics. Their history is deficient in mighty captains and great orators. But I venture the assertion that no Indians on the continent have learned to copy after civilization in so short a time. I shall give a few instances. Shasta Frank, a Wintoon, born and bred a savage, was a perfect gentleman in the neatness and elegance of his dress, in his manner, and in his speech. For instance, having inadvertently said "setting," he instantly corrected himself with "sitting." He gave me a brief account of his language, which delighted me by its accuracy, clearness, and philosophic insight. I was told of another Wintoon who had become a book-keeper, and was getting a good salary as such. Matilda, a Modoc woman, living in the wildest regions of the frontier, showed me a portfolio of sketches, made by herself with a common pencil on letter envelopes and such casual scraps of paper, which were really remarkable for their correctness. She would strike off at first sight an American, an Englishman, a German, a Chinaman, or any odd or eccentric face she chanced to see, with a fidelity and expressiveness that were quite amusing. On the Tule River Reservation the squaws learned to make lace and embroidery, and once when the Government annuity goods were brought, they turned from them with contempt and disgust. The pioneers acknowledge that they speedily acquire a subtleness in cheating at cards which outwits themselves, and would have done honor to Ah Sin.

There is a curious feature of aboriginal character which is manifested more particularly in their games. An Indian seems to be very little chagrined by defeat. I have often watched young men and boys, both in native and American games, and have never failed to remark that singularly careless good-nature with which everything is carried forward.

American boys will contend strenuously and even fight for nice points in the game, down to a finger's breadth in the position of a marble; but Indian youths are gaily indifferent, jolly, easy, and never quarrel. They appear to be just as well pleased and they laugh just as heartily when beaten as when victorious. Everything goes on with a limp and jelly-like hilarity which makes it extremely stupid to an American to watch their contests very long. When engaged in an athletic game, it is true they exert themselves to their utmost and accomplish truly wonderful feats of agility and bottom; but they do all this purely for the physical enjoyment, not for the joy of conquest at all, as far as anybody can perceive. They never brag, never exult. An Indian will gamble twenty hours at a sitting, losing piece after piece of his property, to his last shirt, and emerge naked as he was born; yet he exhibits no concern; he passes through it all and comes out with the same easy stoicism. There is not a tremor in his voice, not a muscle quivers, his face never blanches; when he takes off the shirt his laugh is just as vacuously cheerful and untainted with bitterness as it was when he began. He borrows another, throws himself on his face, and in five minutes he sleeps the untroubled, dreamless sleep of an infant. It is difficult for a White man to comprehend how one can be so absorbed in the process and so indifferent to the result.

They have another notable defect in their character—a lack of poetry, of romance. Though a very joyous and blithe-hearted race, they are patient, plodding, and prosaic to a degree. This is shown in their names, personal and geographical, the great majority of which mean nothing at all, and when they do have a signification it is of the plainest kind. The burden of their whole traditional literature consists of petty fables about animals, though some of these dis-

play a quaint humor and an aptness that would not do discredit to Æsop. And it must always be borne in mind that they are forbidden by their religious ideas to speak of the dead, which fact may partly account for the almost total lack of human interest in their legends.

There are not wanting instances which show that they have a sense of humor which the grave taciturn Algonquin did not possess. The Neeshenams, of Bear River, have several cant or slang names for the Americans, which they use among themselves with great glee. One is the word *boh*, "road"—hence perhaps derivatively, "road-maker," or "roadster"—which they apply to us in a humorous sense because we make so many roads, which to the light-footed Indian seems very absurd, indeed. Perhaps as common an appellation as any is *choopup*, "red" or "red-faced." Here we have a reversal of the traditional "pale-face" of the Eastern dime-novel. But the name they give us that amuses them most is *wóhah*, which is formed from the "whoa-haw" which they heard the early immigrants use so much in driving their oxen. Let an Indian see an American coming up the road and cry out to his fellows, "There comes a *wóhah*," at the same time swinging his arm as if driving oxen, and it will produce convulsive laughter. A Chinaman they call *choly-ee*, which means "shaved head." I have seen the women laugh until the tears rolled down their cheeks at an American trying to speak their language.

Felicitously characteristic of one feature of Indian life, as well as humorous in itself, was the remark of an observing old man: "Injun make a little fire and set close to him; White man make a big fire and set 'way off."

Frequently their humor is of the kind that may be called unconscious, and is none the less pleasing on that account. At a "big cry," or annual mourning for

the dead, I have seen them stand and lift up their voices like sand-hill cranes with great lamentation, then calmly sit down with dry eyes and smoke a cigarette, after finishing which they began again *da capo*.

They are great thieves, whenever it is safe to be so. Like ill-mannered White people—to use the mildest phrasing—they are fond of borrowing small articles—knives, pipes, pencils, and the like—which they will presently insert into their pockets, hoping the owner may forget to ask for them. One means of protection which old pioneers advised me to take, was, in journeying anywhere, always to keep at my tongue's-end the names of several prominent citizens of the vicinity, to impress the savages with the belief that I was well acquainted there, had plenty of friends, and ample means of redress if they did me any wrong. They are strongly attached to their homes, and they have learned, by tough experience, that if they commit any thievery it will be the worse for them, and that it will go hard but the Whites will burn their *rancherias* and requite the stealing double. Hence they are proverbially honest in their own neighborhood; but a stranger in the gates who seems to be without friends may lose the very blankets off him in the night. They resemble the fox, which never steals near its nest.

The northern tribes, resembling rather the Oregon Indians, are much the most miserly, and given to hoarding up treasures—shell-money, white deer-skins, and the like—which, when not burned with their bodies, they bequeath by nuncupative will to their children; and they never do the smallest service for an American without expecting payment. I have known them even refuse to give the numerals and other words in their language unless paid for it. The southern Californian tribes never drive such petty bargains as this.

The government which originally prevailed among them may be called the rule of the gift-givers. Except among the tribes north of Mount Shasta, prowess counts for little, while wealth and family influence are towers of strength. The origin of government is something like this: We shall suppose there is a secession, and a village springs into independent existence. A large round dance-house is built, and the prominent men entertain their friends in it in a succession of feasts, which are very bald affairs so far as the viands are concerned. They make presents to their followers according to their wealth—shell-money, bows and arrows, etc. Always at these gatherings there is a great deal of petty bickering and quarreling. The more earnest and grave old men of the tribe notice these matters; they observe the aspirant whose personal influence is most successful in keeping order among the young fellows. He is finally pitched on as the leader, and on a certain day he is informally proclaimed in the dance-house, and makes a talk to them, wearing or displaying all his beadery. If he has not enough to enable him to make a suitable appearance, his friends lend him a few strings, and they are returned to them after the proclamation. But his powers are extremely limited, for these Indians are quite democratic. He can proclaim, with the old Roman pretor, *do dico*, but he can not add *addico*; he can state the law or the custom and give his opinion, but he can seldom, if ever, pronounce judgment. There is much clannishness among them, especially in the northern part of the State, resulting in fierce and wasting family or tribal feuds; in the south there are not so many bloody vendettas, but a great deal of a less fatal kind of quarreling.

Though not by any means a warlike people, and therefore generally laying very little stress on the taking of scalps or the torture of captives, they have the

usual treachery, revengefulness, and capacity for rancorous hate of all savages. I know of an instance where a girl lost her mother, brother, aunt, and cousin, all murdered at various times by members of her own tribe, and that before they became acquainted with Americans, and while they were living in "primitive innocence." There are individual Indians who have so refined upon the art of retaliation as to hold that the terriblest of all revenges is, not to slay the one himself, but rather his dearest relation or friend. But there is some mitigation to these savage horrors in the fact that many tribes have a kind of statute of limitations, which forbids the avenging of blood after the lapse of a year.

Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary by false friends and weak maundering philanthropists, the Californian Indians are a grossly licentious race; none more so, perhaps. There is no word in all the languages I have examined that has the meaning of "mercenary prostitute," because such a creature was unknown to them; but among the unmarried of both sexes there is very little or no restraint. And this freedom is so much a matter of course that there is no reproach attaching to it, so that their young women are notable for their modest and child-like demeanor. If a married woman, however, is seen even walking in the forest with another man than her husband, she is chastised by him; a repetition of the offense is generally visited with speedy death. Brothers and sisters scrupulously avoid living alone together. A mother-in-law is not allowed to live alone with her son-in-law, etc. To the Indian's mind the opportunity of evil implies the commission of evil; he can not comprehend the case of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, or else he is totally incredulous. Many tribes discountenance the intermarriage of cousins, which they say is "poison."

But while they thus carefully avoid

the appearance of evil, the daily conversation of most of them, even in the presence of their wives and children, is as foul as that of the lowest White men when alone together. It is a marvel that their children grow up with any virtue whatever. Yet they far less often make shipwreck of body and soul than do the children of the civilized, because when the great mystery of maturity confronts them, they know what it means and how to meet it. Marriage frequently takes place at the age of twelve or fourteen. Parents desire to marry their children young to remove them from temptation, and they willingly provide them with food for a year or two, sometimes even longer, so that they have a more real honeymoon than most civilized couples. Since the advent of the Americans the husband often traffics in his wife's honor for gain, and even forces her to infamy when she is unwilling, though in early days he would have slain her, without pity and without remorse, for the same offense.

In making the following assertion, I do so aware that it may be stoutly challenged. With the exception, perhaps, of a few tribes in the northern part of the State, *I am thoroughly convinced that a great majority of the Californian Indians had no conception whatever of a Supreme Being.* True, nearly all of them now speak of a Great Man, the Old Man Above, the Great One Above, and the like; but they have the word, and nothing more. This is manifestly a modern graft upon their ideas, because this being takes no part or lot in their affairs, is never mentioned in the real and genuine aboriginal mythology or cosmogony, creates nothing, upholds nothing. They all believe in a future state, but there is no conception of a God involved in their Happy Western Land. They have heard of the White man's God, and some have taken enough trouble in the matter to translate His

name into their own language, as Pokòh, Loosh, Sha, Comodse, Kemmysalto, etc., but with that their interest ceases. It is an idea not assimilated, and to become assimilated the whole of their ancient system of legends would have to be overthrown. By long acquaintance one may become so familiar with even a Californian Indian as to be able to penetrate his most secret ideas; yet when you ask him to give some account of this being, he can tell nothing, because he knows nothing. "He is the Big Man Above"—that is the extent of his knowledge. But ask him to tell you about the creation of the world, of man, of fire, and of the animals, and his interest is aroused; instantly this fabulous being disappears, and the coyote comes forward. The coyote did everything. That is what his father told him, and his father's father told *him*. If this Great Man had any existence in early days, why does He not appear sometimes in the real aboriginal legends? Not once does he appear. It is no argument against this theory that these names for the Supreme Being above given are pure Indian words. There are pure Indian words in many languages for such terms as "wheat," "rye," "iron," "gun," "ox," "horse," and twenty other things which they never heard of until they saw Europeans. They are very quick to invent names for new objects. Therefore, I affirm, without hesitation, that there is no Indian equivalent for God, not even an idol. There are numerous spirits, chiefly bad, some in human form, some dwelling in beasts and birds, having names which they generally refuse to reveal to mortals, and haunting chiefly the hills and forests, sometimes remaining in the Happy Western Land. Some of these spirits are those of wicked Indians returned to earth; others appear to be self-existent. There are great and potent spirits, bearing rule over many

of their kind; and there are inferiors. There is a Great Spirit (*haylin kakeeny*, in the Neeshenam language), but he is no such being as the Great Spirit of the Algonquins; he is simply a king over the imps. All these spirits are to be propitiated, and their wrath averted. There is not one in a thousand from whom the Indians expect any active assistance; if they can only secure their non-interference, all will go well. To the Californian Indian, great Nature is kindly in her moods and workings, but these malign spirits constantly thwart her beneficent designs, and bring trouble upon her children. Nature was the Indian's god, the only god he knew; and the coyote was his minister. This cunning beast made the world and all that therein is.

Most, though not all, tribes of the Californians practice cremation, and they believe that the liberated spirit ascends in the smoke of the funeral pyre to dwell forever in the Happy Western Land. They have a rooted aversion to burial, because they hold that the soul can not be freed from its earthly tabernacle except by fire; hence the greatest insult they can offer to a dead person or his friends is to "hole" him. Sometimes the scenes which occur at these burnings are hideous, awful, and appalling beyond description; as when, dancing with demoniac ululations round the fire, they pierce the seething, blistering corpse with poles to facilitate the egress of the spirit. Many tribes have an annual mourning in honor of the dead, during which they burn various articles—clothing, food, baskets, etc.—which they think are wafted to their departed friends in the ascending smoke.

In his admirable work, *Uncivilised Races of Men*, Mr. J. G. Wood says: "I have already shown that we can introduce no vice in which the savage is not profoundly versed, and feel sure that the cause of extinction lies within the

savage himself, and ought not to be attributed to the White man, who comes to take the place which the savage has practically vacated." Of other savages I am not prepared to speak, but of the Californians this is untrue. They smoked tobacco only to a very limited extent, never chewed it, and were never drunk, because they had no artificial beverage except manzanita cider, and that in extremely limited quantities, unfermented, for a brief season of the year. They had the vice of gambling much more than we, but, as shown above, it had no injurious effect on their health. Great and violent paroxysms of anger were almost unknown; they made no such senseless use as we do of ice-water, and of hot, heavy, and strongly seasoned food. They had not even the vice of gluttony, except after an enforced fast, which was seldom, because their plain and simple food was easily procured and kept in stores. Licentiousness was universal, but mercenary prostitution was absolutely unknown; hence there were none of those appalling maladies which destroyed so many thousands on their first acquaintance with Americans.

Next, as to the second part of his remark, that the White man "comes to take the place which the savage has practically vacated." Let us see to what extent the Indians had "vacated" California before the Americans came. Government statistics show that there were sixty-seven and a half Indians to the square mile for forty miles along the lower Klamath in 1870. Before the Whites came doubtless there were 100, but we shall take the former figure. Let us suppose there were 6,000 miles of streams in the State yielding salmon; that would give a population of 405,000. In all oak forests acorns yielded at least four-sevenths of their subsistence, fish perhaps two-sevenths; on the treeless plains the proportion of fish was considerably larger, and various seeds supplied

the place of acorns. There are far more acorns in the Sierra and Coast Range than on the Klamath, and all the interior rivers formerly yielded salmon nearly as abundantly as that river. I think 300,000 might be added to the above figure, in consideration of the greater fertility of central and southern California; this would give 705,000 Indians in the entire State.

Let us take certain limited areas. The pioneers estimate the aboriginal population of Round Valley, when they first visited it, all the way from 5,000 (Kelsey) to 20,000 (Potter). One thousand White people in it would be considered a very fair population, if indeed it did not crowd it; there are not above 450 in it yet. Mr. Christy estimates that there were from 300 to 500 Indians in Coyote Valley, near Ukiah; now there are eight White families there, and they think they have none too much elbow-room. General Bidwell stated to me that in 1849 there were at least 1,000 souls in the village of the Corusies (Colusa). Mr. Robinson pointed out to me the site of a village on Van Dusen's Fork, which he thought contained 1,000 people in 1850. Several other instances might be adduced, if necessary. I saw enough in California to convince me that there is many a valley which once contained more Indians than it will of Whites for the next century at least. The aborigines drew their supplies from wide areas of mast-bearing forest and the wonderful abundance of the streams; the Whites depend chiefly on the valley itself; hence, on the wide unwatered plains, now yielding vast quantities of cereals under cultivation, the mass of the civilized population will be, whereas the natives found their choicest spots in the forest-locked valleys.

The very prevalence of the aboriginal crime of infanticide points to an overfruitfulness and an overpopulation.

That they were equal to Europeans

in steady, bread-winning strength, nobody claims, for they lived largely on vegetable food, and that of a quality inferior to bread and beans. But as athletes they were superior, and they were emphatically a healthy, long-lived race; at least, there were and are many who attain a great age. In trials of skill they used to shoot arrows a quarter of a mile, or drive them a half-inch into a green oak. I knew a herald on the upper Sacramento to run about fifty miles between ten or eleven o'clock and sunrise in September; another in Long Valley, near Clear Lake, ran about twelve miles in a little over an hour. The strength of their lungs is shown by the fact that they will remain under water twice as long as a White man in diving for mussels, or for gravel in the gold-bearing rivers. The extraordinary treatment their women undergo in childbirth at the hands of the midwives shows remarkable endurance. No White person can dance, as they do, all night for days together, sometimes for weeks. Their uniformly sweet breath and beautiful white teeth (so long as they continue to live in the aboriginal way) are evidences of good health. Smoked fish and jerked venison are eaten without further preparation, and there is a considerable amount of green stuff consumed raw in the spring; but four-fifths of their food is cooked and then eaten cold. An Indian is as irregular in his times of eating as a horse or an ox, which may have an injurious effect on his health, or it may not. If an Indian can keep free from disease he lasts a long time; but when disease gets hold of him he goes off pretty easy, for their medicines amount to nothing. True, they were subject at times to frightful pestilences, as that of 1833, which destroyed a great portion of the inhabitants of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys; but they rapidly repopulated the waste ground, for, twenty years later, General Frémont and

Captain Sutter found tens of thousands there to fight or to feed.

But, after all, let no romantic reader be deceived, and long to escape from the hollow mockeries and the vain pomps and ambitions of civilization, and mingle in the free wild life of the savage. It is one of the greatest delusions that ever existed. Of all vacuous, droning, dreary lives that ever the mind of man conceived, this is the chief. To spend days, weeks, and months in doing nothing—absolutely nothing! To pass long hours in silence, so saturated with sleep that one can sleep no more, sitting and brushing off the flies! Kindly Nature, what beneficence thou hast displayed in endowing the savage with the illimitable

power of doing nothing, and of being happy in doing it! Savages are not more sociable and talkative than civilized people, but less so; they talk very fast when some matter excites them, but for the most part they are lethargic and silent. I lived nearly two years in sufficient proximity to them, and I give it as the result of my deliberate and extended observations that they sleep—day and night together—from fourteen to sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Their necessities are as great now as in ancient times, if not greater; hence it is fair to presume that they are following out their aboriginal habits.

My romantic friends, let us go to bed.

OUR VILLAGE SCHOOL.

THIS is the district school-house on the corner, of thirty-five years ago, whose desks and benches had been cut, hacked, notched, and polished to an oily smoothness by many generations of uneasy, squirming, and destructive school-boys. Ink-stains were everywhere, and the walls in places showed immense black blotches as if violently hurled ink-bottles had burst upon them. All day in school arose a subdued hurly-burly—a riot, as it were, on the point of breaking out. Study and recitation, feet-shuffling and whispering, reading and writing, mischief and correction, laughing and crying, all went on together.

School for us was a prison. Nothing was so eagerly welcomed as the hour for dismissal. Indeed, the chief pleasure of going to school was to get out again.

The school-master was generally from Connecticut, belonging to a class perhaps one degree higher than the Yankee clock-peddler, though by no means so

gifted with money-making practicality. They were by us boys divided into two classes—those who “licked” and those who “didn’t lick.” The cowhide was their favorite weapon. Their chief qualifications were ability to write a good hand, to mend quill-pens, and to cipher. They were men who had tried many things, succeeded at nothing, and who pushed into pedagogism as a last resort.

We studied aloud, repeating with a certain desperate energy the sentence to be learned, time after time, until it was supposed to be firmly rooted in the brain; this being accompanied by a rocking motion of the body, the double physical and mental action causing the school-house buzz. The buzz might on a quiet summer’s afternoon be heard many rods distant. It ebbed and flowed. It rose higher and higher, until the voice of some child repeating its letters to the teacher would be fairly drowned. Then came a few smart raps with the directing ferule, and the buzz toned down

almost to silence, save perhaps in the case of some unfortunate so absorbed in this mechanical repetition as to be unable to control his noisy momentum. But in a few moments the warning would be forgotten, and the buzz rise to its culminating point, to be feruled down as before.

The principal and favorite study of our village school was to do something forbidden. Ingenious devices of mischievous tendency were ever going on behind the shelter of the desk-covers. To construct fly-cages—top and bottom cork, the sides of pins—to catch unlucky insects and imprison them therein; to blow surreptitious soap-bubbles; to rig toy vessels; to twist horse-hair bird-snares on diminutive reels; to paint in pictorial histories the battle of Bunker's Hill, sky-blue; to dig laboriously with knife-blades through desk-covers; to manufacture green-willow whistles, and blow softly upon them; to forge quill pop-guns; to pull loose teeth; to chew and throw spit-balls; to slyly punch other boys passing by; to ascertain into how many uncouth shapes the human face might be twisted, and cultivate *strabismus*; to balance rulers skillfully on the chin;—all this and far more was the chief occupation of the scholar; to detect him therein, that of the teacher.

The big boys were tyrants, and chewed tobacco, a feat which excited the emulation and admiration of their juniors. Fast-growing, stout, and muscular, aware of their youthful strength, they could not avoid contrasting their physical proportions with those of the spare, sallow man, whose life passed year after year in the close atmosphere of these school-rooms, sent him out of the world long ere his time *via* consumption. The possibilities of a personal contest between Jim Mott and the master was looked forward to, half in fear, half in delight, by 'little-boy admirers of the Great Mott.

Our village school-house was furnished with a "box-stove," an apparatus incapable of maintaining a moderate degree of temperature, insatiable in its demand for wood, filling the room with smoke, roaring one moment at red heat, the next rapidly tending toward zero. Those sitting near it were partly baked, those in the far corners half-frozen. "Please le' me stand by the stove" was one of the most frequent requests made to the master; and when the unhappy boy had secured the privilege, he burned his wet boots and possibly attempted the roasting of smuggled snow-balls.

As the stove in winter, so in summer the water-pail was the Mecca of numberless pilgrimages; the smaller the boy the larger the amount drank. Thus, a boy of seven years would be allowed to imbibe a gallon during a morning session, simply as one means of relief from the tediousness of sitting for hours on a bench and poring over a primer, under the delusion held by himself, master, and parents that he was "studying." Should two boys reach the pail together, a silent and subdued contest for the dipper ensued, it being a custom for the one who obtained possession of it to procrastinate the draught as long as possible, by holding his nozzle in the full vessel long after all capacity for swallowing had ceased.

The speedy exhaustion of the bucket was always aimed at, as then two boys designated by the master would enjoy a few minutes' release from confinement while filling it at the nearest well; an operation always protracted to its utmost length, for every moment lived outside the building during school-hours was deemed golden.

The writing exercise formed one of the daily agonies of our village school. It came on at one P.M. Its maximum of misery was reached in warm weather. Forty restless, flushed, perspiring boys, their heads full of bird-nesting and other

arduous summer sports, grappled with their copy-books. Hands grimy and wet with perspiration, nerves not yet toned down from the effects of a half-hour's play, they plunge into this unwelcome task with a rude vigor which borders on desperation. Ink spatters, splatters, and blotches the page; pens slowly and laboriously scrape, scratch, and split over the paper; daubs of ink creep far up their finger-ends; some voluntarily and others involuntarily rub blackness on their faces; shades of brown from grimy fingers and wrists form under each last-written sentence; capitals fall through the lines, and seem to be desperately struggling to regain their proper position; at times, the letters comprising a word appear to have dissolved all connection with each other; again, and they fuse into an indistinguishable mass. As the exercise proceeds, tongues loll out, and writhe laboriously in unison with the curves; legs kick and twist nervously under the desks; pens immersed in ink and dripping with fluid blackness are shaken in every direction. The last two or three lines are dispatched with a celerity which reduces half the letters to a mere horizontal scratch; a panic appears to have overtaken them. Then the leaves of the copy-book are joyfully slapped together, the ink still undried perpetuating itself on the opposite page; the pen is wiped in the pupil's mouth regardless of the astringent and coloring properties of iron and tannic acid—and the exercise is over.

The very acme of juvenile intellectual torture at the village school was realized in attempting to "write compositions." On "composition-day" everyone was required to bring his written views, impressions, and opinions on subjects sometimes previously designated by the master, sometimes left to the pupil's own selection. In either case the agonizing process was the same, the operation be-

ginning with the shutting up of the victim alone in a room with the necessary pens, paper, and ink. The first step was easy, being that of heading the foolscap with the title of the subject. That completed, there it remained for hours, the composer writhing in the vain attempt to say something about "The Horse" or "The Cow." The horse was generally pronounced a "very useful animal," after which both fact and imagination refused to give down a drop; and the victim's attention would wander toward some unfortunate fly crawling upon the window-pane, which, being caught and immolated on a pin, buzzed forth a doleful death-song, thereby furnishing a few moments' entertainment and forgetfulness, until the writer suddenly bethought himself that time was passing, while the world still remained unenlightened concerning "The Horse." A fresh penful of ink is taken, and the author "squares himself" at "The Horse." Meantime the clean sheet of paper begins to assume a soiled and crumpled appearance, flecked here and there with spots of variously shaded ink. The author gazes out of the windows. Anything now stirring—a passing cat, a dog, a boy—assumes an unwonted interest in his eyes. His fingers toying with the pen gradually accumulate upon themselves all the ink which should have been spread upon "The Horse." At last he is inspired to write thus: "The horse is a noble animal. My father once owned a horse. He ate hay, oats, and kicked. I rode him. My father sold him to a man because he thought he had the heavens."

The writer's name is now placed at the bottom of this essay, with such excess of care and precision that the joyous rebound consequent on the successful conclusion of the effort manifests itself by a triumphant flourish of the quill, with the immediate result of a huge ink-drop immediately over the signature, which the young *litterateur* vain-

ly endeavors to remove by a cleansing process with the tip of his tongue, an effort that only widens the soiled area of paper.

Our village school before the advent of the master in the morning was a scene of riot and disorder. There was a sound of singing, screeching, and shouting; a galloping over desks and benches; the blackboard was covered with rude delineations in chalk, and mottoes relative to the teacher, abusive and treasonable in their character; his desk was frequently usurped by some mock representative of law and order, flourishing the ferule, which might ere another hour descend upon his own unlucky skull. In the midst of all this confusion, some watchful eye discerns the master coming. The alarm is given; the clamor subsides; the royal seat is quickly vacated; the expressions of ridicule, abuse, and contempt upon the blackboard are wiped off; and when the man of little learning and great authority appears in the door-way with severe and suspicious visage, every pupil is subdued and silent.

The village school was ever in trouble with the nearest resident families; it was a badly governed province adjoining peaceful and prosperous empires. Balls were always flying over fences into private grounds or through windows; fences were scaled, pickets broken, and flower-beds trampled in search thereof. Favorite cats were stoned and never allowed to take a peaceful *siesta* on the roof; ugly curs were brought to school to facilitate this warfare; fruit was stolen and flowers plucked; the well which supplied the seminary with water was tampered with; boys' hats, stones, balls, old tin-ware, and objectionable articles of a more perishable nature found their way to the bottom; the weathercock on the neighbor's barn was a favorite mark for pebbles; and the little wooden man with two wooden swords ever valiantly fighting the winds was

shot to pieces; tender children just allowed their first rambles abroad were despoiled of candy, cakes, and even bread and butter; old ladies seated by their windows engaged in sewing were annoyed and puzzled by an unaccountable dazzle of light, a phenomenon finally explained by the detection of the busy boy at the opposite school-house window engaged in experimenting on the reflecting properties of the sun's rays with a bit of looking-glass. In winter no passer-by was safe from stray snowballs, and at all seasons the shouting, crying, howling, and screeching preceding and following school-hours never ceased.

Saturday was a half-holiday, the morning being devoted to oratorical exercises, or, in the youthful vernacular, to "speaking pieces." Two "pieces" generally sufficed for the boy's educational lifetime. The most popular were Campbell's "On Linden when the sun was low," and Byron's "There was a sound of revelry by night." Provided with one or the other of these, the orator ascends the teacher's platform, his cow-hide boots on the way straying clumsily off to the right and left, and butting at every projection within a radius of two yards. The boots never remained stationary during the elocutionary efforts of their owner, but, endowed with individualities of their own, seemed engaged in curiously prying about and getting a general view of the school-room, varied by occasional excursions up first one and then the other of the speaker's legs, apparently for the purpose of quieting some sudden development of cutaneous irritation. The orator's head ducks a bow as if impelled by some mechanical contrivance in the rear, and, while his body inclines in various directions, and his hands manifest an almost uncontrollable inclination to get into the forbidden pockets, he gabbles through his oft-spoken speech as though it were a race

against time, at its close again bringing into operation the rear mechanism for inclining his head. The boots then slowly and sullenly take him from the platform, clattering down the aisle in a manner as if bent on furnishing an impromptu round of applause for their wearer's performance.

We will dismiss our village school. The long weary day is drawing to its close. The clock in the corner points to half-past three. Three-score pair of eyes glance anxiously at the time-piece; everybody from the master down is tired—it has been a troublesome day; more than the ordinary spirit of restlessness and mischief has taken hold of the pupils; John Thomson and William Riggs have just been thrashed, and sit sullenly meditating future revenge; a dozen or more have been feruled—they are to go home and show their red and blistered palms to sympathizing and indignant mothers; everything has gone slowly, heavily, and contrarily; not a lesson from A to Algebra has been well learned.

Three minutes to four! The last recitation is over. Books are packing away. A slate tumbles and crashes. It is the twentieth slate that has so tumbled and crashed to-day; the master's eye glares savagely at the offender. A marble drops from a desk and rolls leisurely along the floor; the disturber is bidden to bring it to the man in authority; he does so, and receives vigorous castigation. This is the last of that day's confiscations. Count the prizes on the teacher's desk: one ball, two broken-bladed jack-knives, one whistle, two tops, three tangles of string, one watch-spring, one teetotum, one box of paints, a bit of mirror, a broken tumbler, an old pistol, a powder-horn, a pair of spectacles, a whip, a stock of chewing-gum, a pipe, sundry bullets, a tea-cup, a flint and steel, and a knitting-needle.

One minute to four! The silence of joyous expectation now pervades the

school. The master arises. He has something to say. He is going to make a new rule: "Any boy after this date caught throwing stones, and particularly throwing stones at Mrs. Smith's cat, will receive severe punishment." For Mrs. Smith, angry and flushed, came to-day straight to the school-house, and added to the already numberless perplexities of the government by complaining in presence of all assembled, that some one of the scholars had inflicted missiles on her favorite cat to such an extent that poor Tip now sits gloomily by her fireside, with one jaw swelled double the size of the other—an injury for which Mrs. Smith in her indignation holds the master responsible. The boy actually guilty of this offense plunges at this moment into his geography lesson for the morrow with ten-fold interest and absorption, and tries to look as if he had ever been the especial friend and benefactor of cats.

"Samuel Smith, Thomas Hicks, and John Cory, will remain after school." So speaks the pedant. These three look up as if astonished at the order, though well they knew it was coming.

Four o'clock! "School is dismissed." A moment ago and the street about that little low school-house on the corner was silent. The next it is full. The building disgorges its struggling, squirming, hooting, yelling contents. The savages are on the war-path. The street is full, and Mrs. Smith's cat, as he hears the war-whoops of his natural enemies, feels not secure even at the fireside, but scuds off to the remotest and darkest garret-corner.

Five minutes later, and from the interior of our village school-house is heard the slashing, whistling sound of a rapidly oscillating cowhide, accompanied by the melancholy wails, gradually rising and terminating in vigorous howls, of Samuel Smith, junior, who is now receiving the reward of his share in the

unprovoked assault on Mrs. Smith's cat —while John Cory and Thomas Hicks, sitting at their desks, gaze apprehensively and dejectedly on their writhing and struggling companion in guilt, having thereby the tableau presented of their own swift-hastening punishment. Under the windows outside linger a few of their companions—not actuated so much by sympathy as by a morbid curiosity to hear the shrieks of the condemned. A certain small boy who tells nearly all the tales has betrayed these three worthies to the master, and will be fearfully “licked” therefor at the first convenient season.

PIONEERS OF THE PACIFIC.

What lives they lived! what deaths they died!
A thousand cañons, darkling wide
Below Sierra's slopes of pride,
Receive them now.

And they who died
Along the far, dim, desert route,
Their ghosts are many.

Let them keep
Their vast possessions.

The Piute,
The tawny warrior, will dispute
No boundary with these. And I,
Who saw them live, who felt them die,
Say, let their unplowed ashes sleep.

The bearded, sun-browned men who bore
The burden of that frightful year,
Who toiled, but did not gather store,
They shall not be forgotten.

Drear
And white, the plains of Shoshonee
Shall point us to the farther shore,
And long white shining lines of bones,
Make needless sign or white mile-stones.

The wild man's yell, the groaning wheel;
The train that moved like drifting barge;
The dust that rose up like a cloud,
Like smoke of distant battle! Loud
The great whips rang like shot, and steel
Flashed back as in some battle-charge.

They sought, yea, they did find their rest
Along that long and lonesome way,
Those brave men buffeting the West
With lifted faces. Full were they
Of great endeavor.

Brave and true
As stern Crusader clad in steel,
They died afield as it was fit.
Made strong with hope, they dared to do
Achievement that a host to-day
Would stagger at, stand back and reel,
Defeated at the thought of it.

What brave endeavor to endure!
What patient hope, when hope was past!
What still surrender at the last,
A thousand leagues from hope! How pure
They lived, how proud they died!
How generous with life!

The wide
And gloried age of chivalry
Hath not one page like this to me.

Let all these golden days go by;
I breathe beneath another sky.
Let beauty glide in gilded car,
And find my sundown seas afar,
Forgetful that 'tis but one grave
From east unto the westmost wave.

Yea, I remember! The still tears
That o'er uncoffined faces fell!
The final, silent, sad farewell!
God! these are with me all the years!
They shall be with me ever.

I
Shall not forget. I hold a trust.
They are a part of my existence.

When
Adown the shining iron track
We sweep, and fields of corn flash back,
And herds of lowing steers move by,
I turn to other days, to men
Who made a pathway with their dust.

SIX MONTHS IN '49.

ON the 28th of February, 1849, the steamship *California* entered the harbor of San Francisco, being the first vessel of the kind that had ever passed through the Golden Gate or traversed the waters of the North Pacific. As the pioneer of the fleets that were so soon after to navigate these seas, and as bringing the first party of adventurers from the East, her arrival was not only the occasion of much joy at the time, but constitutes a memorable event in the early annals of the State. Prior to this, and throughout the preceding six or eight months, there had been many arrivals by sea from the Sandwich Islands, and South and Central America, and overland from Oregon, Lower California, and the northern states of Mexico; but with this steamer came the first of the vast migration that so soon after set in, and which has since carried so many thousand adventurers to and from these shores.

The inhabitants of San Francisco had already been advised of the *California's* arrival at Monterey, a circumstance brought about in this wise: The officers of the ship caused it to be given out that the stock of coal on hand was so nearly exhausted that it would be necessary to put into that port and procure an additional supply of fuel. There was really coal enough in the lower hold covered up with merchandise; the pretended necessity of going into port being a ruse by those having goods on board to get the vessel into Monterey, whence to dispatch a messenger to San Francisco to negotiate a sale of their stocks before the steamer's arrival should depress the market. In accordance with this programme, the ship was carried into Mon-

terey, and there detained, with great show of cutting and getting pine wood on board, until these "cute" speculators had effected their object, when she resumed and finished her voyage, which, but for this unwarranted delay, would have been completed several days sooner. The passengers had good reason to rejoice at their safe arrival, having escaped the perils of the sea, and the still more perilous passage of the Isthmus, where the cholera was raging with great virulence at the time of their crossing; while the voyage up from Panama had been anything but an expeditious or a pleasant one, every part of the ship having been crowded to excess, and nearly a month consumed in making it.

Consisting of those first to start for California after the news of the gold discovery had reached the Atlantic side of the continent, the company on board was made up of the most opposite and diverse materials; every class and calling, the staid and enterprising, as well as the restless and the lawless, being fully represented. There were officers of the army and navy, and agents and appointees of the Government; there were capitalists, speculators, and traders; lawyers, doctors, and teachers; artists, mechanics, sailors, marines, and soldiers. There were miners from the gold districts of Georgia, the coal and iron fields of Pennsylvania, and the lead regions of the North-west. There were manufacturers from Massachusetts, "blue-noses" from Nova Scotia, and lumbermen from Maine; men who had served under Scott in Mexico, fought under the "Lone Star" flag in Texas, warred with Indians on the western borders, and trapped in the Rocky Mountains. There were

"roughs" from the great cities, and demure young men from the country, with a goodly sprinkling of mere adventurers and professional gamblers, collected from all parts of the Union. To sanctify and savor so much of the gross and secular, we had less than a score of women on board, two missionaries of the kind sent to scatter good seed in the most stony places, and one or two clergymen making evangelical ventures on private account. Notwithstanding a crowd so motley, confined for such a length of time under conditions of so much discomfort, few broils or exhibitions of ill-temper occurred on the way up; the steamer having touched at sundry Mexican ports, affording the more vicious and unruly an opportunity to vent their spleen on the miserable inhabitants of those miserable places.

The condition and appearance of San Francisco at that time have been made so familiar to most persons through the medium of the many printed accounts and tolerably executed pictures extant, that any attempt at further elucidating these points is hardly called for. Enough to say, the densely settled portion of the town, which then contained some 3,000 or 4,000 inhabitants, was bounded by Montgomery, Pine, Pacific, and Dupont streets, with a straggling row of houses extending off toward North Beach. To the south and west of these limits the country, mostly a succession of sand-hills, was covered with oak-trees, having a thick undergrowth, such as we see on portions of it at present. These trees were then so large and numerous, that the business of cutting cord-wood and burning charcoal was carried on extensively over nearly all that part of the city now built up with our best private residences. The houses at that period consisted mostly of two kinds: the old adobes, erected by the early settlers, and the board-and-canvas structures of a later day; the one capacious, massive,

and gloomy, capable of offering a stout resistance to fire; the other, light, flimsy, and combustible, being well adapted to feed the frequent and lively conflagrations that afterward ensued. Every place was crowded to its fullest capacity, many living in tents and other temporary abodes in the suburbs, while building was everywhere going on actively. Most of the lumber used for this purpose was brought from Oregon, and some from the Sandwich Islands and other distant points; very little having as yet been made in California, although the price ranged from \$250 to \$300 per thousand feet.

The population of the place was already cosmopolitan, all the principal nationalities on the globe being represented save the now omnipresent Chinaman, who put in his first appearance about one year later. Contrarily to the generally received opinion, the social and moral state of affairs in San Francisco was at this time by no means bad. Thefts were unknown, while robberies, murders, and other acts of violence were of rare occurrence. Of gambling there was a good deal going on, though even this was confined to a comparatively small class; not many Americans, except those belonging to the sporting fraternity, engaging in the practice. Nor were the stakes generally so large as commonly supposed; the players, mostly of the mixed Spanish or other foreign races, wagering Mexican dollars, then the principal currency, a few of which made a great show of wealth. Occasionally the betting would run high, as when a Mexican, after the reckless manner of his kind, would "plank down" a pile of doubloons; or a miner, excited with drink or the results of previous play, would hazard a huge nugget or a well-filled purse of gold-dust, these always being taken at his own estimate of their value. But, however large the stake or whatever the result, very few rows or desperate en-

counters grew out of this class of transactions. If the bank lost, it was unprofessional to grumble; if the player, he knew there was no help, and that he could readily repair his ill-fortune; so that little strong feeling was apt to be shown on either side.

As there was not much to be had, so there was but little required to fit the miner for active service. A pick, pan, shovel, and roll of blankets, supplemented with a few cooking utensils and a small stock of provisions, sufficed for a maiden effort, which, truth to say, satisfied the aspirations of a good many in that direction. Thus equipped, the embryo miner had next to decide whether he would repair to the northern or southern branch of the gold-fields. If to the former, he took passage on a launch for the *embarcadero*, as the landing at Sacramento was then called; if to the latter, he embarked in like manner for Stockton. Occasionally parties would proceed to the diggings with teams or on horseback; a few also ascending the rivers in boats, purchased or constructed for the purpose. The launch, however, was the common means of making the journey, notwithstanding these vessels (a species of schooner, built to bring hides to San Francisco) were slow, clumsy, and comfortless. Nearly every day one of these hide-drogers would be announced as "up" for the diggings, her sailing being put off from day to day until loaded to the gunwales with freight and passengers; the amount of these the skipper could manage to crowd on board being incredible.

Having determined to try my luck in the northern mines, I repaired to the beach and made choice of a vessel bound to the *embarcadero*. She was a nameless, ill-shaped craft, with seams gaping ominously, and shockingly dirty; being in these particulars not much unlike all the others engaged in this business. She lay off about where Battery Street

now runs, leaving at low tide a considerable belt of mud and shallow water between her moorings and the shore, which had to be overcome by the joint operation of wading and skiff navigation. Rolling up my trousers and making a porter of myself, I packed my dunnage through the mud to the water's edge, whence a small flat-boat conveyed me to the vessel's side. For this service I paid my Charon \$3, he being a common sort of a person and charging accordingly. It was only lawyers, ministers of the gospel, and such like, having college diplomas and other testimonials of respectability and learning, who could command the fancy prices for this sort of service that we sometimes hear of. The fee of these gentry for wrestling with an ordinary-sized trunk was, it appears, \$50—extra size in proportion.

Having gained the deck of my launch, I found it swarming with human beings—Americans, Mexicans, Europeans, Africans, Kanakas, and Indians, with their varying clatter of tongues. Getting off with a fair wind, we ran the first day across San Pablo Bay and through the Strait of Carquinez, going ashore that night and camping under the lee of Mount Diablo. Our experience this day had been in most respects a pleasant one. The returning miners, of whom our company chiefly consisted, had told us, what we most wished to hear, stories of prodigious wealth and many fine things of life in the diggings. It was early in March, and the country about the bay, as seen from the deck of our vessel, seemed like a land of enchantment. Scattered over the hills and plains, now robed with the fresh verdure of spring, were immense herds of horses and cattle, sleek and fat, and wild as the untamed bands of the pampas. Looming on the crest of the Coast Range the stately redwoods shot up into the blue heavens like spires from the roof of a mighty cathedral; the hills and lower

slopes of the mountains being dotted over with picturesque oaks, standing alone or gathered in clumps; while the ravines that furrowed their sides were filled with *chaparral* and innumerable flowering shrubs. The landscape on every hand wore an indescribable beauty, and the whole air was filled with a delicious perfume. The immense extent of unoccupied country—its fertility and loneliness, with so little sign of human presence or improvement—the height of the mountains, the vast sweep of the plains, with the cattle on more than a thousand hills, threw over it a sort of weird interest, and awakened in even the most stolid a sense of its beauty and vastness.

During the night a chilly wind swept down from Mount Diablo, the summit of which was covered with snow, rendering the situation of many of our party extremely uncomfortable. A few days before a cold storm had occurred, more snow falling at San Francisco than has ever been seen there since. Embarking early in the morning, and getting our launch under way, we crossed Suisun Bay, and, entering the Sacramento River, ran up as far as Montezuma City, where we camped out the second night. This was one of the many town-sites that had already been selected at supposed eligible points along the rivers and on the shores of the bay, and the most of which were made to figure conspicuously on the rude maps of that early period. On the day before we had passed Benicia, a place containing several houses, and already aspiring to supersede San Francisco as the *entrepôt* of the Pacific. Looking off to the right as we entered the Sacramento, we had also sighted another candidate for commercial supremacy, bearing the pretentious name of "New York of the Pacific!" This emporium in prospective then contained three houses; I am not aware that it now contains any. Of its

rival, Montezuma, this much can be said: if it has since failed to make any marked progress, it has at least been able to hold its own. The same house that stood there in '49 stands there still. Of all the numerous marts and seats of traffic projected at that day, few ever advanced beyond the most rudimentary condition; some not so far as to have ever contained even a single house or inhabitant.

After entering the Sacramento River, our progress was slow and the journey laborious; the tall trees that then lined the banks of that stream taking the wind out of our sails, and compelling us to warp the schooner up by hand. In navigating by this method, a line was carried ahead for a distance of several hundred yards and fastened to a tree on the river's bank. Laying hold of this, a strong company of men, standing on deck and pulling hand-over-hand, would warp the vessel slowly up to the spot where the rope had been made fast. The latter was then untied and again carried forward and fastened to another tree, and the process of hauling up the vessel repeated; this being kept up steadily, except during such brief intervals as we might happen to catch a favoring breeze. This was not only a tedious but also a very tiresome style of navigation, wonderfully in contrast with the improved methods that soon after came in vogue. Though the work was by no means easy, such was the general desire to get ahead, that few men were found unwilling to take their regular turn at "cordalling;" and thus helped on, and aided by an occasional puff of wind, we reached the *embarcadero* in six days from San Francisco, making what was then considered a pretty good passage.

The spot where Sacramento City now stands was at that time covered with wide-spreading oaks and sycamores, scattered among which were a number of tents and large covered wagons, the

abodes of sojourners on their way to the mines. The only permanent habitations near were a couple of board shanties, where meals were furnished to transient customers. The entire business of supplying the country above was then done at Sutter's Fort, standing on the open plain a mile and a half east of the *embarcadero*. Here all the trading-posts were located, being, with one exception, within the walls of the fortress—a rude quadrangular structure, built of adobes. Ranging along the walls and opening inward were rows, extending all round, of low cell-like apartments, formerly used by General Sutter as workshops and quarters for his domesticated Indians, but now occupied for stores. In the centre of the fort stood a large two-story building, formerly the residence of the proprietor and his family, but at the time of which we are speaking already converted into a hotel. It still remains in a good state of preservation, being all, with the exception of a single bastion and the mounds formed from the crumbling adobes, that is now left of this once famous establishment and historical landmark.

A few hundred yards east of the fort, Sutter had erected a large frame building, intended for a flour-mill. The discovery of gold having put an end to his scheme of wheat-growing, this building had been rented to Samuel Brannan for a store, that gentleman having here collected the largest stock of goods outside of San Francisco, and carrying on an extensive and profitable trade. From the fort goods were forwarded, mostly by ox-teams, to the adjacent mining-camps, freights ranging from \$30 to \$40 per hundred-weight. Travel was performed afoot or on horseback, there being as yet no stages or other public conveyances. Sutter's Mill, now Coloma, the spot where gold was first found, being my objective point, I engaged an Oregonian, the owner of four gaunt and

bony oxen, to convey my slender outfit to that place, conforming myself to the custom of miners by trudging along on-foot. Four days were consumed in reaching the Mill, during which an appalling amount of blasphemy was vented against "Star," "Juke," "Bally," and "Black-foot," the patient brutes having been meanwhile fearfully belabored by their unmerciful driver. As this was the first time I had ever heard a western bullwhacker "exhort," I marveled greatly at the strength and originality of his expressions.

Scarcely a day passed, on our way up, that we did not meet parties coming from the mines "dead broke," and wholly discouraged; some of them advising us to turn round and go back, either because it was too early to go to the diggings, or because it was too late, they being already worked out. The most of these men were sailors or others not accustomed to be thrown wholly on their own resources, and who, between inability and unwillingness to work, had really accomplished but little, and were honest enough in the advice they gave us. As the preceding winter had been severe, interrupting work much of the time, and provisions had been excessively dear, it was, no doubt, as much as those who had been in bad luck could do to earn a livelihood. Owing to a want of suitable shelter and wholesome food, many who spent the winter of '48 in the mines had also suffered a good deal from scurvy and other ailments.

Reaching the Mill, we found a settlement of several hundred inhabitants, among them a number of families, women and children not having yet become so scarce that it was found profitable to place them on public exhibition. The most of the families were western people, who, some years before, had crossed the plains and settled in Oregon and California. They had homes elsewhere and were only temporarily in the mines,

having arrived the year before, and most of them leaving again in the fall of '49. The hamlet at the Mill was composed of log-cabins, and board huts and houses. There were also a good many tents scattered about, though the practice, elsewhere so common, of inclosing frames with canvas, had not here been introduced, this being one of the few places in the country where lumber could be obtained at reasonable prices, owing to the existence of a saw-mill.

Things up to this time had remained here in their primitive condition, the '48 style of life and modes of doing business still prevailing. The miners took matters easy, content to earn enough to defray current expenses, little dreaming of the change that was so soon to precipitate upon them an eager, grasping horde, so unlike the men who had as yet appeared on the scene, and who, by their sharper practices and superior thrift, would monopolize most of the business and crowd out those earliest in the field. Mining had as yet been pursued mostly by a population accustomed only to farming, and who, preserving still their bucolic habits, had brought with them into the diggings their domestic animals, and sometimes also their families. These were the serene and tranquil days of California gold-digging. Kind and neighborly feelings everywhere prevailed, and there was neither contention nor crowding, each one acting under the conviction that there were ample room and wealth for all.

Trade, up to this time, had been left almost solely in the hands of men uneducated to commerce, who conducted it in a manner denoting a strange indifference to gain and a singular ignorance of the wiles of traffic. How eminently this was the case here at the Mill, will appear, when it is considered that General Sutter and Charles E. Pickett were then two of the leading merchants of the place—men as guileless of ever

cheating another out of a dollar as they have been of laying up a cent for themselves. Both were at the time doing a tolerably large but not particularly profitable business; their gains, owing to a lack of thrift, being generally in the inverse ratio of their sales. The newcomer requiring a stock of provisions on credit was sure to make his way to Sutter or Pickett, and so with the "dead-broke" miner or the "busted-up" generally—these same kind-hearted dealers being almost always made the recipients of their dubious custom.

On reaching the Mill, my depleted exchequer forbidding delay, I proceeded at once to hunt up a partner preparatory to getting to work; as it required two to mine to advantage—one to dig and carry, and the other to wash the dirt. They were queer affairs, those partnerships of that day. Two entire strangers would meet, and without preliminaries go to work, living and toiling together for weeks and even months, trusting each other with their joint earnings, and dividing the same without trouble; never perhaps learning anything more of each other than simply the Christian name. And yet very few dissensions or misunderstandings occurred, it being a rare thing to hear complaints of dishonesty or unfair dealing between partners; so apt are men to act honorably and justly when relieved from the pressure of hard circumstances and the temptations of want. My first partner was a burly Irishman, who had followed the sea for a living. He was tattooed on many parts of his body, was covered with scars showing former deep wounds with other rough usage, and I always entertained the belief that he had been a pirate. Still, we got along first-rate—eating, sleeping, and laboring together like brothers; and I have not the slightest idea that he ever wronged me out of a cent, though he had ample opportunity to do so. Our joint earnings amounted

to between \$30 and \$40 a day—about the average with miners at that period. The earnings are generally supposed to have been much larger; but that this is a mistake is shown by the fact that good hands could then be hired at the rate of an *ounce* (\$16) per day.

Having worked with these moderate results for several weeks near the Mill, I was permitted as a matter of special favor to join a company of Oregonians, consisting of eight young men, who had found a rich bar about sixteen miles distant, on the Middle Fork of the American River, which, from the tragic event I am about to relate, was afterward christened "Murderer's Bar," a name it bears to this day. The party finding this spot at once moved over and went to work there; it being my intention to follow as soon as I could get up my horses, which, having been turned out after the usual custom, had strayed off.

By the time I got back to the Mill with my animals, I found the inhabitants in a state of no little commotion, two of the Oregonian party having arrived there the day before, announcing the murder of their companions, six in number, by the Indians—these two having gone out to prospect, and thus escaped the fate of their comrades. For two or three days before this, some of the Indians had been observed coming into our settlement from that direction dressed in red shirts and other apparel of a better kind than they were accustomed to wear, causing some wonderment as to where they had got them. The mystery was now explained, and as a number of Whites had before been killed in the vicinity, it was determined that the perpetrators of this atrocious crime should be pursued and properly punished. A company of volunteers at once set out for the scene of the massacre, under the leadership of William Huefner and John Greenwood—the latter a half-breed, well skilled in Indian tactics—both of these

men being distinguished for courage and knowledge of the country.

On reaching the spot, a shocking spectacle presented itself. The bodies of the slain, mutilated and charred, lay in a heap where the savages had thrown and afterward attempted to burn them. The ground was torn up and covered with blood, indicating that a fierce struggle had taken place. The unfortunate young men had, indeed, as afterward appeared, made a desperate resistance; defending themselves with their picks and shovels, the only implements within their reach. It would seem, from the account given of the affair by the squaws subsequently captured, that the Indians, affecting a friendly feeling toward the Whites, had succeeded in throwing the latter off their guard, causing them to leave their arms in the tent, several rods from the spot where they were working. These their wily foes managed to secure without being observed, and, turning them upon their victims, had them at a terrible advantage. Nevertheless, the miners succeeded in killing several of their assailants, and wounding many more, before, overcome by fire-arms and superior numbers, they met their fate. The butchery over, the savages had stopped on the ground and indulged in a general carouse; after which, with a view to baffling pursuit and escaping detection, they separated, and, going in different directions, mixed up as much as possible with such of their people as had no hand in the crime.

Imitating their example, the Whites separated into small bands, and, following their trails, were not long in overtaking the most of them. Some, having refused to surrender, were killed on the spot, while the rest, or at least such as there was reason to suspect, were brought into the Mill, that the innocent might be sifted from the guilty. This process concluded, ten were convicted and held for punishment.

Near sunset, on a pleasant afternoon in April, the miners, advised of the result of the examination, collected to escort the culprits from their place of confinement to a grove of pines a little below the town, where they were to be shot to death. All came armed, the most of them determined to take a hand in the execution of the criminals. As soon as the Indians were brought out, some of the old mountaineers present, perceiving by their demeanor that they contemplated a break, advised securing them in such a manner as should defeat this purpose. But the crowd, some of them excited with liquor and all well armed, scouting the idea of the condemned attempting an escape, proceeded to surround them, and at once marched them off to the place of doom. The moment a halt was ordered, the Indians, as if by a preconcerted movement, scattered in every direction, and, rushing through the crowd, endeavored to escape. The danger of hitting their own people deterred many of the Whites from firing on the fugitives, while others, less considerate, blazed away at the poor wretches with their revolvers or attacked them with their knives. Three were killed almost before they had made the first jump, while all the others, save one, were brought down within a few hundred yards of the spot whence they started; two having been shot in the water while attempting to swim across the river. One, said to have been the worst in the lot, outstripping his pursuers and evading the missiles sent after him, made good his escape. It was only by good luck and adroit dodging that the executioners themselves came out of the fusillade with whole skins. A number, myself included, who did not fancy the way things were shaping from the start, and had no great relish for this kind of sport, eluded the flying bullets by seeking shelter behind the rocks, fallen logs, and trees in the vicinity, the

instant the affair took this unexpected turn.

In making "good Indians" of these nine, it was considered an excellent day's work had been done; this chastisement, followed by one or two others of less severity, having exerted a restraining influence on the murderous propensities of our Digger brothers. It was sometimes difficult on these occasions to discriminate between the innocent and the guilty; offenders seeking to escape the penalty of their crimes by mixing with those least likely to commit them. On one of the raids made by the Whites upon a *rancheria* near the Cosumnes, Charles E. Pickett, who had spent many years among the western tribes and was well versed in Indian ways and character, made one of the party, being moved thereto by a merciful rather than sanguinary purpose. On their return to the Mill, Pickett re-appeared with an Indian boy, whom he had rescued from the massacre, mounted behind him—most of the other members of the party coming in each with a dusky scalp dangling from his saddle-bow.

These Californian Indians, though a degraded and squalid race, were not particularly vicious or blood-thirsty; the most of the murders perpetrated by them at this period having been in retaliation for the killing of their kindred by the Oregon men, under the following circumstances: Some years before, the Presbyterian denomination, of New York, had sent to Oregon the Rev. Mr. Whitman and family, to establish a mission among the Cayuse Indians, a powerful nation inhabiting the interior of Oregon Territory. For several years these devout and zealous persons labored with such success that they had partially christianized a good many of the savages, a few having been domesticated and received into their household. The small-pox at length breaking out and

carrying off some of the neophytes, the "medicine men," who had become jealous of the growing influence of the Whites, persuaded the survivors that the disease was being propagated by the missionaries with a view to their early extermination. Giving credence to this devilish suggestion, the deluded creatures, alarmed for their safety, rose upon their benefactors and slew all but two young women, teachers in the institution, whom they carried into captivity, reserving them for a crueler fate than death.

Reaching the settlements, the news of this outrage fired the Oregonians with a common desire for vengeance, and it was decided that the captive girls should be rescued, cost what it might; the young men hastily arming themselves and hurrying to their deliverance with an alacrity alike creditable to their chivalry and valor. A bitter war ensued, resulting in the recapturing of the young women and the severe punishment of the Cayuse nation, while it inflamed the minds of the Oregonians with a bitter and undying hatred of the entire Indian race. Carrying this feeling with them when they came to California, and indulging it freely by shooting the Indians on every favorable occasion, the latter soon came to regard these men as their special foes; and, hence, neglected no opportunity to retaliate where they could do so with safety. With their buckskin clothes, long rifles, tall bony persons, and general make-up, it was not difficult to distinguish these Oregonians from other Whites, and seldom did the Diggers mistake the latter for their more dangerous and determined foes.

Though able by industry and economy to make fair wages almost anywhere, the miners were as ready then as now to engage in any impracticable scheme promising to increase their earnings, or to go off on a prospecting tour after new dig-

gings elsewhere. Even as early as May of this year the first expedition was fitted out to go in search of Gold Lake; a thing brought about in this wise: Encamped near the Mill was an old mountaineer and trapper named Greenwood. Born on the western frontier, he had spent the most of his long life in the Rocky Mountains and regions adjacent. In his capacity of hunter and trapper he had sojourned with many of the leading tribes of the interior; and, while possessing the virtues common to his class, had contracted all the habits and not a few of the vices peculiar to the savage peoples with whom he had so long consorted. Having been the husband of several Indian wives, he was now the honored sire of a numerous half-breed progeny, the oldest of whom, his son John, a handsome lad, as straight as an arrow and as lithe as an eel, had now grown nearly to man's estate.

After the manner of his kind, Greenwood was prone to relate the adventures of his life, and tell of the strange objects he had seen in his long tramps over the mountains and plains. While talking these things to a party of us one day, he went on to say he had once camped on the border of a lake in the mountains off to the north-east, the shores of which were covered with gold; offering, if we would fit out his son John in a handsome manner, to direct him to find the spot, and send him to pilot a party thither; stipulating further that he, the old man, should also receive certain considerations in advance. Now, Greenwood had a bad reputation for truth and sobriety. Indeed, his powers of falsification were quite phenomenal; to say that he was an habitual liar would mislead, as leaving room for the inference that he sometimes spoke the truth. Yet in this particular instance, while his statements might be exaggerated, there must, we thought, be some foundation for them, or he would hardly suffer his son to go

off on such an errand. At least, so reasoned a party of us; and, so reasoning and believing, we fell in with the old fellow's offer, furnished him with a liberal supply of whisky and a few of the other necessities of life, rigged out the son in first-rate style, and sent him at the head of a company of thirteen to seek this Gold Lake and advise us of its whereabouts. Several pack-animals were sent with the party, to carry provisions and to bring back gold. Such of the outfitting company as could not conveniently go in person were allowed to pay their quota and send a substitute. As I had by this time, in conjunction with my partner, superadded to the business of mining that of packing and trading, I could not well go with the expedition myself; so I sent, to represent me, a Norwegian sailor, who, having run away from his ship and arrived at the Mill a day or two before, was nothing loth to place a few additional miles of mountain travel between himself and his possible pursuers.

After an absence of three or four weeks the expeditionists returned, as ragged and forlorn a set as ever passed through Coventry; their clothes in tatters, their "grub" eaten up, their animals jaded, and themselves disgusted beyond measure. They found the lake, and in fact several lakes, but no gold, nor had they seen any after leaving the foot-hills of the Sierra. Greenwood, when questioned as to the failure, coolly put off his inquirers with the remark that John had missed the right place; that the "stuff," adopting his style of speech, "war thar, shure."

Not quite satisfied with this explanation, I halted one day not long after, when passing the old man's camp, then pitched in the valley that now bears his name, and without much ceremony proceeded to deliver him a piece of my mind in rather plain language. For a time he bore it in silence, which so em-

boldened me that I waxed still more indignant, going so far as at last to call him a cheat and a liar. About this time the old chap rose from the log where he had been seated, and, standing over six feet in his moccasins, addressed me a few words something after this style: "Look a-har, young man; I reckon thar aint no use for this onpleasantness atween gentlemen. See them yar?"—pointing to a stack of rifles leaning against a tree at the door of his tent—"all fixed for sarvice, and shure to carry lead whar ye pint 'em; take yer chice, stranger, and measure off yer groun'—I'm not perticler 'bout distance." Here was a turn of affairs I hadn't looked for. To accept the old fellow's invitation to step out and be shot at was a thing not to be thought of; for, although more than seventy years old, and his eyes red as those of a pigeon through a long-continued use of liquor, Greenwood was still a dead shot; and to have any collision with him whatever was altogether foreign to my purpose. Still, as I did not like to back down at once and show myself the poltroon outright, I began to prevaricate, saying it would not look well for a young man like me to fight one of his years—his eye-sight impaired with age, etc. Interrupting me, and pointing to his eyes, the old man exclaimed: "Yaint nothin' ails them yar eyes, stranger—yaint no varmint lives onto wich they ever drawed bead! Jes' step off nigh onto yon bush," continued the implacable trapper, pitching a chip toward a manzanita a little way off—"step off about thar, an' I reckon we can settle this yar difficulty like White men orter."

It was useless. I had to back down squarely, and without further quibbling decline these proffered hospitalities; but as it was policy for packers and others owning animals thereabout to maintain cordial relations with the house of Greenwood, I fell back on my pack-train as

soon as this conference was over, and, getting hold of a plug of tobacco, took or affected to take a chew therefrom, and then without further words handed it to my adversary, who to my great relief seized it, and biting off a mouthful dropped the remainder into the pocket of his hunting-shirt. I had with me none of his favorite beverage; but on my next trip I further placated him with a small keg, the contents of which effectually extinguished the last spark of resentment smouldering in the breast of the old man. Indeed, this supreme act of good-will secured me thenceforth immunity from the pranks of his boys, and, with an occasional renewal of the tribute of these peace-offerings, established me firmly in the affections of this veteran disciple of Ananias forever afterward. Were it my misfortune to be engaged in running a distillery, or to be otherwise interested in promoting the liquor trade, I should procure to be published a large edition of the *Life of Greenwood*, setting forth the incredible quantities of whisky he had imbibed in his day, and his consequent longevity and excellent health, and scatter it everywhere, to the annihilation of medical testimony and the confusion of all teetotal persons.

As the summer advanced, politics began to engage the attention of the rapidly accumulating population in the mines—the organization of a new State, the framing of a constitution, the question of slavery, and many other exciting issues, coming up for discussion. Already a few men from the South had arrived in the mines, bringing their slaves with them, and a strong effort was making to plant the “peculiar institution” on the soil of California. This threatened encroachment on free territory excited a fierce opposition, imparting a keen interest to the canvass, in which many of us were disposed to take an active part. Here for the first time the great contest that resulted in the overthrow of slavery

took a practical shape. Here, metaphorically speaking, was fired the first gun in the “irrepressible conflict;” and although it was not afterward waged here with the same bitterness as elsewhere, those early sentinels of freedom can not be accused of having slept while standing guard on this farthest outpost of the republic.

About the middle of August, while attempting to ford the American River, I was carried over a rapid, and badly hurt. My health becoming impaired in consequence, I determined to close up my affairs and go home to New York. My “pile,” though not large, was yet so much greater than I had ever before possessed that I felt tolerably rich, hardly thinking at the time I left that it ever would be necessary for me to return to California. Having, however, after arriving at home, discharged some old pecuniary obligations and suffered impetuous friends to contract some new ones, my finances, by the time that spring came round, were depleted to the point of collapse, admonishing an early return to the land of gold.

If, in relating these events and incidents of my six months’ pilgrimage in ’49, I have failed to recount as many romantic or tragic occurrences as it has been customary to credit these early times with, I can only say I did not happen to participate in or be an eye-witness of so many of these as perhaps fell to the lot of some others. Although not studying to avoid scenes of danger, violence, and strife, I did not, from the time I left New York (in December, 1848) until I returned—just one year—witness a serious accident, see a white man killed, or executed, or even so much as wounded in an affray; nor did I have occasion more than once during this time to attempt killing a human being myself. When I relate the circumstances under which that attempt was made, I am sure the reader will acquit me of blame.

At the time of our trouble with the Indians, the miners working in the vicinity of the Mill were in the habit, for greater safety, of repairing to the town and staying there over night. I was then at work on the bar, one mile below, having for near neighbors a couple of old fellows who had drifted in from the direction of Texas or Mexico. I knew nothing of their history or character, save as indicated by outward appearance, which looked the reprobate all over, seeming to advertise that they had subsisted by means the most questionable.

One evening, while the other miners betook themselves to the town as usual, I fraternized with these my neighbors, and joined them in their determination to pass the night on the bar. We took up our quarters in a vacant log-cabin, the only entrance to which we barricaded with rocks and logs. Here, being thoroughly armed, and the apertures between the logs serving well for embrasures, we felt quite secure. The night being calm and the moon shining bright favored our purpose; yet, as I had never had much experience in Indian warfare, I was not for a long time able to yield to the somnolent effects of a hard day's work, and when I did my sleep was none of the soundest. My companions, however, more accustomed to this sort of life, were soon wrapped in deep slumber.

About the middle of the night I was awakened from an uneasy sleep by the crackling of twigs, and what, in my half-conscious state, I felt certain was the stealthy footstep of an Indian. As I rose, grasping my pistol and not yet quite awake, I saw, as I supposed, one of the bloody savages on the opposite side without the cabin, peering in, evidently trying to get a good shot at us. Without losing an instant I took aim and fired; perceiving, the very moment I did so, that the image consisted

of my own shadow, thrown on the wall of the cabin by the moonbeams streaming through the chinks behind me. At the report of my pistol, the two old sinners snoring near me suddenly awoke, started to their feet, and, seizing their arms, demanded to know what was the matter? It was not a good time to state the exact facts just then, as this would have procured a writ of ejectment from that dormitory, to be served upon me in the shape of two enormous boots swinging in the space it would be instantly supposed I had better vacate. This, I considered, would have been a legal informality; but with the explanation I gave, instead of such harsh and unneighborly treatment, I was commended for my vigilance, my courage was complimented, and the belief expressed that I had settled *that* savage, or at least taught him a lesson that would restrain his prowling propensities in future. To be sure, this is not much in the way of a bloody personal adventure to relate; but it exhausts the record of my exploits in that line, having been the nearest I came to killing a man during my then stay in California.

The fact is, the imputation of so much that is desperate and vicious to the men of that day is not altogether well founded; since, although many really did become addicted to a variety of reprehensible practices, there was yet very little actual debauchery to be seen in the mines, while those atrocious crimes afterward so common were then of rare occurrence, theft and robbery having been things almost wholly unknown. Being without the restraints common in older communities, men sometimes did grow careless in manner and rough in speech, seemingly indicating a depth of depravity to which they had not always descended. Of a piece with these extravagant notions are stories told of the gallantries of that period, wherein the miners are represented as dancing fran-

tically about any fragment of female apparel that chance might have thrown in their way, or offering their "pile" for the privilege of kissing children of tender years; and this, when there was hardly a camp or hamlet in the mountains but what contained more or less of White women, with a more than proportionate number of "olive branches," the feminine Digger being everywhere disgustingly plentiful. There were living at Sutter's Mill that summer not less than a dozen families, the place affording material enough for a regular Sunday-school; an institution of this kind having been organized and "run" in conjunction with a variety of other religious observances, such as prayer-meetings, "stated preachings," etc. There are now living at Santa Cruz several families who spent the summer in the place named, besides others residing in other portions of the State. Many of the American settlers had removed to the mines in the early part of this and the preceding year, taking with them their wives and children and a portion of their stock, and remaining till the fall rains came on, when they returned to their homes. It could, therefore, have been only such individuals as were peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the presence of cast-off skirts, or to mothers and their progeny, who "took on" in the manner above alluded to.

Indeed, these '49-ers have been credited with a great deal more of the rough mock-heroic, as well as other sorts of foolishness, than they were entitled to. Although characterized by generous impulses and a fondness for adventure, the most of these men were an industrious, frugal, unromantic set, intent on digging out and saving all the gold they could, that they might be able to leave the country and get home again as quick as possible. That their character and habits should have been so generally misapprehended is due mainly to the fact

that so many have found it profitable to caricature everything pertaining to California, and more especially to the labors of those clever essayists and professional humorists, who, coming here at a later day with opportunities for seeing but little, had determined to hear a good deal, to which end they consorted much with the convivial and talkative, listening long to stories told about the camp-fire and in the bar-room—neither of these places being proverbial, among ordinary persons, as sources of exact information. While something is due to the exactness of history, it seems almost a pity to dispel a class of Munchausenisms so harmless, and from which the veteran Californian, as well as the less experienced reader abroad, has derived, though for an opposite reason, so much real entertainment—the one laughing over their recital because he thinks them true, and the other because he knows they are not.

While claiming so much good sense and character for the pioneer miner, it must be conceded that the tone of our population began soon after to deteriorate. With the next year the desperadoes from the south-western border, the slum of the great cities, and other demoralizing elements began to arrive more freely, and, increasing rapidly thereafter, soon lifted the name of California to its present bad eminence. Yet here again have our people general cause for complaint; most of the stories told of the murderous propensities of some having been greatly exaggerated, and not a few being purely the coinage of waggish or imaginative brains. But, be the deserts of these later Californians what they may, society in '49, fairly "sampled," would have "averaged" about the same here as elsewhere. Making my individual experience the criterion, I should feel constrained to award to the miners of that day an excellence not common to the mass of mankind. My mining part-

ner—not the “pirate,” though I had no reason to complain of him, but my later partner, Edward Penfield—was a man to be remembered forever, so true was he to the better promptings and all the higher precepts of his nature; and Clarkson Dye, my partner in the submarine adventure, whereof has been related in a previous number of the *OVERLAND*—was there ever a more cheery soul than his? Gifted and generous, his hand was readiest for every useful enterprise and his spirit foremost in every good work. His presence in our midst was a perpetual sunshine. And so of many others with whom I was then in daily converse.

But, to get back from this digression and complete my narrative. Having, for the reason mentioned, determined that I would arise and go home to New York, I sold out my trading-post under the tree, closed up my not very extensive business, and bidding, as I supposed, a final good-by to the dark deep cañons, and the tall red hills along whose precipitous sides I had helped to break the pioneer trails, I mounted a mustang and turned my face toward Sacramento. On arriving at that place, I was surprised to find a large and bustling town occupying a site entirely vacant when I passed over it five months before. Quite a fleet of sea-going vessels was lying along the river-bank, discharging cargo, while the streets and levee were thronged with teams and pack-trains loading for the mines, and new buildings were going up in every direction. As there were yet no steamers running on the river, I took passage for San Francisco on a schooner—a large, handsome vessel, very unlike the sorry craft I had helped to haul up the river the preceding spring. The only passenger on board besides myself was John McDougal, afterward Governor of Califor-

nia, then on his way back from the mines, where he had been trying his hand at gold-digging. Having met with but indifferent success, the poetry of the thing was pretty well leached out of him, while his torn and dust-begrimed apparel and generally forlorn appearance denoted that he had had a rough time of it. Within an hour after we reached the city I saw him again, now washed and neatly dressed, and looking very different from what he was in his miner's rig. As we passed down the river the change effected in the aspect of the country by the dry weather—everything scorched and withered, the grass burnt up, and the oats (in the spring so fresh and green) now standing dead and yellow on the hills—was apt to create the impression that California was nothing but a desert, that being the opinion I carried away with me at the time.

Before San Francisco, where but a score or two of ships were anchored in March, there lay now hundreds of vessels, the flags of nearly every nation flying at their masts. The town, a whirl of excitement, had grown into almost metropolitan proportions, having pushed out over the water and crept well up Telegraph Hill, while a long street had been extended toward North Beach. The prices of real estate had been greatly advanced; lots in certain portions of the city selling for nearly as much as they would bring at the present time. Almost every day one or more ships would arrive, loaded down with freight and passengers, and already three steamers—the *California*, *Oregon*, and *Panama*—had made their appearance in the harbor. Taking passage on the last-named vessel, I left San Francisco on the 2d of September, just six months having elapsed since I passed through the Golden Gate, coming in on the *California*.

POISONED BY WOURALI.

ONE winter evening, several years ago, when I was a medical student in Philadelphia, I sat in my room at my lodgings, writhing, and striving to suppress involuntary exclamations of pain. The suffering was occasioned by an excruciating neuralgia of the face, which had continued for three days, and had deprived me of sleep for almost the entire period. My knowledge of anatomy told me that the large and sensitive fifth pair of nerves was involved, the various ramifications of which seemed like red-hot wires branching through my face in every direction. With the advice of a medical professor in whose skill up to the present date I had placed the most implicit confidence, I had been dosed with morphine, chloral-hydrate, and the various anodynes and narcotics, apparently without any effect. My faith in the virtue of drugs was beginning to be sadly shaken, and the learned and polished professor of therapeutics was fast becoming transformed into a sleek and oily humbug. The lectures and recitations of the day were over, and my chum Andy was preparing to depart to the medical college for his usual evening exercise in the dissecting-room.

"You don't feel like going out to-night, Tom, I suppose?" he said to me.

"No, I can not," I answered. "The pain I still suffer is horrible, and yet I have taken anodynes enough to narcotize a well-developed ox. I may ask you to divide the nerve, if I feel no better when you return."

"How would it do to try some of the wourali?" said Andy. "That certainly made Professor D——'s dog insensible to all pain in his experiments to-day, and did not kill the animal either. Hope

to find you better when I come back. Good night until twelve."

The suggestion of my room-mate, made probably in jest, struck me forcibly. Reckless from inexperience, and almost crazed at times with suffering, I was ready for any experiment which gave the slightest promise of relief. Wourali is a virulent poison, the extract of various plants, used by certain South American Indian tribes upon the tips of their arrows. The man or beast pierced with the poisoned shaft quickly dies. The poison must be introduced, however, directly into the blood—when swallowed it is harmless. Used in small quantities, I knew that it produced upon animals a stupefying anodyne effect without endangering life. The proof of this fact I had myself observed in certain physiological experiments upon dogs and rabbits. I believed the same effect might be produced with a proper dose upon a human being, with the same freedom from danger, although I had never heard of anyone who had been reckless enough to make the attempt.

Desperate as I was from pain, with my mind perhaps somewhat bewildered by the narcotics I had already taken, after the failure of all other remedies I resolved to try the effect of the wourali upon my own person. The fool-hardiness of the attempt I do not now offer either to deny or excuse. Looking back, as I now do, after an interval of several years, I can recall every incident as if it occurred but a week ago, so deeply was the tragico-comic affair impressed upon my mind. The only satisfaction I now receive from it is the self-complacent thought that, inconsiderate as I was then, I have grown wiser since, and that, hav-

ing been saved by the merest chance from fatal consequences, I have been the subject, or perhaps better the victim, of an experience curious at least even if of no scientific value, and one which possibly no man ever before met with and lived to describe.

I had at my disposal some slivers of bamboo impregnated with wourali, that I had procured, intending to use them, in spite of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, in a repetition of certain physiological experiments I had seen exhibited in the lecture-room. Whether I was justly punished for my malicious designs upon the brute creation, the officers of the law upon that subject must judge for themselves. Taking one of the smallest of the poisoned fragments, and having made with a scalpel a slight incision through the skin of my fore-arm, I stretched myself upon a lounge, and cautiously inserted in the wound one end of the bit of wood, holding the other between my thumb and finger, ready for removal at any instant it might seem advisable to do so.

At first, the result was entirely satisfactory. If there is such a thing as a delicious chill, this was my experience. A cool sensation like that caused by a breath of wind on a sultry summer day, crept with a quivering wave-like motion from the wound downward to my fingertips, then upward along the arm to my face, and over my body to my feet. The exquisite satisfaction one would feel in exchanging the fervid rays of a July sun for the exhilarating atmosphere of an October afternoon was mine. Moreover, the pain, which but a few moments before was driving me almost to distraction, was now unexpectedly, suddenly, and entirely gone.

The gratification which attends an immediate transition from intense physical suffering to perfect ease and comfort may be known to some from actual experience. If so, they can understand

my willingness to allow the cause which produced such a speedy relief to remain undisturbed. This I did. Had I done otherwise, and removed the poisoned fragment from my arm at this stage of the proceedings, I might have had no further experience to narrate; but the dread of a return of the neuralgia, should I do so too speedily, induced me to delay.

I now felt perfectly happy, at peace with myself and all the world beside. Whatever amiable propensities I may have possessed were excited to the utmost. I felt that I could have fallen upon the neck of my worst enemy and pardoned him for any insult he had seen fit to offer. I would have taken off my hat to the meanest beggar and furnished him with the larger share of my last crust. I formed a benevolent plan to proceed on the morrow to the professor who had failed to relieve me of my pain, to offer to forgive him freely for his want of success, to unfold to him the wonderful curative properties of wourali, and to invite him to take to himself all the credit of the great discovery which I had made. Then I became more selfish, and was exceedingly elated with the idea that I could bring to light a new anodyne which would cover me with glory by speedily relieving the worst of human ills. The honor, wealth, and fame which wourali would bring to me filled my active imagination; castle after castle of the grandest proportions arose in the air about me. The walls of my modest room dilated and expanded before my view until they swelled into a magnificent mansion, before whose door stood my coach with its elegant span, whose waiting-rooms were filled with wealthy and fashionable patients, hoping to find in me a benefactor through the agency of the wonderful wourali. The vision faded away. The air around me seemed filled with the fragrant aroma of the richest spices of the tropics. I

heard the rustling of wings ; I saw floating above me, hovering around me, the dusky but beautiful maidens of the south, of the home of wourali, blessing me because through my instrumentality the poison which had so often proved fatal to their lovers in battle should now be converted into a panacea for all their ills. They scattered over me the rarest flowers, and waved above me fans made of the most brilliant feathers and scented with the richest perfumes of their sunny climes. The most charming reveries, the most delightful hallucinations took possession of my mind. Undoubtedly the first effect of the poison on my mental being was to depress the intellectual, but greatly to exalt the purely imaginative faculties.

My wandering thoughts were recalled from their travels at last by a new development in my physical condition. The coolness, so delightful at first, was converted into an absolute chilliness. Although I had no pain, I began to feel cold, very cold. I concluded that my experiment was entirely satisfactory, but that it was now time to bring it to an end.

I attempted to withdraw the poisoned fragment from beneath the skin, but to my astonishment and horror I found myself utterly unable to move a muscle. My thumb and finger, still holding the sliver of bamboo in its place, refused to budge the fraction of an inch. The fact was revealed that I was paralyzed and entirely helpless.

I had now good reason to reflect upon the supreme folly of my undertaking, but my physical condition claimed my attention. I was rapidly becoming colder and colder, terribly cold. I felt frozen stiff. What a relief, I thought, if I could only shake—if only my teeth could chatter. But my blood was congealed so that it did not flow through the veins, my heart had ceased to beat. The frozen walls of my chest no longer rose and

fell in respiration. The climate of the arctic circle was the bitter contrast to the tropical atmosphere of a few minutes before. The dusky maidens of the south in their scanty summer attire had winged their way to sunnier climes, and left me to hibernate alone. In my delirious fancy I seemed to be floating on a fragment of ice in a half-frozen sea, while over me dashed the chilling spray and above me surged and toppled huge icebergs. Again, it seemed to me that my frozen carcass, tied naked to an Esquimau sledge, was being rapidly whirled by wolf-like dogs over the crisp snow, through hail and sleet, northward and still northward, to regions near the pole never dreamed of by Parry or Kane, far beyond the last frozen hut that was once a human habitation. I knew that

"I was the first who ever burst
Into that silent sea"

of ice, the black dome above which seemed to be festooned with sparkling icicles which were stars, and the topmost was the north-star. Onward I went, hour after hour, day after day, until weeks rolled by—hurried along by spectre-like dogs, that, without a driver, without a sound, seemed never to tire in their pace. I began to feel fatigued, extremely tired as well as cold. I felt suffocated, as if I were falling so rapidly through space that I could not catch my breath. I looked forward, but the dogs had disappeared, and the sledge to which I was bound was gliding down a steep declivity of ice. I saw below me an abyss of darkness to which there seemed to be no bottom. The sledge shot over the precipice into the chasm, and I was holding my breath for the final crash—when I saw before me once more the familiar walls of my room, reddened by a genial glow of anthracite in the grate.

I was conscious of a desire to get nearer the fire, when unexpectedly I found myself standing in front of it just

as I had wished. I no longer felt cold, nor indeed any sensation whatever, but as a precaution against another chill, I attempted to seize the poker and rake up the coals; my grasp closed about its solid iron handle as if it had been empty air. I happened to glance backward to the lounge from which I had just risen, and there I was startled to see a human form. In another instant, I recognized it as my own body. There it lay, with its pale face, its eyes widely open and glaring upward, the chest motionless, the left arm bare, with the poisoned wood still held in its place by the fingers of the right hand. I rushed desperately toward it and attempted to grasp the hand and remove the fatal fragment of bamboo, but I clutched only a shadow. I dashed furiously against the lounge, hoping to overthrow it with its ghastly burden; but it was no less ethereal than the form lying upon it, and remained immovable.

How to explain the mystery of my new experience I could not tell then, nor do I now offer a theory. I seemed conscious of an existence, yet one detached from the body I had just inhabited. Whether this was actually the case, or whether much which seemed to me a reality was a delusion of the imagination, the reader may judge for himself. I certainly seemed to have acquired new powers of locomotion. By a mere effort of the will I could place myself—or at least that which now seemed to be myself—in any place I chose, however distant or ordinarily inaccessible. Space and the thickest granite walls were no hindrance to my peregrinations. If what seemed to me a reality actually occurred, I must have been the most ethereal of beings, without visible form or tangible substance. But to myself I appeared the only material thing in existence; while all that had once seemed the most substantial—persons, houses, thick walls

—became etherealized and transformed into shadowy phantoms.

The time-piece upon the mantel informed me that it was nine o'clock. For nearly two hours, then, the poison had been mingling with my blood. If I was not already beyond the hope of recovery, I certainly thought I should be before the return of my room-mate at eleven or twelve. I earnestly longed for his presence, that he might at least remove the poisoned wood from the arm of the prostrate form before me.

As my thoughts reverted to my chum and his evening work, I unexpectedly found myself in his presence. In a flash I had traversed the half-mile between my lodgings and the medical college. I saw before me the anatomical room, with its long vista of tables, each freighted with its loathsome fragment of mortality, and surrounded by the devotees of medical and surgical science. I saw my chum with his two companions in their accustomed place of labor. The fourth space at the same table, which I usually filled, was vacant. I passed to and fro among many of my well-known friends. Not one gave me a glance or seemed to recognize my presence. I felt solitary and lonely in the midst of a multitude. I planted myself at my old place of labor, directly opposite my chum, and within reach of his arm, determined, if possible, to convince him of my presence.

Whether the determination in any way influenced the result I can not tell, but while I was thus waiting, my room-mate stopped his work, laid down his knife, seemed to be in a reverie, and sat gazing with an abstracted look at the vacant space which I flattered myself I was occupying. He seemed in earnest thought, and an occasional undecided movement led me to believe that he was hesitating as to some plan of action. At last his movements attracted the attention of one of his companions.

"What is the matter, Andy? Are you getting tired?"

"No; but I was thinking of my chum. I left him two hours ago with a terrible face-ache."

"I just happened to think of him myself," said Dick, another lodger in the same house with Andy and myself. "But I don't see that we can help him any by going back earlier than usual."

I thought of my former self, and again I was in my room. All there remained unchanged. My body remained unmoved; whether dead or alive, I could not tell. I dreaded to speculate upon the problem. The probabilities seemed to be evenly balanced, but my experience in some particulars seemed inconsistent with either supposition. I shuddered at the thought of watching alone by my own corpse under such ghastly circumstances. The room felt cramped, stifling. I wished for air and freedom, and in a moment I was out in the clear starlit night. The great city seemed like a beautiful vision spread out below and around me. I passed in a moment from one end to the other. Its churches and spires, its massive buildings and aristocratic mansions, its rivers silvered by the moonlight, all had a wonderfully spiritual, unreal appearance. I seemed to be myself the only corporeal existence in creation, while all things about me seemed to be visionary and ethereal. Earth and air were alike, and attraction and gravitation—the universal law for all things else—had lost their existence for me.

I thought of the distant home of my childhood, and I was there. The old-fashioned house with its immense chimneys was sleeping quietly under the branching arms of the familiar locusts, now stripped of their foliage. However much freedom I might have felt under ordinary circumstances in entering my old home, I did not feel at liberty to obtrude myself as a ghostly visitor upon

its inmates. I did not, however, have the same scruples with reference to my old dog Carlo. He was lying asleep in his kennel. As I presented myself before the circular entrance to his humble edifice, his slumbers seemed disturbed; he turned uneasily, then seemed composing himself for another nap. In a moment, as if struck with a second thought, he arose, came outside, snuffed the air anxiously in every direction at the length of his chain, barked once or twice, and finally began a prolonged howl.

Again I returned to the dissecting-room, where Andy was still busy at his work. I determined once more to influence him, if possible, to return to our room, anxious as I was that means might be used for my restoration, if such an event might still be within the bounds of possibility. He was intently engaged in tracing out a delicate nerve, and at first paid no attention to my efforts. But I stood before him, I walked round him, I pushed directly through him. He stopped his work at last, looked anxiously about him, and seemed to hesitate what to do. In a moment he began wiping his scalpel, and, turning to his companion, said:

"Well, Dick, although it is not eleven o'clock, I'll quit work for the night. I don't feel right about poor Tom, lying there ill and all alone. I think I shall go home and see how he feels by this time."

"The very thought that was in my own mind," said Dick. "I will close up and go along with you."

I felt that I had been successful in my manoeuvres, yet how I had obtained the influence I could not explain myself. I saw my two friends finish their labor, leave the room, and enter the street. I accompanied them on their walk homeward, circling round them like a dog about his master. I heard their tramp upon the sidewalk, and listened to their

conversation as they proceeded. They walked rapidly onward, reached the house, ascended the stairs, and pushed hastily into my room.

"Hullo, chum!" said Andy, as he entered and saw my form on the lounge. "Why, he has gone to sleep, at last," he continued, as I remained motionless, notwithstanding his salutation.

"Poor fellow, he needs it!" said Dick.

"What does this mean?" said Andy, as he noticed the bare arm and the bit of wood sticking in the wound. "Wake up, Tom!" said he, nervously seizing me by the shoulder and giving me a shake.

I saw it all, but did not feel Andy's grasp. Now I shall soon learn to which world I belong, I thought.

Andy loosened his hold upon my shoulder, started backward as if he had been struck, turned as pale as my own ghastly countenance, and said, with a gasp:

"Why, Dick, I believe he is dead! Look at his face, and that arm—and what does this mean?" he said, pulling the fragment from the wound. "As sure as I am alive, it is some of the bamboo poisoned with wourali. I really believe he has done in earnest what I proposed in jest, and has poisoned himself with wourali to relieve his neuralgia."

"He may not be dead yet," said Dick, who now began to comprehend the situation. He approached me, felt for my pulse at the wrist, applied his ear to my chest, and said: "No heart-beat nor respiration, but his body is warm yet, and he doesn't look exactly dead either, it seems to me. What can we do? Suppose we give him a shock with the battery?"

I need not particularize the different methods adopted by my fellow-students to restore me to the body I had temporarily deserted. I stood near, superintending the work, but was unable to as-

sist. Shock after shock from the battery was given. My muscles quivered, my extremities writhed and twisted and jerked, my face assumed every variety of contortion; all this I saw, but felt nothing. I was rubbed, and thumped, and rolled, and bathed with liniments so pungent that my flesh tingled for a week afterward, though not at the time. The efforts of my friends were all that could have been desired, and should have had my heartiest sympathy, but I am surprised at the indifference I began to feel in the result. I looked on very much as a spectator would witness the attempts made to restore to consciousness some half-drowned man in whom he felt only the interest of a stranger. In fact, at one time the ludicrous aspect of the case struck me so forcibly that I could hardly suppress a spiritual cachinnation.

Finally, when a powerful continuous magnetic current was passing through my system, I suddenly became conscious of the thrill, and of my old material existence. My ethereal wanderings were at an end, and I was a prisoner again in the old habitation. The transition was anything but pleasant. The wretchedness and constraint I felt after my great freedom, in finding myself again locked in my dilapidated prison-house, were indescribable. I was benumbed, unable to move, and every muscle was sore and stiff. Although my eyes were open, yet my vision was confused and indistinct, and my hearing was blunted. I heard voices about me and was conscious that my friends were continuing their efforts to restore my vitality, but this was all.

A week of pain and lassitude, of mental and bodily debility, passed by, and I was able to relate my experience to my companions. I told the exact truth, as the tale seemed a sufficiently novel one without embellishment. The look of compassionate forgiveness which would overspread the countenances of my two

friends whenever the subject was afterward broached, led me to believe either that they doubted my tale, or that they did not fully appreciate the value of my discovery. Both are now successful practitioners, but I have never learned that they owe their success in any measure to the use of the wonderful wourali.

OSHKOSH IN THE VATICAN.

LIEUTENANT DIXON was one of those rugged youths, full of muscle and ambition, whom our Great West has contributed to the roll of officers of the United States Navy. His exterior, it must be confessed, was neither that of a Beau Brummel nor yet of an Admirable Crichton. He was, it is true, large of limb and tall of stature; but then he had also red hair, square brows and jaw, a straggling beard and wide-set teeth. He spoke the French and German languages as though he were cracking nuts between those same teeth, and his appearance in the dance was highly suggestive of the motions of the farm-horse in his old home at Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

When his vessel, the U. S. sloop-of-war *Muskaloosa*, was stationed at Civita Vecchia in Italy, in the year 1866, he visited the Eternal City on a leave of absence, and took up his residence in the Hôtel de Rome, on the Corso. He was assigned an apartment on the third floor of that spacious hostelry, and there he soon forgot the ship-biscuit and salt pork that are as inseparable from sea-cruising in the Mediterranean as in less historic waters.

It happened that his room faced upon an alley, on the other side of which was a large stone residence, one of whose windows was exactly opposite his own. This circumstance of itself would hardly require mention, were it not for the additional fact that twice every day—at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon—he discovered he had for a *vis-*

d-vis the girlish face and graceful figure of a lovely young Italian. The rough stone-work of the old walls made a frame that contrasted delightfully with the bright picture it inclosed. The lieutenant concluded that he had never seen anything half so beautiful before. Whether this was due to that isolation from all representatives of the sex which is incidental to the life of a sailor, or to the natural susceptibility of the heart of youth, is a matter of conjecture. It can only be said that, with him, to look was to look long and often, and surprise was soon succeeded by admiration.

The young lady, Signorina Aliza Cozzi, was related to Monsignore Bella, a gentleman well known in all political and religious circles in Rome. He was understood to have a decided inclination to wear upon his head the hat of a cardinal. But of this, of course, Lieutenant Dixon knew nothing. He only saw clearly enough that the young girl was about sixteen years old, and had great lustrous black eyes that served a double purpose: they not only gave forth the indescribable light that dances in the eyes of youth and beauty, but they also reflected portraits of young gentlemen with red cheeks and incipient whiskers. Her hair was as black and almost as plentiful of light as her eyes. And as to her figure, that was as graceful and lithe as the forms of the Sabine beauties that her remote ancestors led back captive and reluctant brides to their homes in ancient Rome. Dixon could hardly blame those old Latin bachelors.

She did not apparently notice the advances made by her neighbor, but we may be quite confident that she had a suspicion of the trouble brewing beneath the brass buttons that covered his broad chest; for although, as we have said, he commenced by looking, it must be confessed that he concluded by actually blowing kisses to her across the alley, and flinging expensive bouquets into her lap. I hope the fair Aliza, should this chronicle ever reach her eyes, will pardon the publication of these details. It must be remembered that she was only a young lady, and had neither the requisite strength nor skill to fling the bouquets back again. On these occasions she rose hastily from her seat, and thus the flowers fell to the floor. But somehow they afterward invariably found their way to her toilet-table; and somehow, also, it always happened that when he was at his window she was at hers. Affairs were rapidly progressing to that point when it seemed as if the new hotel and the old *pension* were to be on most excellent terms with each other, when one morning our lieutenant heard the young lady singing Rossini's exquisite cavatina, "*Una voce*." The voice was that of a sweet and rich contralto, and the words of the native tongue of the fair Italian seemed to the American full of meaning. It led him to form a sudden conclusion. He would secure an introduction to her at all hazards. He made no delay in his effort. It was easy to discover her name, and he learned incidentally of her relationship to Monsignore Bella. Now it happened that he had already been introduced to *monsignore* at a reception given by the American Minister at Rome at the legation. His plan was then soon perfected: he would go to *monsignore*, and ask for a letter of introduction—not to the young lady, but to her father. It could not but happen that he would thus be put in communication

with the daughter. Lieutenant Dixon drove at once to the Piazza di Spagna, where the gentleman he sought lived in apartments.

It has been already remarked that Monsignore Bella was exceedingly anxious to place upon his head the hat of a cardinal. At this very time he was up to his ears in all sorts of plans and projects, looking to his advancement in the church. He however received the lieutenant with considerable courtesy, extended to him one finger, apologized for the little time at his disposal, and acceded to the request. He promised to send a letter of introduction that very afternoon to the address on the card of his visitor.

Monsignore was as good as his word. The letter of introduction was duly indited, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR COZZI:—I have the pleasure of introducing to your consideration Lieutenant Eugene Dixon, of the American marine, who will, I doubt not, receive at your hands that generous hospitality which, I am sure, you will agree that he deserves.

"Faithfully yours,

BELLA.

It appeared, however, that Monsignore Bella, stimulated by his ambition and zeal for the church, had occasion to write another letter that same afternoon. Both of these he handed to his valet, with instructions as to their delivery. The latter, however—possibly in consequence of an undue libation of the "*lachryma christi*" in his master's wine-closet—became confused as to the destination of these two epistles. He accordingly dropped the letter of introduction to Cozzi in the mail office; and delivered the other into the hands of Lieutenant Dixon, at the hotel.

The second letter was addressed to Cardinal Antonelli, at the Vatican, and read as follows:

"MY LORD:—Signor Blanquard, an officer of the French army, will repair to the Vatican to-morrow morning. I beg your lordship to secure for him an immediate and private interview with his holiness, as he has important and secret information relative to the Austrian occupation of Venice. There

should be no delay. I will be responsible for the authenticity of his reports.

"Your Lordship's faithful servitor,
"BORACHIO BELLA."

"Hullo!" said Dixon, as he read the address on the envelope of this note—"a letter of introduction—sealed, and addressed to Cardinal Antonelli? I suppose that's what might be called 'the Italian method.' Perhaps the gentleman I'm looking for is a sort of purser or chief boatswain's-mate in Cardinal Antonelli's office at the Vatican. Seems to me this is fetching rather a long tack in order to make soundings!"

But our hero was not to be deterred by any such consideration from pursuing his project. On the ensuing morning he arrayed himself in full uniform—cocked hat, epaulet, and sword-belt—and descended to the court-yard of the hotel, where he entered a carriage which he directed to be driven to the papal palace. As he was whirled past the yellow waters of the Tiber, and the gloomy castle of St. Angelo, he did not feel any interest in looking upon these memorials of a remote past, which others have journeyed so many miles to see. His mind was intent upon another problem. In what manner should he accost the gentleman to whom he was about to be introduced? Should he attempt the courtly manners of the noble ecclesiastics of the papal government? Or should he imitate the sleek and almost fawning subserviency of the lower order of priests? He resolved to do neither, but to adopt the style most congenial to one of his education and instincts—the "rough and ready" behavior of the western American.

Once arrived at the Vatican, his coach dismissed, and the magnificent staircase ascended, his reception was of the most formal. He was ushered past the Swiss guards, whose harlequin uniform still contrasts strangely with the gravity of their demeanor—past groups of cardi-

nals, whose crimson copes did not fail to remind him of the birds that are their namesakes—past the grand saloons, where the genius of Michael Angelo, Giulio Romano, and Raphael, have hung the walls with glowing portraiture of human life—along the corridors of that immense building, which is said to cover as much space as the city of Turin—past the unrivaled collections of antique sculpture, impossible of reproduction and the despair of modern art—past all these, to the antechamber of Cardinal Antonelli. Here he delivered his letter to a gentleman in waiting, who left the room, and speedily returning, addressed him a few words in the Italian language. The messenger, in fact, announced that Cardinal Antonelli desired that the visitor should be conducted without delay into the presence of his holiness.

Now, Dixon knew about as much of the Italian language as of the Choctaw of his native land. He had not, therefore, the remotest conception of the purport of this message. He was, indeed, inclined to believe, in consequence of the extreme politeness of his companion, that the latter had inquired after the health of his estimable mother, who was then busily engaged in the dairy of the old farm in Oshkosh. Dixon responded, "that she was enjoying excellent health, that he had heard from her that very day, and that a saw-mill in the vicinity of their residence had been burned down since he left home—total loss, no insurance!"

His companion regarded him, for a moment, with a slightly puzzled expression of countenance, and then, beckoning the visitor to follow, he led the way through a series of corridors to a secluded part of the palace, where he opened a door. After the lieutenant had entered the apartment to which it admitted, his conductor closed the door, and remained within call in the outer passage.

The American found himself in a small room, furnished with extreme plainness. There was a small table near the centre, upon which lay pen and paper. Beside this stood a carved oak chair with a high back, in which sat an old gentleman of very pleasant expression of countenance. He was unostentatiously dressed in dark-colored clothing. He wore, also, a pair of embroidered slippers. On his head was a velvet cap. His face was clean shaved, and, consequently there was nothing to conceal the play of his features. By the side of the entrance-door stood a second and smaller chair.

Now Dixon was actually in the presence of the pope; but he believed that he saw before him Signor Cozzi, to whom, as he thought, his letter of introduction had been delivered. Never having seen Pius Ninth, he had not the remotest idea of the identity of the individual whom he was addressing. If he had, we may perhaps doubt whether he would have acted very differently. But yet, here he was, in the very chamber which kings and emperors have entered with bended knees, in order to kiss the sacred signet on the finger of him whom they regarded as the vicegerent of heaven upon earth. Other and less exalted personages, in accordance with the requirements of the papal court, are not admitted to this privilege. They, too, are expected to advance upon their knees, but not to venture upon saluting the hand of the pontiff. It is theirs to press their lips upon the emblems embroidered on the point of his holiness' slipper—a performance which is vulgarly known as “kissing the pope's toe.”

They who have seen the wonderful picture by Healey, recently exhibited in the art-gallery of the Chicago Exposition, can form a just conception of the sweetness and benevolence that beam in the countenance of this primate of the Church of Rome. Whatever may be

said by those who disagree with him, respecting his doctrinal belief, his firm adherence to the ancient prerogatives of his office, and his unmitigated hatred of those whom he considers the spoilers of the church's heritage, certainly there is but one opinion respecting his private character. He is universally admitted to be a kind-hearted, urbane, Christian gentleman.

It must be confessed that he was not a little surprised at the manner in which he was approached by his visitor on this occasion. Dixon strode into the room as though he were pacing the quarter-deck of a frigate, and, advancing to his holiness, seized the hand of the latter, and shook it with all the unaffected earnestness of sincerity. “Sir,” said he, in his execrable French, “I am delighted to see you. I am proud to make your acquaintance—upon my word I am. Permit me to hand you my card. Mr. Bella was very kind in giving me the letter of introduction. If he hadn't, I think I should have dipped my colors, and introduced myself. You seem to be pretty much at home here. Private office, I suppose, and all that sort of thing. Not much of a run, after all, down to your house on the Corso. Well, you don't do much more in the way of style here than I did, when I entered a midshipman's steerage and bade good-by to the corner-grocery in Oshkosh!”

The pope was at first startled, then shocked, and finally convinced that an error had been committed somewhere. He accordingly rose from his official seat, and, extending three fingers of his soft white hand, in the manner according to which it is customary to give the papal benediction, pronounced the following words in Latin: “*Pax tēcum—in pace demitto, filio!*” Now this was a polite intimation to his visitor to terminate the interview.

But the young gentleman had never enjoyed the advantages of a classical

education, and was therefore not to be blamed for supposing that his host pointed to the vacant chair in the room, with a request for him to be seated. He accordingly deposited his cocked hat on the floor, placed himself in the chair, tipped it back till his head rested against the adjacent wall, and regarded his companion with a look of the most bland and cheerful serenity.

"That servant of yours," he continued, "the one that showed me in here, hasn't got any confounded nonsense about *him*. He introduced me with about as little ceremony as Foldjer did, when he made Sam acquainted with the ward-room mess. Foldjer is one of our lieutenants on the *Muskaloosa*, and Sam is the name which the sailors have given to a ring-tailed monkey we've got on board ship. You see the other day, when all the officers were seated at mess, the monkey took it into his head to suspend himself in an open hatchway, just over the mess-table. To make himself fast, he had taken two or three turns of his tail around the lanyard of the next windsail. There he swung, much to his own delight, and unperceived by those beneath, when Foldjer, who was officer of the deck, happened to be passing, and noticed the animal's position. Well, sir, I'm blamed if he didn't then and there cast that tail loose from the lanyard; and, in less than a jiffy, the animal landed plump into a bowl of red-hot bean-soup, on the mess-table below. The next instant the provisions for that meal were distributed about the ward-room as if it had been the corner-grocery in Oshkosh with a row at the bar, and the monkey was dusting up through the hatchway, with a look of determination in his countenance, and all the hair off one side of his body. And it took as much as ten minutes to convince the chief engineer, who had received a full charge of the soup in each eye, that the steam-heater had not exploded."

By this time, the pope was walking to and fro in the apartment, rubbing his head occasionally with his hands, and moving with that quiet ease which is familiar to all who have seen him in his promenades upon the Pincian Hill. His facial muscles had first relaxed—then a smile rippled over his face, and, finally, laying aside all restraint, he burst into a genuine and hearty laugh—the first, probably, that had awakened the echoes of the sombre Vatican for a long time.

"My son," said he, speaking in the language which his guest had employed, "verily thou hast the gift of story-telling which is peculiar to thy people, and which, it is said, thy illustrious martyr, Abraham Lincoln, possessed. Thou hast made me forget myself in this display of merriment."

"Well," continued the lieutenant, who now brought his right leg over the knee of the other, and nursed it in his left hand with unconscious tenderness, "I have always been of the opinion that the land of the Yankees was chiefly remarkable for its pretty girls. And I aint willing to allow that there's any in the world that can manufacture a buckwheat cake, or spread studding-sails, along side of those in Oshkosh. But when you come to talk about *eyes*—there's a pair of brilliants in the head of that daughter of yours that puts out all the port and starboard lights of any craft that I ever saw afloat."

"Daughter, daughter!" ejaculated his holiness, in an ill-suppressed effort to smother his laughter in his handkerchief. "My son, dost thou not know that the pope hath neither sons nor daughters, save only those to whom he is father because he is also head of the great family of the church."

Dixon bounced upward from his chair, and stood before the other, in blank amazement. The amusement depicted upon the genial countenance of his host did not escape his attention. "Mr.

Pope," said he—"excuse me, your reverence—your holiness, I mean—this is a big blunder, and undoubtedly due to the carelessness of Mr. Bella. But," continued he, brightening up, and extending his hand, "I'm just exactly as pleased to see you as Mr. Cozzi whom I expected to meet here. I shall always be proud of the honor conferred upon me by this acquaintance, even though it results from an accident. And"—this with a slight huskiness of voice, but in tones whose genuine sincerity would have carried conviction to the most stoical of auditors—"upon my honor, I think you're the most perfect gentleman I ever met in the course of my life."

"*Espeta una minuto*," responded the pontiff, forgetting the French in his native tongue. He then withdrew from a cabinet, on one side of the apartment, two articles which he brought to the centre-table, where he inscribed a few words with the pen. He then returned, and laid two gifts in the hands of the astonished youth. One was a photograph of himself in full pontifical robes, taken by the well-known Cuccioni, on the Via Condotti. Beneath this, he had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Lieutenant Eugene Dixon, from his friend, Pio Nono." The other was an exquisitely-wrought cameo, representing the profile of his face.

"My son," said he, "God bless and return thee safely to thy native land. When thou lookest upon this face, remember one who takes a profound interest in the career of thy great nation.

I suspect, from thy words, that thy heart hath been taken captive by a daughter of our Italy. Take an old man's advice, and give not thy heart to her who is only lovely to thine eyes. Beauty is often a fatal gift. Search rather for her who is truly beautiful in her soul."

Having uttered these words, he conducted his visitor to the door, receiving his profuse thanks with a kindly smile, and dismissing him with a warm pressure of the hand.

Dixon returned to his hotel, half dazed by his adventure. Here he found two letters awaiting him—one, the genuine letter of introduction delivered through the mail, which thus gave him a clew to his morning experience; the other contained an immediate summons to return to his ship, which was under orders to proceed at once to sea. He gave one look to the window of the fair Aliza, but she was for the first time absent. She had misconstrued his non-appearance of the morning and was, in this manner attempting to repay him for it. So with a sigh the youth packed his trunk, took the next train for Civita Vecchia, and was soon plowing the blue waters of the Mediterranean in the gallant *Muskaloosa*.

I saw Dixon in the city of Boston not long since, where he is now engaged in the practice of law. He then informed me, confidentially, that the little finger of the girl with blue eyes and light hair, to whom he had been married, was worth more to him than all the black-eyed and dark-haired beauties that ever breathed the air of Rome.

THE MYSTERY.

I never know why 'tis I love thee so:
 I do not think 'tis that thine eyes for me
 Grow bright as sudden sunshine on the sea;
 Nor for thy rose-leaf lips, or breast of snow,
 Or voice like quiet waters where they flow.

So why I love thee well I can not tell:
 Only it is that when thou speak'st to me
 'Tis thy voice speaks, and when thy face I see
 It is thy face I see; and it befell
 Thou wert and I was, and I love thee well.

THORPE, CAVALIER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

CHAPTER I.—WOOD-NYMPHS AND
RIVER-GOD.

THERE was a children's lawn-party at Mrs. Flemming's country-house on the Hudson—"Windmere."

A score of dainty little aristocrats—not yet aware that they were aristocrats—dressed with a rich elaboration to suit Rembrandt himself, in varied colors that commingled in their sports with kaleidoscopic effect, romped and pranced and screamed in shrill treble, in and out of the shrubbery and over the rolling lawn. They played games, they marshaled in squads under beardless toddling little generalissimos, they hunted for chimerical bugaboos in the darkest copses, they strolled in demure little couples, wrapped in infantile romance.

It was a lovely picture of joyous merriment—a grateful sight to happy-minded mortals, a weary irony to the sad at heart. A fleecy cloud that floated a mile above them, dropping its hurrying shad-

ow on the lawn, mistook the gaily dressed little creatures for flowers, driven hither and thither by the wind, and said to itself: "Ah, poor things! how many such sights have I seen, as I've circled the earth these autumn days. The life of beauty everywhere. To-day it flutters on its branch, radiant, the delight of mortals; to-night, a frost; to-morrow, the sport of winds, blown to oblivion by the breath of time."

But the cloud should be pardoned its mistake, for there were tears in its misty eyes; and had it not heard of the West Indian leaves and flowers, "which when they fall unto the earth doe creep, having on either side things like unto two feete?" Or could Stafford so pervert the truth in his seventeenth century chronicle?

In and out of this riotous regiment of rompers, like guiding spirits (most beautifully embodied), moved Edith Flemming and Madelon Linder—she of the

railway encounter, and her bosom friend, Madelon. Under the oak yonder sat matronly Mrs. Flemming, smiling benignly on the happy scene, or in a quiet moment floating back on the downy wings of memory to her own youthful pleasures. She nodded once or twice to herself, as though the problem of life, with its shifting phases, its youth succeeding youth, and its bitter sarcasms of growth and decay, were beyond her comprehension, and was glad to revert to the bright lawn before her and reflect on the substantial reality of the broad acres around her.

When the ancestral Flemming had left Holland two centuries ago, he had packed in his strong-box a small quantity of hard-earned gold, his only savings from a financial crisis, and landed at New York with this for sole baggage and fortune. A more intangible and infinitely more valuable property, however, he had unwittingly stowed away in his strong-box—his native Flemish industry and spirit of thrift. His manor-house, filled with ancestral portraits and yards of canvas of his countrymen, Ostrade and Wouvermans and Ruysdael, he had, indeed, left behind him. But here, on the banks of the Hudson, generations of his descendants—now thoroughly American—were enjoying the consequences of that immaterial essence which had crept into his trunk on the shores of Holland—which had come forth and expanded and spread itself, like the genii from the fisherman's jar, until it was a mighty grand reality, as old Pepys would say.

A broad roomy country-house, with a multitude of odd corners and strange lurking-places, and the recent addition of a modern tower; wide piazzas, hung with tasseled hammocks and set with every variety of easy-chair; grand solitary oaks, of perfect symmetry, standing guard over the house and the feebler shrubbery; an ample English lawn, stretching for a green half-mile to the

highway in front, and rolling away in "soft dimplements" on the south, where it broke in wavy ripples on the margin of a wood—such was Windmere. Farther off, in the rear of the house, which faced west, the emerald of the grass ran down and saw itself reflected in the cool mirror of a small lake. Glimpses of the river, two miles westward, were had from the piazzas; and from the tower and various elevated spots on the lawn, a clear view of the Catskills beyond, with their infinite transformations under light and shadow, cloud and storm. The noise of the cars came to the dwellers in Windmere like the far-off hum of a mighty insect.

"Will you keep an eye on these little romps, mamma?" said Miss Flemming, coming up to the placid old lady under the oak. "Madelon and I are going down into the grove for awhile."

"Certainly, my dear. But don't stay long. It will be chilly down there very soon."

"We'll be back before you've finished your first nap, dear Mrs. Flemming," said Madelon, jauntily, giving the old lady a bird-like little peck for a kiss, and rushing to join Edith, while the old lady looked after them with moistening eyes.

A graceful pair. Madelon was in the twining age of girlhood, and walked now with her arm round Miss Flemming's waist, happy. Trigly dressed in a half-shepherdess costume, in honor of the afternoon's sports, with a general air of picturesque completeness which eludes description, she might have stepped out from a dainty Watteau for an afternoon stroll, or be on the way, like her sister shepherdesses in *Endymion*, to some fair woodland altar, flower-crowned, for rustic rites. Of her companion, Thorpe's railway diagnosis was essentially correct, as far as it went. "Sweetly earnest" it had been, and such she certainly looked this afternoon, as she moved among the

young rioters with mild directions, clothed in a soft neutral tint in harmony with autumn. As with Laura,

"Color of pearl so clothes her as does best
Become a lady, nowise in excess."

What Thorpe's railway sleepiness had prevented his observing, and what was one of her chief charms, was her grand, unconsciously royal walk. She was long from the waist to the ground, like the figures of the Little Bernard, and with her exuberant *physique*, full neck, and smallish head, she was a picture of mingled power and grace in movement, demanding observation.

If Madelon was a shepherdess, Edith was a fair priestess or elder daughter of the order, to whom such novitiates, such loving copyists, as Madelon were intrusted for instruction in all noble simplicity and womanly gentleness. As they crossed the lawn and descended toward the wood, they turned on the brow of the hill, and, still entwined, with their disengaged hands blew parting airy kisses to Mrs. Flemming. If Edith had only known that they were the last that she should blow to her in entire singleness of heart, and if they had both known what awaited them below at the brook! They did not know; and as the sun poured a golden splendor over them, flooding the lawn and bringing them out in bold relief against the dark background of the wood, they seemed transfigured to the old lady's sight. Turning and descending the hill into apparent darkness, they were symbols of beauty and innocence going forth into the shadowy future, ignorant, trusting.

A golden carpet of fallen foliage met them at the margin of the wood, and they stepped lightly over it, as though their coming were a sacrilege. Boisterous autumn had pounced upon trembling summer, decked at length in beauty after much labor, and demanded in rough voice her gathered treasure. For days the timid creature had been casting her

golden wealth at the feet of her conqueror, only to see it whirled away disdainfully, or lying neglected in the wood.

Autumn had fled northward for the last two days, ashamed of her ruthlessness, and summer stood again for a brief space among the trees, sighing sadly for her loss, and looking with mild soft eyes at the devastation. In maidenly modesty she was trembling with fright at the loss of her drapery. No wonder that she thrilled with delight, and a low murmur of applause ran through the wood, as Madelon and Edith, shepherdess and priestess, a feminine presence that could appreciate her forlornness, entered the grove, went to their favorite bank, and sat down—lovely tutelary deities.

No wonder. For no Jove-sent Danaï-shower of golden largess, no autumn bounty of beauty, was ever poured on fairer, purer, or more picturesque pair of mortals. Here, at their old tryst with the wood-nymphs, with a patriarchal oak overhead, and a chipper, important little brook at their feet, they lay careless, listening to the breathing of the great god Pan, or talking softly.

It was an open wood, with little undergrowth save ferns and brakes by the brook-side. The checkered shade shifted on the turf about them, and the small trees shook their tops saucily, as though they resented their imprisonment by the giant oaks, and were clamoring for their liberty and an equal share of the sunlight.

Edith had brought a volume of Hunt's *A Day by the Fire*. Here in this suggestive spot, they had often read and talked of nymphs and oreads, dryads and hamadryads; and many were the *naïve* comments and dainty conceits that they had made. They were just now at that passage in "The Nymphs of Antiquity" where Hunt says: "A late admirable writer thought his contemporaries defective in imagination for not making the

nymphs partake thoroughly of the nature of the element they lived in. He would have had a dryad, for instance, as rugged and fantastic as an old oak-tree, and divested of all human beauty."

A pretty quarrel had arisen in this reading, Madelon scouting the idea of coarse dryads, and Edith dissenting from her so far as to say that it had been a favorite idea, in her nymphology, that each nymph, naiad, or oread should vary in beauty, power, and length of life, with the nature of the object to which she was attached.

"This little brook, for instance," she said, "should have a jolly, lively, little naiad, variable and rollicking in mood, with a fern-leaf staff, a maple-leaf crown, and the airiest of movements. This old oak, on the other hand, should have a hamadryad of a more solid and dignified kind—a strong-limbed, buxom creature, in ruddy health, who could run and walk with the best of us; in fact, who could take her walking-stick in hand and tramp grandly through the woods, making the earth tremble. And yet——"

But before she could continue, there came a distant sound, as of a solid, mighty tramp slowly approaching them. Madelon heard it first, and looked up at Edith from a reclining posture. Could it be that the oak's mighty hamadryad was really returning to her home? Or what was the cause of the sound, which came nearer and nearer, growing more distinct and heavy? The woods were darkening toward sunset, and they were within the bounds of Windmere, where trespassers rarely ventured, but *something* was surely trespassing. On through the wood it came, until, as they stood half-concealed by their oak, they saw on the wood-path, emerging from a copse and walking with drooping head, heavily—a horse. A horse, with a man's saddle! A thoroughbred-looking horse, with a thoroughly English saddle! A riderless horse, and here!

They shouted "Whoa!" to him, stepping from behind the tree as he drew nearer; at which he stopped short, lifted a proud head suddenly with a slight snort, and stood looking at them. For a moment this odd trio stood silent, watching each other—Madelon and Edith breathless, wondering at this strange apparition, as if in answer to their talk; the horse, with heaving sides and quick breath, breast and legs "dashed with drops of sweat," startled eyes, and alert ears.

They moved toward him, holding out enticing hands, but he turned half about, and left the grove by the blind wood-path by which the young ladies had entered it.

The merry little aristocrats on the lawn also spied the riderless hunter, as he mounted the hill. They rushed for him *en masse*, with shouts, but with no romantic thought of a "spilt" hero lying somewhere, such as came to the young ladies; and, though they dared not catch him, they gathered about him and followed him as he walked slowly and wearily across the grass.

It was a sight for old Froissart—the gallant beast returning without its rider from some brave tilt for beauty or charge for leaguered town, every movement telling of the rough labor that had been done; the procession of gorgeous little followers, silent with wonder; and a twin procession of horse and followers marching with them in their long shadows, as they walked athwart the golden sunbeams. Grooms secured the horse and took him to the stable.

And the startled priestess and the novice? They stood undecided for a moment, and then walked rapidly in the direction from which the horse had come, through a denser growth where they took hold of hands in the gloom, and out into the open meadow, nearing the brook.

The horse's tracks were distinct here,

marked in the softer ground. They left the path and turned toward the brook and fence. Could it be here, so near the fence? Behind a clump of brakes, suddenly, with no warning, they came upon Thorpe, lying motionless, one foot over the edge of the brook.

"Heavens!" said Madelon, clutching Edith, as they caught sight of this prostrate figure.

And she? Did she exclaim, or faint, or retreat, when she recognized her *vis-a-vis* of the railway in this fallen cavalier?

There was a sudden stifling rush of memory and excitement, but she said, calmly:

"Madelon, go for the men. I'll stay here."

No hesitation in her decision. No denying her command, for Madelon. Edith saw her duty at a glance, and was equal to it.

A novel situation, nevertheless. Alone in the fields with a "spilt" hero, night coming on, and help a quarter-mile off.

And her duty? There are times when one's general duty is as plain as sunlight, but the special ways and means considerably doubtful.

She was not used to the sight of prostrate gentlemen in velveteen jackets, lying helpless in the meadows at sundown. Her duty had not often called her to their rescue.

She moved a step nearer to him; but the rustle of her skirts on the stillness went through her like a shiver, and she wished for just a second that Madelon had not left her.

He was lying on his side, one leg doubled under him in suspicious misplacement, the other extended and almost touching the water. His riding-stick was grasped firmly in his right hand, his hat lay at a distance, and his watch, still held by the chain, had fallen from his fob.

His close-cut brown hair and dark

waving mustache brought out in strong contrast the unusual pallor of his face and neck. His fine proportions, admirably shown by the tight-fitting riding-suit, made him look peculiarly helpless in this prone position.

Edith stood watching him, noting these details. "Allan Thorpe," she said to herself, half aloud. If Thorpe could have been aware of this radiant creature standing over him and calling him by name! It were enough to call the dead to life—much more a thoroughly healthy young American, only somewhat bruised and dislocated.

If he had known it, however, and had opened his eyes upon his rescuer at the words, he could not have called her by name—and here she was calmly repeating his! As if some such thought went through her own mind, she drew a small letter-case from her pocket, took from it a doubly folded card and read from it—again, "Mr. Allan Thorpe."

Her duty, though. Where should she begin? She brought his hat to his side, very simply. She lifted his hunter-watch and pushed it gently into his pocket—but a quick electric thrill passed through her, and she looked around in a guilty manner, with slightly-parted lips—not so very simple.

What more could she do? So much helpless hero she had never encountered, nor expected ever to encounter.

Thorpe's breath was convulsive now, coming in quick gasps which alarmed Edith, and suggested a change of position. Could she move him and free him from his twisted and doubled condition? She hesitated.

Will they never come from the house? Sunlight has climbed to the tops of the tallest trees by this time, and is preparing to jump skyward.

Thorpe suddenly stops breathing. Good God! Edith pulls the gloves from his hands, turns him upon his back, bathes his face with her wet handker-

chief, takes his brown hands in her delicate grasp and rubs the wrists vigorously—she scarcely knows what she does, nor whether it is the right remedy.

Butler and groom arrive, with Madelon, Mrs. Flemming, and Tom; and, drooping, fainting, Thorpe is speedily carried across the meadow and lawn to Windmere—butler and groom ahead, and this anxious group following closely in silence—another scene for Froissart!

Where shall he go? Guest-rooms are full of the wraps of the little aristocrats, now romping at supper below stairs. Another room is occupied by Madelon.

“No place but your room, Edith. Shall he go there?”

“Certainly, mamma, if you say so.”

And so he was taken there.

CHAPTER II.—ROSY CAPTIVITY.

A long drowsy sleep—the sleep of a battered and bruised athlete, temporarily pummeled to unconsciousness. He breathes quietly and regularly.

Mrs. Flemming and the young ladies leave the room. The lights are turned half down, and he is alone. He dreams. He is scouring a broad plain on horseback in hot pursuit of a fleeing foe. He charges him again and again, but every time the caitiff eludes him. At last he makes a desperate lunge at him, rising sheer into the air with the force of the shock. But the wily foe escapes, and he falls overcome with fatigue.

All is now a blank. Suddenly he is aware of a lustrous presence. He is lying on a bed of asphodels and roses. He stretches out his hand, and this benign presence holds and soothes it—he is invigorated and electrified. He stretches it out again, and grasps a cold unyielding flower—it is *campanula*-shaped, and in place of odor gives out a sharp silvery music like the tinkling of smitten glass. He wakes. In his dream he had grasped a silver bell that stood

on a table by his side, and had waked himself.

The bell brings Mrs. Flemming rushing to the room, followed nearly to the door by several more timid footsteps. She finds Thorpe leaning on his elbow, still holding the bell, and gazing in wonder at the picturesque mystery about him.

“Pink and lace” would be the words to come to your lips, on entering this room of Edith’s—casual hospital for maimed cavaliers. Graceful furniture made in imitation of bamboo-work, which gave a peculiarly light effect; pink-and-lace coverings to various articles on floor and bureau; a delicate pink paper and lace curtains; an indescribable feminine picturesqueness in the arrangement of ornaments, and with that delicate fragrance as of subdued mignonette, common to such maidenly nests—such were Thorpe’s surroundings. A fine copy of Guido Reni’s “Heilige Marie” hung over the mantel, and many photographs and pictures on mantel and walls.

By the side of the bell Thorpe saw lying his own card, creased in two places, with “E. F. 28 Octo.” in pencil in one corner. With good reason he was mystified, and no wonder that his first words were:

“Am I in heaven, my dear madam?” as Mrs. Flemming’s anxious face came though the door-way.

“Not exactly, sir,” she replied, with a re-assuring mundane smile; but Thorpe would hardly have been surprised to hear her order him, like a peremptory Lady Angela, to fold up his wings and preserve angelic silence; or to see a crew of rollicking cherubs come flapping through the door-way after her—and sure enough there they were, in the little rioters of the lawn flocking in about him, to his vast amusement, with much chirping, and many widely opened eyes.

“Not exactly,” she said. “But you

came very near being there a little while ago, my good sir. You had an awkward fall."

"Fall! Eh?—Ah! it all comes back to me. But where am I, and how came I in this enchanting snugger?"

"The young ladies, sir—don't be alarmed. You might have been lying in the meadow yet, my dear sir, if they hadn't found you, lying like a wounded river-god, on the edge of the brook."

"The young ladies! How mortifying! But, madame—you—you forget."

"Ah! pardon me. Mrs. Flemming. My daughter, Miss Flemming, and her friend, Madelon Linder, have the honor of your rescue."

"But you don't mean——"

"O, certainly not. The men carried you up. They only brought us word of your fall."

"Indeed! I am overwhelmed with shame, to have been so much bother."

"Don't look at it in that light, sir, pray. Consider it fortunate that you fell within reach of help, and let us consider you as a god-send."

"My lines have certainly fallen in pleasant places, if you will pardon me the equestrian joke, my dear Mrs. Flemming," said Thorpe, in return for this compliment. And then: "But what became of my horse?"

"Safe in the stables. 'Not a scratch, mum,' said the groom just now."

"That's very lucky. But am I not to have a chance of thanking my fair rescuers? What's the matter with me, by the way?" he asked, as his own personality came into his mind.

"You're lucky, if you have to ask," said Mrs. Flemming, laughing heartily at his quizzical question. "The doctor will be here soon, and I am happy that he is to have an *ante-mortem*. Girls!" she shouted from the door in dissimulating loudness.

From the top stair arose the listening couple, and, after a pause as if coming

from a far country, walked nonchalantly into the room.

"My daughter Edith and Miss Linder, Mr. ——"

"What!" said Thorpe, as this dazzling couple stood before him, under the gas-light, and he was looking again into the brown eyes of his fellow-traveler—this time after the protecting license of an introduction.

"What is this! You have met before? Or were you not really unconscious all this time, sir?" said Mrs. Flemming, slightly bewildered, and remembering the meadow-scene where they had found Edith holding Thorpe's hands.

"It's not that, mamma," said Edith. "I once met Mr. Thorpe in the cars coming from New York—if you can call that a meeting," she added, looking at Thorpe; and, taking the card from the table, she told its history with much *naïveté*, to the amusement of all.

It placed them all on a friendly footing at once, and gave Thorpe time to recover from his surprise. While Edith was speaking, his eyes wandered instinctively from her to the "Heilige Marie" with the streaming eyes, and he was glad that the yearning, earnest faces bore a resemblance more than fanciful.

The second time, then, that this great beauty had caught him with his eyes closed—nay, the third! What next! But he found himself becoming strangely unconcerned at the manner or frequency of such detections. Before this short interview of thanks and sympathy was over, he had looked the look which said, "She has come," and down among the compartments of his heart a nimble little tinker was pounding away, humming to himself, "All is over! Away with the bachelor quarters!"

Healthy natures like Thorpe's are prompt in action, of body, heart, or brain. Healthy sentiment is as unerring as a process of nature. It is as searching as sunlight. It never wan-

ders. It never dissipates itself. It never mistakes shadow for substance, twaddle for wisdom, art for artlessness. When the supreme moment comes, it acts with the force of an elemental power, as inevitable as fate.

Such a sentiment was Thorpe's. It had not weakened itself in fruitless excursions. It had not played at love. It was not like the heart of a flirt, honey-combed with numberless passage-ways, each with an occupant, fanning himself in the excess of his ardor, and fondly imagining himself sole tenant of the whole. His heart was still entire and sound, ready for large service. His sentiment was kept well in hand, like a manageable horse.

Through acres of young women in both hemispheres he had wandered, always unmoved. The supreme moment had not yet come. Like the cranes of Trinchertino, that carried stones in their bills when passing eagle's nests to keep themselves from crying and attracting their attention, Thorpe seemed always to carry with him this strong barrier of a languid indifference, which served him as a timely protection against heartless harpies and sirens and the brood of feminine shams.

The barrier needed but to be rolled away, however, and there was strength and energy and vim in abundance. Those light hands that had taken his in the meadow had done more to move the barrier than any and all that Thorpe had found in his life before, and he felt a novel sensation of intense interest in this new motive-power.

He was no analyst. As at home in his city "den" he sat and smoked in silence, while his friends talked "tone" and "breadth" and "*chiar' oscuro*," discussing his work on the easel, so here in Mrs. Flemming's country-house he never thought to analyze the feeling which Edith had aroused at the very first moment, when she stood in the

door-way of her room, looking at him. It had come—the divine feeling—as naturally as the colors on his canvas from his brush and soul; there was no need of analysis. All his previous living seemed to have been but a training for this complete moment.

And what of Edith? We shall see. He did not dare to ask himself this question yet; but, with a strange rush of bewildered sensations and a novel longing for the morrow, he fell asleep that night in his fragrant little hospital.

Not before he had written the following note to Mrs. Pelham, however, after the arrival of Dr. Leechem:

"TUESDAY EVENING, October 31st.

"MY DEAR MRS. PELHAM:

"Don't be frightened. I've had an awkward spill. Old hunter missed his footing in taking a brook, and fell on me. Am only a trifle bruised and twisted. Rescued by two wood-nymphs, most charming to look upon, and am tucked away now in the cosiest little eyrie in the world—except yours, of course—room of one of my rescuers; it looks for all the world like an exaggerated pink flower. Watched over by the maternal wood-nymph, only less charming than her daughter—Mrs. and Miss Flemming and Miss Linder (Miss Madelon Linder, sweet name, eh)?

"'Windmere,' they call their place. They say I was found with my feet over the edge of a brook, pounded into unconsciousness. I am hanging on a more dangerous brink now, I fear. You were right that evening in the piazza, my dear Mrs. Pelham. My "time" *has* "come." Come over with Percy, and see me. You shall judge for yourself. It is only eight miles, they say.

"If this paper were large enough, I could give you the Latin names of the muscles that I've strained—suffice it for the unscientific, to say, it was my knee. 'A nefarious job,' I hear Percy say. Out upon him! Intercede for me with Percy! Will he ever forgive me for leaping the hunter? The sturdy old beast is all right, by the way—stabled safe with the wood-nymphs' steeds. I'll send him home to-morrow.

"Dr. Leechem is kind enough to take this to you. He will tell you that a few days will set me on my pins again. I almost wish he had said months. I don't know what to wish. Pity me, pardon me, and come and see me in nymphdom.

"Ever yours, bruisedly,

"ALLAN THORPE."

CHAPTER III.—"BOYS ARE THE MOST FEROCIOUS OF ANIMALS."

Old John Lyly, court wit of the days of Elizabeth, in his *Euphues*, makes his

hero say: "And so it fareth with love. In tymes past they used to wooe in playne tearms, now in pickt sentences; and hee speedeth best that speaketh wisest: everyone following the newest waye, which is not ever the neerest waye; some going over the stile when the gate is open, and other keeping the right beaten path, when hee may crosse over better by the fieldes. Everyone followeth his own fancie, which maketh divers leape shorte for want of good rysinge, and many shoot over for lacke of true ayme." Many a mode of entrance to the charmed garden of love. Thorpe had been over the fields, leaped the stile, and fallen short, as well. But an auxiliary of love not mentioned by old Lyly had been his—to have fallen helpless at the feet of beauty, and been cherished and brought back to life by its sweet ministering.

Why, therefore, wait longer for the *dénouement*?

Cavalier and lady have been brought under the same roof, after mutual kindness, beginning in the railway-car and ending with the fall and the feminine return of chivalric attention. Cavalier is caged, captured, bound with rose-chains in the home of his rescuer, within hearing of her rich voice hourly, and mesmerically affected by personal surroundings which breathe of her presence.

What could be expected?

Your own imagination, gentle reader, might fill out the details of the closing tableau; you know the dangerous charm of country-house life. You know De Guérin's "autumn twilight in all its melancholy." You know the sweet period of convalescence and the strength of manly weakness. Hero and heroine are caught and ready to pose for you. You have but to paint the scenes and hand them their Grecian masks.

But perhaps there is a less happy *finale*. Healthy sentiment does not always meet its "reciproque," to use a

Baconian word. "She has come" is not always answered by the "He is come."

Two blocks still in the way of an immediate tableau—a photograph hanging by the side of Edith's mirror, and the little folded pasteboard, which has got its sinister part to play.

The photograph, as Thorpe saw it from his bed, appeared to be of a stalwart bluff young man of about his own age, twenty-five. A rose-bud hung above it when he had first noticed it; but after a day or so it vanished. It was the picture of Hugh Lee, town and county neighbor of the Flemmings, to whom Edith, without being actually engaged, was pledged by all the associations of family friendship and a tacit understanding almost from the days of long clothes.

He was managing a stock-farm a few miles east of Windmere, and during the summer months galloped across country almost daily to Edith, the probable possession of whom at no very distant date he looked forward to with that masculine complaisance with which his sex commonly receives such treasures.

To be brief, an easy-going, unambitious being, far better suited to Madelon, the tender, the unexact, than to the royal Edith.

The sinister pasteboard was stuck now in the mirror of Madelon's room, to which Edith had betaken herself.

Another small block. Tom Flemming, a youth of the uncomfortable Latin-grammar stage of existence, charged to his eyes with animal spirits, and foreknown by Plato, when he said that boys were "the most ferocious of animals;" devoted to Hugh Lee with the singleness of devotion common to boys of his age and natural toward such jovial, big-hearted men as Hugh, to whom his pranks and practical jokes, though often personally inconvenient, were a source of endless amusement.

CHAPTER IV.—A MERRILY HUMMING WORLD.

The days slipped by, days strung on a silken thread of happiness, as the Arabs would say. Mrs. Pelham and Percy had burst in upon Thorpe several times—Mrs. Pelham like a rush of sunlight, Percy like a torrent of animal spirits incarnate.

“A fine-looking fellow for an invalid! Mrs. Flemming, I insist that you shall turn this whole-limbed hypocrite out of doors at once!” Percy had said on his first arrival. But the hypocrite was not turned out.

The regiment of little children, who had seen Thorpe carried so tragically across their pleasure-ground, drove or walked from their homes, several a day, flocking into his room with timid inquiries for his health and shy offerings of flowers and fruits. A beautiful sight—the bronzed, bearded man lying helpless and hobnobbing thus with the picturesque little children in the pink-hued room, the roles of strength and weakness interchanged.

Mrs. Flemming and the young ladies frequently sat with him of a morning, or lunched with him most cosily, or read with him, or listened to him reading (it was a pet accomplishment among many), but naturally the maternal wood-nymph was always the presiding genius of the *partie carrée*.

Soon he could sit in the low window-seat, looking through a trellis of vines toward the sunset—vines aflame with autumn tints hardly less brilliant than the red in the western sky; or could walk for short spaces, with a single crutch, and occasional joyous moments of help. A little later, and he was on the piazza below, propped snugly in the hammock, chatting with the young ladies—the presiding nymph was now exiled—watching them at dainty feminine embroidery-work, and basking in comfortable content; he was eating a “slice

of happiness” indeed, but at Windmere, and not in “The Box,” and “from out the heart of a greater god than Pan!”

All this time, even when she was not near, he was aware of the moving presence of Edith, so calm, so womanly. All the chivalric ideals that he had worshiped as a youth returned to him when he thought of her. The possibility of grand living simply for service and homage to such a creature became a conviction. He was beginning to feel a still greater motive-power.

Could she read his secret? Could she know what an inspiration her very look was to him already? She looked often fair into his eyes, but with a look as far from consciousness or coquettishness as heaven from earth. She seemed hardly to see him, but to be looking at some grand image deep down in the depths of his soul.

Often through the house her rich contralto voice ran in melodious ripples of song, which came thrilling to him in his eyrie.

Once, before he had left his hospital, she knocked at his door, after lunch hour. In perversity of humor or from curiosity, he remained quiet, feigning sleep. Another knock, and the door slowly opened, and she entered. She was in her riding-habit, a close-fitting garb most friendly to her superb form. As she moved across the room on tip-toe, holding her skirts with one hand, and with finger to lip like a goddess of silence, she was a model graceful as a Pompeian fresco or an Hour of Raphael. She took down her riding-whip from the mirror, while Thorpe watched her, and glided silently back to the door, in apparently successful stealth!

It was asking almost too much to expect Thorpe to lie there quietly and see this fair figure coming and going before him like a beautiful shadowy dream. He could have flown to her, he could have told her his love then and there—but he

was crippled, and he had been but a day in the house! That rose-bud over the photograph, moreover, which she brushed with her sleeve as she reached for the whip, seemed to breathe an ill, stifling fragrance upon him—why was it there?

Soon the sound of her horse's hoofs came to Thorpe through the vine-covered window, the groom pounding after her. How he envied that groom and cursed his damaged knee!

She had hardly gone, and Thorpe's ears were still acute from listening, when the fragments of a conversation out-of-doors floated up to him through the same tremulous vines:

"By Jove! all I can say is, that if he stays here much longer, Hugh Lee will be mighty mad. And if she....as she does with most men——"

"But, Tom, you must remember.... lame yet, and——"

"Lame! Yes, I think so. *Very* lame! Now, mother, if she don't....by Jove, I'll do something desperate!"

Could it refer to him, this talk? Certainly, yes. But why was this Platonic young animal so "ferocious?" Hugh Lee—had he ever heard that name before? Never.

But as his eyes wandered round the room, they fell on the rose-bud and the photograph. That was he—Hugh Lee, he was sure of it.

Was it true, then, as he had queried in the cars, that she was already "captured?" "Perish the thought or perish Thorpe!" had been his motto then. Neither alternative was possible now. The ugly doubt would not be quiet, and wavering Thorpe did not propose to perish himself at present, or without good reason, just as life seemed brightening for him.

This little eavesdropping (eavesdropping in reality as well as metaphor) had taken place on the second day of his captivity. A single day of *tête-à-tête*

and hammock *siesta* had driven it into oblivion, and Thorpe was again floating dreamily on the current of rosy thoughts and happy hours—he had long ago slipped from the dangerous brink of which he had written to Mrs. Pelham; a slip which works no harm, however, to those whom wood-nymphs and nereids have in charge.

In an old folio of Grynæus, of the sixteenth century, there is a rude woodcut of the globe, with a pair of lusty cherubs working cranks at the north and south poles. Their cheeks are distended, they are straining at their work, the axles smoke with visible clouds, the world whirls merrily in space. Huge dolphin-heads and mighty fins of sea-monsters appear here and there in the water, equal in size to the high-decked ships among which they are scattered.

Thorpe's world was whirling joyously now, with novel moving-power. Cherubic loves had taken possession of it, twirling it with a vehemence tinged with malice at Thorpe's long disregard of their craft, and the air seemed filled with "sweet love anthologies and songs of the affections," inaudible to Thorpe before.

Still, in the sea of his feelings and thoughts rose dolphin-heads of doubt and warning and bachelor remonstrance. But they were powerless, now, and the merry world whizzed on in space, singing of love, and bearing on its breast Thorpe, the cavalier, the lover.

And Edith's feelings all this time—while Thorpe's world was whirling so joyously?

We will not pry yet into the bosom of her maidenly secrets, but content ourselves with interpreting the smile which her face habitually wears in these latter days, ever since the rescue at the brook. It is a smile which speaks in inaudible words, and the burden of its speech is simply "Happiness."

The cloud that moves across her face

now and then, breaking the electric current of the tell-tale smile, signifies when reduced to words, "Ah, that Hugh were like him!" But he was not.

CHAPTER V.—A PERSIAN ALLEGORY.

Edith and Thorpe were sitting one afternoon on the edge of the lawn, sketching and painting.

Edith was filling in a brilliant bit of autumn coloring on a small canvas—a forest "study." Thorpe had sent to the city for an unfinished painting, a copy of the "Dead Trumpeter" of Ver-net, and was giving it its finishing touches this poetic afternoon. The trumpeter lies on the ground, his trumpet by his side, his *csako* fallen from his head, and his horse standing with one foot raised, looking curiously down into the face of his motionless master. In the original, a dog, the camp-companion of the trumpeter, is following the action of the horse, and looking eagerly for signs of life in the outstretched soldier. In Thorpe's copy, the dog has been omitted, as incongruous and superfluous, and in his place Thorpe is sketching a graceful and sad-faced *vivandière*, his unconscious subject all this afternoon sitting but a few feet from him at her easel, absorbed in her own work.

They have been discussing the theory that the hum of a busy city, as heard at a distance, is always pitched on a certain appreciable note of the scale; and Edith suddenly asks:

"Did you ever hear the same theory of the wind as it sweeps through a forest—that it is always on a certain definite note?"

"Certainly not," said Thorpe. "Are you joking? Remember you have a very unmusical and gullible victim. You wish me to believe that the old-fashioned 'harmony of the spheres' was the result of this combined humming of woods and cities trailing through space, I suppose!"

"Hardly," said Edith, smiling. "But let us be mythological. Let us imagine each grove with its band of nymphs and goddesses, and bass-voiced gods as well, arranged in harmonious choirs by some kindly mythological Strakosch. A breath of wind sweeps through the trees, like the baton of a musical conductor, and in answering chorus rises the sylvan harmony, from each faithful nymph and god. Have it pitched on middle F, or what note you will. Come, can't you elaborate this idea for me?"

"Perhaps," said Thorpe, abstractedly.

"It gives an individuality," she continued, "to every tree and shrub, you see; the largest and the smallest, each adding its note to the symphony. Mrs. Browning says, you know:

" 'A tree's mere fire-wood, unless humanized,
Which well the Greeks knew when they stirred its
bark
With close-pressed bosoms of subsiding nymphs,
And made the forest rivers garrulous
With babble of gods.'"

"You ought to be interested in this little bit of mythology of mine, Mr. Thorpe, for you were long ago dubbed the 'river-god,' you know, and you should add your 'garrulous babble,' like the rest. What note shall it be? Tenor or bass, wail of woe, or burst of joy?"

"That depends upon you," he answered, calmly. And as she turned toward him in silent wonder, he continued: "I will tell you, if you will interpret for me this allegory—this Persian allegory."

He had pushed his easel away, thrown a shawl on the grass, and now laid himself upon it, almost at Edith's feet, resting his elbow on his chair. Edith alternately painted and looked down at him absorbedly, as "lifting his head from the collar of reflection," in the words of the Oriental Bahar-Danush, "he removed the talisman of silence from the treasure of speech," and began:

"In the dawn of manhood, a youth set forth, like Rasselas, Prince of Alys-

sinia, in search of happiness. All places and conditions of men he explored, but ever as he went the object of his search eluded him, as the mocking mirage on the deserts of his ancestors. Or if perchance in some unexpected spot he found a semblance of perfect joy, it was a timid or a crushed and dying thing, turning soft eyes of resignation upon him, like the dying fawn under the knife of the hunter. Or if he would clutch this joy, it closed from him like a flower that shuts at night, and he saw that its glory was not for him. Everywhere was dreariness, and the heart of the young Persian was like a weary traveler who looks in vain for the waving of palms and the glistening of water.

"The Spirit of To-day whispered to him: 'Away with hope! Down with high resolve! Enter and share with the rest the feast!'

"But the Spirit of the Future said to him: 'Despair not! Haste not! Better the unopened bud of hope than the flaunting purple of pleasure. Better a longing for the perfect than a hasty embrace of the unworthy. But a little while and you shall be but a name among many, a handful of dust, the vanishing track of a sliding star. Better to leave a memory of noble longing than of ignoble enjoyment; better to yearn for the gods than to stoop and be chief among mortals. Hope on! If she come, that Lily Lady with the perfect flower of happiness in her hand which you seek, all will be well. If she tarry, hope still, but stoop not. Somewhere, here or hereafter, from the land of your aspirations she shall come to you, and you shall know and be known.'

"Thus bidden, thus led by airy counsels which came he knew not whence, the youth hoped and lived on. He dwelt in a world apart, he lifted himself in aspiration above the earth that he trod, as the mountaineer that climbs the cliff gazes ever above him.

"Thus musing, thus scouring the world in his search, he seemed one day to enter a dreamy border-land 'twixt heaven and earth—a land where it was always autumn, and always in misty opalescent air the sun hung like a huge drop of blood.

"It was a place of probation, the land of broken ideals. Fair forms, majestic presences, walked sedately in the half-gloom—forms fair and majestic in outward seeming, but invisibly blighted and walking sadly, with bruised hearts. There was brave Youth, that had started forth like a young giant to grapple with the demon Vice, fallen from lofty aims and sunk in pleasure; lustrous Beauty, that should have been an inspiration and a joy, becomes a vain and simpering thing; Wisdom degenerated to craftiness; Honor, Place, Ambition, all forms of greatness and beauty that had lapsed from their high mission and allowed their ideals to tarnish—a dolorous sight, these crippled powers pacing thus in the misty land, shedding tears as they went. At every tear sprung up a lily, white and gold. Already the flowers were scattered far and wide, lightening the gloom with their pure brightness. When once the whole place was a waving glory of white and gold, then should the sorrowing spirits be free to leave their probational land and begin anew their lives.

"Thus through the land of broken ideals walked the youthful Persian, grieving with the grief of the unhappy spirits.

"As he walked, suddenly he was aware of a fairer presence, of firmer outline, approaching from out a forest of lilies—it was she, the Lily Lady. The lilies reached to her waist, bowing as she passed, and in her hand she carried a pure-white lily, at which she looked, sorrowful—sorrowing like himself for those penitent powers.

"As Amadis de Gaul, fighting furi-

ously with Dardan, is hard pressed and well nigh overcome, until he raises his eyes and beholds the fair Oriane at her casement, when he gains new life and conquers ; so the Persian youth, weary in his quest for happiness, worn out in the struggle with himself, breathes the fragrance of a larger life when he sees the Lily Lady approaching him from out the field of lilies, and is strong again.

"He was not excited. He had seen her in his dreams. He had expected her. But as she came close to him, she lifted her eyes, and the youth fell down before her—where he is lying still.

"For the name of the Lily Lady was Edith, and the Persian youth is at her feet."

Edith had been leaning forward, absorbed in the allegory, which she supposed that Thorpe had picked up in his wanderings, and never dreaming of a personal application. As her own name came from his lips, she had started, and her canvas had fallen to the ground. She stooped to pick it up, and turned a full gaze fair upon Thorpe, but the movement brought her head in the line of the setting sun, now bursting with light, and her face was a perfect blank to Thorpe, as he looked eagerly for some expression of approval or dissent.

At the instant, and while their eyes were still fastened yearningly on each other—a clatter of horse's hoofs, and Hugh Lee vaulted from his saddle at their side.

If Thorpe could only have caught Edith's expression! There was life or death for him in it, he knew not which.

A dreary dinner. A dreary evening.

As Thorpe went to his room for the night, on his bureau lay the same little card that had turned up once or twice before. On it was written: "I ought to have told you before that I am engaged to Hugh Lee. Perhaps I have

done wrong in not telling you sooner." In the corner, as before, was "E. F. 28 Octo."

In the morning, in spite of entreaties and much astonishment, Thorpe drove over to "The Box," half broken-hearted.

The wind howled dismally around Windmere as he departed, and two or three yellow leaves, with red staring blotches on them, like evil eyes, flew into the carriage, one of them lighting on his knee; but he brushed it impatiently away, and waved a mournful good-by to the Flemmings on the piazza.

CHAPTER VI.—A FINAL GALLOP.

A day later, a mounted groom dashed up to "The Box," bringing the following note:

"WINDMERE, Thursday, Nov. 18.

"MY DEAR MR. THORPE:—I missed your card from my mirror this morning, and Tom has confessed the dastardly joke that he has played. I am covered with confusion, and you can well understand how hard it is for me to have to write and tell you that Tom has falsified as well as committed a forgery—though he crawls out of the forgery charge by saying that my initials were in the corner of the card—the wretch!

"I am truly sorry, if you have suffered from the boy's cruel prank, and hardly know what I can do in atonement. You will know that it can not be pleasant for me to say more; but you must believe me,

"Always faithfully, yours,

"EDITH FLEMMING.

"Mother asks me to make her deepest regrets to you for the occurrence, and to beg you to come and see us—if you can, after such heartless treatment."

He could come, and he did.

And when he went away, Oriane had appeared at her casement, Edith had found what she could do in atonement, the stubble in the field of his affections was burning with a crackling joyous flame, and the world, again the "luscious bulbous fruit" of his youth, was whirling merrily once more under the hands of the cherub loves, bearing along Thorpe, the cavalier, the Persian, the accepted.

FALCONRY IN AMERICA.

A FEW years ago, I was living on a large *hacienda* in Chile, about thirty miles south of Santiago. Some fair partridge-shooting was to be had in the neighborhood, and, with a good gun and a well-trained dog, I passed many pleasant days. The wild mountain scenery, the invigorating breeze from the snowy turrets of the Andes, the whir of the birds as they rose from the low brush before the dog, flushed the blood with a sense of enjoyment and vigor unknown to a drowsier life.

At the time I speak of, there was an old man called Don Basilio living as an *inquilino*, or tenant, on the estate. He had evidently seen better days, but was eking out the remaining years of his life in a little adobe cottage, with a thrifty peach-orchard on one side, and on the other a small patch of land that afforded him wheat and *frijoles* sufficient for his yearly wants. The old man was fond of sport, but as age had stiffened his limbs, he was unable to keep up with me in the long walks over the rough ground that the excitement of the chase led to; so I bought him an old pony, and was well repaid for my outlay in his usefulness in carrying game and his pleasant converse.

On one occasion, shortly after our acquaintance, in strict accordance with my English notion of destroying all "varmint," I shot a hawk as it passed over my head. As Don Basilio picked up the bird, a shade of regret passed over his features. The incident led my ally to speak of hawks and hawking, and I soon learned that the natives were well acquainted with the noble sport of falconry. Don Basilio named several people who kept hawks for the purpose of tak-

ing partridge—among others, the priest of the parish—expatiating so long upon the excellent qualities of the birds and the excitement of the pastime, that my interest was aroused, and I decided on a visit to his reverence. We soon arrived at the house of the worthy *padre*, who received me with all the customary expressions of Spanish politeness, and, in accordance with the courtesy of his race, hospitably placed his house and all it contained at my disposal. Having allowed due time to elapse in the interchange of compliments, I ventured to hint at the object of my visit. A gleam of pleasure shone in my host's eyes, and I saw that I had struck the key-note of a pleasurable subject, as he cordially invited me to inspect his birds, and conducted me to the *patio*, where, on their respective perches, were four handsome falcons of the goshawk variety. He told me that he was regularly in the habit of hunting with them, and gave me much useful advice in regard to their education and care, information I afterward used myself, and now propose to give to my readers, some of whom could do worse than try the experiment of training the falcons of this country, as there are here in California and Oregon several varieties well suited for the purpose.

Before speaking of my own acquaintance with falconry, it may not be amiss to say that this sport once held the highest place in Europe. As to the question when hawking had its origin, no certainty exists; it appears, from what we know, to have been introduced from eastern countries. In England, France, Germany, and other places, it was followed both for amusement and

profit long previous to the introduction of the fowling-piece; immediately after which may be dated its decline. In England, old tapestries and paintings constantly represent lords and ladies and monarchs as enjoying the sport; hawks had fixed prices, settled by law, to be paid by the sheriff for the king's use; rents were sometimes paid in hawks, and at the present day in many of the copyhold leases in England and Ireland, the *heriot*, or renewal-fine payable to the lord of the manor on the death of the copyholder, is fixed at one sparrowhawk or one goshawk—a clause now, of course, only nominal. It was at one time felony to steal a hawk; to take its eggs, even in a person's own grounds, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, besides a fine at the king's pleasure. Although hawk-ing was a royal sport, no rank was excluded from the enjoyment; the only restriction was that each class of person had to confine itself to a peculiar sort of hawk and quarry. At the present day, the sinecure office of "grand falconer" is hereditary in the family of the Duke of St. Albans. In Persia, and some parts of India, the natives are especially skillful in training the hawk to hunt birds, and even gazelles and antelopes; in the chase of the latter, employing it as an aid to greyhounds. When a herd is sighted, both hawk and dog are slipped at the same time. The great speed of the Indian antelope would easily enable it to escape from the dog, but the hawk in her rapid flight soon hovers over a selected victim, swooping and striking at its head and eyes, bewildering and wounding, until the hound's teeth meet in the haunches of the hapless animal. For this description of sport both hawk and dog undergo a special training; the former is taught always to strike at the head, and the dog is trained to follow only the antelope that is attacked by the hawk. Both the Asiatic hawk and the

Persian greyhound are more susceptible of instruction in this direction than are the English breeds.

And now to say a few words concerning my own practical experience in falconry. A few days after my visit to the *padre*, I obtained, with the assistance of Don Basilio, two fine goshawks, a male and a female; their capture rather surprising me by its simplicity. As we went along, I shot two small birds, to be used as a bait, and when Don Basilio caught sight of a hawk, perched on one of the topmost branches of a great oak, he cautiously laid one of the dead birds, surrounded with several nooses, on the ground in the line of its vision, and we then retired to the shade of a neighboring tree. We had not long to wait; the hawk, fortunately not having breakfasted, could not resist the offered morsel, but with a graceful swoop pounced upon the bait, and, becoming entangled in one of the nooses, was in turn seized by my assistant, who the day following captured the companion bird in a similar manner. They were placed under a shed, each tied with a short string to a separate post having a cross-piece at the top for a perch.

Much has been written upon the proper training and treatment of hawks, yet I can not say that my experience in the matter presented many difficulties. The main requisites are regularity in feeding and gentleness. They should not be much handled, especially at first. By all means, if you can afford the time, and desire to possess a well-trained hawk, dog, or any other animal, let the education be given by yourself. Let children keep away, for, if hawks are teased when hungry, they are apt to be made cross and perhaps vicious, and after feeding they like to remain quiet and undisturbed. With gentle treatment a hawk will soon get to know her master and exhibit pleasure in his presence. When timid, do not try to gain her confidence by

passing your hand over the feathers; the timidity will wear off as the bird becomes used to the quiet voice and manner of her feeder. This may be noticed in the eye, which at such times has a quiet and bright appearance—I might say, one of pleasure; but let a stranger approach, and the whole aspect assumes a wild, fierce, and defiant look. One meal a day is sufficient, to be given in the afternoon, say two hours before sundown. In olden times it was customary to season the food with sugar and spices, together with marrow and other delicacies; but the best food is a small bird, perfectly fresh—if with the life-heat still in the body, so much the better; before giving it, the feathers should be completely picked off and the bird split open with a knife. As your hawk becomes more gentle and quiet—which should be in two or three weeks from the time of her capture—a longer line may be allowed her, and she may be safely cast loose from the perch at feeding-time and permitted to fly to the food cast on the ground a little distance from the shed. As soon as she has seized it, lift her carefully and place her with the dead bird on the perch.

When your bird begins to show tameness, the “jesses” should be attached to her legs. These are two very light leather straps, about six inches long, with small loops at the ends, through which, if necessary, a light cord, called the leash, may be passed. From this time the teaching may be said to begin. A “lure” should be made of the wings of whatever game it is intended to train the bird to fly at. The prepared wings should be tied back to back, having a centre-piece of any kind of woolen stuff, red color preferable; to this, at feeding-time, the bird’s food may be fixed. When approaching the hawk, swing the lure a few times round your head, and when her attention is attracted, cast it a little distance from you on the ground. As

soon as she has seized it remove it from her, and exercise her in this way several times, but not too often, at first, or you may discourage the bird. If intractable, she must be left longer without food. She should be accustomed to alight on your fist, to know your voice, or, better still, a whistle-call. A string several yards long should be attached to the jesses, which will enable you to recover your pupil, which will at first be somewhat shy of your near approach. After a few weeks of such instruction and exercise, she may be given her first lesson at a partridge, or such game as you intend to pursue habitually. For this purpose it is advisable to have one wing of the partridge just sufficiently clipped to prevent its flying too far. As soon as the hawk has seized the partridge, take it from her as gently as possible and supply its place with a small piece of meat. After a few such lessons, you will be ready to take the field and pursue uncrippled game.

When loosed, the goshawk does not soar, but flies straight at her quarry in the manner called “raking” by falconers, and she is for this reason the best bird to use against partridge, quail, or any game that does not rise high in the air. When two hawks, however, are cast off together, it is not unusual for one to soar while the other flies straight at the game; and if there is low brushwood or cover near, it is advisable to cast off a second bird, as by one soaring she is enabled to see into the cover when the game takes to it for shelter, and with a sudden swoop she will force it again to seek safety in flight. As soon as the game is seized, no time should be lost in securing it before your hawk has had time to prey upon it. If you are unable to recover her before she has gorged herself, it is almost certain that she will then make off to a tree, if there should be one in the neighborhood and there sit perfectly contented

with her labors for the day, and deaf to all calls or efforts of yours to allure her to your hand, charm you never so wisely. In such case you run a risk of losing her altogether, or of having to wait for hours until her appetite is renewed and she can be enticed to your lure. It is, therefore, very important never to lose sight of the hawk, if you can possibly avoid doing so. It is customary to fasten a small bell to each leg with a leather strap immediately above the jess, the tinkling serving to guide you to the bird, in case she should go out of your sight, or strike game in cover; but as I always followed the sport with the aid of a good dog, I was able to dispense with the use of bells, considering them an incumbrance to the bird, and, although often hunting over rough country, I never lost a hawk for want of them. The best dog for the purpose is a well-broken retriever; he will soon understand and become fond of the sport.

In speaking of a hawk's equipments, I may here mention "the hood." It was always used in olden times, and one of the first trials to which a falcon was subjected at the hands of her trainer was to wear it with patience. It was constructed of leather, and made to cover completely the head of the bird and exclude all light, leaving only the beak exposed. When many hawks were taken to the field at a time the hood was doubtless a useful and necessary appendage. As she could not see when hooded, it prevented her fluttering and endeavors to get loose when game was afoot. When using one or two birds only, the hood is not necessary, and as it is always difficult to train a bird to submit to it and wear it with patience, I do not advise its use.

I have not heard of anyone in this country pursuing the once favorite English pastime of hawking, although throughout California and Oregon there are many varieties of falcon admirably

suited for the purpose. It not unfrequently happens when shooting in California, that a snipe or duck which has fallen to your gun is carried off by a passing hawk while you are in the act of reloading. A little patience and training would change one of these same hawks into a provider of both game and sport instead of the robber we consider him, and admirable practice might thus be had after duck and snipe in some of our tule marshes, as also with quail wherever the cover is not too thick.

Cassin, in his *Illustrations of American Birds*, describes one—the American lanier falcon—that would appear to be in all respects well adapted for falconry. He says of it: "It is so much like a common falcon of India—a bird much used for the purposes of falconry, and known by the name of the *jugger*, in the valley of the Indus and other parts of India—that it can scarcely be distinguished from it by any character, except size. It is, in fact, one of the most remarkable instances of close proximity to an Asiatic relative to be found in American birds. It is larger than the Indian *jugger*, and more powerful and robustly organized." The American lanier, as described by Cassin, belongs to the true falcon, or long-winged variety. It is to be found throughout California and Oregon, and frequents the Sacramento plains and coast regions, but during the hottest months retires to the more mountainous districts.

For hunting the heron, the true falcon and ger-falcon, both long-winged, were used. The heron, when started, immediately rose high into the air, and "a cast" or pair of hawks was let loose in pursuit. They endeavored to rise above the quarry by a series of spiral gyrations. Having attained a proper height, one made its stoop, which the heron either tried to avoid by a sudden change of position, or, turning upward its long

sharp bill, it received its enemy thereon. If the first hawk failed, the second stooped in turn, and thus the battle continued until the fatal seizure was made, and all three descended to the ground together. The manner in which a goshawk flies at game I have already mentioned. It is much more easily tamed and trained than the falcon proper. The two species may be readily distinguished. The goshawk has the breast of a creamy-white color, with spots or transverse bars of brown or dull black. With the true falcon the breast is whiter, and the brown stripes are up and down instead of across. Another marked peculiarity of the long-winged species is, that the upper mandible shows a distinct sharp tooth, and the second and third quill-feathers of the wing are longest.

Although falconry has long ceased to exist generally in England, a living memorial of it will ever remain to us in the references made to it by celebrated poets and authors. Of the many who have introduced it into their writings, I shall only mention Sir Walter Scott and the poaching Will Shakspeare. The former in several of his works shows that he had an excellent knowledge of the sport, and the latter makes frequent use throughout his plays of falconry terms. Othello's exclamation respecting the suspected Desdemona is of this class :

"If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune."

Haggard was a term applied to a wild or unreclaimed hawk, a word by which we now express a wild or agitated aspect. "Let her down the wind to prey

at fortune," is taken from the idea that when a hawk was dismissed as worthless, she was let down the wind to shift for herself. In the "Taming of the Shrew," Petruchio, speaking of Katharine, says :

"My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call ;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient."

The word used to tame a hawk was to "man" it. The expression "to mew" is a falconry term meaning to molt. During the season of molting, the hawks were confined in inclosures called mews; hence to be mewed came to signify to be confined, and Shakspeare uses it in this sense in "Romeo and Juliet," when Lady Capulet, referring to her daughter, says to Paris :

"To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness."

Many of the stable-lanes in large cities of England are called "mews." In the days of falconry the king's mews were near the palace. They were afterward supplanted by stables for the royal stud, but retained the name of the "king's mews," and thus became a common term for stable-lanes. How familiar to all is the phrase "hoodwinked," as applied to one kept in a state of mental darkness. Another common expression is of a person "flying at higher game." The word "musket" is probably derived from falconry, being the technical name for a male sparrowhawk. So "falconet," an ancient kind of small cannon, and also many other words, have their origin from phases or phrases of a noble sport not yet extinct nor deserving to be.

WILD WOOL.

MORAL improvers have calls to preach. I have a friend who has a call to plow, and woe to the daisy sod or azalea thicket that falls under the savage redemption of his keen steel shares. Not content with the so-called subjugation of every terrestrial bog, rock, and moor-land, he would fain discover some method of reclamation applicable to the ocean and the sky, that in due calendar time they might be made to bud and blossom as the rose. Our efforts are of no avail when we seek to turn his attention to wild roses, or to the fact that both ocean and sky are already about as rosy as possible—the one with stars, the other with dulse, and foam, and wild light. The practical developments of his culture are orchards and clover-fields that wear a smiling, benevolent aspect, and are very excellent in their way, though a near view discloses something barbarous in them all. Wildness charms not my friend, charm it never so wisely; and whatsoever may be the character of his heaven, his earth seems only a chaos of agricultural possibilities calling for grubbing-hoes and manures.

Sometimes I venture to approach him with a plea for wildness, when he good-naturedly shakes a big mellow apple in my face, and reiterates his favorite aphorism: "Culture is an orchard apple; nature is a crab." All culture, however, is not equally destructive and inappreciative. Azure skies and crystal waters find loving recognition, and few there be who would welcome the axe among mountain pines, or would care to apply any correction to the tones and costumes of mountain water-falls. Nevertheless, the barbarous notion is almost universally

entertained by civilized men, that there is in all the manufactures of nature something essentially coarse which can and must be eradicated by human culture. I was, therefore, delighted in finding that the wild wool growing upon mountain sheep in the neighborhood of Mount Shasta was much finer than the average grades of cultivated wool. This *fine* discovery was made some three months ago, while hunting between Shasta and Lower Klamath Lake. Three fleeces were obtained—one that belonged to a large ram about four years old, another to a ewe about the same age, and another to a yearling lamb. After parting their beautiful wool on the side and many places along the back, shoulders, and hips, and examining it closely with my lens, I shouted:

"Well done for wildness! Wild wool is finer than tame!"

My companions stooped down and examined the fleeces for themselves, pulling out tufts and ringlets, spinning them between their fingers, and measuring the length of the staple, each in turn paying tribute to wildness. It *was* finer, and no mistake; finer than Spanish Merino. Wild wool *is* finer than tame.

"Here," said I, "is an argument for fine wildness that needs no explanation. Not that such arguments are by any means rare, for all wildness is finer than tameness, but because fine wool is appreciable by everybody alike—from the most speculative president of national wool-growers' associations all the way down to the humblest gude-wife spinning by her ingleside."

Nature is a good mother, and sees well to the clothing of her many bairns—birds with smoothly imbricated feath-

ers, beetles with shining jackets, and bears with shaggy furs. In the tropical south, where the sun warms like a fire, they are allowed to go thinly clad; but in the snowy north-land she takes care to clothe warmly. The squirrel has socks and mittens, and a tail broad enough for a blanket; the grouse is densely feathered down to the ends of his toes; and the wild sheep, besides his under-garment of fine wool, has a thick overcoat of hair that sheds off both the snow and the rain. Other provisions and adaptations in the dresses of animals, relating less to climate than to the more mechanical circumstances of life, are made with the same consummate skill that characterizes all the love-work of nature. Land, water, and air, jagged rocks, muddy ground, sand-beds, forests, underbrush, grassy plains, etc., are considered in all their possible combinations while the clothing of her beautiful wildlings is preparing. No matter what the circumstances of their lives may be, she never allows them to go dirty or ragged. The mole, living always in the dark and in the dirt, is yet as clean as the otter or the wave-washed seal; and our wild sheep, wading in snow, roaming through bushes, and leaping among jagged storm-beaten cliffs, wears a dress so exquisitely adapted to its mountain life that it is always found as unruffled and stainless as a bird.

On leaving the Shasta hunting-grounds I selected a few specimen tufts, and brought them away with a view to making more leisurely examinations; but, owing to the imperfectness of the instruments at my command, the results thus far obtained must be regarded only as rough approximations.

As already stated, the clothing of our wild sheep is composed of fine wool and coarse hair. The hairs are from about two to four inches long, mostly of a dull bluish-gray color, though varying somewhat with the seasons. In general char-

acteristics they are closely related to the hairs of the deer and antelope, being light, spongy, and elastic, with a highly polished surface, and though somewhat ridged and spiraled, like wool, they do not manifest the slightest tendency to felt or become taggy. A hair two and a half inches long, which is perhaps near the average length, will stretch about one-fourth of an inch before breaking. The diameter decreases rapidly both at the top and bottom, but is maintained throughout the greater portion of the length with a fair degree of regularity. The slender tapering point in which the hairs terminate is nearly black; but, owing to its fineness as compared with the main trunk, the quantity of blackness is not sufficient to greatly affect the general color. The number of hairs growing upon a square inch is about 10,000; the number of wool fibres is about 25,000, or two and a half times that of the hairs. The wool fibres are white and glossy, and beautifully spiraled into ringlets. The average length of the staple is about an inch and a half. A fibre of this length, when growing undisturbed down among the hairs, measures about an inch; hence the degree of curliness may easily be inferred. I regret exceedingly that my instruments do not enable me to measure the diameter of the fibres, in order that their degrees of fineness might be definitely compared with each other and with the finest of the domestic breeds; but that the three wild fleeces under consideration are considerably finer than the average grades of Merino shipped from San Francisco is, I think, unquestionable.

When the fleece is parted and looked into with a good lens, the skin appears of a beautiful pale-yellow color, and the delicate wool fibres are seen growing up among the strong hairs, like grass among stalks of corn, every individual fibre being protected about as specially and effectively as if inclosed in a separate

husk. Wild wool is too fine to stand by itself, the fibres being about as frail and invisible as the floating threads of spiders, while the hairs against which they lean stand erect like hazel wands; but, notwithstanding their great dissimilarity in size and appearance, the wool and hair are forms of the same thing, modified in just that way and to just that degree that renders them most perfectly subservient to the well-being of the sheep. Furthermore, it will be observed that these wild modifications are entirely distinct from those which are brought chancingly into existence through the accidents and caprices of culture; the former being inventions of God for the attainment of definite ends. Like the modifications of limbs—the fin for swimming, the wing for flying, the foot for walking—so the fine wool for warmth, the hair for additional warmth and to protect the wool, and both together for a fabric to wear well in mountain roughness and wash well in mountain storms.

The effects of human culture upon wild wool are analogous to those produced upon wild roses. In the one case there is an abnormal development of petals at the expense of the stamens, in the other an abnormal development of wool at the expense of the hair. Garden roses frequently exhibit stamens in which the transmutation to petals may be observed in various stages of accomplishment, and analogously the fleeces of tame sheep occasionally contain a few wild hairs that are undergoing transmutation to wool. Even wild wool presents here and there a fibre that appears to be in a state of change. In the course of my examinations of the wild fleeces mentioned above, three fibres were found that were wool at one end and hair at the other. This, however, does not necessarily imply imperfection, or any process of change similar to that caused by human culture. Water-lilies

contain parts variously developed into stamens at one end, petals at the other, as the constant and normal condition. These half-wool half-hair fibres may therefore subserve some fixed requirement essential to the perfection of the whole, or they may simply be the fine boundary lines where an exact balance between the wool and hair is attained.

I have been offering samples of mountain wool to my friends, demanding in return that the fineness of wildness be fairly recognized and confessed, but the returns are deplorably tame. The first question asked is, "Wild sheep, wild sheep, have you any wool?" while they peer curiously down among the hairs through lenses and spectacles. "Yes, wild sheep, you *have* wool; but Mary's lamb had more. In the name of use, how many wild sheep think you would be required to furnish wool sufficient for a pair of socks?" I endeavor to point out the irrelevancy of the latter question, arguing that wild wool was not made for men but for sheep, and that, however deficient as clothing for other animals, it is just the thing for the brave mountain-dweller that wears it. Plain, however, as all this appears, the quantity question rises again and again in all its commonplace tameness. To obtain a hearing on behalf of nature from any other stand-point than that of human use is almost impossible. Domestic flocks yield more flannel per sheep than the wild, therefore it is claimed that culture has improved upon wildness; and so it has as far as flannel is concerned, but all to the contrary as far as a sheep's dress is concerned. If every wild sheep inhabiting the Sierra were to put on tame wool, probably only a few would survive the dangers of a single season. With their fine limbs muffled and buried beneath a tangle of hairless wool, they would become short-winded, and fall an easy prey to the strong mountain wolves. In descending preci-

pices they would be thrown out of balance and killed, by their taggy wool catching upon sharp points of rocks. Disease would also be brought on by the dirt which always finds a lodgment in tame wool, and by the draggled and water-soaked condition into which it falls during stormy weather.

No dogma taught by the present civilization seems to form so insuperable an obstacle in the way of a right understanding of the relations which culture sustains to wildness, as that which declares that the world was made especially for the uses of men. Every animal, plant, and crystal controverts it in the plainest terms. Yet it is taught from century to century as something ever new and precious, and in the resulting darkness the enormous conceit is allowed to go unchallenged.

I have never yet happened upon a trace of evidence that seemed to show that any one animal was ever made for another as much as it was made for itself. Not that nature manifests any such thing as selfish isolation. In the making of every animal the presence of every other animal has been recognized. Indeed, every atom in creation may be said to be acquainted with and married to every other, but with universal union there is a division sufficient in degree for the purposes of the most intense individuality; and no matter what may be the note which any creature forms in the song of existence, it is made first for itself, then more and more remotely for all the world and worlds.

Were it not for the exercise of individualizing cares on the part of nature, the universe would be felted together like a fleece of tame wool. We are governed more than we know, and most when we are wildest. Plants, animals, and stars are all kept in place, bridled along appointed ways, *with* one another, and *through the midst* of one another—killing and being killed, eating and be-

ing eaten, in harmonious proportions and quantities. And it is right that we should thus reciprocally make use of one another, rob, cook, and consume, to the utmost of our healthy abilities and desires. Stars attract each other as they are able, and harmony results. Wild lambs eat as many wild flowers as they can find or desire, and men and wolves eat the lambs to just the same extent. This consumption of one another in its various modifications is a kind of culture varying with the degree of directness with which it is carried out, but we should be careful not to ascribe to such culture any improving qualities upon those on whom it is brought to bear. The water-ousel plucks moss from the river-bank to build its nest, but it does not improve the moss by plucking it. We pluck feathers from birds, and less directly wool from wild sheep, for the manufacture of clothing and cradle-nests, without improving the wool for the sheep, or the feathers for the bird that wore them. When a hawk pounces upon a linnet and proceeds to pull out its feathers, preparatory to making a meal, the hawk may be said to be cultivating the linnet, and he certainly does effect an improvement as far as hawk-food is concerned; but what of the songster? He ceases to be a linnet as soon as he is snatched from the woodland choir; and when, hawk-like, we snatch the wild sheep from its native rock, and, instead of eating and wearing it at once, carry it home, and breed the hair out of its wool and the bones out of its body, it ceases to be a sheep. These breeding and plucking processes are similarly improving as regards the secondary uses aimed at; and, although the one requires but a few minutes for its accomplishment, the other many years or centuries, they are essentially alike. We eat wild oysters alive with great directness, waiting for no cultivation, and leaving scarce a second of distance between the shell

and the lip; but we take wild sheep home and subject them to the many extended processes of husbandry, and finish by cooking them—a process which completes all sheep improvements as far as man is concerned. It will be seen, therefore, that wild wool and tame wool—wild sheep and tame sheep—are not properly comparable, nor are they in any correct sense to be considered as bearing any antagonism toward each other; they are different things, planned and accomplished for wholly different purposes.

Illustrative examples bearing upon this interesting subject may be multiplied indefinitely, for they abound everywhere in the plant and animal kingdoms wherever culture has reached. Recurring for a moment to apples. The beauty and completeness of a wild apple-tree living its own life in the woods is heartily acknowledged by all those who have been so happy as to form its acquaintance. The fine wildy piquancy of its fruit is unrivaled, but in the great question of quantity as human food wild apples are found wanting. Man, therefore, takes the tree from the woods, manures and prunes and grafts, plans and guesses, adds a little of this and that, until apples of every conceivable size and pulpiness are produced, like nut-galls in response to the irritating punctures of insects. Orchard apples are to me the most eloquent words that culture has ever spoken, but they reflect no imperfection upon nature's spicy crab. Every cultivated apple is a crab, not improved, *but cooked*, variously softened and swelled out in the process, mellowed, sweetened, spiced, and rendered good for food, but as utterly unfit for the uses of nature as a meadow lark killed and plucked and roasted. Give to nature every apple—codling, pippin, russet—and every sheep so laboriously compounded—muffled Southdowns, hairy Cotswolds, wrinkled Merinoes—and she

would throw the one to her caterpillars, the other to her wolves.

It is now some 3,600 years since Jacob kissed his mother and set out across the plains of Padan-aram to begin his experiments upon the flocks of his uncle, Laban; and, notwithstanding the high degree of excellence he attained as a wool-grower, and the innumerable painstaking efforts subsequently made by individuals and associations in all kinds of pastures and climates, we still seem to be as far from definite and satisfactory results as we ever were. In one breed the wool is apt to wither and crinkle like hay on a sun-beaten hill-side. In another, it is lodged and matted together like the lush tangled grass of a manured meadow. In one the staple is deficient in length, in another in fineness; while in all there is a constant tendency toward disease, rendering various washings and dippings indispensable to prevent its falling out. The problem of the quality and quantity of the carcass seems to be as doubtful and as far removed from a satisfactory solution as that of the wool. Desirable breeds blundered upon by long series of groping experiments are often found to be unstable and subject to disease—bots, foot-rot, blind-staggers, etc.—causing infinite trouble, both among breeders and manufacturers. Would it not be well, therefore, for some one to go back as far as possible and take a fresh start?

The source or sources whence the various breeds were derived is not positively known, but there can be hardly any doubt of their being descendants of the four or five wild species so generally distributed throughout the mountainous portions of the globe, the marked differences between the wild and domestic species being readily accounted for by the known variability of the animal. No other animal seems to yield so submissively to the manipulations of culture. Jacob controlled the color of his

flocks merely by causing them to stare at objects of the desired hue; and possibly Merinoes may have caught their wrinkles from the perplexed brows of their breeders. The California species (*Ovis montana*) is a noble animal, weighing when full grown some 350 pounds, and is well worthy the attention of wool-growers as a point from which to make a new departure. That it will breed with the domestic sheep I have not the

slightest doubt, and I cordially recommend the experiment to the various wool-growers' associations as one of great national importance. From my knowledge of the homes and habits of our wild sheep I feel confident that several hundred could be obtained for breeding purposes from the Sierra alone, and I am ready to undertake their capture. A little pure wildness is the one great present want, both of men and sheep.

THE STROLLING PLAYERS IN STRATFORD.

ON a midwinter afternoon, while the gray English sky was distilling a fine mist, and the green English sod was gathering and holding it on the tips of its fine grass-blades, so that they seemed powdered with a light frost, I turned the leaves of a stray magazine by the side of a sea-coal fire in the bar-parlor of the Red Horse Inn. What little sunshine stole through the window was saffron-tinted, and it seemed all to come from the horizon, though it was but three P.M. by the square clock on the mantel-shelf. Now, the bar-parlor at the Red Horse is never an uncheerful haunt; the tidy maid who presides there has a wholesome and homely welcome for all her guests. In truth the very atmosphere is as good as grog, for it is permeated with the potent flavor of certain jugs and decanters of respectable antiquity; while a dozen lemons—the very sight of a lemon is savory—nested in a basket of leaves, gave a semi-tropical warmth to the corner of the room, where they awaited orders for their execution with the gravity that might be expected in creatures of their complexion. Everything else in that cozy nook fitted its place so snugly that nothing was conspicuous, as it certainly would have been were it at all uncomfortable.

I ought to have been contented, but I was not; a vagabond monthly with half its jacket gone, and nothing of interest in its table of contents save the middle chapters of a serial, is cold comfort on a dreary day. So I turned to Ketty—the long *a* in her name seems to have been worn out with much usage—Ketty, whose skillful hands were slowly solving the mysteries of an enigmatical sampler, and begged of her to say if Stratford-upon-Avon really slept all the winter through, or whether it were possible to find entertainment of any sort on such a day as that. Ketty gathered her sampler and her crewel in her hand—the hand that is never idle—came out of her fruity flavored corner, as tart as a lemon herself, stirred the red coals until each ran out a sharp forked tongue of flame, and then, with just a shadow of reproof in her reply, said: “The Bragses play to-night, and it is the last night of the Bragses!”

My breast heaved at this startling intelligence. The Bragses in Stratford and I not aware of the fact? The last night of the Bragses in Stratford, and I so near missing them?

Ketty stood close to me and counted the stitches in her sampler; she evidently saw my embarrassment and wish-

ed to spare me. What a good little thing she was; one of those trim bodies whose clothes fit them like a seamless garment and at once became part and parcel of the wearer. Heaven be praised for these domestic Hebes, who administer the cup of gladness with hands so clean of sin that no man dares abase himself in their presence.

"And the Bragses," said I to Ketty, seeming to harbor a doubt that their fame had yet extended to the uttermost parts—"where are the Bragses playing?"

"Ah! in the field at the edge of the town," said she, as if the drama grew spontaneously at Stratford, and the Bragses had gone thither to reap a glorious harvest on the spot.

All this morning I had gone about the streets disconsolate. Things were not as I hoped to find them: the house of Shakspeare, patched, like a patched garment, until very little of the original remains; the school-room, still thronged by unwilling students who can scarcely be expected to venerate that hall of learning, though it once cradled the genius of the language; and the beautiful old church, with its one remarkable epitaph and its ugly bust. I had wandered from one of these shrines to another and back again to the first, seeking to find consolation in the thought that I saw as much as anyone can see of the existing testimony of a life so precious to the world.

Returning to the inn, a little chilled with the world and the English winter-day that dawns frostily but beguiles a violet from the sod in some sunny corner before meridian, I dined alone in that small sitting-room that will probably be associated with the memory of Washington Irving so long as the walls stand, and sought after-dinner comfort in Ketty's hall.

There were no further developments after the welcome intelligence that the

Bragses would once more delight the citizens of Stratford, so I turned to the sea-coal and the monthly, and between the two managed to doze on until tea-time.

A depressing night set in. The sun went down like a red seal, regular and dull; the eaves began to drip long slow drops, for the air was full of spray; a few dead leaves fluttered for a moment at the window-sill and then whirled off upon the air again, like homeless things in the vain search of shelter.

I went to my chamber—the Irving room, half filled with a great square bed, with posts that reach to the ceiling. Everything in the room is covered with white chintz, and white chintz is depressing in winter weather, even though it be the sort of winter that mocks you with an untimely blossom born in the very middle of it.

My toilet for the evening was sufficient, though not elaborate. Full dress can not be expected at pastoral entertainments wet down by chilly rains, even though it be a Brags night. Therefore, with a great-coat and a shovel-hat, I passed into the street, slamming the door after me with the wind's help, and turned toward that part of town lying beyond the school, beyond the church, and a little to the right on the way to Shottery. The sidewalks were sloppy, the shops inviting. It is pleasant to go out of a foul night, if only for the comfort one gets of shop windows. Everywhere I saw rows of cups and saucers bearing the portrait of the master of modern drama—a hundred different prints of him. His house, his tomb, were displayed with studious care; busts—villainous little busts—made of a composition like frozen dough, stared at me with eyes which, indeed, confessed that they saw not, and noses that could never have smelled under any circumstances. As for the ears of them, let me whisper in the ear of the artist who half-

made them, that a flat bean, though it be never so large, is not the accepted symbol of that organ.

At the conservatory in front of a barber-shop, wherein certain hair-flowers, or rather their gaunt skeletons, bloom perennially, and two pasteboard heads—honest things with a creditable lack of expression—seem to have gone to seed, my eye wandered to a background of play-bills, bearing the well-known name of Brags. At last I had the programme of the evening's entertainment: "The Bragses! in that beautiful melodrama, 'A Night in a Watch-house!'" No; that was the bill for three weeks previous. Evidently the Bragses had been playing out the season in Stratford. Ah! here is another: "The Bragses! in the powerful play in six acts, entitled 'The Plague of London!'"—bill one week old. Again: "Special night! Re-appearance of Master Billy Brags as *Tattoo*, in the grand spectacular representation in seven tableaux, 'The Wars of Napoleon!'" Alas! I was too late to greet Billy on his recovery from the measles, or something of that sort, I suppose. But the bill for the evening was consoling: "Last night! last night! last night! and last appearance of those popular favorites, the Bragses, in their great drama of sterling interest, 'The Life of a Soldier; or, The Bloody Field of Battle!'"—with as many capital letters as can conveniently be crowded into one line. Just the thing for a moist, cold evening: war's stern alarms, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife—what could be better? In my heart I thanked the senior Brags for his judicious selection. It seemed as if, with prophetic eye, he had discovered an approaching change in the weather, and forestalled it.

Thus musing, between the barber-shop and "The Bloody Field of Battle," I lost my way. What easier than to inquire, and be directed by three parties to three

several lanes, no two of which seemed tending to any given point! Meanwhile, stray bars of windy music came over the roofs to me in faint and fitful gusts. I began to grow impatient; perhaps even then the Thespian soldier was about beginning his 'eventful career, and I must miss the touching farewell of his fond mother, who was standing against the simple cottage, evidently having but one wall and that the front, both mother and cottage quivering with visible emotion. I must miss, also, the paternal benediction, given in broken accents over the very flame of the foot-lights, and at least half of which was certain to descend into the pit, though the soldier-boy gets enough of it to quite unman him. I should be too late to see him clasp his betrothed *soubrette*, whom he presses to his bosom with a fervor as large as life, while he vows eternal fidelity and plucks the convenient knot of blue ribbon from the dear head nestling on his breast, where blue knots are ever to be found and plucked in such cases. Nor should I be in time to catch his parting word, delivered at random and at the very top of his lungs, over the now prostrate form of her he loves, nor the word-picture he is sure to draw in a few brief lines that are meant for blank verse, but fall a little short of it—words uttered for her ear alone, but plainly distinguishable in the next block, if the wind is favorable—of his joyous return in a few brief weeks with the star of honor flashing upon his proud breast, or (and then his voice drops to the second row of reserved seats) of a cold form stretched upon the bloody field of battle, with calm face gazing upward under the white glare of the Indian sky, and in his bosom this knot of ribbon blue steeped deep in gore; and so farewell!—with an arm aloft and the blue knot fluttering at the top of his reach. Thereat he dashes off to the wars, that seem to be located at no great distance, for he is sure to leave

one leg visible beyond the flap of the stage-wings where he makes his exit. All this, which is well worth the full price of admission, I am defrauded of, and merely for the lack of some straight though narrow path leading to dramatic entertainments in the suburbs.

In a moment of the deepest perplexity I came upon a fruit-stall, and again sought knowledge of my whereabouts. Pomona in her harvest-home smiled me a welcome—Pomona, built on the plan of a colossal statue of the goddess, but who had been shut into herself like a telescope, and needed to be considerably drawn out before she could be of much real service—Pomona folded her fat hands in an apron that was tied under her armpits, and assured me, with a voice full of consolation and encouragement, that “the Bragses was a-playin’ just about the coriner,” as if the Bragses had not yet forgotten how to whip a top or skip a rope. I pardoned her the ambiguity of her speech, for I had taken heart again; and, with a gush of unaffected pleasure—one is often betrayed into a like weakness after a cloud has cleared—I told her of my life and adventures since leaving the hospitable threshold of the Red Horse Inn; while the good soul laughed again, or rather she *clucked* her merriment and quaked in all her flesh. We were as genial as two creatures can be on a saturated evening. “Tuppence worth of pea-nuts,” said I; but regretted my thoughtlessness a moment later. It is cruel to expect so much woman to rise short of one-and-six! Pocketing my pea-nuts, I departed with the superior air of a man who knows his business, and is rapidly going about it. At the same time I resolved, should I discover that among the populace pea-nuts were not sacrificed upon the altar of the Bragses, I would devour the same in secret, and hold my peace. It had occurred to me that, after all, pea-nuts occupy a com-

paratively small place in the economy of nature, and perhaps it would have been better had I generously cast my tuppence into the ample lap of her who looked capable of pocketing my weight in copper. You see the affair troubled me a little, yet it is scarcely surprising; when you have been once impressed, it is no easy matter to get a woman of that size off your mind.

Turning the corner of a dark street, I found myself but a few steps from a pot of pitch, blazing and smoking in the wind, and about which stood five boys and a man, apparently fascinated by the spectacle. This illumination evidently had some connection with the Bragses, for under no other circumstances would such a flare and such an evil odor be tolerated. By this time it was full thirty minutes after the hour announced for the beginning of the play, yet the curtain was still down and the prospects of any sort of entertainment feeble. It seemed that the Bragses were a tribe of dramatic nomads, who pitched their tent in clover and drummed up audiences on the outskirts of the smaller English towns. It was their custom to prolong their stay in each locality according to the endurance evidenced by the people during this visitation. When the Bragses were indicted as a nuisance, it was thought a favorable time to bill their benefit and last appearance; and I fear that in this case not only the town council but the elements were against them. As I drew near the flaming beacon, all eyes were turned toward me. “There’s one,” said a round English youth, who was steaming before the fire and throwing a gigantic shadow across the fluttering canvas of the booth—a shadow that seemed to be making a desperate effort to dash its brains out against the top of the centre-pole—“and, my eyes! there’s the other,” he added, as a solitary figure grew out of the darkness at the lower end of the street. You would have

thought we were ambassadors from the very ends of the earth, and a little late in arriving for this reason. I am happy to add that the obnoxious boy who scared off the audience as it slowly trickled in, was not one of the profession, but, lacking the price of admission to the temporary temple of the muses, he sought an ignoble revenge in thus reviling his more fortunate fellows.

The band struck up at a lucky interval, and two simpering girls in the escort of a man with a very bald face, were spared a withering sarcasm served up hot from the lips of the unfortunate destined to pass that memorable evening in outer darkness. Upon entering the theatre, I at once saw that the Bragses scorned the usual accessories of such an establishment; doubtless, in their minds, high art, like loveliness, when unadorned is then adorned the most. Therefore, I paid my money into the hands of old Brags, who stood at the door-flap, half out and half in, symbolical of the position he occupies on the invisible but indelible border-line between the world and the stage. Mother Brags led me to my reserved seat, the only one having a trustworthy back to it. Billy Brags sold me a programme at thrice its value, but you must expect to pay dearly for the privilege of a momentary intimacy with one who appears in the *Wars of Napoleon*, and at the prodigious age of eleven finds his euphonious name starred in the bills of the evening.

Billy was a little man of the world, though an unhandsome one. He lost his aspirates in the unluckiest moments, and found them when they were least needed; but we are not over particular about these matters in the provinces. Billy never pretended that orthoëpy was his strong point; he was best known as a precocious juvenile of unflagging humor, and freckled like the pard. I chanced to be No. 21 in the audience

on that "last night of the season." I was the sole occupant of the shilling bench, in uncomfortable proximity to the orchestra, and doomed to balance myself on a narrow strip of carpet that slid about under me in a deep designing manner. The auditorium was exceedingly small; in the centre stood an iron caldron heaped with coals, about which the twenty in my rear hovered and shivered in turn. They seemed to have grown weary of gazing upon a curtain that would not rise, though it bellied like a sky-sail as the wind filled it, and once or twice threatened to carry away a good part of the proscenium, in which case the whole booth would most probably have ascended into the air like a balloon. The curtain was decorated with a perplexing picture: an alpine lake, on whose unruffled breast floated an improbable gondola, manned by Egyptian slaves. The pine and the palm nodded distantly at one another from the extreme corners of the landscape, as if each felt the other to be exceedingly out of place, though it was quite satisfied with its own introduction in the painting. I confess that an hour's contemplation was enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic lover of art, even though that hour were enlivened with music by an orchestra of undoubted zeal but questionable harmony. All day I had heard the metallic tooting of the zealous five. Coming over the meadows from Shottery the day before with my heart attuned to the heavenly hymning of the lark, a fistful of flabby notes shot out of the deep throat of the plunging trombone, and dropped me suddenly to earth from the pale portals of that cloudy arena whither I had followed the lark's flight.

The time dragged wearily. It was a whole hour later than it should have been, according to the programme of the *Life of a Soldier*, and we had not yet heard so much as the clang of a sabre. I entertained myself with watching the

manœuvres of a great dog, evidently one of the company, for he had the professional lack of interest in everything save the size of the audience. There being no prospect of a paying house, he had gone to sleep under the glow of the furnace. As he soon grew uncomfortably warm in that locality, he rose, climbed over the unoccupied benches—they were quite too low for him to crawl under—and threw himself in despair at the feet of the orchestra; but the very next blast from the merciless quintette drove him again to seek new quarters, and he presently sunk down at the threshold of the tent with a low moan, which I took to be an expression of utter disgust.

It occurred to me that I might escape one method of torture by retreating; therefore I retreated silently under cover of a cigar. In a canvas corner, which might playfully have been termed the lobby, I encountered the Bragses; they were holding an animated debate over a swinging kettle of coals. A half-dozen girls, young amateurs of the town, stood silently by, each with her stage wardrobe pinned up in a newspaper and held much as if it had been a rather large cake. Immediately upon my appearance in their midst, six courtesies were dropped me in a bunch, and Mother Brags addressed me with flattering deference: "Hexpenses was so 'eavy [even without the aspirate] and the 'ouse so bad, it couldn't be hexpected, you know, that a drama [with an uncommonly tall *a*] like the *Life of a Soldier* would be represented; but on the next night she would 'ave the honor [with a prominent *h*] to happeare in 'er favor-ite character, and she 'oped [with a bottomless *o*] she should 'ave the pleasure of seeing me in the haudience." We warmed to one another over the coals. I expressed all my joy at the prospect of seeing her on the boards before I left Stratford. As I was bound to leave on the morrow, the expression was not so feeble as the pros-

pect of seeing her, but this bit of diplomacy is too common to be meddled with.

I fear my incautious exit demoralized the house, for I was shortly followed by a family party desiring to have their money refunded. This request was at once complied with by Mrs. Brags, who was as stately as a player-queen, and had smiles and small change for all. The elder Brags, with that far-seeing eye of his, observed that the climax was at hand, and, with wonderful self-possession, he mounted the stage by the aid of a stool in the orchestra, and there, with antiquated beaver in hand, and black coat buttoned to the throat—for these are the birthright of the poor player, and even pottage can not tempt them from him—he explained, with deep emotion, how painful a task it was to dismiss them thus; but Mrs. Brags, who would, on the following night, appear in her wonderful impersonation of Mrs. Haller in the *Stranger*—a character which she had sustained in every quarter of the United Kingdom, and ever with the most astonishing success—would refund their money at the door. The audience at once dispersed, after having had a free concert a full hour in length, which, as it had been rehearsed a half-dozen times every day for the past three weeks, was certainly as much as they required. Out went the foot-lights, one after another, leaving a powerful odor of warm oil and smoking wick. The musicians, who by this time began to show visible signs of weakness, put their instruments of torture into green bags, relit their pipes—they had taken a turn at them during the blessed interludes of the evening—took off their hats for the first time, and gathered about the furnace in the middle of the booth, as if they were going to make a night of it.

I later discovered that they always make a night of it in some mysterious corner of the tent, and are watched

over by that faithful and forgiving dog whom they persecute by day.

Braggs, senior, with the cheerful air of one who scorns to receive encouragement in any line of business, and who is never so happy as when he is sinking a week's salary every day of his life, touched his hat gaily to me as I turned to leave the place. I could not resist offering him a cigar—no mean consolation to a smoker, and perhaps acceptable to any man, even though, like Brags, he be in a state of wild hilarity in consequence of hopeless bankruptcy. I like these cheerful temperaments, though this gaiety has in it at times a touch of light comedy that is more likely to call for applause than encourage confidence.

Braggs, senior—who will probably be known to posterity as the elder Brags, illustrious sire of an illustrious son—Braggs seized me by the arm and shook my hand confidentially. I was thrilled with emotion, for at that moment the awful gulf that yearns between the world and the stage was bridged by a solitary cigar, and above that unfathomable abyss, inhaling the unmistakable odor of a genuine Havana, our souls met!

Braggs and I, arm in arm, passed into the dreary street, down which the retreating footsteps of the disappointed audience echoed faintly. The beacon in front of the booth had burned out, though some few embers that flashed now and then as the wind passed over them had life enough left to hiss a little when an occasional rain-drop fell among them. A dozen paces to the left stood one of those curious houses on wheels such as are frequently met with in the by-ways of England; a short steep ladder led to a door in the rear of the house, and, as we approached—the door was wide open—I could not avoid catching a glimpse of the interior. It was like one of those little show-boxes into which you peep with one astonished eye, but are never permitted to enter in the flesh,

only here the box was large enough to live in. Its interior disclosed such a wonderful combination of colors that all thought of form was for the moment forgotten; it seemed to me like an enormous kaleidoscope, and I had no doubt upon my first glance that if you were to tip the whole concern over on its side everything would immediately assume a new and brilliant combination of colors and form, quite different from the last and perhaps even more unintelligible.

Braggs begged I would enter this variegated cubby-house; Mrs. Brags came to the door, like an apparition shaping itself out of the bewildering chaos, and strengthened her husband's offer of hospitality with a tempting mug of stout.

I entered with curious eyes; the little house on wheels was like a revelation. The walls were hung with stage wardrobe of the most gaudy description; swords, banners, battle-axes, and kitchen furniture discovered themselves everywhere; it was like a slice out of the very heart of a pantomime. There was an inner room of the same description, and a bed in each. Here Brags and Mrs. Brags, senior, Brags and Mrs. Brags, junior, were domesticated. Where Billy slept it would be hard to state, though perhaps he never sleeps, as is the case with some precocious children. A movable stove stood under the house between the wheels, and by it was as little table-ware as is necessary in a camp-life such as theirs. With a pot of stout on the floor between us, and a creamy mug in our hands, we exchanged experiences and made observations on men and things in language not dreamed of in your philosophy.

Braggs grew deliriously gay over his misfortunes. He told of the deep delight he experienced in his mode of life; how pleasant it was to hang upon the edge of small towns, by the teeth you might say, and fight for potatoes and stout. Perhaps you would pick up a

friend or two whose society is agreeable, and then, just as you are beginning to feel at home, business collapses, and you hitch in the old nags that have been browsing around the tent-pins all this time, and jog off to the next village with the cubby-house trundling along in the rear. The same doubts, the same anticipations, and perhaps the same disappointments await you at every turn. "Ah! there is something to interest one in a life like this!" said Brags. "The well-earned fame of Mrs. Brags usually precedes our little caravan, and we are sure of a good house on the opening night.

"Art life, my friend," Brags continued, and he swung his empty mug in a great circle that seemed to embrace everything on the subject, "the art-life we lead, has its trials, its disappointments; and it is well that it has, for in the grateful shadow of these occasional reverses we seek respite from the tedious monotony of repeated successes. I revel in the shade; and to-morrow night Mrs. Brags, in her favorite character of Mrs. Haller, will mingle her tears with mine in the very ecstasy of grief. Fill up, Mrs. Brags, fill up!—let us drown dull care." And Brags actually began to hum the first lines of a song expressing similar sentiments, but thought better of it, and ended with a suppressed groan.

It occurred to me that I might as well withdraw, and I did so at once. We parted on the most amicable terms; even Billy hailed me from a slit in the tent through which he was taking observations of the weather. The young Roscius probably sleeps on the stage, and broils his daily bacon over the foot-lights. There is nothing like bringing up a child of genius in the atmosphere of art!

As I was walking back to the inn,

the moon broke from the clouds and shed a soft radiance upon the fine old church. I had almost forgotten that we have a moon in winter, and she came like a surprise, full of new and marvelous beauty.

The silent hamlet seemed more sacred to me after that, and I passed from house to house trying to realize how Shakespeare's feet have trodden the same paths and his eyes looked upon the same weather-beaten walls; and in that mood I forgave everything: the annoyances of the morning, the disappointment of the evening, the weather, the wet walks. I forgave Brags, junior, saying that "Shakspeare didn't pay for the kerosene," and that "Stratford was a bad show-town." In the best of humors I arrived at the Red Horse, and greeted Ketty in the bar-parlor with much warmth. She was almost like a sweetheart to us all; that is, I thought so until Stolks, the porter, looked in at the window and made her drop a spoon and put too much nutmeg in an old gentleman's punch, whereat he reproved her rather sharply, and the harmony of the bar-parlor was disturbed for a moment. That was unpardonable in Stolks, but he was a fellow of good points, and if there is likely to be mating in Stratford before spring, I give my consent.

When Stolks lit me to my chamber, he ventured to ask me how I liked the theatre? (with the accent in the middle). I told him that for good and sufficient reasons the performance was postponed; but he replied, dubiously: "Them Bragses always was a poor lot." With the door-knob in one hand and a warning in the other, I said—for I was bound to have the last word—"Stolks, me boy! publish it not upon the house-tops; for, 'after your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.'"

ART'S COMFORTING.

I sat and pondered, and grew sorrowful;
"No fruit—no fruit!" I cried; "my tree of life
Was set in barren soil. My chosen path
Is full of thorns, my cup of bitterness.
I and my class are counted vagabonds;
Our work is set aside for grosser things;
Men call us drones in the great hive, and say
We follow shadows and no real good."

For I was one of those who fall entranced
Before the splendor of our mother, Art;
Who, dazzled by the fairness of her shape,
Follow the goddess who of all on high
Is poorest, having little else to give
Than hollow praise, and rarely even that—
Who, as we grow more fit to know her, grows
More subtile still, and shadowy and fair,
Leaving at last between us and her perfectness
A gap as wide as when we worshiped first.

Then, while I pondered all these things, I slept,
And in my sleep I saw a calm pale face,
Most beautiful, yet looking worn and grieved,
As one who mourns for dear ones lost or dead;
And thus she gently spake: "Thou seest in me
One who hath suffered many, many slights—
One who hath seen her dearest works cast down
And trampled on, and buried in the dust.
Look well at me—I am thy mother, Art.
Be thou content; my children are not drones;
The fairest work in all the hive is theirs;
And, though their share of honey may be small,
Yet it is sweeter, being purely earned.
They follow shadows—yes; but then are not
The shadows beautiful? Who would not choose
To see, from day to day, most lovely shapes,
Albeit phantoms, rather than to grasp
The coarse realities of coarser men!
My children, ye have chosen well your part.
Love me, look up to me, and all your love
Shall be returned—this is your recompense."

The face drew back into the mists of sleep,
And I awoke, the better for my dream.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE November came, a compromise was effected by the aid of my step-mother, who had had in her family at some time or other an engineer of great posthumous fame among his kinsfolk. I was to go to college, indeed, but as a student of civil engineering, and not of theology. Approaching the age of seventeen, with a brain in a state of unstable equilibrium, loaded as it was with all kinds of trumpery and treasure, dug with spasmodic industry out of all kinds of places, and piled up in uneasy disorder, I thought I saw in the comparative shortness and lightness of the curriculum of the Queen's University the fetter which should least hinder me in the pursuit of my own desultory and independent researches, of which I hoped all things, as boys will. What was I not capable of, indeed? What? Answer me, O hearts of youth! where-soever ye be. Nay! I care not if wrapped now in what musty grave-clothes, hid away for how many days in what sepulchre, with what great stone rolled against the door. Come forth and answer! What could a boy not do with the infinite born herculean in him, not yet broken on the wheel of life, not yet ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of law and slow destiny? Why, the very dumb mountains in purple kings' raiment beckoned up with white arms; the great woods with a heart of storm and song cried to me; the hollow glittering sea, waiting like a Roman circus, or soiled and torn like flying sand about the lions in a world's arena, had but one voice; the very stars in their courses lied to me: "Go on," they said, "go on, there is

nothing impossible in this grand universe!" And I believed it, indeed, I did! wandering by the Wilde River with winter coming and the trees bare and the wind bleak from the north. Miles over the hills and down to the sea and along the shore I went, with frieze-coat unbuttoned, and the cold gun-stock could hardly chill my naked nervous fingers, as I thought or shouted or sung great words from the great books I knew, myself the centre of like things. Egotist, egoist, dreamer, and sentimentalist, with heart on sleeve for daws to peck at! O! I dreamed such dreams—no lean kine or thin ears of corn in them all—and interpreted them for myself with such bright circumstances.

Then it all changed as in a day, and was no dream. I sat far from the fire, shivering, though not with cold, in the waiting-room of the great brick college in Belfast. Awkward, unfashionably clad, already, in an indirect way, the butt of half the local wits, there was below all a dull unbearable fire smoldering in me that I was thinking how best to let loose and give air to. With the utmost calculating prudence, I was measuring my tormentors. I passed over those evidently beyond my strength, despite their more direct insolence, as coolly as a general declining a battle with superior forces, and at last, without a word, dashed my fists one after the other into the face of a fellow about my own size who had laughed at a joke at my expense from one of his elders. Well enough versed in the theory of straight hitting, and tough and savage as a wild-cat, I battered and cowed my antagonist into abject defeat before anyone decided to intervene in his favor, and as I settled

my cap again and took my seat grimly. without a word, a perceptible restraint fell over the spectators, of whom after a proper interval of dignity I took my silent leave. Reserved and seldom interfering with others unless of necessity, with a reputation for resolution and even ferocity, I had never again occasion to engage in a like struggle; such a thing was indeed sufficiently rare among the students at all times, and too boyish to find much favor among persons accounting themselves men.

Life at that college was rather a vapid affair. The professors, with one or two notable exceptions, neither had or deserved to have any other than a sectarian and local fame. Religious denominationalism, though nominally excluded from the affairs of the Queen's University, really mixed in everything. Free discussion on the scientific subjects supposed to belong to the province of revelation was prohibited in the professional chairs and in the debating clubs. Attacks on or defenses of a several professor or the college in general, made by the press, altar, pulpit, or platform in Ireland, related almost solely to matters of religious jots and tittles. The average Irish Calvinist and Catholic have, indeed, no other idea of a university than a college whose professors of history and science should submit their conclusions and theories to the revision of the parish priest or parson. These two parties, in war-paint of green and orange, fight away in their petty cockpit, thinking the Supreme Being and the world and worlds are largely engaged in watching with interest and even anxiety the result of their absurd cat-fight—a result promising happily to be not far distant, and of the Kilkenny sort.

For a certain class of students, the inefficiency, ignorance, or bigotry of their professors was, as Mr. Knox used to hold, a positive benefit. It set them thinking and collecting facts for them-

selves, made them philosophers in the Baconian sense, drove them to books and original sources of information and experiment, showed them a new heaven and a new earth with grander things therein than were dreamed of in the philosophy of a third-rate college council. Students, toiling dimly, day and night, out into that great ocean, unexplored and perhaps unexplorable, of spiritual and material wisdom, when they turned their faces backward at times, weary and vexed, willing almost to drift back to shore with the treacherous currents and be at peace, had instantly tossing there before them the white skulls and grinning teeth of rotting professorial wrecks; and the sight was enough. It might be thought that of all this, vanity and self-sufficiency were apt to spring up; and in too many of our callow brains indeed they were, with sad enough resulting shipwrecks, but with heads that had any tolerable power of onlook and outlook such a thing was hardly possible, so far beyond the best of their achievement floated the grand lights that lighten and have lightened all the world.

They were heroes, and I dare say it who was of the least of them—heroes surely, those student soldiers, nucleus of a forlorn hope of Irish civilization; heroes, though they drew no sword and flaunted no rebel banner; heroes with thin purses and great souls, shutting their own gates of collegiate and local honor and preferment (and how great these things looked then!); starving, some of them, for lack of very bread in mean lodgings, puffed at by the lips of dignitaries, sniffed at by the nostrils of beauty, yet cutting themselves before no Baals, stiff-necked before all Dagons, and proud, O insolent gods! prouder than you. Yet not proud in a hurtful sort or degree. Because they knew so much, they knew that they knew so little; because their plummets went so deep, they knew best the risks they

ran in trying to cross the great gulfs fixed between them and their goal, knew how few could ever reach it—knew and tried. If they all failed or shall fail—and no man can yet tell—they lived at any rate lives full of aspiration and nobility, enduring toil and privation

well for the sake of a great idea, improving in the best light given them their few talents of thought and of truth-perception. Such a life has not all its reward in attainment, or rather the attainment is gradual and begins with the first sincere endeavor.

HOW WE DID IT ON SCOTT'S BAR.

TALKIN' about vigilantes, boys, jest square round, an' I'll tell you how we did it on Scott's Bar once."

We were camped up in the Siskiyou Range—a prospecting party—grouped in the various easy attitudes of camp-life round a glorious pitch-pine fire that sent its ruddy gleams deep among the shadows of the dense fir timber around and overhead, and the conversation had turned, as usual, on the early days of California. As Californians, we have a peculiar fondness for this kind of retrospect. It does us good to recall the flush times with their rich strikes, even if the golden harvest did slip through our fingers. We like to tell how the boys wing-dammed the river—just round the bend, you know—and took out a wash-pan level full the first week; how Sandy Brown sunk at the mouth of the gulch until the water drove him out, and an emigrant came along, went six inches deeper, and struck it rich; how Ned Jones got "broke" at a monte-bank, got kind of desperate, and picked up a rope with a horse at the end of it—how the boys followed him and took him over to Kanaka Gulch, where Ned, poor fellow! asked them to send word to his mother that the "Injuns" had got him, and died protesting against the injustice of circumstantial evidence; how "Twenty-one Joe" shot a man across his table, down at Spanish Flat, and dealt the game all night with the corpse lying on

a bench in the same room; how an emigrant, hunting his horses one morning, found the famous Gold Hill ledge, and sold out for a big "home stake" within twenty-four hours; and about Jake Smith, who reached Frisco, on his way home, and saw a chance to double his "pile" at a faro-bank, but went back to American Fork, declaring that "luck always was agin him." These and a thousand kindred reminiscences that made up the exciting record of pioneer life, seeming now like a dream, are told and retold with infinite relish, carrying us back to scenes so full of liberty, so strangely pleasant.

The speaker was Tom Gray, one of those easy-going fellows on whom bad luck seems to have a perpetual mortgage—always out at elbows, always laughing in the face of misfortune, always hunting up a poker game, forever getting up "broke." Even Tom's trousers seemed so desirous of parting company with their unfortunate owner, eternally sliding off him, that his whole life was an incessant struggle to retain his scanty wardrobe. We liked him, however. He was trustworthy, full of experience, and familiar with the history of every gulch along the face of the Sierra. He could always command an audience.

"Let me see," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "we struck Scott's Bar in '51. Them *was* the diggins, boys;

chunks big as flat-irons—lots of 'em! Why, I've seen an ounce paid for a candle to play a little four-handed game by—aces worth as high as six ounces, an' ef a feller got two pair beat it gen'ally cleaned him. But," he resumed, after a thoughtful pause, probably spent in contemplation of the good old days when poker stakes were more plentiful than now, "that ain't the story, an' ef you'll listen to me, I'll tell you how we fixed a chap once that wasn't on the dead square.

"In '52 there come an emigrant to the Bar—a young lawyer, by the name o' Smith. He had hung out his shingle in the States, but didn't have any luck, an' come to California to make a raise, jest like the rest of us. He was an innocent sort o' feller, so Sam Patterson an' I showed him a place where the bed-rock pitched, an' he started in an' did first-rate. Everybody liked Smith; he was always singin' in his claim. Ef you met him twenty times a day, he always had a pleasant word. He didn't drink nor gamble; he said there was a little wife an' baby back in Illinois that needed his money worse than the gamblers. Smith cabined with a Frenchman by the name of Doctor Baid—we called him 'Frenchy'—but he wasn't very thick with him, an' always carried his sack in the pocket of his coat to his claim. One day he forgot it. Frenchy came walkin' down to where he was rockin', an' told him his coat was up in the cabin, he was goin' down the river, an' he had better take care of it. Smith was scared, but he found his sack apparently all right. Every Saturday night he weighed his pile, an' the next time he put it in the scales it was short about six ounces; but he might have made a mistake in the figures, an' didn't say much about it.

"Frenchy soon went over to Humbug, an' left Smith alone in the cabin. Along in the fall, Smith's pile had swelled up to about \$1,500, an' he fixed to

leave. One night, Sam an' I was up to see him, an' didn't he feel good? He was goin' in a week, an' told us how he was goin' to slip in with his minin' rig on, tell his poor little wife he was broke—jest to see ef she would stick to him—an' then pour the whole sackful right into her lap. We were busy talkin' about the old homes in the States, an' it might have been about nine o'clock when we heard a little rustle, like a mouse might make, up on Smith's bunk. We didn't think anything about it for an hour, an' jest as we left Smith reached up for his coat. It was light as a feather; didn't have the color in it. We begun huntin' round, an' found that a piece o' chinkin' had been loosened during the day, an' the little rustle we heard was made by the robber's hand. We felt sorry for poor Smith. He never said a word, but sot down, an' swelled up an' choked till the big tears come, for the meetin' with his little wife was a long ways off now. Next mornin' we raised the Bar, an' the boys was terrible hostile. There wasn't a lick struck that day. We took a drink all round, then held a meetin', resolved that a durned mean trick had been done, an' formed ourselves into a vigilance committee—every one of us. Smith said Frenchy was the only man that knew where he kep' his money; an' when he told about missin' the six ounces, we concluded Frenchy was the man we wanted. Cy Herd was made constable, an' sent to Humbug. He found Frenchy jest startin' for Yreka, an' as he didn't have any papers, he thought he would go along an' git a regular warrant from the old chief o' the vigilantes. He got the warrant, an' I always keep it to show. Since they changed the county to Siskiyou—it used to be all Shasta—some folks want to deny that there ever was a committee there."

Drawing out a greasy memorandum-book, Tom produced the document, bear-

ing the marks of age and the unmistakable stamp of genuineness, reading as follows:

"STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SHASTE,
"Shaste Plains Township

"VIGELANT COM *Vs* DR BAID

"To any constable of Shaste Plains Township this day complaint having Laid before me Vigelant Committee that the crime of felony has Ben committed and acusing the above named Dr Baid of the same therefore you are to arest the said Dr Baid and bring him before the people and to be delt with acording to their Judgment

A. BOLES

"YREKA 1852

chairman of Committee"

Evidently proud of his distinction as chairman, A. Boles had signed this unique document three times—twice on the back, once to give it an air of legal formality, again to direct Abraham Thompson to "serve the within Rit."

"Now, boys," remarked Tom, as he folded the relic of the people's court carefully away, "that didn't have many big words in it, but it meant business. Cy put it into Constable Thompson's hands, an' they snatched their man an' started for the Bar. When they got there with him, Frenchy was on the bluff, an' allowed he would make somebody pay for that day's work. Brought before the jury—twelve o' the best men in that camp—he weakened a little, but swore he was innocent, an' called the Holy Virgin—which was tolerable strong for a Frenchman—to witness that he had not been on the Bar for two weeks. No one had seen him on the Bar within that time. Cy Herd found out at Humbug that Frenchy was there at sundown the night o' the robbery, an' at work soon after daylight the next mornin'. The only evidence was Smith's opinion; he stuck to it that ef Frenchy didn't have his money he didn't want a cent, but that wasn't hardly enough to hang a man on. Some o' the boys wanted to hang Frenchy on general principles, but that wouldn't pan; there was some good

square men on the jury, an' you bet he got a fair trial.

"Smith told all he knew. Cy swore to the time Frenchy was at Humbug, an' we couldn't find a track anywhere that fitted his boots. The jury went out under a big oak all alone, talked it over, an' took one vote; about half was for Frenchy, the balance wanted to hang him, anyhow. One o' the jurors was old Beek—a kind o' natural lawyer, one o' the worst men in an argument you ever saw. He knew lots, an' picked up lots more as he went along—jest like quicksilver, awful slippery—an' would gather up all the gold in your conversation into a store for future use. Beek would git a feller into an argument, jest as like as not take the wrong side, git the run o' your points, flop round, make you take his side, an' then 'flummux' you, as he called it. He was a kind o' easy-goin', soft-hearted man, an' for lettin' Frenchy slide. 'It wouldn't never do,' he said, 'to hang a man on suspicion; I don't want no ghost jabberin' French round my cabin.' Beek saved Frenchy's neck. He made up his mind that he was innocent, an' he riddled the evidence jest like he'd been in a regular court. There was some big points in Frenchy's favor: Humbug was a good ten miles from the Bar, the night of the robbery the darkest you ever saw, the trail over the mountain terrible rough. It seemed impossible to make the trip in the night; an' Beek spent an hour tryin' to prove that a man couldn't be in two places at one time, swearin' he'd starve before he'd commit murder. Finally, Smith stepped up. 'Boys,' says he, 'let me take Frenchy out and talk to him; ef he don't give me that money in half an hour, I'll think he ain't the man.' They went out together. Smith talked easy an' soft to him at first. He told him about his wife an' little one that was waitin' for him; how it was every cent he had in the world;

* The original warrant is in the possession of a banker in Jacksonville, Oregon.

how he had toiled for it, pinched himself to save it, an' ef he gave it up he would forgive an' never expose him. It was no use. Frenchy still declared his innocence; when, all of a sudden, Smith jumped to his feet, drew his six-shooter, an', in a voice so earnest an' death-like that the prisoner's lips began to quiver an' turn white, he says, 'Frenchy, I know you have got my money, an' ef, by the time the sun goes over that hill, you don't tell me where it is, I'll kill you.' He had him covered, an' I always believed he would have shot him like a snake—there was such a queer, devilish look about his eyes that it made my flesh crawl; but, in a few minutes, there was a loud yell, an' Cy said the jury had agreed. So they had; they had compromised, an' agreed to give Frenchy a little swing—just leave his tip-toes on the ground—then another, an' if that didn't choke the money out of him, he was the wrong man. Then they come in a body, lookin' mighty serious, one o' them bringin' a rope, with a regular hangman's noose at the end of it. The foreman read the verdict, 'Guilty; to be hanged before sundown.'

"Poor Frenchy looked at the rope, then at the jury; every face was as cold as a stone. He gave a wild kind of a wishful look up the mountain, but his legs were hobbled, an' he weakened right there. 'Men,' he says, 'don't hang me; I'll show you the money.' Sure enough, he did. Thompson an' Smith went down the river with him about a mile, to where the trail run under a broken bluff. Frenchy reached up as high as he could, pulled the big sack out of a crevice, an' handed it to the owner without a word. Smith, in his joy, wanted to let Frenchy go, but Thompson said everything must be done regular, accordin' to law. Meanwhile, the jury got their heads together. Great Moses! wasn't old Beek mad. 'Boys,' he says, 'a man that can fool me on hu-

man nature that way, is an awful dangerous element. The majesty of the law is busted wide open. Frenchy's got to have a little taste, to show him Americans won't stand no foolishness.' That's always the way," said Tom, quietly; "do a man a positive injury, ten to one he'll forgit it; but jest impose on his judgment, an' he'll never forgive you. The jury was all agreed on that proposition. They passed a string o' resolutions—everything was done that way: 'First, that Frenchy git twenty-nine lashes on the bare back; second, that Smith was to do the whippin'; third, that the prisoner should leave Shasta Plains within five hours; fourth, that certain money found on him should go to pay all just demands against him after constable's fees were paid.' Frenchy was stubborn as a mule, but he was taken to a big black-oak, in front of De Jarlai's store, an' his arms tied round it pretty high up, his feet jest restin' on the ground. One o' the boys was from Missouri, where that kind o' thing was common, so he fixed up a piece o' rawhide lariat, about three feet long, an' handed it to Smith. He wasn't on it, an' begun to beg for Frenchy; he made the nicest kind of a little speech. 'I can't whip a man,' he says, 'except in a fair fight. Frenchy's done the square thing with me, an' I forgive him. I had made up my mind to kill him, but now I feel so good, I can't touch him. I'll treat this crowd, an' pay you all for your day's work, but don't ask me to do that.' Some o' the crowd begun to growl, but an old grizzly-lookin' man spoke up, an' says: 'That's right; it ain't Smith's business to do that job; he's only an immigrant, an' it ain't fair to ask a man to do anything that goes agin his conscience; let the constable do it, an' it will be accordin' to law.' Another resolution was passed, an' Abe Thompson stepped out, sayin' 'that he didn't fancy the job much, but

when a man was an officer he ought to do his duty, an' he wouldn't nairy flinch from his.' Old Beek counted—one, two, three—up to about fifteen. Thompson didn't lay on very heavy, feelin' kind o' sorry for the poor devil. Frenchy was game, never flinched; but about the fifteenth lick, he made a motion an' wanted to speak, for his lips begun to froth, an' the devil was risin' in him. He looked at Thompson—his eye glistened jest like a wild-cat's: '*Sacre bleu!*' says he—an', darn him, how it hissed through his white teeth—'I kill you, sure.' You just bet your life, Frenchy bluffed the wrong man. 'You kill *me*?' says Abe. Then he rolled up his sleeves an' took a new hold, an' he went for him. Lord, how that piece o' lariat did whiz through the air. Whew! didn't the fur fly. It wasn't no foolishness now. He struck high up—that was the orders; the big welts raised, an' the bark begun to peel off. Twenty-nine, thirty. 'Hold on,' says Beek; 'one too many.' 'Not much,' says Abe; 'I've done your dirty work, gentlemen, as a matter of duty, and now I've got a little enterprise o' my own. Kill me! you sneakin' thief! I'll see if I can't whip the devil out o' you.' I counted now—one, two, three, four. Frenchy gave a pitiful kind o' moan. 'Hold on, Thompson,' says he, 'I never bother you, never; don't kill me.' We took him down, an' he was a bad sight. The last ten licks broke the skin, an' brought blood every time. He was weak, an' couldn't look up; but Abe took him in his arms back o' the store, an' bathed him, an' put mustang liniment on his wounds—paid two dollars out of his own pocket for it, just like he'd been his brother. That *was* a nasty day's work, boys, but there was a little bright spot in it, like findin' a chunk o' gold inside of a granite boulder.

"The jury took a drink all round, but they hadn't got over their mad. First, they weighed six ounces out o' Frenchy's sack to make up Smith's loss. Then, six more to pay Cy Herd for a nugget he lost sleepin' in the same room with Frenchy. Then constable's fees, an' finally there wasn't enough dust left to pay the last claim. 'Now, boys,' says old Beek, 'I think justice ought to be satisfied. Let's make up a shake-purse an' give the poor devil a fair start.' We shook in three ounces, an' told him to git and never be seen in them diggins agin. An' he wasn't."

"Well," inquired one of the audience, "did it cure Frenchy?" "No," replied Tom, "an' I don't believe punishment ever cured anyone—only scares others; the durned skunk went right over to Little Shasta, stole a mule, got up and dusted for Jacksonville, an' was afterward run out o' there for some deviltry. Tell you what it did do, though," continued the speaker, giving the fire a kick that sent the sparks whirling up in a fiery column through the sombre foliage, "It gave the Bar a rough name, an' there wasn't another robbery there as long as I can remember. I don't never want to see another man whipped, but, after all, the vigilantes kept things straight, an' jest look at the difference now. If a feller steals your sack an' pays liberal, he can git a lawyer to punch a hole in the law big enough to ride a mule through, an' ef Frenchy had been before a regular court the verdict would have been, innocent as a lamb—and Smith out o' luck."

The camp-fire had burned low, and we crawled into our blankets. Tom's homely conclusion forced an earnest inquiry as to the comparative efficiency of modern legal science and the simpler method born of pioneer necessity and enforced by the Scott's Bar miners.

ETC.

The Loss of a Man.

Only one man, but we can not imagine any other that the State could worse afford to be without at this momentous period of her educational development. Two years ago, D. C. Gilman came to California to take presidential charge of our young University. He did not found that University, but he did more to build it up than anyone else. The difficulties of his position were almost overwhelming. He met them with consummate tact, urbanity, and patience. He made men, in both public and private capacities unused to the giving mood, surprise everybody and themselves most of all by exhibitions of unexpected generosity and munificence in building, endowing, and furnishing the various buildings and departments of education at Berkeley. As has been before said in these pages, President Gilman seemed only to have to ask for anything to have it. Success was with him every way that he went, and before the touch of his achievements the advocates and adherents of ignorance and disorder were astonished and confounded. Well or ill meaning but wholly incapable persons so far as the higher education is concerned, were hindered from perpetuating their incapacity in their pupils, and the ululations of these incapables and of their friends have been at times more or less plaintively audible from one or two platforms and printing-presses; but the president of our University and his course have had at all times the practically unanimous approval and applause of the regents of the University, its professors, its students, and of all the well-educated persons of the whole State.

To all these the shock comes suddenly of his farewell. From other and broader fields eyes have been fixed on our great and wise husbandman, as was indeed inevitable, and the word of invitation has come for him—come from the John Hopkins University of Baltimore, an institution which, from the terms

of its establishment and the lines laid out by President Gilman for its advance, must be in a few years as far before Yale and Harvard as these are now before other American universities. There is no other such grand field in all America as that to which he has been called, and no fitter man for its cultivator than the man to whom it has been so wisely intrusted. We are glad for the sake of the John Hopkins University, glad for the sake of American education, glad not least for the sake of D. C. Gilman; but we are sorry for the sake of the University of California, sorry for the sake of Californian education, sorry for ourselves, for we have lost a man—a man, calm, reasonable, dignified, full of resource in every emergency—a man of surpassing talent for organization, of extraordinary insight and sympathy as to the strong and weak points of colleagues and students, who can do more with poor materials than most men can with good—a man of incessant industry and persistent acquirement in every great direction of science and literature—a man who is at once a gentleman in the technical and general sense of that term, unswerving in integrity, punctilious in honor, faithful in friendship, chivalrous and self-contained under attack and criticism. He leaves behind, in our University itself and in all it to-day is, in the hearts of his students and friends, in the pages of the *OVERLAND*, in the heart of hearts of us his nearer neighbors and acquaintances, sweet memories of a quiet perfect gentlemen and genial gifted scholar—memories as enduring as the institution and the lives they are embalmed in—memories that can not be taken from us to Baltimore. Though we have lost our man, we have not lost our friend. We bid him good-by in such poor terms as our lips know and pen can command, but there is more unsaid than said, and out of the fullness of our hearts we can but again say: Friend, with the best of such love as men give one another we have learned to love you, with the best of such

faith as men have in one another we trust you, with the best of such hope as men know we hope that your future course will be the due rounding out and complement of your past—which is the best thing that the OVERLAND can wish.

Public Corruption and Public Conscience.

The last refinements of civilization penetrate into every part of the United States; tricks of knife-swallowing at dinner and of spitting on ladies' carpets are becoming confined to the Missouri district and to the extreme fringes of white settlement. In matters of dress, bearing, and conversation, the American no longer contrasts unfavorably with the average European. We fear much, however, that no such advantageous position can be for a moment sustained with regard to the general character for honesty of American politicians in comparison with that of their European brethren. The fact, be it explained as it may, remains, that the reputation for integrity, both at home and abroad, of our political officials as a class, is somewhat lower not only than that of any similar body of men in Europe—Turkey excepted—but lower even than that of any other body of men in this country engaged in any passably respectable trade or profession. Is it that the voice of public opinion is not sufficiently pronounced in this matter? It is to be feared that this is indeed one of the principal causes of the laxness under discussion. Not that this same public opinion does not at times make noise enough about the matter, but that the noise made has for the most part a ring of insincerity that nullifies in great part its effect. The impression somehow or other is too often left that it is not so much abhorrence of dishonesty that provokes the condemnation, as envy on the part of the judge, and anger that another should have a better and more profitable opportunity for fleecing the public than he has. People have had so many sad examples of the effects of holding office on those whose professions of honesty and disinterestedness have been the loudest, that they end by distrusting all, and seem willing, provided a tried office-holder of some ability does his work fairly and does

not push his "grabs" to too great an extent, to put up with evils with whose extent they think themselves acquainted, rather than adventure upon ills they know not of. A story familiar to most of us illustrates this state of feeling. An eastern railway company suspected that one of their oldest and most efficient conductors had been carrying on for many years a system of pilfering at the expense of his employers. The man was called before a meeting of the directors, the proofs of his guilt were laid before him, and he was asked to show cause why he should not be dismissed with ignominy. "Gentlemen," he replied, "I have indeed feathered my nest at your expense, but it *is* feathered; my wife lives in a brown-stone house, and drives her carriage; my children are provided for. Dismiss now, if you like, an efficient servant who has already stolen all he needs, and put in his place a novice whose fortune is yet to make." The company sent the man back to his post; and that company and that conductor seem too closely typical of the country at large and its political office-holders.

The public conscience almost seems to be decaying into a code of expediency, and old-time notions of national honor are in danger of becoming as extinct as the dodo. But below the conscience of expediency there is another conscience to which we appeal, as it exists in all parties, below all crusts of indifference and corruption. A good work of reform is partially begun, and is going on from New York to San Francisco. We have let the tares grow long enough among the wheat; up with them now, away with them! On corrupt legislators, judges, city officials, let the fierce fire of public indignation burn; let it be fanned and heated seven times by the pulpit and the press. Let it be understood that justice has taken her fan in her hand and will thoroughly purge her garner—that no considerations of expedience, social or political, no rank, no friends shall avail to save the guilty. We have paid taxes for certain other purposes so long, that if necessary we can pay to have Blackwell's Island and San Quentin enlarged. Let our juries not be afraid of filling them.

"Prison and hulk and gallows are many in the land; It were pity not to use them, so proudly as they stand."

Chaos.

Ages to come, I see the world,
 And lo! it is full of evil—
 Full of women and men;
 The only prayer of the good is for death,
 And the only feat of the brave, to die.
 There is no god any more among all the people;
 Science has murdered God,
 And now, in her turn, is dying
 With that she fed on—man and the world.
 The world is full of man, full to rotting,
 Full as a channeled carcass crawling with creeping
 things,
 And Science sits i' the heap, and grins like a ghastly
 fiend,
 Gibbering empty words when one inquireth the end.
 The cattle are slain and slain
 Clean away from the earth,
 For the need of a hungry world,
 And all that creepeth and moveth
 Is gathered in by lean blue hands
 That clutch as the drowning at all things.
 The rivers are thick and foul,
 For the thirst is more than the water.
 The soil is a noisome sight,
 Barren with overtask,
 Scraped and raked and mucked
 To the smallest sand;
 And thieves unearth the seed
 For an hour's life.
 The air is rank, and the high heaven
 Clammy with exhalation;
 The heaped world choking, and no green leaf
 Any more to transmute the stench.

O, a people exceeding wise is this!
 With curious books and tools—
 Impotent sages gnashing their wisdom-teeth,
 Cursing all that is or may be,
 Fighting for food like wolves,
 Like wolves devouring each other.
 Love is dead, and lust;
 Hunger sits in the sunken eyes
 That glare on the cowering woman.
 And woman, with whom love dies the latest,
 Poisons the babe in her womb—
 The world is full;
 Strangles the babe at her breast—
 The world is starving.

— A crash, and the world is done.
 The void is filled with a fiery hail
 And a shudder that creeps to the farthest star.

WALT. M. FISHER.

The Mission of Science.

We live in an age of inquiry, which is essentially an age of progress. The barren theories of metaphysics which for so long engrossed the attention, and perplexed the labors of the most polished scholars—fruitless-

ly striving after divine perfection in the midst of imperfection, after purity in the midst of grossness—have by degrees completely yielded to the imperious demands of a more useful philosophy, a philosophy that asserted its value alike in the arch of Democritus and the telegraph of Morse, and which aims not at impossibilities in the moral world, but whose noble ends are the development of science, the promotion of intelligence, and the substantial improvement of the human race.

When the immortal genius of Bacon first demonstrated the power of the inductive method, and applied it to the common concerns of life, the monstrous absurdities of the fathers were falling into disrepute, and the public mind, wearied by mystical questions, which were unprofitable as well as unanswerable, was anxious for a change. It had taken centuries to learn that the true merit of any scheme of philosophy consists in its practical utility; and Bacon, following the example of "time that innovateth greatly but quietly," permitted his doctrine to silently undermine the trifling and frivolous speculations of the schools, which, until then, had held unrestricted sway. The moment was auspicious for the propagation of new truths. Nominalists had ceased to dispute with realists about the nature of universals; Homoi-ousians and Homooousians no longer persecuted each other as the "martyrs of a diphthong." The controversies of the existing theology, though abounding in subtleties, had not that influence over the multitude that the school divinity once had, when every man was enrolled in a religious faction, and was liable to be summoned to defend the tenets of his sect by force of arms. The Baconian philosophy turned the current of thought into strange and unexplored channels of knowledge, and, recommended by its simplicity and practical character, at once sunk deeply into the hearts of the people; and to the impulse imparted by it to experimental research we owe the numerous discoveries in chemistry and natural history which have paved the way for the great hypothesis of the nineteenth century—the principles of natural selection and the survival of the fittest.

The sweeping revolution wrought by Spencer and Darwin has been nearly unparalleled in the annals of the scientific world. The

eagerness with which all classes of society have embraced their views, at first sight so astounding, and so entirely at variance with all the ideas of psychology and biology heretofore claimed to be uncontrovertible, shows conclusively the force of their reasoning, as well as the solidity of the foundation upon which these original thinkers have erected the fabric of their philosophy. With the seventeenth century disappeared that period when chemists were shunned as wizards in league with the devil, and the simplest of natural phenomena were regarded as portents of approaching calamities; when the *Index Expurgatorius* proscribed all useful literature, and the name of philosopher was enough to provoke a tumult or call forth the tortures of insolent ecclesiastics. But even in these enlightened times every plausible theory has its interested as well as its sincere opponents; and the pithy saying of Swift, that "you may know when a wise man comes into the world, for all the dunces will be arrayed against him," is not inapplicable to individuals of certain professions, who in our day and generation pretend to regulate the standard of public sentiment and morals. This intolerance is the direct result of ignorance, and those who are the loudest in their denunciation of the works of the English *savants* are but poorly qualified critics, evidently having had neither the patience to read, nor the special training necessary to examine, the subjects which they so earnestly condemn. It is now admitted by prominent theologians that the doctrine of final causes is no more endangered by the Darwinian theory than the power of the Deity is affected by the law of gravitation; and it is matter of history that Newton was accused of blasphemy when he published the discovery that has made his name immortal. And Mr. Darwin is now arraigned, with equal injustice, upon the same charge of impiety, and must calmly look to the slow but certain vindication of time. While the weak points of his system are numerous, he himself, with admirable candor, has disclosed the most of them. The minute accuracy of scientific investigation insists that every possible hypothesis arising under any theory must be satisfactorily accounted for by the explanations of that theory; and though in some cases (notably the one of

hybridism) the argument may seem to fail, yet the numerous resemblances which can be traced through all the periods of life, blending together in harmonious relations organisms having apparently nothing in common, must, if these principles are rejected, be relegated to the visionary land of chance instead of being attributed to the silent influence of inexorable organic law.

No theory of physics, law, or government can originate without errors, and the doctrine of natural selection, which is in its entirety but a hypothesis, will no doubt be materially changed by the investigations of the future. Its leading principles, however, drawn from the fountain of reason and research, can never be overthrown, and the profound erudition and convincing logic of this venerable apostle of progress must form the groundwork of still more signal triumphs, which in coming ages await the deductions of the experimental philosopher.

In view of the discoveries of the last two hundred years, it would be rash, indeed, to set bounds to the powers of science, or to map out her dominion over the material world. It may now seem strange, but who can say that the dreams of the alchymist will not some day be realized, when the most common of household utensils shall be fashioned of the precious metals, and the Grand Projection be performed in every laboratory? Who can be positive that the diamond, now flashing on the finger of beauty, may not yet be given over to the more humble service of the table and the window, by the metamorphosis of the opaque and lustreless carbon? The student of medical lore, while endeavoring to prolong the existence of his patients, may perchance stumble upon the secret of that marvelous fountain so eagerly sought by old Ponce de Leon, which imparts to the listless energy, to the deformed symmetry, and to hoary and decrepit age the vigor of manhood.

— "*Lumenque Juventa
Purpureum.*"

The time may not be far distant when the revolving camera will, in the twinkling of an eye, place upon the negative the landscape from horizon to horizon, depicted in all the vivid colors of nature. Already there are rumors of forces acting without the agency of

fuel, or the combinations of chemistry, and which, if available, are destined to revolutionize mechanics, and open a new chapter in the history of human progress. Another century, and the Great Sahara may be restored to the condition it occupied in ages unknown to the earliest tradition, and an inland sea, surrounded by flourishing cities, and dotted with the sails of countless vessels, take the place of the inhospitable plain with its siroccos and shifting sands that now beset the lonely path of the Arab traveler. The boundless prairies of the West may then be reclaimed, and covered with lakes and rivers, and, abounding in golden harvests and fragrant orchards, be cultivated by a thriving and polished people. In some future day a new Champollion may arise to decipher the hieroglyphics of Yucatan and Mexico, to explain the mystery of the aborigines of America, and recover the long-lost story of the Aztec race. The forests of tropical Africa will be explored by the roaming paleontologist, and compelled to give up their dead; while among the resurrected bones may appear those of the dreaded "missing link" in the chain of species, establishing, beyond cavil or question, the connection of man with the quadrumana. Geology will amass fresh stores of learning gathered from her voluminous records; the astronomer, furnished with new and improved instruments, will pierce the depths of remotest space; while the plodding chemist may win imperishable renown by the solution of that most recondite problem of biology—the production of organic life.

These being among the assumed possibilities of science, let us turn to what it has actually done to benefit mankind. What advantage has resulted from this poring over manuscripts, this collecting of plants, this delving in the earth, this star-gazing, this mixing of acids, this study of skeletons? *Cui bono?*

The answer comes back from every phase of an advancing civilization, from the din of a thousand workshops, and the clatter of a million looms; from the whistle of the locomotive in the desert, and the bell of the steamer stranded amid the polar ice; from the network of railways seaming each continent from centre to circumference; from canal and aque-

duct, from tunnel and bridge, and all the grand monuments of civil engineering; from the safety-lamp flickering through the poisonous vapors of the miner's cave; from the marts of commerce crowded with the appliances of enjoyment and luxury; from the harbors with their forests of shapely masts; from the innumerable triumphs of inventive genius which alike increase the pleasures of the wealthy and ease the burdens of the poor, and are gratefully felt at the desk of the speculative philosopher and the bench of the artisan. But even more than this has science accomplished. It has founded new provinces in the vast empire of human knowledge. It has discovered and applied the laws of planetary motion, determined the distances of the heavenly bodies, estimated their masses, laid down the substances of which they are composed, and described the complex relations in which they stand to each other. It has measured time down to the inconceivably small fraction of the millionth part of a second. It has scanned the borders of the universe, and brought within the scope of vision stars so distant that the image formed to-day upon the retina of the observer is produced by light emitted five millions of years ago. By means of the microscope it has opened a fairy world teeming with myriad types of animal and vegetable life more curious than the fabled regions of the orient, more wonderful than the enchanted garden of Armida. It has told us that the clear blue of the firmament, seemingly of spotless purity, is caused by floating particles of atmospheric dust; that the parasite, infesting the body of the smallest of insects, is itself the abode of minute organisms; that the very air we breathe is swarming with the germs of suffering, disease, and death. It has pressed into its service the imponderable agents, has enlarged the field of surgery and medicine, has bestowed priceless blessings upon the living, has soothed the pillow of languishing humanity, and extended its welcome offices even to the grave. It has given us an idea of the duration of our globe, and established a system of chronology the immensity of which we endeavor in vain to comprehend, where centuries are as nothing, and cycles but fleeting periods of time. It has taught all to exert the proudest prerogatives of in-

telligence, to think, to doubt, to reason, and has rescued the mind of man long buried beneath the accumulated absurdities of venerable tradition. All these great results it has achieved in its childhood, under adverse influences, opposed by the fanatical and the ignorant, with its devotees menaced by the dungeon, the stake, and the fires of the Inquisition, but who, with that stern, unflinching perseverance which at last reaps its reward in the tardy honor of posterity, have pursued their way, conscious of the nobility of their calling, and fortified by the reflections of that sublime philosophy which "looks through nature up to nature's God."

S. P. SCOTT.

Art Notes.

Among the few new pictures contributed of late, the most interesting are a couple of wood interiors by Hill—very graceful effective compositions, forming admirable companion pictures. One is enlivened by a brook of running water, which, with its pretty perspective of overarching foliage, its waters—now rippling over shining stones, and now hiding in deep shadowy pools—is rendered with true artistic feeling. The other, which is simply a glimpse into a forest-glade in which the mossy tree-trunks are just touched with the sunlight, that also flecks the bit of greensward on which lies a wounded deer with its solitary and sorrowful fawn standing beside it, is invested by this incident with a bit of tender pathos.

—Wandesford has quite a large picture, the subject of which—an old adobe mission church—is interesting more from historical associations than from its artistic merit.

—Woodman and Ford, two recent arrivals

from the East, exhibit each a picture in Roos' gallery; Woodman's being a figure-subject—a boy with a nest of young birds—and Ford's a forest interior. In the same gallery we notice a large photograph executed by Watkins, representing the officers and *employés* of the Bank of California, about fifty persons; and we doubt if that difficult feat in photography—the rendering of a large group of figures—has ever been more admirably and successfully accomplished. The finishing, by G. H. Burgess, is very cleverly done.

—Brookes exhibits at Snow & May's a picture of foxes, the story of which is taken from *Æsop's* fables; also a head of a cow. Bush has also a landscape at the same place.

—There has been one sale of pictures at auction, which seems not to have attracted much attention from the public at large. Artists generally are very quiet at present, and, as a storm oftentimes succeeds a calm, we may hope to see great results from this brooding in the studios.

—We have a suggestion to offer to those of our millionaires who are oppressed with the care of too much riches, and have besides the desire to immortalize themselves in the way that James Lick has done. It is that they should associate themselves together for the founding of a free picture-gallery, that shall be the nucleus of a future Louvre, and be enriched with art treasures of every description, drawn from all parts of the world, and free to the easels of students from every place. What a benefit to struggling art this would be none can compute; but the greatest good would be accomplished in the art education of the general public, a thing so deplorably needed, and which can scarcely be accomplished in any other way.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

NATURE AND CULTURE. By Harvey Rice.
Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A novelist may be pardoned, within limits, for writing balderdash. Balderdash, with a strong flavor of sensation, sells so well. Such a large portion of humanity prefer to read balderdash—can not appreciate anything else, in fact; and authors are generally poor, and have bread to win. But balderdash from an essayist is not pardonable. An essay lays claim both to literary merit and solid worth; appeals to the thinking man and the cool mind. Therefore a pretentious, yet shallow and padded collection of so-called essays deserves condemnation, and just such a collection is *Nature and Culture*. The work is crude, raw, lacks learning and ripe thought. There is nothing new to be gathered from it. The first essay, "Nature and her Lessons," is a grouping together of a few well-known scientific facts, such as may be found in any school "guide to knowledge," without order or regard to actual importance. Doubtless from the facts stated there are lessons to be learned, but the writer does not seem to perceive them, or at least does not tell us what his perceptions are. "We are surrounded by the infinite, and are of the infinite," he says; "nothing becomes extinct; elements never die. . . . In some form or other we have always existed, and always will exist," and so forth—all likely enough, but by no means novel ideas. "Woman and her Sphere," the next essay, is no better. A few well-known marriage customs of strange nations are quoted; then a sketch is given of the lives of Semiramis, Sappho, Aspasia, Zenobia, Joan of Arc, Elizabeth of England, Catherine I. of Russia, and Martha Washington. Of Catherine, Mr. Rice says: "Her frailties, if she had any, were few, and ought to be attributed to the character of her favorites rather than to herself. . . . Her native endowments constituted her brightest jewels—modesty, simplicity, and beauty. It was these angelic gifts which elevated her from

the obscurity of rural life to the throne of a great empire." *De mortuis*, etc., is all very well, but Catherine's "modesty and simplicity" were, it seems to us, to say the least, rather lustreless "jewels." "America and her Future," the fourth essay, is a full-blown Fourth-of-July oration, which begins with: "There is something in the very name of America, when applied to the United States, which carries with it an inspiring influence and ideal of freedom and true manhood," and ends with: "It is devoutly to be wished that her career may continue to be characterized by great and noble achievements, and that her 'star-spangled banner' may forever float in triumph 'o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.'" "America and her Future" is a subject with bunions, which it beseemeth us not to tread upon heavily; yet perhaps in San Francisco, of all cities, the following truth or untruth, in view of late developments, will be appreciated most keenly: "It would seem, however, that she [America] is an instrumentality in divine hands; a nationality, whose task it is to work out the great problem of a just government—one in which all political power is vested in the people, and exercised by the people for the common purpose of securing the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number. The right to live under such a government is a natural right, and should be accorded to every human being, the world over." In what utopian city in the United States did Mr. Rice dwell? After enlarging on the Constitution, the Stars and Stripes, the War of Independence, and other topics indispensable to a discourse of this kind, ostensibly with the intention of referring to matters in their due chronological sequence, the writer continues: "Ever intent on enlarging the 'area of freedom,' America next sent out her armies and took possession of the ancient palaces of the Montezumas." Now, what are we to understand by this? That General Grant took Mexico-Tenochtit-

lan, and consoled himself throughout the *noche triste* with choice Havanas! We may conclude by venturing the opinion that Mr. Rice was not born for an essayist—at least not for a good essayist.

FORTY YEARS OF AMERICAN LIFE. By T. L. Nichols, M.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

This book is by an American, born in New Hampshire, who has apparently for the most part of his life waived his calling of physician for that of journalist, perhaps with advantage to both professions. He is at any rate an able writer, with evidently large powers of observation and research, and a very taking air of moderation and impartiality. His manner of looking at American things in general, with us, is hardly the most agreeable to "loyal citizens" of our great republic; but it is not unlikely that a little severe criticism may be wholesome once in a while. If a man wants to hear his faults, there is no one, on sufficient provocation, can tell them like his friends; and it is so, too, we take it, with a country. Doctor Nichols has the credit, he tells us, from the *Dublin University Magazine*, of being "temperate, frank, impartial, and trustworthy." He has won laurels and extensive quotation, as we happen to know, from the best of the English reviews, the cynical *Saturday* included, and we should like to hear just what has been said about us in such high places and in so successful a manner.

Well, nothing worse after all, than what writers and speakers have been saying time over and time again among ourselves, with more or less appreciative audiences. America is in great part the Juan Fernandez of civilization, a world's cave of Adullam, to which all men of other lands who find themselves cabined, cribbed, confined, outcast, or shipwrecked, drift by social currents as real, steady, and measurable as the Gulf Stream—a land in which brave, shifty, but not too scrupulous Davids and Robinson Crusoes and Jacks-of-all-trades abound. No optimist will be so credulous as to suppose that under such circumstances a nation of men like Aristides and Solon will speedily spring up. We must have time; time to deodorize this great stream

flowing constantly in on us, time to educate men up to this great freedom to which they were not born, and in the meanwhile we must be patient, hopeful, and not oversensitive.

To begin low enough, our high roads, from Maine to Mexico, from ocean to ocean, are bad, generally very bad. The *Nation*, not long since, positively attributed much of the residence of rich Americans in Europe to the pre-eminently abominable condition of the public roads of the United States and their incompatibility with that safe and pleasant riding, driving, and walking which go so far to make rural life delightful by comparison in the older continent. "Nothing in England," says Doctor Nichols, "strikes an American with more surprise than the smooth, solid, admirable roads over the whole island, and also in Ireland in such parts as I have visited."

Then, as to the people, Doctor Nichols says we may be enlightened and free, but we are not happy. "I never thought America *was* a happy country—only that it ought to be. In all the years of peace and plenty we were not happy. In no country are the faces of the people furrowed with harder lines of care. In no country that I know of is there so much hard, toilsome, unremitting labor; in none so little recreation and enjoyment of life. Work and worry eat out the hearts of the people, and they die before their time. It is a hard story, but a true one." We have not learned the grand secret of the enough. It is a hard secret to learn, especially for those that begin from nothing, but as regards material things it is the true secret of all nobility. It is the difference between a Christ and a money-changer, too often the difference between an honest man and a thief. It is the difference between Cincinnatus and Varus, between George Washington and Jim Fisk, between pride and vanity. It is your true mark of a beggar on horseback to ride his horse to the devil, and the beggar's way has become so prevalent of late, that gentlemen had better go afoot for distinction.

Then we have political corruption traced by Doctor Nichols to the suffrage in the hands of a mob majority of ignorant and often bad men, to the insane principle of rotation in office, to the doctrine that minorities have no rights majorities are bound to respect, and that "to the victors belong the

spoils." "It was believed," says our authority, "that where the people made their own laws, or elected their own legislators, they would choose wisely, and that such a government would be free from corruption. What has been the fact? That never, since the empire of the world was sold to the highest bidder, have there been such scenes of profligacy and corruption as in the municipal, State, and Federal governments of the United States." On the 9th of October, 1874, Mr. James Parton, the well-known biographer and journalist, lectured in New York on "Our Scandalous Politics," and is reported by the *New York Times* to have been allowed to make, without comment or contradiction, the following statement before his American audience: "The institutions of America have not borne the test of even a century's wear and tear. The bankers of Europe would to-day lend their money to Spain, Portugal, Sweden, or any other minor power in the Old World on much better terms than to the United States of America. . . . Here the ruling class differs from the criminal only in being more skillful and more audacious. The politicians are divided into two parties—the 'ins' and the 'outs'—those in prison and those out of prison. . . . *Universal suffrage is government by a class.* It has been tried and found wanting." Was Carlyle right, then: "Forty millions, and mostly fools?" Doctor Nichols says no: "It is not intelligence that is wanting in America; it is honesty." Is there no hope for us, then? Doctor Nichols thinks there is: "When things get to the worst they mend, and the time must be close at hand when a nation which aspires to lead the van of freedom and civilization must be honest and require honesty."

Doctor Nichols believes that the war was a mistake on the part of the country; on the part of its leaders, a crime against liberty and state rights. The giving of the franchise to the Negro is, if possible, worse in all directions, and recent events in the South give a strong plausibility to his arguments.

We dismiss his book at this point without comment, save that in so far as what he says is true, the evils had better be remedied by ourselves as quickly as possible; and that in so far as he exaggerates, his exaggerations

will be in the long event their own refutation.

LORNA DOONE: A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Harper Bros.

We are unable to write all we think about *Lorna Doone*, and, as we do not wish to be accused of extravagance, perhaps it is better so. This, however, we can say: that it is a work of great and unmistakable genius, power, beauty, and interest; that the hand of a master is visible in almost every line; and that its peculiar style is as original as it is quaint, perfect, and difficult to achieve.

The story is laid in Somerset and Devon; the time is the middle of the seventeenth century. Though founded upon incidents which really occurred, the author does not claim for the work the dignity of a historic novel, though he thinks that the outlines are filled in more carefully, and the situations, however simple, more warmly colored and quickened, than a reader would expect to find in what is called a legend. The events are narrated in the form of an autobiography by one "John Ridd, yeoman and churchwarden in the parish of Oare, in the county of Somerset," besides whom the principal characters are the Doones, a band of high-born robber outlaws, and Lorna Doone, a girl whom they stole when a child and brought up among them in their mountain stronghold. It is not our purpose to trace the plot here, but rather to endeavor to whet the reader's appetite that he may trace it for himself, and thereby enjoy a richer literary meal than will often fall in his way in a lifetime.

The whole work is written in the quaint style peculiar to the period of which it treats. Nor is this overdone, as in most romances of other days. The language is never artificial or stagy, as is usually the case in works of the kind, from the *Last of the Barons* down. Indeed, if analyzed, it is difficult to see why it is not modern; perhaps it is because the language is almost purely Saxon, perhaps because of a certain subtle mellowness about every sentence, that reminds one of old wine or seasoned wood. The writer has caught most happily all the queer turns of expres-

sion our great-great-grandfathers used, and he uses them to great advantage; his language is simple, and in some places very beautiful. *Lorna Doone* is both in style and in sentiment to one of Ouida's or Miss Bradon's works what health is to pestilence.

John Ridd went to school at Tiverton, in the county of Devon; "for the chief boast of that ancient town (next to its woollen staple) is a worthy grammar-school, the largest in the west of England, founded and handsomely endowed in the year 1604 by Master Peter Blundell, of that same place, clothier." Many of our readers will doubtless remember Blundell's school. John Ridd did not stay at school very long, but was "called away from learning while sitting at the desk of the junior first, and beginning the Greek verb *tupto*." "But," says he, "if you doubt of my having been there, because now I know so little, go and see my name, 'John Ridd,' graven on that very form. Forsooth, from the time I was strong enough to open a knife and to spell my name, I began to grave it on the oak, first of the block whereon I sat, and then of the desk in front of it, according as I was promoted from one to the other of them; and there my grandson reads it now, at this present time of writing, and hath fought a boy for scoffing at it—'John Ridd his name'—and done again in 'winkeys,' a mischievous but cheerful device, in which we took great pleasure." He then describes the manner of a "winkey," which was made by digging a hole in the desk and filling it with saltpetre, sticking a lighted candle in the centre and allowing it to burn "until the wood is devoured through like the sinking of a well shaft. Now well may it go with the head of a boy intent upon his primer, who betides to sit thereunder! But, above all things, have good care to exercise this art before the master strides up to his desk in the early gray of the morning."

"Other customs, no less worthy," he tells us, "abide in the school of Blundell;" but he may not stop to note them. Just before leaving school, John has a fight with another boy, and the description of the combat is delicious. The day-boys were, as usual, in bad odor at Blundell's; "for it had long been fixed among us, who were of the house and chambers, that these same day-boys were all 'caddes,' as we had discovered to call it, because they paid no groat for their schooling, and brought their own commons with them. In consumption of these we would help them, for our fare in hall fed appetite; and, while we ate their victuals, we allowed them freely to talk to us. Nevertheless, we could not feel, when the victuals were gone, but that these boys required kicking from the premises of Blundell." An old servant of John's father, John Fry by name, who has come to take Ridd home from school, is present at the fight above alluded to. Of course, all at home, this servant included, thought John a very innocent darling, who had never fought in his life. Fry, therefore, implores him to keep out of the fight; but, when John insists that it is too late to withdraw, the old man sends him into the ring, with, "The Lord be with thee, Jan, and turn thy thumb-knuckle inward." In commenting upon this fight of his boyhood, John Ridd says: "It is a very sad thing to dwell on; but even now, in my time of wisdom, I doubt it is a fond thing to imagine, and a motherly to insist upon, that boys can do without fighting. Unless they be very good boys, and afraid of one another." Of course, only the first few chapters are devoted to these subjects; the remainder of the book is filled with thrilling incidents, but all is as perfect after its kind as anything we have ever read. We regret that we have not space to give a fair sample of the work; the best we can do is heartily to recommend it to our readers.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

From A. Roman & Co., San Francisco:

- HEADS AND TAILS. By Grace Greenwood. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.
 STARTING OUT: A STORY OF THE OHIO HILLS. By Alexander Clark. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.
 RELIGION AS AFFECTED BY MODERN MATERIALISM. By James Martineau, LL. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 YOUNG FOLK'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By T. W. Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

From A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco:

- NATURE AND CULTURE. By Harvey Rice. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
 POEMS OF THE FARM AND FIRESIDE. By Eugene J. Hall. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.
 THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

From Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco:

- A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE GASES MET WITH IN COAL MINES. By the late J. J. Atkinson. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

Miscellaneous:

- FORTY YEARS OF AMERICAN LIFE. By T. L. Nichols, M.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co.
 GENERALSHIP; OR, HOW I MANAGED MY HUSBAND. By George Roy. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

From Matthias Gray, San Francisco:

- KATHLEEN MAGRAY. Irish Ballad. Music by H. Millard.
 HE IS NOT HERE. Ballad. Music by Henry Tucker.
 F. L. T. LANCERS. Composed by F. E. Englander. Dedicated to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.
 MY SWEET SWEETING. Concert song of Alfred Kelleher. Music by Jas. L. Molloy.
 TUBEROSE SCHOTTISCHE. Composed by Harry W. Patrick.
 FOREVER NEAR THEE. Words and melody by Barton Hill. Arranged by Charles Schultz.
 GONDOLIER. A Barcarole. Words and melody by Barton Hill. Arranged by Charles Schultz.
 BELLES OF THE KITCHEN. Schottische. Composed by Wm. J. Blythe.
 LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE. Quadrille de J. Offenbach. Par Arban.
 FADING AWAY. Song by Anne Frieder.
 THE VALSE CHANTANTE. From Lecocq's Opera "La Fille de Madame Angot."
 SEA FERN. Part song for mixed voices. Composed by John P. Morgan.
 LA JOLIE PARFUMEUSE. Waltz de J. Offenbach. Par Leon Dufils.
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ASCENT OF MOUNT RAINIER.

IN the summer of 1857 I was stationed at Fort Steilacoom, Washington Territory. This post was located near the village of Steilacoom, on the waters of Puget Sound. The post and the village took their names from a little stream near by, which is the outlet of a number of small lakes and ponds emptying into the sound. Quite a family of Indians made their permanent home in the vicinity of this creek in former years, and were known as "*Steilacoom Tillicum*." According to the Indian pronunciation of the name it should have been spelled "Steelacoom," dwelling long on the first syllable.

I was at that time a first-lieutenant, young, and fond of visiting unexplored sections of the country, and possessed of a very prevailing passion for going to the tops of high places. My quarters fronted Mount Rainier, which is about sixty miles nearly east of Fort Steilacoom in an air line. On a clear day it does not look more than ten miles off, and looms up against the eastern sky

white as the snow with which it is covered, with a perfectly pyramidal outline, except at the top, which is slightly rounded and broken. It is a grand and inspiring view, and I had expressed so often my determination to make the ascent, without doing it, that my fellow-officers finally became incredulous, and gave to all improbable and doubtful events a date of occurrence, when I should ascend Mount Rainier.

My resolution, however, took shape and form about the first of July. Nearly all the officers had been very free to volunteer to go with me as long as they felt certain I was not going; but when I was ready to go, I should have been compelled to go alone but for the doctor, who was on a visit to the post from Fort Bellingham.

I made preparations after the best authorities I could find, from reading accounts of the ascent of Mont Blanc and other snow mountains. We made for each member of the party an *alpenstock* of dry ash with an iron point. We sew-

ed upon our shoes an extra sole, through which were first driven four-penny nails with the points broken off and the heads inside. We took with us a rope about fifty feet long, a hatchet, a thermometer, plenty of hard biscuit, and dried beef such as the Indians prepare.

Information relating to the mountain was exceedingly meagre; no white man had ever been near it, and Indians were very superstitious and afraid of it. The southern slope seemed the least abrupt, and in that direction I proposed to reach the mountain; but whether to keep the high ground, or follow some stream to its source, was a question. Leshi, the chief of the Nesquallies, was at that time in the guard-house, awaiting his execution, and as I had greatly interested myself to save him from his fate, he volunteered the information that the valley of the Nesqually River was the best approach after getting above the falls. He had some hope that I would take him as a guide; but finding that out of the question, he suggested Wah-pow-e-ty, an old Indian of the Nesqually tribe, as knowing more about the Nesqually than any other of his people.

Mount Rainier is situated on the western side of the Cascade Range, near the forty-seventh parallel. The range to which it belongs averages about 7,000 to 8,000 feet in height, and snow may be seen along its summit-level the year round, while Rainier with its immense covering of snow towers as high again above the range. In various travels and expeditions in the territory, I had viewed the snow-peaks of this range from all points of the compass, and since that time having visited the mountain regions of Europe, and most of those of North America, I assert that Washington Territory contains mountain scenery in quantity and quality sufficient to make half a dozen Switzerlands, while there is on the continent none more grand and imposing than is presented in the Cas-

cade Range north of the Columbia River.

About noon on the 8th of July we finally started. The party consisted of four soldiers—two of them equipped to ascend the mountain, and the other two to take care of our horses when we should be compelled to leave them. We started the soldiers on the direct route, with orders to stop at Mr. Wren's, on the eastern limit of the Nesqually plains, ten or twelve miles distant, and wait for us, while the doctor and I went by the Nesqually Reservation in order to pick up old Wah-pow-e-ty, the Indian guide.

We remained all night at Wren's, and the next morning entered that immense belt of timber with which the western slope of the Cascade Range is covered throughout its entire length. I had become familiar with the Indian trail that we followed, the year previous, in our pursuit of Indians. The little patches of prairie are so rare that they constitute in that immense forest landmarks for the guidance of the traveler. Six miles from Wren's we came to Pawhtummi, a little *camas* prairie about 500 yards long, and 100 in breadth, a resort for the Indians in the proper season to gather the *camas*-root. Six miles farther we came to a similar prairie, circular in form, not more than 400 yards in diameter, called Koaptil. Another six or seven miles took us to the Tanwut, a small stream with a patch of prairie bordering it, where the trail crossed. Ten or twelve miles more brought us to the Mishawl Prairie, where we camped for the night, this being the end of the journey for our horses, and the limit of our knowledge of the country.

This prairie takes its name from the stream near by, and is situated between it and the Owhap on a high table-land or bluff, not more than one or two miles from where these enter the Nesqually. It is perhaps half a mile long, and 200 or 300 yards wide at the widest point. The grass was abundant, and it was an ex-

cellent place to leave our horses. Fifteen months before, I had visited this spot, and camped near by with a small detachment of troops, searching for Indians who had hidden away in these forests, completely demoralized and nearly starving. A family of two or three men, and quite a number of women and children, had camped in the fork of the Mishawl and Nesqually, about two miles from this prairie, and were making fish-traps to catch salmon. When we fell in with them we learned that the Washington Territory volunteers had been before us, and with their immensely superior force had killed the most of them without regard to age or sex. Our own little command in that expedition captured about thirty of these poor, half-starved, ignorant creatures, and no act of barbarity was perpetrated by us to mar the memory of that success.

We accordingly camped in the Mishawl Prairie. When I was here before it was in March, and the rainy season was still prevailing; the topographical engineer of the expedition and I slept under the same blankets on a wet drizzly night, and next morning treated each other to bitter reproaches for having each had more than his share of the covering. Now the weather was clear and beautiful, and the scene lovely in comparison. I can imagine nothing more gloomy and cheerless than a fir-forest in Washington Territory on a rainy winter day. The misty clouds hang down below the tops of the tallest trees, and although it does not rain, but drizzles, yet it is very wet and cold, and penetrates every thread of clothing to the skin. The summers of this region are in extraordinary contrast with the winters. Clear, beautiful, and dry, they begin in May and last till November; while in the winter, although in latitude 47° and 48°, it rarely freezes or snows—often, however, raining two weeks without stopping, a permeating drizzle.

On this 9th of July, 1857, the weather was beautiful; it had not rained for weeks. The Mishawl—a raging mountain torrent, when last I saw it—was now a sluggish rivulet of clear mountain-spring water. We started early on our journey, having made our preparations the evening before. We calculated to be gone about six days. Each member of the party had to carry his own provisions and bedding; everything was therefore reduced to the minimum. Each took a blanket, twenty-four crackers of hard bread, and about two pounds of dried beef. We took Dogue (a German) and Carroll (an Irishman) with us; they were both volunteers for the trip; one carried the hatchet and the other the rope. I carried a field-glass, thermometer, and a large-sized revolver. Wah-pow-e-ty carried his rifle, with which we hoped to procure some game. The soldiers carried no arms. Bell and Doneheh were left behind to take care of the horses and extra provisions, until our return.

We each had a haversack for our provisions, and a tin canteen for water. The doctor very unwisely filled his with whisky instead of water. Having sounded Wah-pow-e-ty as to the route, we learned he had once been on the upper Nesqually when a boy, with his father, and that his knowledge of the country was very limited. We ascertained, however, that we could not follow the Nesqually at first; that there was a fall in the river a short distance above the mouth of the Mishawl, and that the mountains came down so abrupt and precipitous that we could not follow the stream, and that the mountain must be crossed first and a descent made to the river above the fall.

That mountain proved a severer task than we anticipated. There was no path and no open country—only a dense forest, obstructed with undergrowth and fallen timber. The sun was very hot

when it could reach us through the foliage; not a breath of air stirred, and after we crossed the Mishawl, not a drop of water was to be had until we got down to low ground again. We toiled from early morning until three o'clock in the afternoon before we reached the summit. As the doctor had taken whisky instead of water in his canteen, he found it necessary to apply to the other members of the party to quench his thirst, and our canteens were speedily empty. The doctor sought relief in whisky, but it only aggravated his thirst, and he poured out the contents of his canteen. The severe exertion required for the ascent brought on painful cramps in his legs, and at one time, about the middle of the day, I concluded that we should be obliged to leave him to find his way back to camp, while we went on without him; but he made an agreement with Wah-pow-e-ty to carry his pack for him, in addition to his own, for ten dollars, and the doctor was thus enabled to go on. Here was an illustration of the advantage of training. The doctor was large, raw-boned, and at least six feet high, looking as if he could have crushed with a single blow the insignificant old Indian, who was not much over five feet, and did not weigh more than half as much as the doctor; but, inured to this kind of toil, he carried double the load that any of the party did, while the doctor, who was habituated to a sedentary life, had all he could do, carrying no load whatever, to keep up with the Indian.

Early in the afternoon we reached the summit of the first ascent, where we enjoyed, in addition to a good rest, a magnificent view of the Puget Sound Valley, with Mount Olympus and the Coast Range for a background. Here on this summit, too, munching our biscuit of hard bread and our dried beef, we enjoyed a refreshing breeze as we looked down on the beautiful plains of the Nes-

qually, with its numerous clear and beautiful little lakes. There was nothing definite except forest—of which there was a great excess—lakes, and plains of limited area, the sound, and a great background of mountains. No habitations, farms, or villages were to be seen; not a sign of civilization or human life.

After a good rest we pushed on, taking an easterly course, and keeping, or trying to keep, on the spur of the mountain; the forest was so thick, however, that this was next to an impossibility. We were not loth to go down into ravines in the hope of finding some water, for we needed it greatly. It was a long time, and we met with many disappointments, before we could find enough to quench our thirst. Our progress was exceedingly slow on account of the undergrowth. At sundown we camped in the grand old forest, the location being chosen on account of some water in a partially dry ravine. The distance passed over from Mishawl Prairie we estimated at about ten or eleven miles. On good roads thirty miles would have wearied us much less.

We started early the next morning, and for a time tried to keep the high ground, but found it so difficult that we finally turned down to the right, and came upon the Nesqually River about the middle of the afternoon. There was no material difference in the undergrowth, but there was an advantage gained in having plenty of water to quench our thirst. We made about ten miles this day, and camped about sundown. There seemed nothing but forest before us; dark, gloomy forest, remarkable for large trees, and its terrible solitude. But few living things were to be seen. The Nesqually is a very wide muddy torrent, fordable in places where the stream is much divided by islands.

We already here began to suffer from the loss of appetite, which was to us such a difficulty throughout the entire

trip. Even the four crackers and two ounces of dried beef, which was our daily limit, we found ourselves unable to master, and yet so much was necessary to keep up our strength. I have never been able to settle in my mind whether this was due to the sameness of the food or the great fatigue we underwent.

The third morning we made an early start, and followed up the stream in almost a due east direction all day until about five o'clock, when the doctor broke down, having been unable to eat anything during the day. With considerable cramming I managed to dispose of the most of my rations. We kept the north side of the river, and had no streams to cross; in fact, there did not appear to be any streams on either side putting into the river. The valley seemed several miles in width, densely timbered, and the undergrowth a complete thicket. Not more than ten miles were made by us. Just before we stopped for the night, we passed through a patch of dead timber of perhaps 100 acres, with an abundance of blackberries. Opposite our camp, on the south side of the river, there was the appearance of quite a tributary coming in from the southeast.

We did not get started until about eleven o'clock on the fourth morning. After cutting up a deer which Wah-poo-ty brought in early in the morning, we dried quite a quantity of it by the fire. As we anticipated, it proved of much assistance, for we already saw that six days would be a very short time in which to make the trip. By night we reached a muddy tributary coming in from the north, and evidently having its source in the melting snows of Rainier. The summit of the mountain was visible from our camp, and seemed close at hand; but night set in with promise of bad weather. The valley had become quite narrow. Our camp was at the foot of a

mountain spur several thousand feet high, and the river close at hand. The gloomy forest, the wild mountain scenery, the roaring of the river, and the dark overhanging clouds, with the peculiar melancholy sighing which the wind makes through a fir forest, gave to our camp at this point an awful grandeur.

On the fifth morning the clouds were so threatening, and came down so low on the surrounding mountains, that we were at a loss what course to pursue—whether to follow up the main stream or the tributary at our camp, which evidently came from the nearest snow. We finally followed the main stream, which very soon turned in toward the mountain, the valley growing narrower, the torrent more and more rapid, and our progress slower and slower, especially when we were compelled to take to the timber. We often crossed the torrent, of which the water was intensely cold, in order to avoid the obstructions of the forest. Sometimes, however, the stream was impassable, and then we often became so entangled in the thickets as almost to despair of farther advance. Early in the evening we reached the foot of an immense glacier and camped. For several miles before camping the bed of the stream was paved with white granite boulders, and the mountain gorge became narrower and narrower. The walls were in many places perpendicular precipices, thousands of feet high, their summits hid in the clouds. Vast piles of snow were to be seen along the stream—the remains of avalanches—for earth, trees, and rocks were intermingled with the snow.

As it was near night we camped, thinking it best to begin the ascent in the early morning; besides, the weather promised to become worse. The foliage of the pine-trees here was very dense, and on such a cloudy day it was dark as night in the forest. The limbs of the

trees drooped upon the ground, a disposition evidently given to them by the snow, which must be late in disappearing in this region.

We followed thus far the main branch of the Nesqually, and here it emerged from an icy cavern at the foot of an immense glacier. The ice itself was of a dark-blue tinge. The water was white, and whenever I waded the torrent my shoes filled with gravel and sand. The walls of this immense mountain gorge were white granite, and, just where the glacier terminated, the immense vein of granite that was visible on both sides seemed to form a narrow throat to the great ravine, which is much wider both above and below. The water seems to derive its color from the disintegration of this granite.*

We made our camp under a pine of dense foliage, whose limbs at the outer end drooped near the ground. We made our cup of tea, and found the water boil at 202° Fahrenheit. Night set in with a drizzling rain, and a more solitary, gloomy picture than we presented at that camp it is impossible to conceive. Tired, hungry, dirty, clothes all in rags—the effects of our struggles with the brush—we were not the least happy; the solitude was oppressive. The entire party, except myself, dropped down and did not move unless obliged to. I went up to the foot of the glacier, and explored a little before night set in. I also tried to make a sketch of the view looking up the glacier; but I have never looked at it since without being forcibly reminded what a failure it is as a sketch.

On the morning of the sixth day we set out again up the glacier. A driz-

*I have no doubt that the south branch of the Natchess, which flows to the east into the Columbia, and that the Puyallup and White rivers, which flow west into Puget Sound, have similar sources in glaciers, from the fact that in July they are all of a similar character with the Nesqually, muddy, white torrents, at a time when little rain has fallen for months.

zling rain prevailed through the night, and continued this morning. We had a little trouble in getting upon the glacier, as it terminated everywhere in steep faces that were very difficult to climb. Once up, we did not meet with any obstructions or interruptions for several hours, although the slippery surface of the glacier, which formed inclined planes of about twenty degrees, made it very fatiguing with our packs. About noon the weather thickened; snow, sleet, and rain prevailed, and strong winds, blowing hither and thither, almost blinded us. The surface of the glacier, becoming steeper, began to be intersected by immense crevasses crossing our path, often compelling us to travel several hundred yards to gain a few feet. We finally resolved to find a camp. But getting off the glacier was no easy task. We found that the face of the lateral moraine was almost perpendicular, and composed of loose stones, sand, and gravel, furnishing a very uncertain foothold, besides being about fifty feet high. Wah-pow-e-ty and I finally succeeded in getting up, and with the aid of the rope we assisted our companions to do the same. When we reached the top we were a little surprised to find that we had to go down-hill again to reach the mountain side. Here a few stunted pines furnished us fuel and shelter, and we rested for the remainder of the day. I explored a little in the evening by ascending the ridge from the glacier, and discovered that it would be much the best route to pursue in ascending to the summit.

When night set in, the solitude of our camp was very oppressive. We were near the limit of perpetual snow. The water for our tea we obtained from the melting of the ice near by. The atmosphere was very different from what it was below, and singularly clear when not obstructed by fog, rain, or snow. There were no familiar objects to ena-

ble one to estimate distance. When I caught a glimpse of the top of Rainier through the clouds, I felt certain that we could reach it in three hours. The only living things to be seen were some animals, with regard to which we still labor under an error. These little creatures would make their appearance on the side of the mountain in sight of our camp, and feed upon herbage that grew on the soil where the snow left it bare. The moment anyone stirred from camp, a sound between a whistle and scream would break unexpectedly and from some unknown quarter, and immediately all the animals that were in sight would vanish in the earth. Upon visiting the spot where they disappeared, we would find a burrow which was evidently the creatures' home. Everywhere round the entrance we found great numbers of tracks, such as a lamb or kid would make. The animals that we saw were about the size of kids, and grazed and moved about so much like them, that, taken in connection with the tracks we saw, we jumped at once to the conclusion that they were mountain sheep, of which we all had heard a great deal, but none of our party had ever seen any. My report of these animals, which was published in the *Washington Republican* on our return, was severely ridiculed by some of the naturalists who were hunting for undescribed insects and animals in that country at the time. We are still at a loss to understand the habits of the creatures, and to reconcile the split hoofs which the tracks indicated with their burrow in the earth.

On the following morning—the seventh day from our camp on the Mishawl—the sky showed signs of clear weather, and we began the ascent of the main peak. Until about noon we were enveloped in clouds, and only occasionally did we get a glimpse of the peak. Soon after midday we reached suddenly a cold-

er atmosphere, and found ourselves all at once above the clouds, which were spread out smooth and even as a sea, above which appeared the snowy peaks of St. Helens, Mount Adams, and Mount Hood, looking like pyramidal icebergs above an ocean. At first we could not see down through the clouds into the valleys. Above, the atmosphere was singularly clear, and the reflection of the sun upon the snow very powerful. The summit of Rainier seemed very close at hand.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the clouds rolled away like a scroll; in a very short time they had disappeared, and the Cascade Range lay before us in all its greatness. The view was too grand and extensive to be taken in at once, or in the short time we had to observe. The entire scene, with few exceptions, was covered with forests, with here and there barren rocky peaks that rose up out of the ridges; now and then a mountain lake, much more blue than the sky, and the Nesqually, winding like a thread of silver through the dark forests. From the foot of the glacier for several miles the bed of the river was very white, from the granite boulders that covered the bed of the stream. The water, too, was of a decidedly chalkier color near its source.

We had no time, however, to study the beauties that lay before us. We had already discovered that there was no telling from appearances how far we had to go. The travel was very difficult; the surface of the snow was porous in some places, and at each step we sunk to our knees. Carroll and the Indian gave out early in the afternoon, and returned to camp. The doctor began to lag behind. Dogue stuck close to me. Between four and five o'clock we reached a very difficult point. It proved to be the crest of the mountain, where the comparatively smooth surface was much broken up, and inaccessible

pinnacles of ice and deep crevasses interrupted our progress. It was not only difficult to go ahead, but exceedingly dangerous; a false step, or the loss of a foot-hold, would have been certain destruction. Dogue was evidently alarmed, for every time that I was unable to proceed, and turned back to find another passage, he would say, "*I guess, Lieutenant, we petter go pack.*"

Finally we reached what may be called the top, for although there were points higher yet, the mountain spread out comparatively flat, and it was much easier to get along. The soldier threw himself down exhausted, and said he could go no farther. The doctor was not in sight. I went on to explore by myself, but I returned in a quarter of an hour without my hat, fully satisfied that nothing more could be done. It was after six o'clock, the air was very cold, and the wind blew fiercely, so that in a second my hat which it carried away was far beyond recovery. The ice was forming in my canteen, and to stay on the mountain at such a temperature was to freeze to death, for we brought no blankets with us, and we could not delay, as it would be impossible to return along the crest of the mountain after dark. When I returned to where I had left the soldier, I found the doctor there also, and after a short consultation we decided to return.

Returning was far easier and more rapid than going. The snow was much harder and firmer, and we passed over in three hours, coming down, what required ten in going up. We were greatly fatigued by the day's toil, and the descent was not accomplished without an occasional rest of our weary limbs. In one place the snow was crusted over, and for a short distance the mountain was very steep, and required the skillful use of the stick to prevent our going much faster than we desired. The soldier lost his footing, and rolled helplessly

to the foot of the declivity, thirty or forty yards distant, and his face bore the traces of the scratching for many a day after, as if he had been through a bramble-bush.

We found the Indian and Carroll in the camp. The latter had a long story to tell of his wanderings to find camp, and both stated that the fatigue was too much for them. There was no complaint on the part of any of us about the rarity of the atmosphere. The doctor attributed to this cause the fact that he could not go but a few yards at a time, near the summit, without resting; but I am inclined to think this was due to our exhaustion. My breathing did not seem to be the least affected.

We were much disappointed not to have had more time to explore the summit of the mountain. We had, however, demonstrated the feasibility of making the ascent. Had we started at dawn of day we should have had plenty of time for the journey. From what I saw I should say the mountain top was a ridge perhaps two miles in length and nearly half a mile in width, with an angle about half-way, and depressions between the angle and each end of the ridge which give to the summit the appearance of three small peaks as seen from the east or west. When viewed from north or south, a rounded summit is all that can be seen; while viewed from positions between the cardinal points of the compass, the mountain generally has the appearance of two peaks.

The night was very cold and clear after our return. We had some idea of making another ascent; but an investigation into the state of our provisions, together with the condition of the party generally, determined us to begin our return on the morning of the eighth day. The two soldiers had eaten all their bread but one cracker each. The doctor and I had enough left, so that by a redistribution we had four crackers

each, with which to return over a space that had required seven days of travel coming. We, of course, expected to be a shorter time getting back; but let it be ever so short, our prospect for something to eat was proportionately much more limited. We had more meat than bread, thanks to the deer the Indian had killed, and we depended greatly on his killing more game for us going back: but this dependence, too, was cut off; the Indian was snow-blind, and needed our help to guide him. His groans disturbed us during the night, and what was our astonishment in the morning to find his eyelids closed with inflammation, and so swollen that he looked as if he had been in a free fight and got the worst of it. He could not have told a deer from a stump the length of his little old rifle.

Our camp was about 1,000 or 1,500 feet below the last visible shrub; water boiled at 199°, and, according to an approximate scale we had with us, this indicated an elevation of 7,000 feet. We estimated the highest peak to be over 12,000 feet high. I greatly regretted not being able to get the boiling-point on the top, but it was impossible to have had a fire in such a wind as prevailed round the summit.

As we returned we had more leisure to examine and clearer weather to see the glacier than we had coming up. There was no medial moraine; but an icy ridge parallel to the lateral moraines, and about midway between them, extending as far as we ascended the glacier. The lateral moraines were not continuous, but were interrupted by the walls of the spurs where they projected into the glacier; between these points the lateral moraines existed. The glacier sloped away from the ridge to the moraines, more or less sharply, and it was no easy matter to get off the ice, owing to the steepness of the moraine. The ice melted by reflection from the face of

the moraine, and formed a difficult crevasse between it and the glacier. Boulders of every shape and size were scattered over the face of the glacier. Large ones were propped up on pinnacles of ice; these were evidently too thick for the sun to heat through. The small boulders were sunk more or less deeply, and surrounded by water in the hot sun; but they evidently froze fast again at night.

The noise produced by the glacier was startling and strange. One might suppose the mountain was breaking loose, particularly at night. Although, so far as stillness was concerned, there was no difference between day and night, at night the noise seemed more terrible. It was a fearful crashing and grinding that was going on, where the granite was powdered that whitened the river below, and where the boulders were polished and partially rounded.

The great stillness and solitude were also very oppressive; no familiar sounds; nothing except the whistle of the animal before mentioned and the noise of the glacier's motion was to be heard, and if these had not occurred at intervals the solitude would have been still more oppressive. We were glad to get down again to the Nesqually, where we could hear its roar and see its rushing waters. The other members of the party were so tired and worn, however, that they seemed to observe but little, and as we were now on our homeward way, their thoughts were set only on our camp on the Mishaw, with its provisions and promise of rest.

The first day we passed two of the camps we had made coming up, and reached a point where we remembered to have seen a great quantity of blackberries. It was quite dark by the time we reached the little spot of dead timber—which seems to be the favorite haunt of the creeping bramble in this country—and to gather our supper of

berries we built a fire at the foot of a large dead tree. Speedily the flames were climbing to the top of the withered branches, and casting a cheerful light for a hundred yards round. But what we found very convenient for gathering berries proved to be a great annoyance when we wanted to sleep. During the night we were constantly moving our place of rest, at first on account of the falling embers, and finally for fear of the tree itself.

Blackberries are refreshing so far as the palate is concerned; but they are not very nourishing. We took our breakfast on them, and continued down the Nesqually from six in the morning until six in the evening, traveling slowly because of the difficult undergrowth and our worn-out and exhausted condition. We passed another of our camps, and finally stopped at what evidently had been an Indian camp. The cedar bark, always to be found in such places, we anticipated would make a shelter for us in case of rain, which the clouds promised us.

No rain fell, however, and we resumed our march, continuing down the river five or six miles farther than where we first struck it, to a point where the hills came close up and overhung the water. There we camped, expecting that an easy march on the morrow would enable us to reach our camp on the Mishawl. We ate our last morsel, and the next morning I was awakened by the conversation of the two soldiers. They were evidently discussing the subject of hunger, for the Irishman said: "I've often seen the squaws coming about the cook-house picking the pitaties out of the slop-barrel, an' I thought it was awful; but I giss I'd do it meself this mornin'."

The morning of the eleventh day we left the Nesqually to cross over to the Mishawl, and traveled on the mountain all day, until we reached the stream

at night completely exhausted. We should have stopped sooner than we did, but we were almost perishing with thirst, not having had any water since we left the Nesqually in the morning. What we took along in our canteens was exhausted in the early part of the day. We were not more than two miles from the camp in the prairie, and notwithstanding that we had had nothing to eat all day, except a few berries we had picked by the way, we were so exhausted that we lay down to sleep as soon as we had quenched our thirst.

We started up-stream the next morning, thinking we had reached the Mishawl below our camp; but soon discovering our mistake, we turned down. At this point the Irishman's heart sunk within him, he was so exhausted. Thinking we were lost, he wanted to lie down in the stream and "drownd" himself. He was assured that we should soon be in camp, and we arrived there very soon after, before the men left in charge of the horses were up.

Our first thought was of something to eat. I cautioned all about eating much at first; but from subsequent results am inclined to think my advice was not heeded. I contented myself with a half cracker, a little butter, and weak coffee; and an hour after, when I began to feel the beneficial effects of what I had eaten, I took a little more substantial meal, but refrained from eating heartily.

After a short rest we caught our horses, and the doctor and I rode into Steilacoom, where we arrived after a hard ride late in the afternoon. As we approached the post, we met on the road a number of the inhabitants with whom we were well acquainted, and who did not recognize us. Nor were we surprised when we got a glimpse of our faces in a glass. Haggard and sunburnt, nearly every familiar feature had disappeared. Since the loss of my hat, my

head-dress was the sleeve of a red flannel shirt, tied into a knot at the elbow, with the point at the arm-pit for a visor. Our clothes were in rags; one of the doctor's pantaloons had entirely disappeared, and he had improvised a substitute out of a coffee-sack. In our generally dilapidated condition none of our acquaintances recognized us until we got to the post. We passed for Indians until we arrived there, where we were received by the officers with a shout at our ludicrous appearance. They were all sitting under the oak-trees in front of quarters, discussing what had probably become of us, and proposing means for our rescue, when we came up.

I felt the effects of the trip for many days, and did not recover my natural condition for some weeks. The doctor and I went to the village next morning, where the people were startled at our emaciated appearance. We found that the doctor had lost twenty-one pounds in weight in fourteen days, and I had lost fourteen pounds in the same time. The doctor, while we were in the village, was taken with violent pains in his stomach, and returned to his post quite sick. He did not recover his health again for three months.

The two soldiers went into the hospital immediately on their return, and I learned that for the remainder of their service they were in the hospital nearly all the time. Four or five years after, Carroll applied to me for a certificate on

which to file an application for a pension, stating that he had not been well since his trip to the mountain. The Indian had an attack of gastritis, and barely escaped with his life after a protracted sickness. I attribute my own escape from a lingering illness to the precautions I took in eating when satisfying the first cravings of hunger, on our return to camp.

We are not likely to have any competitors in this attempt to explore the summit of Mount Rainier. Packwood and McAllister, two citizens of Pierce County, Washington Territory, explored up the Nesqually, and crossed over to the head of the Cowlitz River, and thence by what was called Cowlitz Pass (since called Packwood Pass), to the east side of the mountains, searching for a trail to the mining regions of the upper Columbia. More recently, surveyors in the employ of the Pacific Railroad Company have been surveying through the same route for a railway passage.

When the locomotive is heard in that region some day, when American enterprise has established an ice-cream saloon at the foot of the glacier, and sherry-cobblers may be had at twenty-five cents half-way up to the top of the mountain, attempts to ascend that magnificent snow-peak will be quite frequent. But many a long year will pass away before roads are sufficiently good to induce anyone to do what we did in the summer of 1857.

THE REGULUS OF THE NETHERLANDS.

IN 1665, far away, across the Atlantic and Indian oceans, in the tropical island of Java, the city of Batavia was daily growing in importance. Adhering to their habits in the old country, the Dutch built on the lowest land, and by means of canals, dug with great labor, merchandise was carried to and from its destination. Batavia was already a central point of commerce with Hindostan and China. Thence vessels sailed, laden with spices, and tea, and all the rich products of the tropics, enriching the small but energetic republic of the Netherlands.

To-day the islands of Java, Sumatra, Celebes, and part of Borneo, with a population of nearly 30,000,000, are under Dutch dominion; but in 1665 part of the island of Java was yet in possession of native chiefs, under the titles of "sultans" and "rajahs," professing the Mahometan creed, and anxious to maintain themselves against the increasing dominion of Europeans. Among them the Sultan of Padang waged a fierce and treacherous war upon the Hollanders. His bands of horsemen were the terror of the planters, and even the natives looked with dismay as they thundered past, maddened with opium, and ready to throw away their lives to gain the sensual paradise of Mahomet. But the Netherlanders with their guns and blunderbusses made sad havoc among the maddened columns, and Sultan Musha was soon forced to retreat. His stronghold, the *kraal* of Borang, was nearly surrounded by European soldiers, who, overcome by tropical heat and the fatigue of continual warfare, while guarding their posts felt that a desperate sortie would be hard to withstand.

"I tell you, General," said Haringsma, the army chaplain, the second evening after their encampment, "the men can not bear this long. I have been around, and tried my best to give them words of encouragement; but they are down-hearted. Half our best men, they say, are gone, and many of the rest are fever-stricken. Numbers of the soldiers are lying down, and would not care if the infidels made an end of them this very night."

"Rather hard," answered the general, "after such brave fighting, to come to such a pass! If we break up and retreat, we shall never reach home; for I am sure the Sultan of Soerang is on the lookout, and will join Musha as soon as he has a chance."

"Methinks we might propose such terms as would lead to peace," said Haringsma, "and if thou wilt, I shall be the bearer."

"That is it! You are acquainted with their language, and have a ready tongue, as our soldiers can testify. I'll call my officers in council."

"Meantime," said Haringsma, rising from his seat, "I shall make a round in the camp. There are some who will not see the rising of the sun. In an hour I will be here."

Alas! it was not to be so. The kind and stout-hearted pastor went upon his errand of mercy. Many were encouraged by his cheering words; many went in peaceful slumber to their last rest; many said "*Jot morgen, Dominie!*" who never saw the morrow. Absorbed in what to him was his life-work, the chaplain not only forgot his appointment, but, moving through the tangled brush in which the troops were camp-

ing, he lost his way. Going on and on, he was caught by some Javanese who were prowling like tigers around the camp. Had he been a soldier, a stab would soon have finished him; but well they knew the priest of the Nazarene, and as a prize of value they brought him to the *kraal*.

In vain he asked to see the Sultan. "Not before the sun has risen, thou infidel! Dost think we will disturb his rest for thee?" So he passed the night in anxious prayer, until the morning sun arose and cast its gleams of light over the dark and gloomy *kraal* with its mud walls and narrow gates, then over the surrounding brush, where could be seen here and there the tents of Velden's much-reduced army.

All at once there was a roar of drums and horns in the camp. From the prison-cell where Haringsma was kept he could see the tri-colored flags moving, and squadrons forming, while a wild "Hurrah!" echoed in strong contrast with the quietness at the *kraal*. Yes, they had missed their chaplain—they knew he was in the hands of the heathen. Fever and ague were disregarded: they would save him if alive, or avenge him if dead.

Two rough-looking Malays took hold of Haringsma, and dragged him into the presence of Sultan Musha, who, with a treacherous light burning in his sleepy eyes, said to the prisoner:

"Kneel down, thou infidel!"

Haringsma stood with arms crossed over his breast. "I kneel before none but Allah."

"Thou art right for once, O unbeliever," said Musha, almost subdued by the coolness of the man. "But canst thou tell what this stir in thy camp means? Our walls are strong, and we know the fever is with thy brethren."

"Send a flag of truce, mighty Sultan," said Haringsma, "and let us talk mat-

ters over. My people do not wish thy ruin; they know thou art powerful, and hast many allies. Send a flag of truce, and I will carry thy conditions. There has been bloodshed enough, mighty Sultan; let us have peace."

"The Nazarene speaks well," said Musha, turning to Abdallah, his prime-minister. "Send a flag of truce to arrange for an armistice of twenty-four hours. The Nazarene shall follow with our conditions."

It was done, and the roar in the Dutch camp subsided.

Turning to his prisoner, Musha said:

"Nazarene, art thou acquainted with the cause of my war with thy people?"

"I am."

"They want me to recognize them as the lords and masters of my land, to pay a certain amount of money, to abstain from trading in slaves, and to admit their *imaums* to speak against the prophet. Nazarene, we can not submit to these requirements. We were masters here long before thy people made their appearance. Exchange of prisoners, and peace so long as we are left alone—that is our last word. If the Nazarenes will make peace on that basis, they can return undisturbed whence they came."

Haringsma stood amazed. He knew the losses which the Malays had suffered; he knew that they were brought to bay; but he knew as well that Velden had lost almost half his men, and that the Rajah of Soerang was near at hand to aid his countrymen in the impending desperate struggle.

"Is that thy last word?" he said.

"Nazarene, my last!" and the Sultan's eyes glistened with fierce anger. "Go, and carry my message. If thy chief agrees, thou art free to remain; if not, thou art my prisoner, and must return."

"Return?" asked Haringsma.

"Wilt remain here? Thou canst. Before the sun is high the Sultan of Soe-

rang will be here, and then woe to the Nazarenes! Not one of them shall return to tell of it!"

For a moment Haringsma was undecided. He knew the Soerang hordes were on the march; he knew the disabled condition of Velden's soldiers; he knew there would be a bloody fight with doubtful issue.

"I will go," he said, "and give thy conditions."

"And return, if they are not accepted?" asked Musha.

"And return."

"Thou swearest?"

"I never swear—my word is yes or no."

"Indeed, thy word is as good as swearing by thy liar of a Nazarene. Upon thy word thou goest, upon thy word thou returnest—if thou canst not persuade the misbelievers."

"Spare thy insults to a prisoner, O Musha! Thy Allah is our God; Him we adore as thou, only we come nearer to Him through Christ than thou through Mahomet."

The Malay's passion rose, but for a moment; to compare his prophet with the Nazarene seemed blasphemy. After a few minutes' silence, he seemed to master his anger, and said, in a voice threatening by its very slowness:

"Go, and keep thy word."

When Haringsma arrived at the general's tent, he was received with joy. The blast of horns and sound of drums early that morning had indeed been a beginning of wild and relentless attack on the *kraal*, and the tired soldiers were roused to fury by the capture of their beloved chaplain; but General Velden had not allowed this outburst of rage, if a timely aid of fresh troops had not arrived the preceding night. Colonel Wendel left Batavia with a regiment of musketeers and two companies of cavalry. He yielded to the entreaties of Martha,

the wife of Haringsma, and allowed her, though reluctantly, to accompany him with her baby boy. A stranger in a strange country, she thought herself safest near her brave husband, and submitted cheerfully to the dangers and toils of a marching column.

For many days the colonel had followed the track of the contending armies, until he reached camp not long after the disappearance of Haringsma became known. His arrival had given new energy to the already excited spirit of the soldiery. An attack had been immediately resolved upon, when the flag of truce interfered for twenty-four hours.

Haringsma stated his message, together with the particulars just narrated. He refused to enter the general's tent, and reluctantly shook hands with the officers, who besieged him with questions and congratulations.

"I am a prisoner," said he, "at the mercy of a merciless foe. If his conditions are accepted, I shall again be free. If not, I remain a prisoner, and must return to redeem my plighted word."

The general gave orders to have a council of war assembled; he thought perhaps some concessions might be made, which, besides saving Haringsma, would prevent a deadly fight and bloody struggle.

The council was ready, and Haringsma introduced to state again the conditions of Musha.

"Impossible!" was the unanimous cry. "It would be treason to our government."

Haringsma asked, though reluctantly, "if they were aware that the Rajah of Soerang would be there with numerous troops?"

"So much the better!" exclaimed Colonel Wendel. "We can make an end of the two—my two thousand men are worth twenty thousand of theirs."

"Gentlemen," said Haringsma, with

an unmoved voice, "is that your definite answer?"

"It is," answered General Velden; "and I'll send a herald to tell those infidels that to-morrow morning they may be ready."

"No need of that," was the slow, firm reply. "I am the messenger, and bound by word of honor to bring the answer myself."

Silence came over all again, and Haringsma was leaving the tent, when General Velden exclaimed:

"But, chaplain, think—your wife and child! They are in the camp. They came last night. Your poor wife!"

Haringsma paled.

"My wife? Don't let her know. It is hard, a little. But even she would say: 'Be a man, and keep thy word.' Farewell, gentlemen and friends, *tot wederzien!*"

And the hero left the amazed council. With steady foot he walked, under escort of flag and soldiers, until the gates of the *kraal* were opened, and shut after him.

When in the afternoon the far-off bugle-sounds and drums of the approach-

ing troops of Soerang were heard, it was difficult to restrain the Dutch soldiers from assaulting the *kraal*. But General Velden kept his word of truce, and employed the remaining time in organizing such an attack as should crush the enemy, now exulting in double strength.

With the rising sun the three columns of attack began to march. Many a fever-struck soldier gathered strength enough to join his company. If they could not save Haringsma, they would avenge him. A stubborn spirit to conquer or to die pervaded all ranks.

The struggle was long and bloody. The Malays knew their superiority in numbers. With frantic rage they fought, regardless of life or limb. But strategy, coolness, and endurance were too strong for them. The *kraal* was entered, Musha escaped with a few trusty followers, the Rajah of Soerang was forced to surrender, and, for the time, there was an end of bloodshed.

Ransacking the *kraal*, the soldiers found the mutilated corpse of Haringsma; and as his wife kissed the dead face, she said he kept his word for God and the fatherland.

A QUEER MISTAKE.

RACHEL and I are a pair of old-maid sisters. She is not aware of the fact that I belong to the same category as herself, but I do, and I know it. She is fifty years old, and I was forty last Christmas, but she has always seemed ever and ever so much older and wiser than I. When I was ten years old and she twenty, of course I looked up to her in everything. She seemed to me an embodiment of all things good—the decalogue and the golden rule, the Lord's prayer, the apostles' creed, and "Now I lay me," for in-

stance. I have not lost faith in her yet. But we are not own sisters, in the common way of speaking: her mother died when she was a little child, and so did mine. This is one reason why I always revered and loved her; she was my mother as well as my sister. And she has always called me "Little one," and "Sisterkin," and "Ruthie," and to this day considers me a mere child—bless her dear old heart!

Now, I am not going to tell how Rachel came to be an old maid, nor how I came to be one. My story has to do

with quite other histories. I am only going to tell enough of one's to make the other's plain. So I will further state that sister Rachel and I were the only children of a dear old white-haired father, who had been the honored pastor of a little country church in a quiet old New England town for over fifty years, when he was laid down to rest by the side of our two mothers. So Rachel and I were left alone in the old parsonage when she was thirty and I twenty years of age. It was so desolate there without our dear father that I think if we sisters had not been all the world to each other we could neither of us have staid there a single day or night. But as it was, we had few relatives or friends—none with whom we wished to live. The parsonage was ours, and our father had laid by enough from his small yearly salary to help out with a little property once my mother's, and thus give us an income sufficient for our needs. Once Rachel tried to say something to me about its not being right for her to take an equal share in this property, but I spoke up sharp and quick, and settled the thing forever.

We had an old serving-woman, who was about as much of a care as a help; but Rachel and I were both quite well and strong, and used to taking care of the house for our dear father, as well as to helping him in his parish work. After he was gone, we kept up our old ways of living and doing. We just took the dear little study for our sitting-room, making as slight alteration as possible. Rachel thought the house would seem more cheerful so, and she was, as usual, quite right.

Our dear father had a special care for the poor of his flock, and always loved to have either Rachel or me go with him in his visits to the poorest homes, and even to the alms-house. "It makes the poor souls feel that we do not hold ourselves in any way aloof from them if one

or both of my dear girls are with me," he used to say. So, one day, after he had taken many a

— "poor one's blessing
With him, beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward moves,"

I went "over the hill to the poor-house," to spend a leisure hour in reading the Bible to old Granny Hix, who sat blind and helpless in her little room. As I stepped into the open door of the house (it was June, and lovely weather), I saw that there was an unusual stir and commotion, the occasion of which I soon discovered was the recent arrival of two little twin babies. One of our selectmen had just brought them in, snugly tucked up in shawls and pillows, and lying sound asleep in an old clothes-basket. It seemed they were the dying gift to the world of poor Hitty Eastman, old Granny Hix's last and youngest child. Hitty's husband was a brakeman on our new railway, and had been killed a few months before. He had been a very good husband to Hitty—this strong, good-natured, careless young Eastman—and when he was taken away from her she seemed to have no spirit left in her. In truth, she never had had much; just a pretty face—that was all there was of Hitty Hix. Her mother had lived with her until her husband's death, and then, as there was nothing for them to live on a single month, old Mrs. Hix was taken to the poor-house, while John Eastman's brother—a poor man, with a large family—offered a temporary home to Hitty. There she had staid until now a stiller and more enduring home had suddenly become her inheritance. There was truly no room or help in the uncle's house for the poor little babies, and here they were. Old Mrs. Hix was moaning and wringing her shriveled hands over the little creatures, and the other women of the house were gossiping about them in the usual fashion. It seemed to be the general opinion that it

was a fearful mistake in Hitty to have had the twins, and an awful blunder in the poor babies to continue to live. I went up to the basket and looked at the queer little mortals. They certainly looked remarkably like a wee pink baby of one of my dear friends, to whom only a day or two before I had given a neighborly welcome; only these babies were wrapped up in some faded shawls, while that one was robed in the daintiest cambric and lace. As I bent over the basket, however, and put my hand down softly to stroke one of the tiny red fists, it suddenly opened and shut tightly round my finger, and then the poor little mortal set up such a piteous wailing cry, that, like Pharaoh's daughter, I "had compassion" on it.

"Is it a girl?" I asked.

"Yes," wailed poor Mrs. Hix—"a girl; both on 'em girls. More's the pity."

"Yes," chimed in another old crone, "pity their mother couldn't ha' taken 'em with her."

"I don't see, for my part, what Providence was a-thinkin' of," said Mrs. Thomas, the matron of the alms-house. She did not mean any irreverence, but it was not in human nature to take such an addition to her cares and troubles without protest.

I could not help taking the babies' part, especially as the little hand still curled tightly round my finger in a sort of mute appeal. "Now, it seems to me," I said, "as if it was no pity at all to be a girl-baby. I guess women have their full share to do in helping along this big world of ours. As to the babies being and living, I rather think the Lord knows best why things go on just as they do, and all we need trouble ourselves about is our own right-doing."

"Perhaps you'd like to have 'em to take care of, Miss?" said Mrs. Thomas, a little sharply; but she added in an instant, when she saw my rising color:

"Not but what I think you and Miss Rachel always stan' ready to do your duty; only I do feel put out about these young uns."

"I have never taken care of a baby," I replied, gently; "but it has always seemed to me that it must be pleasant work."

But at this point both of the babies began to squirm and wriggle and make such droll faces, that I could only look on in wonderment. Then they opened their mouths wide, jammed their fists into each other's faces or their own in the most dangerous way, and then broke into a full chorus of crying. I was glad to surrender my little charge to Mrs. Thomas; while another woman, with true maternal instincts, began to "cuddle" baby number two, and, as I could be of no service or help, I just laid my hand softly on Granny Hix's silver hair and said, "It is only 'a little while,' you know," and then came away. But all the way home Mrs. Thomas' words rankled in my heart—"I wonder if you'd like to take care of 'em?"—and I could hear the wailing of the poor orphan babies above the careless trilling of the bobolinks. They troubled my sleep that night, too, and I dreamed of trying to feed the poor things with cat-mint tea, when I suddenly discovered that it was boiling hot. I awoke in an agony of remorse, and found it was daylight, and Rachel, who was always an early riser, was standing by the little dimity-covered toilet-table, brushing her soft brown hair. To relieve my troubled conscience, I began at once, but with a due degree of caution:

"Rachel, dear, would you think it a bad plan for us to take a little girl to bring up?"

"No," she answered; "indeed, I've thought of it a good deal."

That was encouraging. Now for the next step: "Well, about how young would you think it would do to have the

child? The younger the better now—wouldn't you say?"

"Why, hardly that," she said; "eight or ten years old, I guess."

"But, Rachel, if you knew of a little motherless baby girl that we could have, wouldn't you think it would be ever so nice to take the dear helpless thing, and so begin at the beginning with it?"

"Possibly," answered Rachel, after a long pause.

It was now or never with me, and I dashed breathlessly on: "O Rachel, dear, would it do for us to think of taking *two* little baby girls? They'd be so nice and cunning and queer, and one for each of us, you know, so we'd never quarrel about 'em, you see, and they'd be such company for each other, and I've always heard that two babies were not much more care than one—they'd take care of themselves a great deal—and Diana could help us, and then we shouldn't have to separate the poor things, and——"

Rachel turned and surveyed me as if she doubted whether I were really awake. "My child," she said, calmly, "what are you talking about?"

I retired under the bedclothes in confusion. But that very morning I coaxed Rachel over to the poor-house, and when we went home—astonishing to tell—we each carried one of those same little pink babies in our arms. The sight of them in their utter helplessness and woful need was too much for Rachel's dear womanly heart to withstand. Ah, how well I remember every circumstance of that home-bringing! How we sat down under an old elm-tree to rest, and take a peep at our treasures, whose faces the old grandmother had insisted on having closely covered, lest they should "catch their death-colds!" Rachel and I decided we would risk a breath of the noonday summer air and sunshine. They were fast asleep, and as much alike as two little white mice. The closest in-

spection showed no difference; only one was wrapped in a yellow shawl and the other in a red one—"a purely objective difference," as Rachel remarked, drily. So we bundled them up and hurried homeward, as full of delightful plans and projects as the fondest, foolishlest young mother in the town. Indeed, I doubt if we could have been matched that morning, in our own town, at least. The babies' names had already been decided upon. Mrs. Hix pathetically informed us that she knew poor Hitty, if she could speak, would say, "Name 'em for ma;" and she had been studying on the problem until she had reached a triumphant conclusion. Her own name was Hannah, pronounced "Hanner." Now, one baby could be called Hannerette, and the other Hannerann! Rachel and I did not dare to exchange glances or to utter a word, for fear our risibles should get the better of our politeness, but we managed to keep still. A bright thought hit me on our homeward way.

"Let us skip the 'Hanner,' and call one Rettie and the other Rannie. That will sound new and rather pretty, won't it, Rachel?" I proposed.

"Yes, that will do nicely; but what an alliterative household we shall be!" she said, laughing gaily.

We had a serious time that evening, between our good old woman Diana, who was first amazed and then irate, and the two babies, who immediately divined our ignorance and inability. But time and patience worked wonders; besides, the babies were blessed with good constitutions, sound digestions, quiet nerves, and amiable tempers. They grew and throve like a pair of cosset lambs. Diana was proudly fond of them, and took on airs of matronhood—the dear old spinster! Rachel and I had no end of good advice from all the old ladies in the parish, but fortunately Rachel had such a supply of

common sense that the babies did not suffer much. The little creatures were fair, fat, and wholesome as our hearts could desire. For myself, I believe those babies gave me the purest and deepest pleasure of my life.

One Sunday in the early autumn we took the little white-robed innocents to church, and had their baby brows signed with the blessed Name which is our trust. We had taken pains to have old Mrs. Hix there, that she might hear the sacred words, and know that the little orphan children were not only ours, but daughters of Zion. Their dreadful names were fairly overshadowed by the sweetness of our young minister's voice and the beauty of his words, and there was not a dry eye in the house when the grandmother tottered up after the service to give the babies her blessing. That night Death laid his peaceful chrism on her furrowed brow.

Rettie was Rachel's property, and Rannie was mine. We could tell them apart without any trouble, but almost wholly by their expression. Rettie was a serious little woman, quite wise and old-fashioned. Rannie was as gay and thoughtless as a bird, and as mischievous and prankish as a squirrel. We each thought our own the very queen of babies.

While they were very small I think we regarded them a good deal in the light of playthings—delightful great dolls. It seemed but yesterday when I had ruefully laid away my dolls—and now here was one that I could tend and dress and undress and romp with, and nobody thought it was silly! But before we knew it two or three years slipped away, and our babies were darling little girls. A few more years, and they were sweet maidens, a dozen years old, whom we taught to read and spell, to write and cipher, to knit and sew, and to bear their part in all our household tasks. And still they kept their baby characters; Rettie

a quiet, sober, orderly, demure puss; Rannie, a regular fly-away, who needed curb and rein to keep her in the beaten paths. But she was my charge. I loved her dearly, and she loved me. I could always manage her. Their education was strictly a home one—we liked it best so. We never felt the dear girls a bit of a burden, they were such nice helpful little women. Dear old Diana had passed away from among us, and so we had a division of labor, a system of co-operative housekeeping, which worked admirably.

And didn't the "blood tell?" asks some Darwinian. Didn't the Hix laziness, or the Eastman recklessness crop out somewhere? Well, truly, no—not in any marked way. They might have passed for our little sisters, only they were a great deal prettier than we. Of course there were faults in each and both—plenty of human nature—but so there are in us all, and I've never yet seen a person whose marked faults were not traced by his genealogical friends directly to some ancestor. Possibly everybody's "make-up" might be laid to Adam.

One lack there certainly was in our Rettie and Rannie, and no small trial it was to Rachel especially. They did not love books. They never took kindly to science, mathematical or metaphysical, to philosophy or poetry. Rannie loved a good lively story, particularly if it was well seasoned with fun. But our Rettie never even cared for stories.

The girls were always friendly with the neighboring children. Ours was a simple, old-fashioned little community. There were no social distinctions that made any trouble. I do not think our girls ever heard any unfriendly allusions to their brief sojourn in the poor-house. They always were treated as if they were our little sisters, and we taught them to call us "Sister Rachel" and "Sister Ruth."

And then, suddenly, our "babies" were comely young women of eighteen, brown-haired, brown-eyed, fair as lilies. Still, they were so like in form and feature that not half our friends ever could learn to tell them apart. Rannie was just roguish enough to enjoy people's mistakes. She was even so naughty as to divert from herself several well-merited lectures from Deacon Williams on the subject of light-mindedness and frivolity, by simply looking astonished at the good man, and then reproachfully at Rettie, who would instantly be so confused and distressed that the deacon, between embarrassment at his presumed mistake and pity for the offender, would be quite disarmed. She was not a bad girl at all, my Rannie, if she was full of wild pranks. I am of the opinion that one can have a fancy for riding half-broken colts, and even for climbing trees and jumping off the "great beam" into the haymow, and still be very innocent of wrong-doing, and Rannie was greatly given to these things. Yes, I even think my Rannie could no more help being lively than a butterfly, or giggling over every funny thing she saw or heard, even in a prayer-meeting, than a cricket could help chirping. But I had to make a great many apologies for her and give her many a private lecture. As for Rettie, she was so proper and prim that I used to wish we could shake her up with Rannie and then divide the resulting compound equally.

But our girls were inseparable, notwithstanding their diversity of character. Always the best of friends, too, although Rettie could not forbear from a mild sort of anger when she was the victim of Rannie's naughtiness; yet Rannie would be so penitent, or at any rate so perfectly good-natured under her sister's silent indignation or grave reproving, that it was impossible not to forgive her. Hand in hand they used to trot off on errands or to play. Two

dear little curly heads always bent together over book or work. In Sunday-school they were always in the same class, and side by side they stood to publicly consecrate their fresh young lives to the Master's service. Very sweet and marked was the influence of Rettie on her hoyden sister, and Rannie was of equal value in brightening her sombre companion's life, but even I had to confess that Rannie's moral sense was much like that of a frisky kitten.

And now the conquering heroes came. Strange to tell, they both came at once, and so love found our pretty maidens just as life dawned upon them eighteen years before—hand in hand. And this was the manner in which the romance began. Our minister had tired himself out, and was in need of a long vacation. A "promising" young man, fresh from the seminary, was to supply our pulpit for the summer, and with him came a cousin who was an artist by profession, and who wished to spend the season sketching among our beautiful hills. The young men had the same names, it so happened; each was Edward Wilson. They were grandsons of our father's dearest friend, and Rachel and I had known them as little boys. Of course we asked them to come over from their unpleasant public-house boarding-place and visit us as often as possible. And now let me introduce them. The Reverend Edward Wilson was a pale, thin, studious young man, who had evidently burned too much midnight oil; he was solemn, cadaverous, preternaturally old; but he was a pure, spiritual, high-minded young man of thirty. He had studied law before theology, and was learned in all ancient and modern lore. His erudition was really something awful to contemplate. I think Rachel was the only person in the parish who could converse with him without embarrassment.

The other Edward Wilson was a boy

of boys, the idolized only son of wealthy parents; following art for a pastime merely, yet endowed with gifts almost amounting to genius; a handsome, dashing, warm-hearted, good fellow, but with such a quantity of wild oats still in his keeping, ready to be sown with a lavish hand, that the only wonder was where or how his original supply could have been concealed. He was just past his majority, but, as he frankly confessed, he had wasted several years trying the reformatory powers of different colleges, and now he was consigned to "Cousin Edward" as a final experiment. They were taking tea with us a few days after their arrival, when "Ned Wilson," as we soon learned to call him, gave us this bit of autobiography, adding that his mother had directed him not to lose sight of his cousin Edward at all, but to try and *absorb* just as much of his character as possible. Rannie immediately suggested in a low voice that he had better eat large quantities of French chalk—it was such an excellent absorbent, at which Ned laughed uproariously, and even the Reverend Edward smiled loftily.

That was a delightful summer. The young men were fully appreciative of all the attractions of our pleasant home, and almost every afternoon found them seated on our shady piazza. The young minister at first was always discussing German metaphysics or the Manichean philosophy, or Ultramontanism, or some other mysticism, with Rachel, varying the programme by reading aloud to her long quotations from a book he was writing on *The Philosophy of the Absolute*. Meanwhile, Ned and the girls were playing croquet in the shade of the great elms, and I must confess I was frequently glad to make my escape and join them; I never could take metaphysics in large doses. By and by Ned made a determined and really benevolent effort to coax his cousin into more

healthy out-door life; and, strange to say, after the young divine once was thoroughly interested in croquet he became an excellent player. After that, somehow Rachel and I fell into the habit of sitting quietly at our sewing on the piazza, and let the young people have the croquet lawn to themselves.

Well, everybody knows how these things go on. There were berry-pickings and picnics, moonlight strolls, and morning boat-rides. Cupid never had better opportunities, and when was he ever caught napping? Dear unsuspecting Rachel would never have seen anything but children's play in it; but I began to feel a little uneasy, and then an old village gossip confirmed my suspicions. She had dropped in with her knitting-work for an afternoon's visit, and we sat as usual on the piazza while the croquet business was going on briskly before us.

"Them young folks is courtin', aint they?" said our visitor.

"Why, bless me, no!" answered Rachel, quite startled out of her dignity; "they're playing croquet."

"H'm!" rejoined Miss Thompson, "it looks like it!"

I glanced nervously at the croquet party. There was the young minister bending over Rettie, who was stooping to adjust her ball, and looking up at him questioningly in her shy beautiful way, and there was Rannie shaking her mallet at Ned, who looked as if nothing would please him better than to receive a drubbing from her lovely little hands. O dear, O dear! It was all a foregone conclusion! I saw it then and there. That preternaturally wise young theologian was in love with our simple little Rettie, who didn't know the difference between Arianism and Arminianism, and had never read a word of Hamilton or Mill! And there was that crazy boy, Ned, surrendering unconditionally to my hoyden Rannie! What would become

of them? Either one of them separately was enough to distract a whole community!—what would the two combined be able to accomplish? I fairly shuddered; but not a word must I speak until that dreadful Miss Thompson was gone, and how long it took her to go! Not until the young men were gone, tea was over, the dear old-fashioned china washed and set away, and it began to grow a little dusky, did she finally manage to tear herself away. The girls proposed to walk home with her as a body-guard, she was so timorous in the dark, and Rachel and I were left alone. “O, Ray, dear,” I groaned, “I’m afraid it’s true!”

“Why, what?—about Mrs. Brown’s cough?”

“O, no, no!—about Rettie and Rannie!”

Rachel looked fairly dazed. “You don’t think it!” she said, and then we lapsed into silence. When she spoke again it was with an air of meek deference to my superior discernment. “Is there anything we can do—is it really too late?”

Just then we heard the merry young voices, and looking out, there they came again—those insatiable young men were escorting our girls back from the village! How they found each other let lovers tell. I could hear through the open window Rannie’s voice in gay defiant tones: “You’ll never be able to tell us apart—never!—and we’ll all come to grief; see if we don’t, now!”

“We’ll take the risk if you will,” said Ned Wilson’s voice.

“Rachel!” said I, “I’m going straight up-stairs to write to Ned’s mother.” And I did. I told her I wouldn’t be intrusive for all the world, but I was afraid I had been to blame, and then I told her all about Ned and Rannie. Perhaps there was no mischief brewing, but hadn’t she better urge Ned to go home directly?

What did the dear woman write in reply but that both she and Ned’s father would be truly pleased to have Ned fall in love and marry a good sensible country-girl, such as she was sure my *protégée* must be. Ned had already written home a full description of her!

Dear me! how I wished that Rannie deserved those epithets more fully! But the best must be made of it. Within a week after the receipt of that letter, Rannie tapped at my bed-room door, as she came in from a late evening choir-meeting (they were lovely singers, our girls), and then she laid her soft cool cheek against mine, and said in such a new voice, “He loves me, sister Ruth, and I love him. May I go?”

“My darling!” I said, and kissed her and blessed her.

“And Rettie has lost her heart, too,” she went on, after a little. “It’s awfully funny, how she can”—laughing hysterically—“but it’s true—they’re so unlike—but then—and she wishes you would tell sister Rachel, and make it all right.”

“Yes, dear,” I said, with a little sigh—I didn’t like her to be quite so merry over her sister’s choice. A moment before I had hoped my Undine had found her soul.

Well, I talked it over with Rachel in the morning, and then we gave our pets an extra kiss apiece, and told them we hoped it would be all right, but they were so young—so young! And when the young lovers came, we put an emphasis into our hand-shaking, and after that they both fell as naturally as possible into the way of calling us “Sister Rachel” and “Sister Ruth.” The course of true love for once ran smoothly. There was no jealous rival—no angry parent. Nothing but congratulation and approval for at least one of the happy pairs; for the other there was some head-shaking, and a generally prevalent opinion that they would break their

necks before they were married. Rettie was very shy and quiet about her new happiness. It was really a part of her daily plan, I thought, never to be left alone with her grave young wooer. It was quite as often my merry Rannie who tripped gaily down the walk to meet him when he came, or whose blithe little laugh came lilting up from under the honeysuckle when the young parson was lingering over his good-night. But almost always our lovers went and came together, and the wooing went on in quadrille fashion.

And then nothing would do but the weddings must come off directly. It was of no use to object or expostulate. To be sure, the girls were not going to really vex and disobey their darling old sisters—O, by no manner of means! But when ardent young lovers are on one end of the scales and darling old sisters on the other, we all know which side has to go up. So the wedding-day was set for the middle of September. Meanwhile, the Reverend Mr. Wilson received and accepted a call from a large and critical church in one of our New England towns, where was his cousin Ned's home.

Those were very busy days when we made our girls ready for their weddings, and rather sorrowful ones, though the young people's evident satisfaction and happiness were somewhat contagious. When Rachel and I were alone we shook our heads mournfully. We knew just how lonely our nest would be when our birds were flown; and, alas! we could not but have a great deal of anxiety about our nestlings, who were bound to try their wings so prematurely. Rachel comforted herself with thinking that Rettie's shy, silent, pretty ways would disarm all criticisms in regard to her "culture," and her exquisite housewifery and good judgment would make Mr. Wilson quite as comfortable as mere literary attainments; but what was there

to hope for in the other match? They had already upset a boat, been caught in two or three thunder-showers, and had a runaway when they were out driving; from all which perils they had escaped unharmed, to be sure, but where was there any guarantee for future unfailing good luck? I could only "wash my hands in innocence"—the match was none of my making—and trust Providence. I tried to restrain, to warn, to counsel. Nobody will ever know how faithfully I labored to sober and improve my Rannie, but she was Rannie still. At first when I began to mildly warn her of the risks she took in marrying so gay and thoughtless a young man—"just as feather-headed as yourself, my dear"—she gazed at me with round-eyed wonder (that was always one of her ways), then she laughed until I made up my mind she was hysterical (that was another of her tricks and manners), and after that, whenever I cautiously and gravely approached the subject, she drew down the corners of her pretty mouth and looked so demure and wise that I was completely at a loss to know whether my preaching was to edification or not.

And so the wedding-day came—a golden, perfect day. The double wedding was to be solemnized in the church. Ned's father and mother arrived the evening before, and seemed entirely pleased with their son's proceedings. "Anything to steady Ned," said his doting mother, in reply to my deprecating way of speaking about the whole affair. "*Steady* him, forsooth!" I groaned inwardly.

The Reverend Mr. Wilson's parents were dead, but he had a charming young married sister who graced the occasion with her presence, and smiled approval at our lovely brides. And they were exquisite in their fair young beauty, though their dresses were white muslin instead of *moire*, and their veils illusion

instead of point. Very proudly happy did their lovers look as the sisters came into the quiet parlor where we were waiting just before going to church, and were presented for the first time to their future relatives, who had only just joined our group.

"Why, Edward, dear," said Mrs. Bond, his sister, "I fear you'll never be able to tell your own lady-love from cousin Ned's."

"No," said Rannie, promptly, "he never would if Ned and I weren't so good and considerate as to help him." Then she laughed her own little perverse laugh, and went on: "If I could only get sister Rettie to keep still, I believe I'd let Mr. Wilson marry the wrong girl this morning, just for fun!"

The young dominie flushed and smiled as if he felt quite secure of his "ain lassie," but just then the carriages were announced, and what did that saucy girl do but slip her little hand into the minister's proffered arm, and with a look at me which said, "See, now!" tripped gaily down the walk, leaving Rettie to be escorted by Ned Wilson. "Will nothing sober the child?" I thought. But how bewitching she was in her piquant prettiness! Well, Rachel and I followed the bridal carriage in our own little pony-chaise, and then came Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Bond—a very simple *cortege* for a double wedding; but our darlings had no relatives, their uncle with his numerous family having long ago "gone West." And so we entered the dear old church and went up the familiar aisle on such unfamiliar business. We slipped quietly into our own pew at the right of the pulpit—the old "minister's pew," which our father's successor always insisted on our keeping—and so we had a full view of our darlings as they passed out of our keeping. My eyes were misty enough, but I managed to look at the group as the wedding-march ceased

and the solemn service began. O, did my old eyes deceive me? Could it—*could* it be possible? Was that my Rannie there beside the Reverend Mr. Wilson? O, would she dare—what could Rettie be thinking of? O, Cupid and Hymen! Did not anybody know anything when they were getting married! I almost shrieked; then I thought better of it, and whispered to Rachel, "O look—see—Rannie—Mr. Wilson!" I gasped. Such an expression of dismay as flashed over Rachel's placid face! She thought I had gone crazy. As she turned her wondering eyes at me, two great tears, which she had been resolutely holding in check, flashed down on her new brown silk. She could not have told our girls apart at arm's-length, and I had only succeeded in alarming her about myself. O, the misery that I lived through in the next ten minutes! I heard the young men's clear "I will"—I saw the fair young heads bow in response to the great questions—I heard the awful closing words of the service; but meanwhile I had had the experience which tradition gives to the drowning. I had reviewed minutely the history of the courtship, to see if it was barely possible I might have been mistaken as to the pairing of the lovers; and then I rushed wildly into the future, demolishing in frantic haste all the castles I had built with such infinite fear and hope; and then with electric speed threw together a new system of things. Whirlwinds and maelstroms! what a state my mind was in by the time that service was over! But there was the minister shaking hands and kissing the brides, and we were to come next. I had intended to say something kind and nice as I kissed the girls and shook hands with my new brothers; but, as it was, I seemed to be "clean daft," and could only gaze solemnly at the blushing sparkling Rannie, and then give place to others. Everybody was overflowing

with smiles and good wishes. The impression was universal that Rettie had married the minister (that being the way, of course, in which Rachel and I had always spoken of the arrangement), and it was very nice and suitable everyone thought. As to the other match, people seemed to conclude finally that Ned and Rannie would sober and improve each other, on the homeopathic principle, I dare say, of "*similia similibus curantur*."

The bridal party were to go back with us for an hour or two, and then were to take a train for their new home; so in a few moments Rachel and I were again in our chaise going homeward.

"Rachel," said I, with desperate calmness, "do you know that Rannie is the Reverend Mrs. Wilson, and Rettie has married Ned?"

"You don't mean it!" she said.

"It is exactly true," I answered; and we did not speak again until we reached home.

When we were all safely inside of our own doors, I pounced upon my dreadful child, and bore her off into the sacred little study.

"Now, tell me," I said, "you wretched little bundle of dimples and deceit and depravity, what you have been about."

"Why, sister dear," she answered, innocently, "I've been marrying 'the man I love all others above.'"

"But does *he* know that he has married *you*?"

"Pray ask him, and see."

"I shall do no such thing. Do you think I'm going to let him know what a hopelessly naughty girl he has married? Not I. He'll find out soon enough."

"Well, seriously now, Ruthie dear, I never dreamed of marrying anyone else, and I've no idea he did. How absurd to think of my marrying Ned — 'just as feather-headed as myself,' you know" — she added, naively.

So I kissed her on both her guilty cheeks, and told her I thought she was eminently qualified to be the wife of a distinguished clergyman; and then we went back to the parlor. But Rachel could not get over it so easily. She presided with all her accustomed ease and dignity at the tea-table, and she was attentive to every detail of hospitality to her guests, nor did she vary a shade from her gentle sisterly manner toward the brides, but I could see she was distraught and burdened. When we were up-stairs, helping our girls into their traveling suits and hovering about them with more than sisterly love, Rachel suddenly broke down, sobbing and crying. Rettie's arms were round her in a minute, and she was sobbing, too. "My precious child," said Rachel, "how could you let me think you were going to marry a minister when you were really engaged to that harum-scarum boy?"

Now it was Rettie's turn to be astonished and indignant. She had never for a moment thought of marrying anyone but her own dear Ned. What if he was gay and full of fun? — so was Rannie; and she was sure she had always got along well with her. She would not *dare* marry that awfully learned Mr. Wilson, and did not know how Rannie came to do such a thing. If Rachel had fancied she was engaged to the wrong man, it was no fault of hers. She never had lisped such a thing — never.

So Rachel had to be mollified, too. Rannie was the only naughty one, after all. She *knew* we thought the arrangements were entirely different, but it was too good a joke to spoil. She had been in a tremendous state of excitement for weeks, she confessed, expecting we should surely find out our mistake, but we had seemed to be deaf and blind to the most obvious things.

And so our darlings left us, and the very stillness of death seemed to fall on our homes and hearts. But time has

accustomed us to the change, and busy lives can not be wholly shadowed. At first our girls insisted that we must come and live near them or with them, but we know that our old home is a part of us. We have just been to visit our sisters. Each has her own sweet home. To each one has come a dear little child. Rettie's boy is bright and beautiful, the pride of his doting grandparents, the joy and delight of his father, who has settled down into a hard-working artist, whose *chef-d'œuvre* is a Madonna, where his idolized wife and boy are made immortal. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson senior think there never was such a God-send as their daughter Rettie. Rannie's little daughter only came to stay three blissful months, and then fell asleep. A gentle, chastened, lovely woman is my Rannie now, and her husband follows her with almost adoring eyes.

But was it not a queer mistake?

WAIT.

Bright maple-buds, tossing against the blue sky
 Like coral-reefs deep in blue sea,
 Uncover your breasts where the baby-leaves lie—
 They are waking and long to be free.
 "The master-touch lingers, but never comes late;
 We are ready to open, but willing to wait."

O! azure-winged bird, floating high in the air,
 And dropping down sparkles of song,
 Come stay with us, build on the maple-bough there,
 For the long, silent winter is gone.
 "I am coming already, I've chosen my mate,
 But the time is not yet—so we wait, so we wait."

Sad hearts, growing weary with hope long deferred,
 Waiting still for your highest and best,
 Do you yearn for your spring like the bud and the bird,
 For fruition and rapture and rest?
 "We have learned from the patience of nature to wait;
 The master-touch lingers, but never comes late."

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THE spirit of our age exalts progress, industrial art, science, utilitarianism in morals, democracy in politics, independent individualism in society, liberal thought in religion, and modern authorities in literature, opposes asceticism, mysticism, despotism, class privileges, the influence of antiquity and tradition, and belief formed without impartial and critical inquiry, and attaches less value relatively than did past ages to unscientific metaphysics, ecclesiastical organizations, and religious creeds. The general tendency weakens old institutions, extensive prejudices, and large interests, and is denounced by its enemies as too "materialistic," which term they consider the best for exciting animosity against it. They tell us that the spirit of the age is destroying or weakening the spiritual, æsthetical, and metaphysical influences needed to develop and preserve the most admirable qualities of our nature; that we are drifting toward a time when religion, poetry, and genial courtesy will be crushed out by machinery, greed for money, and coarse selfishness; and that in "the good old times," when purer forces were in power, mankind were much happier than now.

Though these complaints seem without justification, the reformers of the present, like their predecessors, are not exempt from error. The leaders of meritorious rebellions have often run to opposite extremes; yet the general result of their action was beneficial. Nothing is so injurious in our political and social relations as a quiet and stupid submission to oppression. Even when resistance does not gain its direct purpose, it often renders a service by indicating the

strength of popular feeling and giving examples to stimulate and lessons to guide later times. Most of the efforts at reform fail, but enough of them succeed to give a forward movement to mankind, even in the most benighted eras, and this movement comprises nearly everything of which we should be proud as a race. It does not prove the "perfectibility" of man, for perfection is inconsistent with continuous improvement, but it promises the attainment within a few centuries of moral, social, political, and intellectual elevation as far above that of the present day as ours is above that of the most brutish savages.

It is not possible that reforms should be accomplished without numerous blunders. Protestantism has been of incalculable value to civilization by stimulating education and independent thought, encouraging the development of the literature of the modern languages, and breaking down feudal and monarchical despotism; yet the leaders of that great reform had many weaknesses and committed gross errors of judgment. Luther and Calvin were uncharitable, intolerant, and absurdly anxious about minor points of creed, and they laid the foundations for the sectarian dissensions which kept Protestantism for a century on the verge of destruction, and would probably have led to its extinction but for the unexpected rise and wonderful power of the Dutch republic. And if they could have foreseen the intellectual condition of Protestant countries in our time, perhaps they would have been willing that it should be extinguished. The self-respect which we regard as the highest, or at least as the most comprehensive, of our virtues, and as a necessary

accompaniment of the highest moral excellence, would have appeared to them to be a hateful pride; and not less odious to them would have been our low valuation of creeds and ecclesiastical organizations, the haughty tone of science, the general liberality of sentiment, the tolerance of the expression of the most radical sentiments, and the severance between Church and State. They gave us much which they did not intend to give; and we have rejected much that they offered us. More than a century after Calvin's death, the main effects of his labors were not yet clear to a man of so much learning and ability as Bossuet.

Protestantism may also serve as an example of the extent to which a great cause may be misrepresented and maligned. It was and still is held to be the greatest sin since the revolt of the devil and his angels; and it was persecuted with more energy and virulence, and with a greater expenditure of blood and treasure, than were ever used to extinguish any vice or punish any crime. For more than a century, not a year passed without thousands of deaths caused by the wars undertaken for its suppression, and the total number of victims offered up to the Moloch of religious intolerance between 1520 and 1720 in Europe was not less than 30,000,000. Much of this horrid sacrifice was blessed by the prayers and joyous tears of benevolent, refined, and sincerely devout people. They believed it would all contribute to the greater glory of God. Louis XIV. supposed that he had rendered vast service to true religion and to his country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, though by it he drove half a million of his best subjects into exile, and contributed much to the wealth and power of England and Holland, his most dangerous enemies. He could not have been unconscious of the baseness of his personal and polit-

ical malice, his despotism, hypocrisy, and libertinism; and yet he imagined that they were not only counterbalanced, but completely expiated, by his persecution of the Huguenots. When he learned that the English and Dutch under Marlborough had destroyed his military power at Ramillies, he said: "God has then forgotten all I have done for Him!" The general opinion of the world now looks upon that sample of Divine ingratitude with a good deal of complaisance.

In our country, what curses were not heaped on the abolitionists twenty-five years ago! They were denounced by the pulpit and mobbed by the people; their petitions were excluded from Congress and their publications from the mails. The church, the bench, and the press generally agreed to condemn the doctrine that slavery is wrong, and gave no protection to those who publicly avowed abolition sentiments in the slave States. Tortures that might rival those of the Inquisition were more than once practiced in the South on the "incendiaries" who taught that all men, even the Blacks, have an inalienable right to freedom.

The French Revolution of 1789 has been painted in particularly black colors by most historians who have made it their subject. The Reign of Terror is to them the most frightful of all horrors; but when we examine the facts dispassionately, we shall find that the suffering was comparatively small and the provocation for the slaughter great. The aristocrats as a class undertook to betray their country in distress to a formidable foreign league, and the ignorant and infuriated people proceeded against the traitors with summary and efficient vengeance. The old forms of the civil law were too slow for the occasion, and many of those who held judicial offices under the old system had deserted their posts. The nobility having debased the people and driven them into a frenzy, then threw

the blame of the results on the principles of democratic government. Many innocent persons were executed, many devilish and cruel acts were committed; but domestic treason was crushed, and France was saved. The chief blame for the 100,000 victims of the Reign of Terror rests on the governments of Great Britain, Austria, and Prussia, and the French traitors. Even if it rested exclusively on democracy, it was a cheap price, as the world goes, to pay for the destruction of feudalism and royal despotism, and it was a much better investment than Louis XIV., Napoleon I., or Napoleon III. ever made with an equal number of lives.

The introduction of fire-arms brought great changes with it, and the knights complained that it would destroy their class, and all the refinement, culture, and chivalrous sentiments which it represented. They predicted a decrease in valor and an increase in bloodshed. Before gunpowder came into use, the victory was almost certain to the possessor of superior mental and physical qualities—that is, if he were a noble and had good arms, good training, and a good horse. Each man met his adversary and measured strength with him fairly. This system was well adapted to stimulate martial ambition and knightly courtesy. But the skill, the courage, and the refinement of chivalry were of little use when cannon-balls were thrown from a distance of half a mile with deadly aim and irresistible force, showing no mercy to the vanquished, and leaving no time for penitence to the stricken. No wonder that Bayard considered saltpetre villainous. And yet, clear as it appeared to many, three or four centuries ago, that the invention of fire-arms was a great misfortune to humanity, we now see that it was a signal blessing. It has not injured social refinement, and it helped to destroy serfdom, provincial tyranny, and professional robbery, to decrease blood-

shed, and to secure civilization against the possibility of any future barbaric invasion. It may seem singular that by increasing the facility, we have reduced the amount of killing; but the fact is established by abundant evidence. Not half so many victims are slain in our battles, in proportion to the numbers engaged, as fell in the campaigns of Hannibal or Cæsar. The nearer the combatants are brought together, the worse the slaughter. We can see that now, but it was not apparent to the mail-clad nobles, when they saw cannon used against themselves.

Let us imagine that the Egyptologists should discover in the pyramids a papyrus record of a petition addressed to one of the early Pharaohs by a guild of bronze-workers, calling the attention of the king to the introduction of steel, and praying for a prohibition of its use, for the reasons that it was not recognized in the Books of Thoth, and must presumptively be unclean; that, as an innovation, it must be pernicious and disturbing to religion, even though not directly affecting the religious sentiment; that it would injure the ancient and honorable guild of bronzesmiths; that by its greater cheapness it would place dangerous weapons within reach of the lower classes; that it would thus lead to discontent and insurrections; that it would injure the spiritual condition of the people, and that the government should let well enough alone. This age would be amused by finding such a record of the folly of semi-barbarians; but sentiments quite as absurd have often been expressed in later times. A professor of philosophy at Padua refused to look through Galileo's telescope; he hated any evidence that went to support the wicked heliocentric theory.

The world abounds with absurd overestimates of self by individuals and classes. They who have given all their thoughts and all their lives to the sup-

port of systems of delusion, fraud, or violence, demand that all mankind should recognize the superior dignity of their professions and the superior merit of their labors. In proportion to the extravagance of their claims is the bitterness of their resentment against the age which refuses to bow down before them, and which continues its course regardless of their prejudices, passions, and profits. The adherents of old ideas—even those not pecuniarily interested in their maintenance—will, of course, take offense at the advance of new opinions. There is a powerful attachment in human nature for the truth, and, when that can not be found, for the error or superstition supposed to represent it. It has been common for certain classes to assume not only that they had the sole possession of the truth and an exclusive right to power, but that all who denied their claims were dangerous enemies of the temporal and eternal interests of mankind. They were not entitled to the benefit of any promise, any law, or any mercy. Contracts or treaties made with them were voidable at the pleasure of the other party, if not void; and everything done by them was presumptively base in motive and pernicious in result. Even their apparent virtues were crimes, for they tended to give respectability and influence to heresy. To belie, to belittle, to defraud, to torture, and to destroy them were good works.

The blindness of men for long periods to the beneficent character of many of the great steps in past progress, suggests the importance of guarding carefully against submitting our opinions and actions in such matters to the guidance of persons not utterly above ignorance and prejudice. Here we need all the learning, all the comprehensiveness of view, all the liberality of sentiment within the range of our opportunity and capacity. We must pass judgment upon to-day, not as an independent period, but as the

necessary product, and also as an inseparable part, of a long past. When we examine closely the alleged materialistic errors, they appear to be inseparably connected with the acquisition by all men of education, comfort, and equal political and social privileges; with the change from tradition to enlightened inquiry as a basis of faith; with important additions to our knowledge of organic and inorganic substances; and with the adoption of the idea that the study of industrial art, science, and modern literature may be quite as beneficial as that of ornamental art, or ancient books. Those who claim to be the advocates of a mere spiritual past charge our age with various offenses, but not one of them could be remedied without abandoning some great improvement in our intellectual, industrial, or political condition.

The common complaint against our age and country on account of the alleged worship of the almighty dollar, as one of the chief sins of the materialistic tendency, is based on misconceptions. The eager struggle to accumulate wealth is in general a sign of a rise, not a decline, in culture. It indicates that business is less of a stupid routine than it was a hundred years ago; that a career has been opened by industrial art and commerce for energy and capacity; that social position has ceased to descend by perpetual entail; and that the distribution of wealth to one set of families and of poverty to another set in feudal times is not to be maintained forever and accepted with satisfaction as a proper award of Divine justice, or as a necessary condition of social order. Comparisons are often made between America and Europe, to the disadvantage of the former, in reference to the greed for money, as if the greater quietude of business in the latter country were due to a higher moral character, whereas it may be attributed to the obstructions which check enterprise there.

There is less effort to accumulate wealth in the Old World mainly because there is less opportunity. The bulk of the riches is in the hands of people who are forbidden by public opinion to engage in traffic. The poor receive wages so scanty that they have no hope of making any considerable improvement in their situation. Business moves slowly. Interest is low, land is almost stationary in value, and any direct participation in commercial or industrial pursuits excludes the guilty individual from admission to the highest social circles. Here the opposite conditions prevail; business is the ambition and pleasure of men of capacity. And yet nowhere are the people so luxurious in their mode of life, so liberal in their expenditures, so grand in their plans, and so remote from every miserly feeling. In those countries where families are preserved by primogeniture and entail, and where marriage is governed mainly by pecuniary considerations, there money is and must be worshiped much more than in the United States.

We are told that the fine arts have declined in excellence and in public estimation, but this assertion is far from the truth. In many points there is a rise, and in others the decline is only relative. No century in history equals the last hundred years in the number of great works in poetry, history, oratory, prose romance, the drama, printing, architecture, sculpture, and music, taken together—perhaps not in any one branch separately. It has been said that the fifth century before the Christian era produced more great works in architecture than our age, but I deny it, while admitting that the exterior of no modern building equals the Parthenon of Pericles in the beauty of its shape, the fine adjustment of its proportions, and the eminent merit of the sculptured decorations executed for it. Half a dozen other temples created about the same time

at Athens may have been little inferior to it. But they no longer exist, and any comparison now made must be based partly on presumptions. Judging from what we know of antiquity, however, there is much reason to give the preference to our own time. The great works of ancient architecture were nearly all temples, comparatively few in number, and erected mainly for the honor of the gods, not for the comfort of men. They were not made to accommodate large congregations; their interiors were small and dark; and their wonderful beauty was restricted to the external appearance. The theatre and amphitheatre of antiquity were imposing, but were not roofed over, the performances being given by daylight. Ancient dwellings were low, small, and inconvenient. I claim for the architecture of the present, as a whole, great superiority. We do not now spend so much relatively on single structures as they did in the days of Pericles, Augustus, and Leo X., but we erect a far greater number of splendid buildings, and we adapt them better to the wants of men. Our government buildings, churches, banks, hospitals, asylums, colleges, concert-halls, warehouses, international exhibition palaces, elegant shops, great factories, and costly private dwellings had no counterparts or at least no equals in pagan Greece and Rome, and they entitle us to claim a decided superiority in architecture over antiquity, even if we leave out of consideration the vast improvements in marine and bridge architecture.

No piece of Greek statuary known to have been produced in the age of Pericles has come down to us uninjured, but the best fragments from the ruins of the Parthenon are not more prized by connoisseurs than some modern works. No antique face is so good in the expression of the face—one of the highest branches of art—as many cut in our own time. The Athenian drama attracted much

high talent, but the tragedies of Sophocles do not keep their place on the stage, and can not be adapted to modern tastes.

In the age of Pericles, the chisel, and in that of Leo X. the brush, attracted a large proportion of the brightest talent. The young, ambitious, and educated Italians had for a long time little chance to obtain fame or power save by pictures or prayers. The bishops and cardinals offered great rewards for paintings that would ornament their churches and stimulate the faith or excite the fear of their flocks. It is not strange that under such circumstances a large proportion of the national talent found its way into the studio; and the phrase "the old masters" implies that for a long time and for many people no mastery was considered so enviable as that of a great painter. When the church had been weakened by the Teutonic revolt, painting declined, and the world believed for a time that Protestantism was hostile to art, whose only true patron according to many was the Catholic Church. But time has exposed the error; Rome has not recovered her ecclesiastical supremacy, and yet the fine arts never before flourished as they do now. Painting has to-day more students, more masters, more connoisseurs, more patrons, a larger revenue, and more independence than ever before.

Our poets have no right to complain because, unlike their predecessors, they do not receive most of the homage in the world of letters. They are not hurt by the fame of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, or Mill. They can look back at the positions of Virgil, Tasso, or Spenser without envy. They have a larger circle of readers, a quicker recognition of merit, and a better income from their works. The improvement is due to the materialistic influence. The inventors, the industrial laborers, and the scientists have increased education,

wealth, comfort, leisure, and social refinement. With these the appreciation and encouragement of poetry and the other intellectual arts have kept and will keep pace. Former centuries had many individuals whom our age can not equal in their lines of merit, such as Demosthenes, Shakspeare, and Cervantes, but we have Goethe, Byron, Thackeray, and others, to place alongside even of those. The comparison, however, should be made not with individuals exceptional in character, but with representative classes; and as to these, a considerable superiority might be allowed in a few branches of the fine arts to the age of Pericles, without detracting materially from the general intellectual preponderance of our time.

Our age is not wrong in its tendencies, nor will the next one be, when it carries them much farther. Every alleged offense that we have committed against the spiritual element of our nature will be repeated with tenfold frequency and with increased energy by the next generation. There is no possibility that progress will turn back; no probability that the course which we now consider progressive and beneficial will in the next century be generally regarded as reactionary and pernicious. Can industrial art sink back to the weak and degraded position which it held in 1750? Hardly. Its power is increasing at least five and perhaps ten per cent. annually. It must go on until humanity reaches its dotage. Can science decline or cease to advance? Surely, never. These two will carry the world with them. Respect for evidence as the sole basis for belief in regard to matters of history or science, and familiarity with the rules which entitle it to weight, are among the distinguishing characteristics of high culture, and of course they will not be discarded. Ancient literature is stationary, and its relative importance must decline. In no department is there

any chance for a reaction ; in most there is the certainty of a continuous advance. The mob in its fury against oppression may run into lamentable extremes in the other direction, but there is little danger of such a blunder with learned men leading civilization, amid the indifference of the majority, against the interests and prejudices and in defiance of the curses of numerous and powerful conservatives. And such is now the leadership of the cause of progress.

The complaints are due to the ignorance of the spirit of the age. Progress has not yet gained a full consciousness of itself ; and this fact is one of the chief obstacles in its way. A large proportion of mankind do not understand that society is improving. They see a vast amount of injustice and suffering about them, and they are discouraged. If they could comprehend the rapidity with which ancient abuses are correcting themselves, or if they were confident that there is a continuous advance even at a slow rate toward better conditions, they would feel a stimulus to exertion. Whenever the mass take zealous hold of the cause of justice and equal rights, they will give it a great impetus. Many who now side with superstition and oppression, do so in ignorance ; they imagine that the world will always be full of political and social wrong, and that they may as well get any profit they can by mean selfishness. They have not yet acquired a proper feeling of that culture discipline which will in the future inspire a large class of the people, as military discipline inspires soldiers to struggle for a common cause. Armies are filled with a class-spirit which becomes so strong that death is preferable to the violation of its main rules. It requires them to abstain from everything that would weaken their efficiency as an organization for attack or defense, but does not forbid them to in-

flict the most horrible outrages on the enemy. He who will maintain discipline and good feeling in camp and on the march, and fight to the last gasp for his flag whenever occasion presents, is too valuable to be rejected because he becomes a fiend in the sack of a hostile city. His devotion to his associates weakens his regard for the rights of outsiders. A similar influence pervades all separated classes. The stronger the line of separation, the more unjust they can be to all beyond it. Nobles, priests, slave-holders, and trades-unionists have often become ferocious in defense of their plans of aggrandizement. They may pretend to be governed by high moral principle, but no large class of tyrants has ever willingly surrendered power.

What the world now wants is a culture discipline, based on education, refinement, and an understanding of the magnitude of past and the certainty of future progress—recognizing the common brotherhood of man, the mutual interest of all to suppress class-privileges and petty injustice, and the necessity of contributing to the welfare of the community as a whole, as the best and only means of securing the happiness of individuals. We have abandoned the national folly of trying to keep other countries poor and weak for the purpose of aggrandizing our own ; and the companion individual folly must be discarded too. A common interest binds all men together ; as they advance, they learn to work in mutual helpfulness and good-will. The culture discipline needed to govern and guide the general co-operation will surely come ; it is already observed among many of the leading thinkers of our time, for whom some of the highest pleasures lie in laboring for progress, and in contemplating the grandeur of its march and the certainty of the increase of its power in geometrical ratio as time advances.

SHADOWS OF THE PLAINS.

A man in middle Aridzone
Stood by the desert's edge alone ;
And long he looked, and leaned, and peered,
Above his twirled and twisted beard,
Beneath his black and slouchy hat . . .
Nay, nay, the tale is not of that.

A skin-clad trapper, toe-a-tip,
Stood on a mountain top, and he
Looked long and still and eagerly.
"It looks so like some lonesome ship
That sails this ghostly lonely sea—
This dried-up desert sea," said he.

A chief from out the desert's rim
Rode swift as twilight swallows swim ;
His trim-limbed steed was black as night,
His long black hair had blossomed white
With feathers from the koko's wings ;
His iron face was flushed and red,
His eyes flashed fire as he fled,
For he had seen unsightly things.

A wild and wiry man was he,
This tawny chief of Shoshonee ;
And O his supple steed was fleet.
About his breast flapped panther-skins,
About his eager flying feet
Flapped beaded braided moccasins :
He rode as rides the hurricane,
He seemed to swallow up the plain ;
He rode as never man did ride,
He rode, for ghosts were at his side,
And on his right a grizzled grim . . .
No, no, this tale is not of him.

An Indian warrior lost his way
While prowling on the desert's edge
In fragrant sage and prickly hedge,
When suddenly he saw a sight,
And turned his steed in eager flight.
He rode right through the edge of day,
He rode into the rolling night ;
He leaned, he reached an eager face ;
His black wolf-skin flapped out and in,

And tiger claws on tiger-skin
Held seat and saddle to its place;
But that gray ghost that clutched thereat . . .
Avaunt! the tale is not of that.

A chieftain touched the desert's rim
One autumn eve: he rode alone
And still as moon-made shadows swim.
He stopped, he stood as still as stone,
He leaned, he looked, there glistened bright
From out the yellow yielding sand
A golden cup with jeweled rim.
He leaned him low, he reached a hand,
He caught it up, he galloped on,
He turn'd his head, he saw a sight—
His panther-skins flew to the wind.
The dark, the desert lay behind;
The tawny Ishmaelite was gone;
But something sombre as death is . . .
Tut, tut, the tale is not of this.

A gray old mountaineer rode down
From mount, from desert, into town,
And, striding through the town, held up
Above his head a jeweled cup.
He put two fingers to his lip,
He whispered wild, he stood a-tip,
And leaned the while with lifted hand,
And said, "A ship lies yonder dead!"
And said, "Doubloons lie sown in sand
Along yon desert dead and brown,
Beyond where wave-washed walls look down,
As thick as stars set overhead."
That three ship-masts uprose like trees . . .
Away! the tale is not of these.

An Indian hunter held a plate
Of gold, around which kings had sate . . .
'Tis from that desert ship, they said,
Or galleon, that sunk below,
Blown over by Pacific's breeze,
Of old, in olden dried-up seas,
Ere yet the Red men drew the bow.

And one girt well in tiger's skin,
Who stood like Saul above the rest,
With dangling claws about his breast,
A belt without, a blade within,
A warrior with a painted face,
Stood pointing east from his high place—
Stood high, with visage flushed and hot,
And hurling thought like cannon-shot.

A DEAD-HEAD.

HOW do I come to be in San Francisco? Life, says the African proverb, is a violent storm, and man is a handful of dust. Blown hither and thither by adverse winds, like yourself perhaps, I pause here in a momentary lull, ere a sudden eddying gust whirls me off—pouf! pouf!—who shall say where?”

He looked like a column of dust and withered leaves, in his dingy snuff-colored suit, with his long rough sandy hair, and parchment complexion, the hue of a bookworm, and as sure to be found deep in some old volume in my little bookstore and circulating library, which, as I chanced to own a valuable collection of books, I had opened in sheer desperation, being reduced to a few dollars. It did not pay expenses, but I persisted because my own taste was suited. Day after day I stood behind the counter looking for custom that did not come, keeping my position in the long line of those who wait for square things to come round—“that very popular belief, not in their being beaten round or worked round, but in their coming round. As though a lunatic should trust in the world’s ‘coming’ triangular.” Evening after evening I watched with a sort of fascination this queer little old Terentieff, who stood for hours absorbed in some learned book, or skimming through all the late magazines, but never buying anything. In the same way he managed all his affairs. I heard of his wandering from one lodging-house to another, and saw him at many restaurants. He was well known at the theatres and on all the steamer and stage routes. What he did not get through free passes he gained by assurance. It

was months before I knew that he was deaf, as he watched the lips of those who spoke to him, and always understood them. Our actual acquaintance began in a series of appreciative nods and chuckles over Bulwer’s unique tale in *Blackwood*: “The Haunted and the Haunters, or the House and the Brain.” Finding I was interested in the mystical, Terentieff taught me the finger-alphabet. Sometimes he produced an ear-trumpet, but not unless we were alone, as he was supernaturally vain. I have seen him slip off his spectacles because a lady was passing. He proved to be a very encyclopedia, and so familiar with many languages it was hard to decide which was his own. Only his learning made his great self-conceit bearable. He was so meddlesome that many called him crazy, and I often thought of Sydney Smith’s man who would be found at the resurrection coming from the grave of some one else. He advised me about buying books, which, as he purchased none, I did not like. Long anxiety brought me to a state of nervous excitement which made me hate the sight of him.

I thought the climax of Terentieff’s officiousness was reached, when, as my funds lessened, my courage failed, and thinking of suicide I was looking at my pistol one night, he came evidently from a highly satisfactory dinner.

“Ah, ha!” he exclaimed; “I see! I see! As we Russians say, ‘Debts are not noisy, but they keep one awake.’ I understand this not myself, but know there are people who feel so. It is the searchless, the unconceived, which torments my soul; one foot in the finite, one in the infinite—torn asunder, not by

four horses as in barbarous ages, but by two worlds!"

Nothing could exceed the unctuous self-satisfaction which shone in his ugly face, and played like summer lightning about his lustrous spectacles.

I shut the pistol into a drawer, and moodily answered: "At least, the other world requires no money. Like the hero of Calderon's play, 'if I have cash, I have courage; but if I am poor, I have none!'"

"Behold me!" beating his breast and shrugging his shoulders. "We Russians say also: 'Money is not God, but it shows a great deal of mercy!' Yet I live well without it. I need not its kindness; neither do you."

"What is life without it? What is life anyway?"

He rapidly hunted up Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* and Thierry's *History of the Norman Conquest*, struck them together like silent cymbals, and cried: "Have you forgotten the priest's answer when the king asked that question?"

—"It goes not forth to die.

From dark to dark, from haunted dream to dream,
From world to world, this bird-like soul will fly."

Think of the hereafter! If you must have money, write. You have the eyes and brow of a poet, and that look of despair and exhaustion which Heine must have seen in Alfred de Musset's face when he said he had a great future behind him."

"You forget the Arabian belief that at the resurrection a novelist's characters will demand souls of him."

"Let them. I shall be also there. We will divide the responsibility."

I followed his advice. Terentieff, having the forwardness I lacked, stormed editorial rooms and forced my articles into print. I became reporter, and critic, and assistant-editor, and found his judgment as trustworthy in literature, art, and the drama, as it was questionable in business matters. Often we sat

at night in the back of the store, and for hours discussed the abstruse. Terentieff was charmed with a Chinese custom, as explained to him by the learned Le Chin Chong, of Jackson Street, of burning sets of paper furniture, that their spectral forms may serve friends in the next world, and quoted Milton:

"What if earth be but the shadow of heaven,
The things therein each to the other like
More than on earth is thought?"

We liked best the modern style of ghost-story, which discards all the old stage effects and makes the phantom apparently an ordinary person.

"Why should we not return like the flowers?" said Terentieff. "The modern Greek in his Romaic songs desires to be interred where the sun can touch him, and to have a tiny loop-hole in his tomb, from which might be seen the return in spring of the swallows. This would imply feeling and sight after death. I have had little more in my life. No one can prove the falsity of Kardec's doctrine of re-incarnation. You at first felt an aversion toward me. Perhaps as pre-aborigines you and I fought each other on North Beach with pointed stones!"

I had a strong desire to write a ghost-story. Terentieff encouraged me, but advised deep thought. So I delayed, but never gave up the design, while he always spoke of it as of the inevitable.

Terentieff had one special delight besides books: a wild ride over a mountain road, with one of those renowned drivers who calculate with unerring certainty the chances of swinging their stages through space like comets, safely flying between inaccessible steeps and precipitous depths. His favorite trip was from Calistoga to the Geysers, across the Hog's Back, where the rumble of wheels and the call of "G'lang!" is heard two miles up the mountain, behind six horses on a dead run over a road but the width of the wagon, the

mountain falling on either side thousands of feet, where trees two hundred feet high look like bushes; or by way of Pine Station, descending four thousand feet in twenty minutes, and rounding the dangerous Cape Horn bend, where Bee Mountain towers upon one side barring all sunlight, and on the other side, thousands of feet below, a stream winding among black rocks and trees looks like a silver thread.

"I think, as I ride," he said, "thus shall I sometime float through the sky, trillions of miles in a twinkling, descending here a cloud embankment, ascending there a starry path, watching 'the seven moons of Saturn wheel, the wild-haired comets run,' passing 'the snowy poles of moonless Mars,' throwing our shadows on the Hour-glass Sea. I should like a near survey of that 'ancient cinder suspended in the heavens,' the moon."

To obtain these rides free, Terentieff went through a series of crafty measures worthy of more important business. He was away months at a time. I heard of him in different parts of the State, always as the serene intruder, surrounded by indignant officials transfixed by a prolonged glare from his spectacles. I knew the placid countenance and low voice, but earnest speech, on these occasions, when his remonstrance would take some such form as this:

"Why this paltry exchange of dollar for dollar, this low principle of eternal barter? I bring no money into the world. You take no money out of the world. It is all the same in another century. 'Honesty' is but an idea—one idea here, another idea elsewhere. Under a palm-leafed roof in South America I share of the corn *tortilla*, coffee, and bananas; I say, 'God reward you!' I am answered, 'God be with you!' My bill is settled. Here, landlords know not the patronage of an epicure is worth more than money—know but one kind of payment. Pshaw! Exhaustive cal-

culations have evolved a law that regulates the number of crimes which must be committed within a certain time. The same law must underlie all minor matters. Therefore, so many free meals, lodgings, rides, etc., are in the air. In accepting them I merely submit to the fore-ordained."

No one knew anything of his history. The only time I ever tried to learn how he happened to be in San Francisco, and had but the vague answer I knew he gave others, was the night I tried to keep him from one of these excursions. I told him his deafness made it unsafe. He thanked me, but said: "The Turkish proverb says the nest of the blind bird is made by God. Good-by! Don't give up the ghost—nor the ghost-story."

Ambitious to become a leader in politics, I devoted myself to journalism. Fascinated by life on the stage and behind the scenes, where the play is more important than all the outside world, I translated plays and became dramatic critic. There came a new first *soubrette* to the theatre round the corner from my store. Theatre and store are gone; wholesale stores occupy both blocks; but sometimes at night it seems as if I should find all unchanged by passing through those streets, and I can scarcely keep from going to look.

Aline Vandeleur, with others in the company, came to my store for songs or plays. Handsome, self-possessed, with a piquant air in her popular boy-parts, spending her salary on her costumes, she delighted everyone. I wrote a burlesque with the principal part for her. Yet I was fearful. The final rehearsal was imperfect. Several actors did not know their words. With feverish impatience I waited for the verdict, which must be immediate, for first impressions on an audience are final. I was glad to see Terentieff across the house, also intently watching the progress of the piece, and now and then nodding approval at

me. Thanks to Aline, *La Belle Dame sans Merci* was a success. In white satin doublet, trunks, and white-plumed hat, she looked lovely. She sung delightfully the song with which, as troubadour, she serenaded the heroine. The effect of her beauty was like that of music—"in its germ, a sensation; in its full development, an ideal." I looked upon her perfect profile, and, like her other lovers, imagined a congenial spirit within. So in the same mirror of one strain of music a dozen people shall see reflected what each one thinks of; each shall detect the accents of his own joy or woe. She was recalled. I was in ecstasy. Few joys are greater than to hear one's own words sung by the best beloved voice, as I heard my

SERENADE.

Love, my love, with eyes like a dove,
Drift from dream-land's distant star;
All the world's asleep, but my passion deep
Wakes for thee—
Let thy visions flee,
Not half so blest as the real may be!
I, my pet, each hour regret
That blank of thy presence passes;
Then float to me like leaf from tree
That falls mid reacting grasses;
I will thee hold
In a fervent fold
Till present and future are past and old!
O! thus my heart shall allay its smart,
While thy tender glance enthralls,
And in eclipse at our meeting lips
Below us the far world falls,
Faintly known,
By a slant edge shown,
As it sparkles and dips, through ether blown!

As I listened entranced, I saw Terentieff's face as attentive to me as to her. He was, if possible, more untidy than ever, and his coat was ruined by a great dark stain which covered his right shoulder. His fingers spelled a Spanish proverb: "Choose neither woman nor linen by candle-light!" This was followed by a German tale of an actress contrived by science and worked by springs, who, from time to time, tumbled into a dead heap—a rouged leather doll. I hurried

round the house to shake hands with Terentieff over his safe return, but when I reached his seat he was gone. I went behind the scenes with my bouquet, too choice to be thrown on the stage.

"The pomegranate signifies the abundance of my love!"

"The heliotrope and mignonnette give me *your* interpretation."

We were interrupted by Pruyn, the purple-faced and blatant, with his pin and ring of solitaire pearls like cloud-capped mountains. He bore a jewel-case. Aline welcomed it with a cry of delight. Rubies, a buckle for her plume, a belt, and strings to loop her great wing-sleeves. She hastily added them to her costume, and paused for our admiration. Thornton, my rival in literature, in politics, and in love, joined us.

"Spattered by drops of his blood" was Aline's cue, and she ran on the stage.

The dapper manager, bouquet in button-hole, passed, saying: "The hit of the season, Cecil, my dear fellow. Lots of legs—sure to run!"

Thornton glared at me and chewed the ends of his mustache. Tressilian Vane, the comedian, came up as "*La Belle Dame*" and congratulated me. "My part alone," he said, "is a big 'grain of gold in the dull sand of life.'"

Pruyn's husky voice murmured: "Life ought to pan out more than one nugget. If it didn't——"

Aline came running off, and, airily admiring herself, stood near.

"On some sort of hobby-horse," said Vane, "we all play Mazeppa. Here is Miss Vandeleur crazy to play Lady Macbeth!"

"O!" cried Aline, "I want to try some tragic part. Do write me one."

"Yes," said Vane, "let her for once wear the long train and low waist. An actress' greatest hit is always from the shoulder."

Aline was inhaling the perfume of my

- bouquet. "Flower or jewel—which is best?" Thornton asked her.

"The blossoms seem alive"—she hesitated—"but the gems will last forever."

Thornton gave a meaning laugh. Vane crossed himself and bowed with mock gravity to each of us, saying to Aline, "Marguerite;" to Pruyn, "Prince of Trebizond;" to me, "Siebel;" to Thornton, "Mephistopheles." "What is to be the name of your next play, Cecil? Tragic? Let me suggest '*Foreshadowed*!'"

It was months before my tragedy was completed, because I fought with myself to change the climax. In vain—the final scene mastered me. The hero—who, to please the woman he loves, has committed murder—suddenly discovers her perfidy when in an embrace a locket on her necklace opens by accident, disclosing his rival's picture. In his leave-taking he cries:

"Ay, while I held thee heart to heart,
My soul had pushed off from the shore,
And we were far apart;
I heard her calling, calling,
From the sea of nevermore
Farewell, farewell!
Fainter, fainter, like a bell
Rung from some receding ship,
Farewell, farewell!
The far and farther knell
Did hardly reach my lip—
Farewell, farewell!"

I was too absorbed to make any effort to find Terentieff, though I blamed myself for it. I expected to meet him any day. Going to the first rehearsal of *Foreshadowed*, I was vexed to meet Thornton, leaving the stage-door. The narrow up-and-down gas-scented paths behind the scenes sent a chill through me. The greenroom was an *inferno* of heat. Carpenters were moving scenery. Sweepers were busy among the seats. Prompter and call-boy sat at their little table near the foot-lights. The leader of the orchestra was showing a wonderfully carved meerschaum to the juve-

nile gentleman. The first old woman, weighing two hundred odd, yet wearing a youthful set of ermine, was crying bitterly between beer and a cross stage-manager. The utility people were gossiping. The walking-ladies were flirting with the treasurer. The leading lady and the heavy man were indignant at not being cast in the piece. The low comedian, Vane, was pirouetting, book in hand. Seeing me approach, he discharged quotations, after the custom of his tribe:

"'Here comes a gentleman that happily knows more. The news, Rogero.'"

Aline welcomed me with smiles. "Who was that I saw in front with you last night?"

"With me? No one. I was alone."

"Why, he sat by you and watched your face to see how you liked the play. A queer old doctor-like man. I declare you two looked like Faust before and after his transformation."

"You describe a man I know, yet I did not notice him."

"I did. He was there."

"'One inch of delay more is a South Sea of discovery!'" cried Vane. "'I prythee tell me, who is it? Quickly, and speak apace. Is he of God's making? What manner of man?'"

"Spectacled and studious-looking," she continued, "like an old Bostonian."

—"Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on!"

said Vane.

"You did not heed his presence any more than if he had been a shadow," said Aline.

"'Something and scarce so much—nothing, indeed!'" pursued Vane.

"You must be mistaken," I insisted; "Terentieff would have made some effort to attract my attention."

"'He that can not make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say noth-

ing, has neither leg, hands, lips, nor cap!" exclaimed Vane.

Here his cue called him away, and Aline and I were alone a moment.

"What was Thornton doing here?" I demanded. "Trying to get the piece cut so as to lose all the best passages, I suppose."

"No, indeed," Aline declared. "He only came to see me."

"That is no better. Can't he see you as others do?"

"Just like others; you, for instance."

"I have a right to see to the rehearsal of my play."

She saucily fluttered in my face the manuscript pages of her part. I detected Thornton's writing.

"So you interpolate a note of his? I fear it will not improve your part."

"Every like is not the same! You have such curious fancies."

"If I thought——"

"Well—if you did? What then?"

"You should not draw *me* on and off like an old glove."

"Ah! now, don't get angry. It's not becoming. You must not be cross when I have a charming surprise for you."

"What is it? Tell me."

"Not now. When you are in good humor. Perhaps this afternoon I will send it to you."

"I am good-natured now."

"Then please prove it by leaving me to study my part."

I went. I was infatuated with her, yet tortured by a sense of our unfitness for each other. That afternoon she sent me some rhymes about my bouquet which charmed and relieved me. I had misjudged her. Our tastes were similar. I kissed the verses and carried them about with me. I was so happy that I accepted an invitation from even Pruyn to a dinner with Vane and Thornton at the old "Poodle-dog." The table glittered with Pruyn's own crystal, gold, silver, and Japanese china; with red

Burgundy and Bordeaux, yellow Clicquot, and Frontignan; with truffles and terrapin, spiced salads and meats, flaky pastries, tempting fruit, and fanciful confectionery. A giant bowl hollowed in ice held a claret punch like the legendary great carbuncle of the White Mountains glowing amid their snow. But Pruyn's pride was the champagne punch concocted by himself—"to every litre of the champagne a litre of brandy, a litre of red rum, and a litre of green tea." When I arrived, Vane had reached a state of abstraction from worldly woes, in which, as a god partaking of nectar, he frowned upon any interference from us mortals, and sung:

"O just fakir, with brow austere,
Forbid me not the vine;
On the first day poor Hafiz' clay
Was kneaded up with wine!"

Thornton said: "Follow the example set by our flower of the drama, and be serious!"

"A night-blooming cereus?" asked Vane.

"Truly, a scentless blossom," said Thornton.

"What ails thee, Cecil?" exclaimed Vane. "Thou 'didst contract and purse thy brow together.' What an actor was lost in thee! Never adopt our profession, though. Napoleon wrote to Talma of 'the instant rewards of the stage.' Rum-rum—I mean romance—all romance! Behold me! Where are my 'instant rewards?' The public are a set of geese!"

"Because they hiss you?" asked Thornton.

Vane eyed him severely for an instant, sighed, and resumed his knife and fork.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "you expect too much of the public."

"Even the candor of a noble soul," he said, "requires restriction. 'Peace! Now states the duke some fact.'"

"I," said Pruyn, "shall send Miss Vandeleur on her benefit a large silver

bar from my mines in the mountains."

"I," said Vane, "shall contribute several bars—of music. I'm down for a song."

"Cecil and I," said Thornton, "may bar your progress in her favor by a gift of shares in stock—that of our mines in the mountains."

"*Yours!*" exclaimed Pruyn.

"Yes—ours—in the mountains—of the moon!"

"H'm! Don't know any such stock," muttered Pruyn.

"Ah!" said Vane, "Pruyn and I know better than to 'discourse fustian with one's own shadow.'"

The expression of profound scorn that for an instant mingled with Pruyn's usual look of stolid conceit threw me into a fit of laughter which choked the tears into my eyes. I hastily snatched my handkerchief from my pocket. A violet paper with violet lines and violet perfume flew on the table before Vane, who exclaimed: "So your love hath writ to you in rhyme!"

"A lady's writing!" said Pruyn.

"Only a contribution to a magazine, submitted to my judgment by a lady friend," I stammered, striving to regain it.

"Indeed!" cried Thornton, seizing and looking at it curiously. "Then let us all have the benefit of it."

He read it aloud, while Pruyn and Vane restrained me in my chair. My poor Aline!—I was furious to hear her tender words thus made public:

"White ashes creeping o'er the glow
Of burning coal, strange waxen show
Of fire, the full pomegranate-blow
That Jaffa pilgrims know.

"Sweet heliotrope and mignonnette
That baffled words with blissful fret
Of dreams intense, enchanting, yet
Of rapture never met.

"Dare I interpret this bouquet?
So passion-filled, its perfume may
Thy fervent longing well portray.
The pomegranate doth say:

"Though burnt-out years in ashen heap
Turn white thy head, thy heart's great deep
Through life's brief turmoil, death's long sleep,
Aglow with love shall keep!"

"O blazing bloom! O ardent heart!
From melting flame I stand apart
As maiden must; my only art
To shy response impart

"Is not through blossoms' breath of balm
But—sung from happy heart—this psalm,
Which heard by thee should prove a charm
To doubts and fears disarm!"

While he read my head whirled. The fantastic figures on my oriental plate seemed to nod and grimace at me. One, with a weird resemblance to Terentieff, carried his head in his arms like Saint Bruno, and appeared to try to allure me into a grotesque tomb-like temple he was about to enter.

Thornton refolded the scented sheet, and tossed it toward me with a mocking bow.

"It is said there were never two blades alike of striped grass," he remarked; "is it not so with bouquets?"

Pruyn was plainly evolving a new and mighty problem suggested to his consciousness by these words.

Vane, under pretense of picking his napkin from the floor, leaned near me to whisper: "'A slippery and a subtle knave!'"

I caught a wine-glass to dash it in Thornton's face, when a servant with coffee opened the door. Behind him I saw Terentieff passing through the hall; I rushed to catch him, but was too late. The cool outer air brought me to my senses, and I did not return to the dinner.

I avoided them all for some time. I applied myself to political leaders, and prepared speeches for an electioneering tour throughout the States, for I had become a fast-rising politician.

Absorbed as I was in my play, the night it came to be produced I was glad to have Terentieff enter my box and sit beside me. His snuff-colored suit was

more dingy than ever, and over the right shoulder was still that broad stain, which I now saw was a streak of dry mud and wheel-grease. Both intent on the performance, we did not talk even between the acts, for orchestral music was a passion with him. "Blessed is he," he would say, "who can perceive the beckoning hand of the divine Musica. He shall waking be led through the land of dreams, where though a vagrant he shall feast like a king!" Before the last act they played the *quadrilles diabolique*: "*L'Enfer*." Musing over their weird story, I toyed idly with Terentieff's ear-trumpet, and abstractedly leaned my head upon it. To my amazement, above the movement of "*La Chasse infernale*" I heard these words distinctly uttered by the voices of Aline and Pruyn, behind the scenes:

"Promise me a hundred bouquets for my benefit. Make all your friends come. O! I hope you'll be just able to squeeze in!"

"I would rather squeeze into your heart."

"That is impossible. It is full as an omnibus on a rainy day."

"Make somebody get out."

"I can't. They've all paid their fare."

"I am carried away by you, but when I am transported I prefer to charter a conveyance for my exclusive occupation."

"'Tis more expensive."

"Beyond the range of possibilities?"

"Nothing is impossible except the leader's wig, or Cecil's mustache."

"I thought he was your favorite slave—or must that one bear Aladdin's lamp?"

"Ay, there's the rub!"

In my agitation I carelessly changed the trumpet to my other ear. Above the movement of "*La Bal au Palais enchanté*" I heard the laughter and talk of Thornton and his friends in a distant box.

"Best joke of the season," said Thorn-

ton. "Aline got me to write some lines for her, which she copied and sent to Cecil. You should have seen his expression when they fell out of his pocket at the 'Poodle-dog.' He pretended it was merely an article for a magazine. This gave me a chance to compel him to let me read it aloud. Ha, ha, ha! Vane and Pruyn had to hold him in his seat. His face was a study. Suddenly he affected to see some one in the hall, and rushed out, as Vane said, like Don Cæsar de Bazan when Maritana passes the door. We all ran to look at him. After some aimless wandering round, he went flying down Dupont Street like the blind bat he is!"

I can not recall how the trumpet dropped from my nerveless grasp, nor when Terentieff left me. I noticed only the music, which had reached the climax of its story: "*A l'instant le palais enchanté devint la proie des flammes, la foudre éclata et*"——I scarcely heeded the last act of my play, but suddenly knew the curtain was falling, and Vane was with me, saying:

"Why did you sit here alone all the evening, with your hand to your head, first on one side, then on the other, as if you had 'a bee in your bonnet?'"

"Didn't you see Terentieff?"

"I saw no one. You are overworked. You need rest. *Foreshadowed* is good, but Aline must be satisfied with her own line of business. See our leading lady yonder, pleased at Aline's failure. How pale you look. Come into the air."

I silently followed him. Had I been dreaming? I was bewildered. At the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets we were joined by Thornton and his friends. There was talk of a supper. Vane wanted to go with them. I hesitated.

"O," said Thornton, "you had better come, especially if you have any more poetry in your pocket."

Looking quickly at him as he stood under the gas-light, the expression of his eyes convinced me of the truth. I slapped him across the face with my glove, and turned my back.

Both were reckless and filled with the mysterious fascination of dueling—with what Sir Francis Bacon called its “kind of satanical illusion.” At day-break we met on the beach near Fort Point. A light fog shrouded land and sea. Our lonely figures seemed dwarfed in the vast space. The sea like eternity neared us upon one side, the world and time seemed far upon the other. Not long before I had written Aline’s name in the sand, thinking of the rising tide of love in my heart—changed now to a Dead Sea, I bitterly reflected. Just as the ten paces were measured, and we were placed, there was a sharp vibration under our feet, a slight shock of earthquake, that added a dread horror to the words:

“Gentlemen, are you ready? One! two! three!”

I was not injured. Thornton fell at the first fire, shot through the heart. His second sailed that morning for Australia. Mine was Vane, disguised beyond detection. His only comment was: “You two changed parts. You played Faust and he Valentine.” Perhaps this made Faust’s words continually ring in my ears: “It was not a duel; it was a murder!”

Arrested, but discharged from actual custody on bail, I could not have been more miserable if imprisoned. Heaviest of my punishment, my political life was forever ended. For hours I sat in the little room back of my store, and meditated on my woes, until I sometimes felt as if the beach near Fort Point was a more cheerful spot. Wherever I went I half-expected to meet Thornton. I was haunted by Terentiev’s old discourses on the supernatural. “Who can tell,” he had said, “if

the same power within us which can arouse the body from sleep at an hour previously thought of, may not after death control it sufficiently to wear at least a semblance of it, as a chemist conjures the *spectrum* of a flower from the ashes?”

Again he had said: “Some ancient philosophers decided that whatsoever motions the spirit of man could perform without the organs of the body might revive after death—which were only those of the understanding, and not of the affections.” I told myself that if love could not return, neither could hate. Talking it over one night with Vane, I said it conflicted with the theory of guardian angels.

“Guardian angels in California!” said he. “Are our passions the sorcerers that raise up for us spirits of good or evil? What does your lawyer say your prospects are?”

“Imprisonment for life—at least one year, possibly several; I am forever disqualified from holding office or voting; I must pay all Thornton’s debts, and to his heirs ten thousand dollars.”

“Like to fight *me* to-morrow? ‘Who would have thought old Beyrolles worth so much? I’d have killed him for half the money!’ What a severe law!”

“Yet first violated by the man who framed it,” I said.

After Vane left me alone with my gloomy fancies, I stood behind the counter, watching the stream of life on the sidewalk. Chinese, Japanese, Feejee Islander, Spanish, Italian, Turkish, German, French—from so many foreign countries, why not one from the Land of Shades? Newsboys were crying, “An Awful Tragedy.” A drunken man lurched in, insisting upon knowing “How did he look after they laid him out?”

I glared at him in silent dismay. He became confidential.

“I won’t let on yer told me. Come, now, how *did* he look after he was in

his coffin? Jim and me was friends, we was! I wouldn't ha' hit him, but he looked as ef his body was a big long snake that reached round the corner. And a snake, sir—a snake brought all the trouble into this world. I was obliged ter knock him on the head. I want ter know ef he changed back an' looked like a man. Eh? *Did* yer see him? How'd he look after——"

Calling a policeman, I got rid of this horror. Then it occurred to me—supposing Thornton should walk in, to whom could I then appeal? It approached the time for the theatre to open. I looked for the passing of Aline. She came in, and we stood talking in the back part of the store:

"You can write some plays while in prison," she suggested. "I want the leading part, of course."

"You have had it in my life tragedy!" I replied.

"Poor fellow!" she impulsively exclaimed. With one of her old alluring glances, she held out both hands. The subtle charm of her presence overpowered me. I drew her to my heart. I kissed her. I forgot Thornton. I forgot the world. "Aline! O Aline!" I cried, smoothing her hair and holding her dainty head against my breast. As I did so, I looked into the front store. Terentieff stood before the counter, back to me, under the gas, so that I noticed that strip of dried mud and grease on his right shoulder. He was marking some passage in a book, a vexatious trick of his. "For a congenial soul coming after," he would say, "to thus find my comments, will be like discovering foot-prints in the sand of a lonely island." A distant hand-organ was playing the music of *Robert le Diable*, where the nuns rise from their graves to dance in the church-yard by moonlight. Terentieff turned, and seeing us, he spelled upon his fingers the words of his favorite Antiphones: "One thing

only I believe in a woman, that she will not come to life again after she is dead; in everything else I distrust her until she is dead!" With his old stealthy step he crept silently near, picked up a violet note on the floor, and showed me the superscription, "James A. Pruyn," in Aline's writing. He noiselessly opened and held it so that I read—a short passionate love-letter! It was like looking into her heart. The prophetic scene in my play came back to me. Aline lifted her lovely head, bending the magic of her sweet eyes upon me; she looked startled.

"You are not well!" she cried in her pretty coaxing way.

"No," I said, putting her away. As she tried to regain her self-possession, shaking the folds of her dress, she saw her letter on the floor, refolded and enveloped just as she let it fall. Hastily catching it up she put it into her pocket.

"Shall I tell you what is in that letter?" I asked.

With one of the tinkling laughs that bewitched her audiences, she nodded assent.

"I am clairvoyant enough to see——"

"Come, no spiritual nonsense! Do you look for Thornton's ghost?"

As she spoke, Terentieff approached and seemed about to lay his hand upon her shoulder. She shivered, but did not turn her head. He seemed to change his mind about speaking to her, turned, and walked slowly out.

"The draught here will give me a stiff neck," she said. "Good-night!"

I followed to the door, and watched her vanish into the thick fog. A passing voice spoke of it as "a ghostly night." I mused over dead love and faith for which there could be no resurrection. All my ambitious plans overthrown, my only resource must be my old solace—the pursuit of literature. I might even now write that long-talked-of ghost-story. "It was not a duel, it

was a murder!" What if a glimpse of Thornton should give me a hint for it! I looked behind me. How Terentieff would like to read it! I turned back to see him standing near the door as if waiting for some one. Could I influence him enough to bring him in? I had not heard his footsteps. I wondered if a deaf person could for an instant affect me to the extent of making me also deaf. He went to the curb-stone. So nervous that I felt even his presence would be a relief, I ran out to catch him—he was gone before I could reach him. I never saw him again. Turning back, I ran against a famous Jehu of the Geyser roads.

"Who was it you chased?"

"Terentieff."

"Terentieff! You must be crazy."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that about six months ago, in the last of his continual free rides on my stage, I saw him fall off, cover his right shoulder with grease and mud from the off fore-wheel—and—*break his neck!*"

I staggered into the store and groped for a seat. Mechanically I took up Gray's poems, lying as Terentieff left them, open at the "Descent of Odin." This was the heavily penciled passage I had just seen him underline:

*"I was snowed over with snow,
And beaten with rain,
And drenched with dew,
Dead have I long been!"*

THE TEMPLE OF HELIOPOLIS.

THE greatest university of the ancient world to which our civilization appertains was built 3,300 years ago at least, and possibly first built 4,650 years ago. An obelisk hereafter to be mentioned bears the name of a king said to have reigned 2,803 years before Christ. Its name, or rather the name of the place where it was situated, was called by the Greeks—and by the Romans, who adopted the Greek name—"Heliopolis," the City of the Sun, or the Sun City. By the authors of the books known to us as the Old Testament, it was called "On." But by the Egyptians themselves it was called "Onoo," or "Anoo," meaning the house of the god Toun, the god of the western hemisphere.

This renowned temple of astronomy, of medicine, of philosophy, and of theology, stood near the Arab village of Matariah, and about five miles from the present city of Cairo, in Egypt. No ruins, no vestige of the great walls of the temple,

have been visible within the memory of man. There is no reason to doubt that all its movable material was transported, centuries ago, to the ancient city of Cairo, to be there used in the construction of walls in a new city. Some mounds of earth—marking the site of distant walls, once surrounding the gardens and grounds of the temple, or possibly supplying the teachers' and students' quarters—and a lonely obelisk still standing on the plain, are all that now remain of that oldest and most renowned school of antiquity. Its long avenue, bordered by great sculptured sphinxes, between which the priests and teachers and students approached; its two tall, reddish, shining obelisks, among the most chaste and beautiful monoliths ever yet erected by man; its two stupendous pylons of solid masonry; the huge walls of the sanctuary, formed of great stones (hewn and burst from the quarries from which the greatest of the pyramids were formed), with their endless bass-reliefs on the

inside and the outside, and the mysterious adytums and numerous chambers and chapels and altars they inclosed within; the two tall, slender, round towers of masonry, looking like huge masts in front of the two pylons, and towering above all the massive walls and above the obelisks; and sometimes, on occasion of extraordinary festivities, floating above the temple and all its surroundings, the ancient banners of Egypt—all have disappeared. Only the obelisk now remains. It still faces toward the "four regions," with its square exalted and polished top, cone-shaped like the pyramids. It still towers there, as in its young time, to linger in the last holy light of the sun dying in the west, and welcome the first rays of its resurrection in the east. That obelisk, still standing there, speaks in an almost audible voice of the men of taste and ability who lived about it before the Bible was written and before the Hebrew nation existed; of a million Hebrews toiling in the same plains, and all worked by the task-masters and owned as the slaves and property of the king of the region; of millions of Egyptian men and women, and young men and young women, who were all as spirited, as theological, and as zealous in public and in private worship, as any Hebrews or Christians have ever been at any time since; of men who lived down to the time when the founder of the Hebrew nation and theology was, perhaps, himself a young student at the very university before which the obelisk stood; and of men whose generations continued inhabiting the land down to the time of Herodotus, who spoke of them as being "of all mankind the most excessively attentive to the worship of the gods."

I have the interpretation of the beautifully sculptured hieroglyphics that cover two sides of the obelisk from top to bottom. The profusion of flattering words on the obelisk are addressed

to King Ousertasen I., who, according to the highest authority, reigned 2,803 years before Christ, and during the period of forty-six years. The obelisk, therefore, if the dates given are correct, has stood where it still stands for nearly the period of 4,700 years.

Herodotus says Sesostris or his son (both kings of Egypt) presented two obelisks to the Temple of Heliopolis, and that each was at least 150 feet high and twelve feet in diameter. As the obelisk now there is of fully one-third less dimensions, it is possible there were, in his day, two obelisks there of greater magnitude, and not placed on the masonry of the temple, but on the ground in front. It is also to be suggested that the obelisk now there must have been erected in Heliopolis long before the university was erected by Sati Merneptah. And although the obelisk fixes positively that it is on the site of the ancient city of Heliopolis or Onoo, yet it does not determine positively and of itself that it was adopted as one of the obelisks of the university. From other surrounding indications it is probably at the very spot where the university stood. But as it was erected in commemoration of a panegyric festival, and some 1,300 years in advance of the university erected by Rameses I., or at least the university temple dedicated by Rameses I., and claimed to have been erected by him, its exposed part does not of itself alone afford sufficient evidence of the precise site of the university. The attention of learned antiquarians is respectfully called to the propriety of making excavations at the surrounding mounds and in the plain itself, where I believe little or nothing has yet been done to explore the site of perhaps the oldest city in lower Egypt.

During the lapse of thousands of years, insects fixing specks of dirt into the cavities of the sunken hieroglyphics cut into the granitic obelisk, have complete-

ly obliterated them on one side. But the inscriptions on both sides are believed to be exactly the same because all other obelisks are known to be so, and the interpretation of the side which is legible (and which is now given for perhaps the first time in the English language) is as follows :

"The Horus,
The life of all that is alive,
The king of upper and lower Egypt—
Chaper-Ka-Ra—
The maker of kings,
The life of all the living,
The son of the Sun,
Ousertasen, loved by the spirits of the City of Onoo
And of immortal life,
The golden hawk,
The life of all that lives,
The gracious god [king]—
Chaper-Ka-Ra—
At the commemoration of the festival of panegyric
Erected this obelisk ;
He who bestows the immortal life has erected it."

Even this obelisk, still serving to fix the site of the temple, shows that the vast surrounding plains have risen, by scarcely perceptible accretions, perhaps more than nine feet since its foundations were laid. Indeed, the plains of Egypt, and of Nineveh, and of Babylon, and of Persepolis, and of the Indus in upper India, laugh to scorn the utmost labors and contrivances of man to render his fame lasting, or his grandest structures continuous. Even the pyramids, and the hills from which their material was taken, must yet be changed and obliterated.

The renowned school of Onoo, or Heliopolis, became famous throughout all the ancient world, in Europe as well as in Asia. The solitary obelisk which now stands there in the plain has been reflected in the living eyes of perhaps the most notable men of the ancient world. Warriors and famous men and scholars from Babylon, and from Nimrod, and from Nineveh, were of course familiar with it. The famous Cambyses, son of Cyrus, and Darius, son of Hystaspes, and other Persian kings and con-

querors, and learned Iranian scholars of the Zarathustrian theology, were also familiar with it. Antiochus saw it when he attempted to rob the gorgeous Temple of Heliopolis, and the people of the city ran for their weapons, rushed to its defense, and drove him and his forces into the desert. Croesus, the wise and rich king of Lydia, after losing his government and country, saw it. Moses, to us the most famous man of antiquity, saw it, and perhaps many a time leaned against it and touched it with his hands. All the famous prophets and wise men of Egypt saw it. All the biblically renowned "Pharaohs," or kings of Egypt, lived near it. Aaron lived near it for eighty years. Joseph, the prophet, saw it hundreds of times, and married Asenath, the daughter of one of the priests who taught in the school there. Jeremiah, the prophet, saw it. Jacob, the father of Israel, must have stood before it. Joseph and Mary with the child Jesus saw it. At a well not far from it, and still held to be sacred, they are declared, by tradition, to have remained for a long period. Cæsar, Antony, and other famous Roman warriors, and hundreds of Roman scholars, must have seen it. Alexander saw it. Anaxagoras, Archimedes, Democritus, Eudoxus, Euripides, Herodotus, Homer, Lycurgus, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Strabo, Solon, and the divine Plato, are all said to have been, in their several generations, attendants at the school there, or visitors to the temple. And from beyond the great mountains to the east of India (China) and from India, learned scholars are said to have heard of that great school, and to have sometimes come to Egypt to visit it. But famous as that university was during many centuries prior to the Christian era, the learned world of the present day has no knowledge of the appearance or architecture of the temple, nor of the size of its principal building, and does not know whether

it was in the like style of architecture with the other temples of Egypt, or not. Although admittedly the most renowned school of the ancient world, no means of arriving with certainty at the plan of it has hitherto been known even to the most learned of the modern world. When Strabo visited it, he says they pointed out to him the room which Plato occupied while a student there, and he refers to the avenue of sphinxes bordering the approach to the grand entrance. And there has been discovered, and is now in the important museum at Cairo or Bulak, an inscription which describes a visit to this temple by the King Piankhi, 800 to 900 years before Christ, in which are mentioned the names that were given to some parts of the building. But beyond this, little or nothing has hitherto been ascertained respecting it. The record of that visit as written on the stone gives a curious glimpse at the ancient customs of the Egyptians, who were called sometimes by other nations the wisest and most just people then on earth. Its interpretation, here given in English for the first time, is as follows :

"The king [Piankhi] went upon the top of the great sand-hill by the temple of Onoo [Heliopolis], and he there offered up a great sacrifice before the Sun as it began to appear above the eastern horizon. The sacrifice consisted of oxen, and of milk, and of balsam, and of incense, and of other things of rich fragrance. And as he approached the Temple of Heliopolis, the chief priest came and saluted him, and the first singer chanted the prayer of "The rejection of the wicked from the King." And the chief priest helped him perform the ablutions, and then adorned him with a girdle, and did purify him by fumigating him, and by sprinkling him with consecrated water. And then the chief priest gave him fruits and presented him with fresh flowers for the altars. And the king walked up the stairs to the great chapel, to behold the Sun-god in the sanctuary of Benben. And the king stood there alone. Then he removed the bolts; and he opened the great doors. There he saw his father the Sun-god, in the sanctuary. And there he saw the morning barge of the Sun, and the evening barge of the Sun. And after that he closed the doors, and placed sealing-clay upon them, and sealed them up with his own royal seal. And the priests assembled themselves, and the king spoke to them, saying: I have placed on the seal; no other king shall go in any more into the temple."

When I was in Egypt a heavy strangely cut and polished ancient stone, requiring nine men to carry it, was excavated near a village some miles distant from the city of Cairo. As it presented an uncommon appearance, and contained hieroglyphics, its native discoverers, who have learned to be cunning in such matters, covered it up, and I had the good fortune to be of the first who heard of its existence. The stone is one foot thick, four feet and a half long, and three feet wide; probably from Ethiopia.

I caused the stone to be taken where it could be examined by the most learned of Egyptologists, Doctor Professor Brugsch Bey, with the understanding that he should not disclose the fact of its existence, especially if found to be important. The professor read the hieroglyphics, which cover three sides or edges of the stone, with much readiness, but also much excitement. He declared the stone to be, historically, the most interesting and important discovery which had been made in Egypt for many years.

Had the discovery been made known in Egypt, the government never would have permitted the stone to be removed. Had I enabled the European press to make it known, scientific persons there would probably have abused or even ridiculed me for not suffering it to remain in the learned and populous world, instead of bringing it to California. But, in my opinion, if California be not now one of the most populous centres of the world, nor the most devoted to learning, nor the seat of the best of human educations, it may be preparing itself to ere long become so. And as its citizen, it was my privilege, if not my duty, to bring to it every matter and thing calculated to interest, instruct, or improve, which I could possibly secure abroad. It seems to me any good and true citizen of a state would always prefer, in case he has made a discovery, to first communicate the fact to his own people

and press, instead of first causing it to become familiar abroad, and bringing it to their knowledge when no longer new. This is my excuse, if any excuse to the learned world be needed, for bringing to California, without showing elsewhere, a large inscribed stone from the great ruins of Ongcor in Siam on the borders of Cambodia, and a huge unread stone from Nineveh; and lastly, the stone now under discussion—the ancient and veritable plan of the once renowned Temple of Heliopolis. This is the first time the existence of that plan has been made known to the modern world: This stone, containing about all that is positively known respecting the plan of the temple, the learned Professor Brugsch Bey regards as of “enormous value for the history and topography of the temples of Egypt.” And in fact it does, in a manner, complete the knowledge of the ancient Egyptian temples, for the reason that nearly all the other temples are still existing, although more or less in ruins; while of this Temple of Heliopolis no previously known trace existed. The greatest university for Memphis, the capital, as well as for all Egypt, was probably that of Heliopolis, which was only a few hours distant from Memphis. There were two temples at Memphis,—one to Vulcan and one to Isis—and they were probably buildings of more than ordinary grandeur and magnificence. But no trace of either can now be seen on the well-known site of that ancient city. The stones of which they were built were more easily transportable to Cairo than new ones obtainable from the quarries; and that probably accounts for their entire disappearance, together with the wall that once surrounded the city. But although those temples were unquestionably of great importance, yet neither of them, it is believed, ever acquired great celebrity as a school or a university. And in date the Temple of Heliopolis probably

preceded them both. There were also other temples, nearer the delta, of which no traces now exist, but they were of less importance and of later dates. The ancient stone model of Heliopolis, now in San Francisco, gives the plan of the temple inside the outer walls, and in front of the front walls. The model displays exquisite workmanship and the highest polish. The description of the edifice is given in the translations of the texts, which are still well preserved on the stone, and in the plan of its foundations and pedestals, which are raised and polished. The figures of persons delineated on the stone are the representations of the king offering his devotions to the sun. The sun was worshiped with reference to its death in the west, to its resurrection in the east, to the qualities attributed to its light and heat, and to its sway over the whole arch of the heavens from the east to the west. Its adoration was divided into four forms, each requiring a different style of worship. The first was called “Ra,” the sun of the morning. The second was called “Toum,” the sun of the evening. The third was called “Khaparah,” the sun considered as the principle of life. The fourth was called “Ra-Hor-Chuti,” the sun considered as the god of both regions (that is, of the east and of the west).

The Temple of Heliopolis, as proved by its model, consisted: 1st, of the sanctuary; 2d, of the two pylons; 3d, of two slender round towers ascending far above the great pylons, and resembling two tall stupendous masts, made of stone; 4th, of two obelisks. The pylons are known to have been astronomical observatories. The slender towers were erected close in front of the pylons, and were probably also erected for astronomical purposes. The stairs, and other parts, such as the sphinxes and the statues, are not mentioned in the hieroglyphics, but they are represented on the stone by sculptures.

It is manifestly difficult, and it often must be impossible, to ascertain with certainty the exact ideas meant to be conveyed by the terse and limited language of hieroglyphics. All Professor Brugsch Bey would do for me, in translating the language written on the stone, was to underwrite the meaning of each hieroglyph, word for word. The difficulty of exact translation of the ancient language of the Egyptians is increased by their common use of expressions of divine honor toward their kings, whom they called gods, and frequently worshiped after death as gods, and by their habit of mixing the names of their kings and their gods in similar and apparently indiscriminating terms of exaltation, and also by a frequent use of poetic hyperbole. The following is what is written on the stone, as nearly as I can make out from the word-interpretation:

"This good model in stone, he (the king) has made of the temple illuminated by the two spheres. Horus the Sun, his father, to this moment has made the gods gracious. The two tall slender towers are made of mest stone.* Of metal are the great doors. Of white stone are the two pylons, but grayish in their external appearance. Joyous were the spirits of heaven at Heliopolis! At Heliopolis the sphere of heaven is illuminated! The two obelisks are of polished porphyry. Gifts were presented: 1st, to Ra-Hor-Chuti; 2d, to Toum, master of the two worlds of Heliopolis; 3d, to Khaparah in his barge, and to Horus, the Sun of the two illuminated spheres, the good god, the grand master of the heavens in the midst of his celestial palace. The king, part of the Sun, the Sun stable in justice, arrived and worshiped thee, O Toum! and presented incense to thee, and green cosmetic for the eyes, and oil coming from the eye of Horus. The king [cartouch of Sate Merneptah†], part of the Sun, the Sun stable in justice, came and adored thee, O Toum! and thee, O Khaparah! and thee, O Horus, Sun of the two illuminated regions! and filled you all up with adorations."

The king is represented on the stone in bass-reliefs in three different places, and at each place in three different attitudes, worshiping Ra-Hor-Chuti, and Toum, and Khaparah. Like bass-reliefs

are also on another border of the stone. And there is also written on the stone the following felicitation:

"The gracious god (King Merneptah) has made his monument to his father the Sun, to Toum, and to Khaparah! He has made to his father a splendid sanctuary, comparable to the sphere of heaven, to the place of repose, to the place of the two regions, and of the masters of Hun; and it is united in the interior, like Toum to the heavens."

The antiquity of the stone is unquestionable. The stone declares expressly that it is the model of the temple. But it does not declare expressly whether it was made before or after the completion of the temple. The tense of a hieroglyph can not, I believe, be always determined with certainty. The tense in which the hieroglyphs have been interpreted in this case would seem to convey the idea that the model was made subsequently to the erection of the temple. But there is every probability that the model was used in the construction of the temple, and that the inscriptions, which are all on the edges of the stone, were placed there after the building was completed, and after it was dedicated by the king. In fact, nearly the whole of the inscriptions are confined to what took place at such dedication, and seem to leave no rational doubt that they were inscribed on the model which had been used in the construction of the temple. And it is more than probable that this was the mode of preserving the authentic records of the dedications of all the ancient Egyptian temples. If these conclusions be correct, there is no doubt that this model is on an exact scale, which, being ascertained, would enable an expert in such matters to give us the accurate measurements of the temple and of the structures in front of it. All the foundations are skillfully cut upon the face of the stone, and apparently on as perfect a scale of relative dimensions as any architect of our day could equal. The steps are cut out, and their numbers and size fixed, showing the stair-way to the

*The expression is, "stone of mest." But what kind of stone was called mest is not known.

†The exact spelling of this cartouch is as follows: "RA-MEN-MAASETI-MER-N-PTAH."

grand entrance. The positions for the four greatest sphinxes are cut, and for the two statues of the king, and for the two obelisks, and the pylons, and the slender towers, and the walls of the temple, outward and divisional. But the scale of the plan must be thoroughly examined by learned architects, before any attempt to give the measurements would be justifiable. The positions are easily given. The stair-way was sunk into the masonry exactly in the centre of the front of the temple, and consisted of a double flight of ten steps each, and it was called "the stair-way to the great chapel." The landing at the top of the stair-way extended to the double doors of metal opening into the sanctuary. Supposing the temple to exist at present as it once did exist, anyone approaching to enter it would first pass between two long rows of sculptured sphinxes. Then beginning to ascend the steps he would pass first the two sphinxes of the sun-god, greater in magnitude than any of the others, one on each side of him. Next he would pass between the two grand obelisks, seventy to eighty feet high; and, fronting him from each side, and near the base of each obelisk, he would see a sculptured statue of the king. Then, being on the landing at the top of the steps, he would pass between two more great sphinxes of the sun-god; and, continuing on over the paved floor extending out in front of the whole temple, he would pass the wide space between the two tall slender stone pillars or masts ("*mâts*," the professor called them), and, continuing on over the wide space between the two stupendous walls of the pylons, he would at last stand against the two great metal gates or doors of the temple. If he who approached were but a common citizen, those doors would not be opened to him. The theologians who taught there held that their prayers alone could be acceptable in the sanctuary. They

opened its doors, as of course, to the king, but never to the public; and such was the practice in all the churches or theological temples of ancient Egypt. The people worshiped at shrines; the priests only in the interior of the temples. The doors of the temple of Heliopolis being opened, lead at once into the great room of the sanctuary. There were to be seen statues of the gods, of pure gold; and there were suspended two richly decorated barges of the sun-god—the morning barge called *Maad*, and the evening barge called *Sektet*.*

What was taught at the famous school of Heliopolis is but very imperfectly known. But the statement of ancient Greek authors, we are assured by Professor Brugsch Bey, is confirmed by the hieroglyphics, that Egyptian scholars had written forty-two works upon the sciences. It is known they were devoted students of astronomy, and taught it as thoroughly as was possible without the use or knowledge of telescopes. They, it should be remembered, first divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each, and added five days to each year. Their earnest study of astronomy was converted, if not perverted, to the uses of astrology, as it is to-day by millions of the same race of men in many parts of Asia. It is also known that they taught writing, and reading, and arithmetic, and the higher mathematics, thoroughly; also, medicine, philosophy, history, and theology. It is scarcely doubtful that they also taught chemistry. Herodotus says the teachers at this school were "esteemed the most learned in history of all the Egyptians." Probably if he had expressed an opinion, it would have been that the university of Heliopolis was superior in every branch of knowledge then taught.

*The classic and modern custom of suspending vessels in churches, seen to this day in European seaport towns, is thus traceable back through nations appertaining to our civilization, for a period of over four thousand years.

ALL OR NOT AT ALL.

O, I sicken to know you, my friend —
So wont to be low-voiced and strong —
Rave shrilly and bend and be broken,
And sag like some weak ship along
Toward the surf on a treacherous coast,
On a shallow and serpentine shore,
Strewed already with flags of the lost
And rent hulls that shall float nevermore.

"She likes you," you say, "and she likes not,"
"You love her," "and love not at all;"
She plays with your heart as a kitten
Would play with some wandering ball;
She fondles you close as a mother —
And, O! but our heaven goes well —
Then rolls you aside for another,
Till your anguish takes hold upon hell.

Believe that I love you, my friend,
Believe that I speak what I know,
Believe to all men who will be men —
Not playthings — or swiftly or slow,
Some true woman's heart shall be given,
Drawn as moons draw deep seas in their wake —
Leave the spume and light froth to be driven
Such ways as the four winds may make.

The woman is all things or nothing
To the man who is wholly a man —
Is a poem divine, or a discord
Too dismal for devils to scan;
And the words that must chime by God's face
While eternity lends you His life,
Or jar on the harps in their place,
Are the twain we call "husband" and "wife."

BIG JACK SMALL.

YOU do not know Big Jack Small? That is a bad omen; because if you did know Big Jack Small, you would know many things which, as I think, you do not now know—for Jack would be sure to talk to you, if you met him, and in his talk he would be quite as sure to tell you something about teaming with six or eight or ten yokes of oxen, and two or three or four great red wagons, over the hills, across the valleys, and through the bare rock-walled cañons of the State of Nevada.

That is his profession—ox-teamster; or, as he calls it, “bull-puncher.” Not one of your common farmer boys, who can drive one yoke, or two or even four yokes, of oxen, with a long limber fishing-pole stock, and a lash that hangs down like a dead garter-snake speared through the eyes; but a regular graduate of the science of ox—a bovine persuader—with a billiard-cue whip-stock, and a lash on it like a young boa-constrictor, and a little steel spike in the lash-end of the stock about as big as a carpet-tack when it stands on its head on the point of a walking-cane. With the yellow leather lash wound round the stock, the great square braids shining like scales, as of the brazen serpent Moses set up, and the glittering steel tongue, sparkling in the sunlight, out of the serpent’s head—with this awful wand in his hand, and elevated diagonally above his head, Big Jack Small will stand in the highway of the desert, the chief of the ox-magi; while his meek-eyed and clicking-footed company draw slowly round him, at the proper distance and with regular step, straining the great red creaking wains after them in a true circle. “Come row-a-d, boys! You

Turk!” sharply to the near-side wheel-ox, because an ox-teamster always turns on a haw-pull unless compelled to do otherwise—“Come row-a-d, boys! Steady, now—like a Freemason funeral!” and he elevates or depresses the glittering tongue of the serpent above his head. The oxen know what that means, and the whole long procession winds about him with mathematical precision.

That is the way Big Jack Small does it. He is an artist. Why does not some brother artist go forth and canvas him? He is worth preserving, as the picture of a true American, void of European or classic taint—a strong American, calm and humorous in the hardest struggles, through the very thrill and tickle of abundant life and pure mountain air. Tall?—no; he is not so very tall. About six feet, or half an inch less than that. Head well set upon his shoulders, with an inclination to one side, as if to give room for the big whip on the other shoulder; while his soft slouched hat inclines just in the opposite direction, as if to equalize things and maintain a perpendicular outline. No coat on. Woolen shirt—in winter three of them, one inside the other; heavy vest buttoned to the chin, or to somewhere hidden under the long flow of the lion-colored beard. Legs clad externally in thick white ducking or buckskin, terminating in coarse boots drawn over the trousers bottoms. Hands cased in rough buckskin gloves. So dressed, Big Jack Small may not be a very large man, but he looks large. When he walks from you, you are impressed with a broadness of shoulders and strength of neck and loin. When he walks toward you, you are made conscious of the

coming of great thigh muscles, and fists, and a lion-like front; and you would not have any rash impulse to rush upon him for the fun of a little combat. Then he has a curious long springing stride—a sort of dropping and rising upon his thigh muscles with every step—that suggests power; though I suppose it is mere force of habit, caught in walking across plowed ground in early life, and maintained by striding over the sage-brush and loose rocks in Nevada.

Big Jack Small has a head under his slouched hat, and a face that shows between his hat-brim and his beard. If you are not in the habit of looking at heads and faces for the purpose of forming your own estimate of men, it would not be worth while to look at Jack. You might as well pass on. He is of no interest to you. But if you want to look into a face where the good-natured shrewdness of Abraham Lincoln shines out, smoothed of its rough-carved homeliness, you can accost Jack when you meet him walking beside his winding train down the rough cañon or across the dusty valley, and ask him how the road is over which he has come. This interrogation requiring some length of answer, he will shout, "Whoa-ooa-ah, ba-a-ck!" then drawing down the great iron handle or lever of the brake on his first wagon, his team will gradually stop. Now he steps out into the sage-brush in front of you, sets the point of his whipstock carefully in the fork of a bush, builds his arms one on top of the other upon the butt of the stock, shoves his hat to the back of his head, and says:

"We-e-ll, the road's nuther good nuther bad. Hit's about from tollable to middlin'. Seen wuss an' seen better."

"How's the alkali flat?"

"Well, yer know thar's two alkali flats 'tween yer'n Austin. The first one's a little waxy, an' t'other'n 's a little waxy, too."

"Will our horses sink down in the

flats so as to impede—that is, so that we can not get out?"

"O h—l, no. Only hard pullin' an' slow, hot work—sockin' through the stiff mud. I hed to uncouple an' drop all my trail-wagons, an' pull an' holler an' punch round at both o' them flats fer two days, till my cattle looks like the devil; but you kin go right along, only slow, though—very slow. The rest o' the road's all right—no trouble."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. But, I say, tell me—I'm out now about two weeks—what's the news? Hev they caught them stage-robbers?"

"No; they were not caught when we left Hamilton."

"D—n 'em! Hev ye any newspapers? I'd like to hev somethin' to read when I'm campin' out on the road—a feller gits mons'ous lonesome."

By this time you have hunted out of your traps all the newspapers and parts of newspapers, and passed them over to him.

"Thank ye. Git up, Brigham! Gee, Beecher!" The loosened lever of the brake clanks back in its ratchet, the oxen slowly strain to the yokes, the great wagons groan to the tightening chains.

"Good-by."

"So-'long."

And the slow dust-cloud moves onward, musical with the strong voice encouraging "Beecher" and "Brigham," on the lead, to stiffen their necks under the yoke, as a bright example to the entire train.

You, passing on your way, say to yourself, or companion: "What a fine face and head that rough fellow has; with what a relish that full, wide forehead must take in a good story, or survey a good dinner; what a love for the sublime and the ridiculous there must be in the broad high crown of that skull which is so full at the base! Why, the fellow has a head like Shakspeare, and

a front like Jove! What a pity to waste so grand a man in ignorance among rocks and oxen!" All of which may be a good and true regret; but you must not forget that nature knows how to summer-fallow for her own rare products.

You will please to understand that Mr. Small is his own master, as well as master and owner of that long string of wagons and oxen; and that train, which slowly passes you, is laden with perhaps every conceivable variety of valuable articles, worth in the aggregate thousands of dollars, for the safe conveyance whereof, over a road hundreds of miles long, the owners have no security but a receipt signed "John Small." It is safe to say that nothing but the "act of God or the public enemy" will prevent the sure delivery of the entire cargo—a little slowly, but very surely.

I do not think you will get a just idea of Big Jack Small and the men of his profession, who are very numerous in Nevada, without I tell you that the sagebrush ox-teamster seldom sleeps in a house—does not often sleep near a house—but under his great wagon, wherever it may halt, near the valley spring or the mountain stream. His team is simply unyoked, and left to feed itself, until gathered up again to move on, the average journey being at the rate of eight miles per day—some days more than that, some less.

Twice a day the teamster cooks for himself, and eats by himself, in the shadow cast by the box of his wagon. Each evening he climbs the side of his high wagon—very high it sometimes is—heaves his roll of dusty bedding to the earth, tumbles it under the wagon, unbinds it, unrolls it, crawls around over it on his hands and knees to find the uneven places and punch them a little with his knuckles or boot-heel, and—and—well, his room is ready and his bed is aired. If it is not yet dark when all

this is done, he gets an old newspaper or ancient magazine, and, lighting his pipe, lies upon his back, with feet up, and laboriously absorbs its meaning. Perhaps he may have one or more teams in company. In that case, the leisure time is spent smoking around the fire and talking ox, or in playing with greasy cards a game for fun. But generally the ox-teamster is alone, or accompanied by a Shoshonee Indian, whose business it is to pull sage-brush for a fire where pine-wood is scarce, and drive up the cattle to be yoked.

In Jack Small's train there is usually an Indian, though you may not always see him, as sometimes, when the team is in motion, he is off hunting rats, or away up on top of the wagon asleep; but at meal-time he is visible, sitting about the fire, or standing with his legs crossed, leaning against a wagon-wheel.

The early training of Mr. John Small, having been received while following the fortunes of his father in that truly western quest—the search after cheap rich land, had been carried forward under various commonwealths, as his parent moved from State to State of our Union—out of Ohio, and into and out of the intermediate States of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa—until he dragged into the grave, and ended his pilgrimage in Nebraska, while waiting for the locomotive of that great railway which was to make him rich. A training so obtained has made Mr. Small something of a politician, with a keen ear for distinguishing the points in the reading of a State statute, and a high appreciation of the importance of State lines; while the attempts at teaching and the example of his worn-out pious mother have turned his attention to the consistencies and inconsistencies of religious forms: so that Mr. Small's heaviest and highest thought dwells upon the present State where he resides, and the future state where he is promised a residence. His greatest in-

tellectual joy he finds in talking to a politician or a preacher. Of course, he has smaller joys of the intellect in talking ox with the other teamsters, or in "joshing" over a game of cards; but he does not find solid comfort until he strikes a master in politics or a teacher in religion.

"What I'd like to be shore of," said he, one day, "is this yere: Kin a American citizen die, when his time comes, satisfied that he leaves a republic behind what'll continue as it was laid out to; an' that he's goin' to sech a country as his mother thought she was goin' to. Now, them's two o' the biggest pints in Ameriky. And dern my skin ef I haint got doubts about 'em both! Now, yere's a letter from my sister in Iowa, an' she says she's sick an' goin' to die; but that she's happy because she's goin' where mother's gone, to be happy feriver and iver. An' yere's her husband—he's a lawyer, an' he's rejoicin', in his part o' this letter, over Grant's election, because, he says, that puts the Republikin party onto a sure foundation, an' secures the support o' Republikin principles feriver and iver in Ameriky. Now, you see I've knocked round a heap—yes, sir, knocked round a heap, an' seen a good deal, an' seems to me some people knows a mighty sight for certain, on powerful slim proof. An' yere, my sister wants me to be a good Christian, an' my brother-in-law wants me to be a good Republikin, when, ef you pan me all out, I'm only a bull-puncher, an' haint more'n half learned the science o' that!"

It will be surmised from this hint of Mr. Small's character, taste, and disposition, that he was highly satisfied when the Rev. L. F. Sigal requested the privilege of a trip with the ox-team for the purpose of roughing it against the dyspepsia. Mr. Sigal said he had been recommended to come to Mr. Small as a humane and intelligent person, and

having heard that Mr. Small's wagons were loaded for a long trip to the south-eastward, he would very much like to accompany him as an assistant, being willing to rough it as much as his constitution would stand.

"All right!" said Jack. "Heave yer beddin' right up thar on top o' the wagon, an' come ahead. But, I say, did y'ever play billiards?"

"I have—yes, occasionally, at the house of a friend; never in any public place. Yes, sir."

"Did y'ever play bull-billiards, I mean—with this kind of a cue, with a brad into it? Make a run on the nigh-wheeler and carom on the off-leader, yer know?"

"Ah! you mean have I ever driven oxen? Well, no, sir, not in that way—though I was brought up on a farm in Pennsylvania, and have drawn logs with one yoke."

"All right. I'll teach yer how to punch bulls, an' you kin convert me an' the Injin. I've been wantin' that Injin converted ever since I hed him. He's heerd a little about Christ, in a left-handed way, but we'll go fer him, on this trip!"

Mr. Small, while making these remarks, was striding, with long strong strides, up and down the road on either side of his wagons, with whip on shoulder, making all ready for a start; looping up a heavy chain here, taking up a link there, and inspecting—shortening or lengthening—the draw of brakes, etc.; while his long team, strung out and hitched in the order of march, were some standing and some lying down under the yoke, on the hard shard-rock road beneath the hot summer sun. His Indian, ycleped Gov Nye, was standing with his legs crossed near the ankle, stotically watching the preparations, well satisfied for the present in the comfort of a full stomach and the gorgeous outfit of a battered black-silk "plug" hat, a cor-

poral's military coat with chevrons on the sleeves and buttoned to the chin, a pair of red drawers for pantaloons, a red blanket hanging gracefully from his arm, and a pair of dilapidated boots on his feet.

Gazing bashfully upon this scene, and striving to catch a word with Mr. Small, the Rev. Mr. Sigbal turned his hands each uneasily over the other, and said:

"Mr. Small, I can not heave my bedding up there."

"Can't! Well, give it yere to me; I'll h'ist it fer you."

"But I have not brought it yet. It is just here, almost at hand, where I lodge."

"Well, well, rustle round an' fetch it! Biz is biz with me now. I must git up an' dust. Yere, Gov, you go him—all same me—he talk. Take this Injin with yer—he'll help yer carry what you've got."

"Thank you. You are very kind indeed," said the reverend, as he marched off, followed by the gorgeous red man, down the steep street of the mining-town.

While he was gone, Mr. Small, having all things in readiness, proceeded to straighten his team so as to tighten the chains and couplings whereby the great wagons are made to follow each other, in order that he might be sure that everything should draw even, strong, and true. Presently, Mr. Sigbal and Gov came panting and trotting round the corner, out of the street into the road, each having hold of the end of a roll of bedding; the reverend carrying a black overcoat and purple scarf on his right arm, and Gov having his royal red blanket on his left arm.

Mr. Small, taking the roll poised on end on his right palm, steadied it with his left, and shot it to the top of the high wagon-box as if it had been a bag of feathers.

"Thar, Gov, heap jump up—heap

fix 'em—little rope—no fall off. You sabe?"

"Yash—me heap sabe!" said Gov, tossing his precious blanket to the wagon-top, and slowly climbing up after it, over the wheel and side.

"All ready, Parson?" said Mr. Small, interrogatively, as he picked up his baton of command.

"Yes," timidly, "I—I—believe I am."

Rapidly Mr. Small strode forward, drawling out in the indescribable rhetoric of his profession, "You Ro-w-dy! Turk! Dave! Gee, Brigham!" then suddenly, "Who-o-o-ah—ba-a-ack!"

"See yere, Parson! Got anything to eat aboard?"

"No, sir. I have presumed I could buy provisions at the houses where we stop."

"Houses, h—l! O, excuse me, Parson. Thar haint no houses to speak of, an' ef thar was, bull-teams don't hev nothin' to do with houses, 'thout they're whisky-mills." Then shoving up his hat, and scratching his head with a vigorous rake or two of his hard fingernails, he pulled the hat down on his nose, and leaning back, looked at the Rev. Mr. Sigbal, and said, "S'yere, Parson, I'll grub ye, but my grub's lightnin'—beans, bread, bacon, coffee, an' can-truck. You go into camp, an' buy—le'me see—well, buy a small sack o' oatmeal, two papers o' pinoly, a pound o' black tea, an' half a dozen cans o' condensed milk. That'll put ye through. Yer kin easy ketch up to the team. Gee, Brigham! Git up, Dave! You Roany! Bally! Haw thar! Roll out! Roll out!" And the slow line moves over the rocky road at a snail's pace, the wheels grinding, almost imperceptibly, to the top of the not large stones, and then dropping off at the other side with a sudden fall and a jar, which, though the fall be but an inch or two, makes the loading talk in various voices as it settles more firmly to its place.

Up, slowly—ah, so slowly, so dustily!—up and up the mountain, by the cañon road, pausing at intervals to breathe the panting herd, Mr. Small grinds and crushes out a solid shining line, with his many wheels, in the porphyry and granite dust. The dry mountain summits rise on either hand, capped with the undaunted rocks, which have defied the artillery of heaven before man in any color stood to witness the shock—the rays of the sun converging upon the head of Big Jack Small, as he marches stoutly up the side of his team, to pause for its clicking step, then up another march, and then pausing again, lifting the serpent-coiled baton above his head, shouting anon the name of some throbbing toiler of the yoke. Thus he gains the summit, and halts to draw the rearward brakes.

“Ah, Parson! H’ist them things up thar to Gov. Gov, you fix ’em. Now we’re off. Plenty time, though, Parson, to look at the scenery. You see that round peak yonder—way off? That’s jest eighty-two miles from yere. Can’t see that-a-way in Pennsylvania, kin ye? Gee, Brigham! Git a-a-up!”

More rapidly, and with much clinking and clanking of yoke-rings, hooks, and chains, and the loud braying and howling of the friction of wheel-tire and brake-block, the team winds down the cañon of the opposite side of the mountain, the big wains rocking, reeling, and groaning, as they crowd each other round the curves of the declivity; and above all, the driver’s voice echoing along the cañon the drawling words of command and encouragement.

Mr. Sigal is behind, out of sight; pausing mayhap upon some bold outcrop of earth’s foundation-stone, to gaze far around and across the uplifts of the grand furrows where the forgotten forces have plowed the field that now lies fallow in the wisdom of a plan wise beyond all that is yet written or revealed. O serv-

ant of the faith, look well! It is the aristocracy of nature upon which you gaze. Sublime it is in the reposeful grandeur of its indifference to commerce, agriculture, or the petty avenues of human thrift. Locked in the coffers of the rocks are the wages of its early days of labor. Stern and forbidding is the giant land, sad and unsocial; but rich in the abundance of that which renders even man unsocial, stern, and forbidding.

At the foot of the mountain the team halts where the water sinks and the dry valley begins. It is but short work for Big Jack Small to draw out the bow-pins, release his cattle, and drop his eight yokes in a line, with the bright heavy chains linking them together in the gravel and dust.

Meantime, Mr. Sigal arrives in camp with each hand full of fragments of varicolored stone, he having tired his wits at prospecting for silver.

“Hullo, Parson! Hev you struck it rich?” interrogated Big Jack, as he let down the grub-box and cooking utensils from the wagon-top to Gov Nye. “That’s a bad beginning, Parson!”

“Why so, Mr. Small?”

“‘Cause,” said Jack, jumping down from the wagon and coming up to take a look at the rocks in the parson’s hands—“‘cause ef you ever git quartz on the brain, you’re a goner! That ar meetin’-house in Pennsylvania ’ll put crape on the door-knob—shore! an’ ’dvertiz fer a new parson. But ye’ll not git quartz on the brain—not much—s’long’s yer don’t find no better stones than these yere,” said he, after examining the collection.

“Ah! I was merely guessing at the stones to amuse myself. Are they not quartz fragments?”

“No sir-ee,” said Jack, as, driving his axe into a pine log, he made the wood fly in splits and splinters—“not much. Them’s iron-stained porphyry, greenstone, black trap, an’ white carb’nates

of lime. Hold on till we git across the valley an' git a-goin' up the next mountain, 'n I'll show yer some good quartz. Some bully float-rock over thar, but nobody haint found no mine yit—never will, I reckon; I've hunted fer the derned thing twenty times. Yere, Gov, git a bucket o' water. Parson, d'ye feel wolfish?" added Mr. Small, after he had his fire lighted and was proceeding culinarily.

"Wolfish!" exclaimed Mr. Sigal, with some surprise.

"Yes—hungry," explained Jack, as he sawed with a dull knife at the tough rind of a side of bacon, cutting down one fat slice after the other upon the lid of the grub-box near the fire.

"Not unusually so."

"Hain't et nothin' sence mornin', hev ye?"

"No; not since early morning."

"Must do better'n that!" said Jack, putting the frying-pan upon the fire.

"I usually eat but little, for fear of eating too much."

"Well, s'pose yer heave away them rocks, an' run this fryin'-pan—jest fer appertite. Nothin' like facin' an enemy, ef yer want to git over bein' afraid of him!"

Mr. Sigal immediately complied, and, squatting by the fire, poised the frying-pan upon the uneven heap of burning sticks, in his first lesson at camp-life.

"I don't allow yer kin eat much this evenin', as we've only traveled half a day, but to-morrer we've got to cross the valley through the alkali-dust, an' make a long drive. Git a lot o' that alkali into ye, an' you'll hanker after fat bacon!"

"Ah?" said Mr. Sigal, carefully balancing the pan on the fire.

"Yes, sir"—with great emphasis on the sir. "Alkali an' fat bacon goes together like a match yoke o' leaders. Does thar seem to be any coals a-makin' in that fire, Parson?"

"The wood seems to burn; I infer there will be coals."

"Inferrin' won't do, Parson! We've got to hev 'em, 'cause I must bake this bread after supper, fer to-morrer. Al-lus keep one bakin' ahead," ejaculated Mr. Small, as he finished kneading bread in the pan, and quickly grasped the axe, proceeding to break up some more wood. "Yer see, Parson, a bull-puncher hes to be up to a little of every sort o' work, in the mountains. Gov, you look out fer that coffee-pot, while I put this wood on the fire. Drink coffee, Parson? No? Well, then, make yer some tea in an empty oyster-can—hain't got only one pot fer tea an' coffee."

"No, Mr. Small, do not make any trouble for me, in that way. I drink water at the evening meal."

"All right, then; this hash is ready fer bizness!"

The Reverend Mr. Sigal, sitting cross-legged on the ground, received the tin plate and rusty steel knife and fork into his lap from the hand of Mr. Small, and then Mr. Small sat down cross-legged opposite him, with the hard loaf of yellow yeast-powder bread, and the sizzling frying-pan, between them, surrounded by small cotton sacks, containing respectively salt, pepper, and sugar.

"Now, Parson," said Mr. Small, "pitch in!"

"One moment, Mr. Small," said the parson, removing the hat from his own head, "will you not permit me to ask the blessing of God upon this frugal repast?"

"Certainly!" assented Mr. Small, snatching off his hat, and slapping it on the ground beside him. Then happening to note quickly the Indian sitting listlessly on the other side of the fire, he said: "Yere, you Injin, take off yer hat; quick."

"Yash—heap take 'em off," said the obeying Indian.

"Now, Parson, roll on!"

The reverend, turning his closed eyes skyward, where the wide red glory of the setting sun was returning the eternal thanks, offered the usual mild and measured form of thanksgiving and prayer for the Most High's-blessing upon the creature-comforts, at the end of which he replaced his hat; but Mr. Small, being too busy with his supper and with cogitation upon the new style of etiquette, and being careless about his head-covering in camp, neglected, or omitted, the replacement of his hat; which state of the case bothered the "untutored savage" as to his own proper behavior, whereupon, lifting his cherished "plug" from the earth he held it in his hand, brim up, and grunted interrogatively:

"Uh, Jack, put um hat on? No put um hat on?—me no sabe!"

"Yes; put um hat on."

"Uh! yash, me heap put um hat on. All right—all same modisum (medicine) White-a-man. Heap sabe!" and relapsed into silent observation.

The parson did not enjoy his supper. His day had been one of tiresome nervous preparation for a new kind of life; but Mr. Small was in hearty sympathy with all nature, which includes a good appetite (if it is not founded upon a good appetite), and he ate with a rapid action and a keen relish, talking as he ate, in a way to provoke appetite, or if not to provoke, at least raise a sigh of regret for its absence.

"Thar!" said Mr. Small, with sighing emphasis, "that lets me out on creature comforts, in the grub line, till to-morrer. Yer don't waltz in very hearty on this grub, Parson. All right; I'll bake yer an oatmeal cake soon's I git done with my bread, an' mix yer a canteen o' milk for to-morrer's lunch."

"Thank you, indeed, Mr. Small."

"Yere, Gov," said Mr. Small, as he piled the greased frying-pan full of brok-

en bread, and poured out a tin-cup of coffee, "yere's yer hash!"—to which Gov responded silently by carrying the pan and cup to the fire, and then sitting down between them on the ground, to eat and drink in his own fashion.

"These yere Injins is curious," said Mr. Small, in his running commentary on things in general, as he actively passed from one point in his culinary duties to another; "they wun't eat bacon, but they'll eat bacon-grease an' bread, or beef an' bacon-grease; an' they wun't eat cheese, but they'll eat dead hoss. I b'lieve the way to conquer Injins would be to load cannons with Limburg cheese an' blaze away at 'em!"

"As the Chinese shoot their enemies in war with pots of abominable smells."

"Yes; I've heerd before o' the Chinese way o' makin' war, but reckon 'taint the smell Injins keer fer—it's mighty hard to knock an Injin with a smell! Injins, leastway this yere tribe, hain't got no nose fer posies. They got some kind o' superstition about milk an' cheese, though I reckon they must hev dranked milk when they's little." And Mr. Small chuckled at the delicacy of his own allusion to the font of aboriginal maternity.

"Don't yer smoke, Parson?"

"Not of late years," replied Mr. Sighal; and paced up and down meditatively past the fire, gazing up at the darkening sky. "I formerly enjoyed a cigar, occasionally, but my dyspepsia has cut me off from that vice."

"Well, I've got this bread bakin', an' reckon I'll take a smoke. Yere, Gov, done yer supper? Scoot up thar, an' throw down them beds, so we kin hev a seat." The silent and ready compliance of the Indian enabled Mr. Small, as he tossed the rolls of bedding over by the fire, to remark: "Yere, Parson, take a seat. This yere's high style—front settin'-room, fust floor. You'll want yer legs to-morrer, though yer kin ride ef

yer want to; but it's powerful tejus, ridin' a bull-wagon." And he sat down on his roll of bedding to cut his plug tobacco, fill his short pipe, and watch the process of bread-baking while he enjoyed his smoke.

The reverend also sat down on his bed.

The Indian sat on the ground, at the opposite side of the fire, humming the low, buzzing, dismal ditty of his remote ancestors.

The stars came quietly out in the clear sky, and the dry still air seemed to listen to the coming on of the innumerable host. So still—O, so crystalline still—is the summer night in Nevada!

"Yer see, Parson," began Mr. Small, after a short, quiet consultation with his pipe, "they say 'at bull-punchin's slow business, but they don't know. People kin tell what they don't know powerful slick-like. Let some o' them talkin' fellers what knows all about this business in three squints from a stage-coach window—let 'em try it on. Let 'em stand in once, an' chop wood, build a fire, cut bacon, make bread an' coffee, an' so on, all in the same minute—an' do it faster'n they kin write it down in a letter, an' they wun't talk so much with their mouth!"

"Yes; I was just, in the moment you began to speak, reflecting on the multiplicity of your duties and the rapid execution of them. Does not your life wear upon you terribly?"

"No, sir. Hit's head-work does it. Seems to me when a feller hes a big idee in his head, an' is jest a-boomin' with the futur, an' lookin' forward, that work doesn't hurt him a derved bit. Hit's hangin' back on the yoke 'at wears a feller out—an' a ox, too. When I used to foller a plow, by the day's work fer wages, an' havin' no pint ahead to steer to—no place to unload at—I wasn't no more account than a cripple in a county poor-house!"

"What is your great aim at this time?—if I may be so impolite as to make such an inquiry on so short acquaintance," queried Mr. Sigal, in a soft voice and balmy manner.

"O, no; nothin' imperlite about it. Open out on me, Parson, when you feel like it. I hain't got no secrets. My great aim is to play my game up to the handle. Every feller's got a game. Some's politics, some's religion, some's big money, some's land, some's keards, some's wimmen an' good clo'es, some's good, some's bad," said Mr. Small, rapidly, and punctuating his remarks with puffs of tobacco smoke; "an' my game is to hev the best eight-yoke o' cattle, an' the best wagons, an' pull the biggest load to yoke, in these yere mountains; an' then," he added, laughing and stroking his long bronze beard, "I kinder think there's a solid square-built gal some'rs what I ain't jest seen yit, that's a-waitin' in her daddy's front porch fer a feller like me—an' the old man he's gittin' too old, an' hain't got no other children, an' he's jest a-walkin' up an' down under the shade-trees, expectin' a feller about my size an' build, what kin sling ink in the Bank o' Californy for about ten thousan' cash, honest money. How's that fer high, Parson?" And Mr. Small roared with his loudest laugh, until the parson and Gov joined sympathetically.

"A very laudable endeavor, Mr. Small; and let me say that I heartily wish you God-speed."

"Amen, Parson! I don't know ef I kin make it. But that's my game; an' ef I can't make it—well, hit's better to hev a game an' lose it than never to play at all. Hain't it, Parson?"

"It surely is. No good endeavor is ever entirely lost. God, in His great providence, gives germinating power to the minute seed of the plant which grew and died last year, though the seed may have been blown miles away."

"Do you b'lieve," said Mr. Small, after a long pause, in which he raised the bake-kettle lid with the point of a stick, and piled more hot coals upon the top—"do you b'lieve, fer certain—dead sure—that God looks after all these little things?"

"Surely, Mr. Small. Have we not the blessed promises in the good book?"

"I don't jest reck'lect what we've got in the good book. But do you, as yer mammy's son—not as a parson—do you b'lieve it?"

"If I at all know my own thoughts and convictions, Mr. Small, I do."

After another long pause and strict attention to the baking bread: "Parson, gittin' sleepy?"

"Not at all, Mr. Small."

"Thinkin' 'bout somethin', p'r'aps?"

"I was reflecting whether I had done my whole duty, and had answered your question as fully as it should be answered."

"Well, whenever you feel sleepy, jest spread your lay-out where you choose, an' turn in. Needn't mind me. I'll fuss round yere an' smoke a good while yit. Thar haint no ceremony at this ho-tel—the rooms is all fust-class 'partments."

"Thank you, Mr. Small," said Mr. Sigbal; and then, after some pause, resuming audibly the thread of his own thought, he asked: "Mr. Small, do not you believe in the overruling providence of God?"

"Which God?"

"There is but one God."

"I don't see it, Parson. On this yere Pacific Coast, gods is numerous—Chinee gods, Mormon gods, Injin gods, Christian gods, an' the Bank o' Californy."

"Perhaps so, Mr. Small—it is written there be gods many; but there is one only true God, Jesus Christ the righteous."

"Don't see it, Parson."

The Reverend Mr. Sigbal rose quickly to his feet, and pulled down his vest at the waistband, like a warrior unconsciously feeling for the girding of his armor.

"Do you deny the truth of the sacred Scriptures, Mr. Small?"

"I don't deny nothin', 'cept what kin come before me to be reconized. What I say is, I don't see it."

"You don't see it?"

"No, sir!"—emphasis on the sir.

"Perhaps not, with the natural eyesight; but with the eye of faith, Mr. Small, you can see it, if you humbly and honestly make the effort."

"I hain't got but two eyes—no extra eye fer Sunday use. What I can't see, nor year, nor taste, nor smell, nor feel, nor make up out o' reck'lection an' hitch together, hain't nothin' to me. That's my meanin' when I say, 'I don't see it.'"

"I am deeply grieved to hear you speak so, Mr. Small."

"Now, look yere, Parson," replied Mr. Small, as he got up to bustle about his work, "fellers like me, livin' out o' doors, has got a God what couldn't git into one of your meetin'-houses."

"Mr. Small—pardon me—there is a glimmer of what seems to be meaning in your remark, but really I fail to comprehend you."

"That's hit"—it will be observed as a peculiarity in Mr. Small's language (a peculiarity common to unlettered western-born Americans) that he sounds the emphatic form of the pronoun *it* with an aspirate *h*—"that's hit! That's the high-larnt way to say, 'I don't see it.' Now we're even, Parson—only you've got a million o' meetin'-house bells to do the 'plaudin' fer you, an' I haint got nary one. But these yere mountains, an' them bright stars, an' yonder moon pullin' bright over the summit, would 'plaud me ef I knowed how to talk fer what made 'em. Hush—listen!" said Small,

suddenly pausing, and pointing under the moonlight across the dim valley. "That's a coyote; I wonder which of us he's laughin' at."

"Yash; kiotee. He heap talk. Mebbe so tabbit ketch um," said the Indian, rising and gathering up his blanket to retire. "Me heap shneep" (sleep).

"Throw down another stick o' wood off the wagon, Gov, before yer go to bed."

"Yash; me heap shneepy," replied the Indian, stretching and yawning with uplifted hands, from one of which his red blanket draped down for a moment over his shoulder, gorgeous in the dancing camp-fire light.

While the Indian climbed the wagon-side for the stick of wood, Mr. Sigbal remarked: "Mr. Small, before we retire, may I not ask the privilege of a few words of audible prayer to God for His preservation through the night hours?"

"Yes, sir. Yere, Gov, come yere. I want that Injin to year one prayer, ef he never years another. I've paid money when I was a boy to hev Injins prayed fer, an' now I'm goin' to see some of it done. Come yere, Gov."

The Indian came to the fire-side.

"Yere, Gov—you sabe? This a-way; all same me"—and Mr. Small dropped upon his own knees at the side of his roll of bedding.

"All-a-same—Injin all-a-same—little stand-up?" asked Gov, dropping his blanket, and placing his hands upon his knees.

"Yes! Little stand-up—all same me!"

"Yash!" assented Gov, on the opposite side of the roll, settling gradually upon his knees.

It happened that the parson kneeled facing the Indian, so that the Indian had him in full view with the fire-light shining on the parson's face, and not being accustomed to family worship, nor having had the matter fully explained to him, he conceived the idea of doing as

others did; so that when the parson turned his face to the stars and shut his eyes, the Indian did so too, and began repeating in very bad English, word for word, the parson's prayer—which piece of volunteer assistance not comporting with Mr. Small's impression of domestic decorum, caused that stout gentleman to place his two hands upon the Indian's shoulders and jerk him, face down, upon the bedding, with the fiercely whispered ejaculation, "Dry up!"

The Rev. Mr. Sigbal prayed for the persons present, in their various conditions, and their safety through the night; acknowledging that he knew God's hand was, in these vast solitudes, guiding as of old the swoop of the raven's wing and marking the death-bed of the sparrow. There was much in the prayer that was fervent and fitting, but nothing that could be fairly called original.

When the party arose to their feet, Mr. Sigbal sat down, burying his face in his hands supported by his knees; Mr. Small changed an unbaked for a baked loaf with the bake-kettle; and the Indian, taking up his "plug" hat and red blanket, merely remarked, "Me heap shneep!" and retired behind a sagebrush.

"Parson!" said Mr. Small, after refilling his pipe and resuming his seat, and as the Rev. Mr. Sigbal sat gazing reflectively into the fire.

"Sir," responded Mr. Sigbal, with a slight start from his reverie.

"I'm a-thinkin' over your prayer."

"Well, Mr. Small, I hope God will make my humble effort of some slight use in opening to you the door of His great mercy."

"I wasn't thinkin' about it jest that-a-way. I was tryin' the sense of it on."

"I wish, Mr. Small, that God had vouchsafed to me the power of making its meaning plain."

"O, you made it plain enough accordin' to — to — well, ef my mother'd been

yere, she'd ha' thought that was a No. 1 prayer, an' she'd ha' hollered 'Amen!' every time yer went fer me an' the Injin; but what I was thinkin' about was your callin' on Jesus Christ as the Giver of all good, the Creator of all things. Now—you excuse me, Parson!—right thar is jest whar' I can't quite go with ye."

"It is written, 'the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and by it were all things made which are made.'"

"Yes, I've read it. I know hit's written, an' hit's printed. But written things haint no deader'n some things what haint been wrote yit."

"Deader! deader!" repeated Mr. Sigal.

"Yes; dead sure—certiner."

"Ah! I understand it now."

"An' as fer printed things," continued Mr. Small, "they crawl"—then, observing the look of perplexity in the parson's face—"yes! they crawl—wun't stay put. Allers changin' with new translatin' an' new lights."

Here Mr. Small had occasion to look after his baking. Resuming his seat, he said:

"Parson, ever been to Yosemite?"

"I have not."

"Ever see the Grand Cañon o' the Colorado River?"

"I have not."

"Well, Parson, I've seen both them places. I resked my skelp, me an' two other fellers—bully fellers them was, too!—a-packin' my blankets fer three weeks in an' out an' aroun' the Cañon o' the Colorado, jest to see it. I b'lieve I could stay there feriver an' climb an' look!"

"I have read of the great works of God made manifest in the desert places."

"Parson, that remark don't touch the spot! Ef ever yer see that cañon, yer'll jest think any printed book yer ever opened, or any words yer ever heerd, haint got no power in 'em."

"I have no doubt it is magnificently grand."

"Parson," slowly queried Mr. Small, "do yer think Jesus Christ made the Cañon o' the Colorado, an' the world hit runs through, an' the sky hit opens under, an' the ocean 'at takes hits waters?"

"I do."

"Well, I don't know! Seems to me thar was never nothin' born in Judear that hed hands that kin lay over Ameriky—an' nothin' was never born in Ameriky that hed hands that kin build a ten-cent side-show fer that ar cañon! Parson, them's things that can't be wiped out, nor wrong-printed in no book!—nor no new light can't make 'em more'n they jest are! Whatever made sech things as them, an' these yere mountains, that's my God. But He haint got no hands in the image o' these yere!" extending his horny blackened palms, and adding as a climax, "ye kin bet yer sweet life on that."

"O, Mr. Small!" cried Mr. Sigal, rising to his feet. "My dear sir, do you wish to deny, and throw away as naught, all that the good Lord Jesus, our Divine Saviour, has taught, and fall back into heathenism?"

"I don't want to deny nothin' nor fall back nowhar. Ef Jesus Christ teaches men to do honest an' fair, one to another, that's all right, an' I'm with him, in my style, sech as it is; but when you, or anybody else, asks me to jump from that p'int into the idea that he made an' rolls creation—that lets me out! . . . Thar now, Parson! I kinder understood you, because you was a parson; but you wasn't likely to understand me, because I'm a bull-puncher. Now we understand each other. I've hed my say, an' I'll listen to anything you've got to say on the whole trip, as well as I know how."

"Well, Mr. Small," said the Reverend Mr. Sigal, taking Big Jack's extended hand, "whatever may be my regrets, I

can but respect the opinions of a man who respectfully states them. And I shall only pray to God to give you a clearer light."

"That's all right, Parson! An' now, as I've got your oatmeal cake baked an' everything done up brown, what do yer say ef we roll out the blankets, go to sleep, an' forgit it all till mornin'?"

"I shall be pleased to retire at any time."

"Well, hit's a fine night," said Jack, proceeding to untie the roll of his bedding, "an' we needn't go under the wagons, but jest spread down in the evenest places we kin find."

The Reverend Mr. Sigbal made his first bed in the wilderness, and, as the mountain phrase goes, "crawled in."

"Parson," said Mr. Small, as he sat in his bed straightening the blankets about his feet, "got plenty blankets?—I kin spare ye a pair."

"Plenty, thank you."

"Good-night, Parson."

"Good-night, and God bless you, Mr. Small."

The bright moon and stars moved on in their long-appointed courses through the wide and cloudless sky, the sage-brush of the valley stretched far away, the mountain rose ragged to the serrated summit, the cattle browsed along the slope, the shadows of the great wagons fell square and dark upon the dry desert earth, and nature's old, old silence closed down upon the wilderness.

In the morning, Mr. Sigbal awakened early, after a sweet and refreshing sleep, his lungs and whole inner man toned up with the dry, dewless, fresh air, to find Mr. Small far forward in the preparation of breakfast.

"Good-mornin', Parson! Didn't anybody disturb yer last night, walkin' on the up-stairs floor, did thar?"

"Good morning, Mr. Small! No; I've had a fine sleep"—drawing on his wearing apparel.

"When ye sleep out nights yere, whar thar's never no dew fallin', hit's better'n any ho-tel."

"Yes, sir; the air is very refreshing and invigorating," said Mr. Sigbal, stamping his feet into his boots, and shaking the creases out of his pantaloons.

"Thar's soap an' a sort o' towel on the wheel-hub, an' ye kin take 'em an' go right over thar to them willer-bushes an' hev a wash, an' then hash'll be ready."

While Mr. Sigbal and Mr. Small were taking breakfast after the customary petition for grace, the first gold rim of the sun, with the distant trees painted in its halo, rose into view on the top of the far-off eastern mountains, and Gov Nye, with his red blanket about his shoulders, came softly across the nearer hills, the scattered cattle moving zigzag through the sage-brush in front of him.

"Now, Parson," said Mr. Small, when they had finished breakfast, "we'll roll up, tie up, an' h'ist up our beddin'; then hitch up the bulls while Gov eats his grub, an' roll out."

While Mr. Small, taking each heavy yoke in its turn upon his shoulder and holding one bow in his right hand, walked up to each off-side ox successively, dropped the end of the yoke gently upon his neck, slipped the bow upward and secured it to its place with the key, then removing the other bow, rested that end of the yoke upon the ground, led the nigh-side ox to his place with the bow, and thus arranged each twain in their proper yoke, Mr. Sigbal, with outspread arms and extended hands, rendered amiable assistance in keeping the herd together.

"Done eatin', Gov?" said Mr. Small, when he had stationed his horned troop in marching order.

"Yash. Heap eat um all up."

"All right," approved Mr. Small, tumbling the cooking utensils into the box

"No time to wash dishes this mornin'. Yere, Gov, snail hold o' this box. . . Now tumble up there an' take it." And heaving the box up after the Indian, he drew his terrible whip from its place between the wheel-spokes, stepped to the side of his team, and letting go the lash, swung it about in the air at arm's-length in front of him, and then suddenly bringing it toward him with a peculiar jerk, causing the buckskin snapper to go off like a revolver, shouted, "Gee, Brigham—ro-o-al out!" and the "desert-schooners" slowly sailed away into the valley.

Mr. Sighal marched afoot, pausing to pick up a peculiar pebble and carry it awhile, then to find a pebble more peculiar, and drop the first to take the second; now to hunker down and study the spikes upon a sleeping horned toad, then to pluck some flower so tiny small that it seemed but a speck among the pulpy dry gravel and loose earth; now turning face about to take in the rugged outline of the mountain under whose shadow he had passed the night, and then lower his vision to note the saucy swaggering strut of that black "prospector," the raven, walking down the road in the distant track of the wagons, not failing at the time to watch the lizards flash across his path; now again trudging along, like Bunyan's "Christian," with eyes surveying the to him unknown land in front—the Delectable Mountains, where, according to Mr. Small, he might see some "bully float quartz." To him the sameness of the land was a newness: no green and gold of leaves that grow and leaves that die, no babbling streams through valleys grown with grass, no heaving fields with squares of "thine and mine;" but one wide waste of ashen gray, one cloudless sun, one wagon-road across the scene, and mountains all about.

Thus the time passed. Driving all day in the hot sun, with unhitching, cooking, eating, talking, praying, cooking, eating, and rehitching during the

cool evening and morning, and sweetly sleeping through the night. Dustily across valley after valley; slowly up this side and noisily down the other side of mountain after mountain, Mr. Small pausing on the summit of each to point out to the parson the prominent peaks as they appeared plainly to the eye in a range of one hundred miles—showing, here and there, far away, their huge sides, where man, with all his might and genius, is boring mere gimlet-holes, from which to draw the bright white wealth that makes the yellow glitter in the city's halls.

In the long slow journey, Mr. Sighal sought, by easy lessons, to draw round the consciousness of Big Jack Small the subtle and intricate simplicity of his own faith in a personal God with feelings of humanity and feeling for humanity, yet powerful to the utmost limit of all the mighty magnitudes of power. All of which Mr. Small refused to see, and stoutly clung to his own crude materialism, overshadowed by a wide Gothic spirituality, born perhaps of the tribal tinge in the blood which gave him his fair skin, high-bridged nose, bold gray eye, and long tawny beard. It was again the old subtleties born of a southern sun endeavoring to bring the wild Norse blood upon its knees at the foot of a Roman cross.

The conversion of the Indian, which was Mr. Small's special desire, did not proceed satisfactorily. It is comparatively easy, I opine, to build religion upon civilization; but the labor must be thorough and the effort exhaustive where there is only the love of food, of passion, and of existence to start on. Yet the Indian was not without curiosity, nor, being a better specimen of his race, was he totally without the spirit of inquiry into unsubstantial things. On several occasions during the trip, he sought to discover the object of prayer.

"Uh, Jack," queried he, "what for

modisum-man"—he would call the parson a medicine-man—"what for modisum-man all 'er time little-stand-up, shut um eye, heap up-talk? Injin no sabe."

"Thar, now, Parson," said Mr. Small, "this Injin wants to know why yer kneel down, shet yer eyes, an' talk up at the sky. He says he don't understand it."

"I wish that I possessed a knowledge of his language, and could be the means, under God, of opening to him and his people the way to life everlasting."

"Well, Parson, yere's a big game fer yer to play. Thar's hundreds o' his kind in these mountains, an' their lingo haint hard to learn, an' they haint hard to teach about religion. Anyhow, they learn to swear an' cuss, an' nobody kin do that till he's been among people of a Christian country!"

"Mr. Small," answered the parson, who, now that he was growing stronger in body, was more aggressive in mind, "there is a sneering levity in your manner when you speak of serious things which pains me to hear."

"Excuse me, Parson. That's only my style, an' style haint nothin' in this country. The p'int is how we're goin' to git light into this Injin—that's the p'int."

"I grieve to say, Mr. Small, that I am as yet utterly unable to converse with him in the broken jargon of English which he seems to comprehend when you speak to him."

"All right, then. Come yere, Injin. I'll try my hand on him. My mother allers wanted me to be a preacher an' help convert the heathen."

The Indian came up smiling.

"Yer sabe little-stand-up?"

"Yash, heap sabe—too much."

"Yer sabe heap talk-up?"

"Yash. Heap sâbe modisum-man."

"Now, Injin, me talk—Big Jack talk."

"Waynyo" (good).

"When waynyo man heap little-stand-up, heap talk-up aller time, by um by,

long time, he heap old man, heap die. Yer sabe?"

"Yash; heap sabe die. Aller same Injin yakwe."

"Yes, by um by, die," repeated Mr. Small, scratching his head through a pause, in his doubt as to how to proceed. "Then, pretty soon, by um by, after while, waynyo man go up—up"—pointing to the sky—"way, way up yonder, an'—an' no come back."

"No come back!" echoed the Indian, apparently deeply interested in the revelation.

"No; no come back."

"Where he go? No ketch um wick-i-up?"

"Yes; fine house—waynyo wick-i-up."

"Heap work?"

"No; no work."

"Waynyo!" approved the Indian. "Me no like um work."

"No; no work. Heap sing—all time sing."

"Aller time sing?" repeated Gov.

"Yes; all time sing, in one big wick-i-up. No coat ketch um; no pantaloons."

"No pantaroon?"

"No; no pantaloons. One big gown—all same shirt. All time sing; no come night. Yer sabe?"

"Yash; me heap sabe. Heap ticcup?" (food) earnestly interrogated the Indian.

"No; no ticcup."

"Heap sequaw?"

"No; no squaws."

"What yer call um?"

"Heaven."

"Ka-waynyo hebben—no good! No pantaroon, no ticcup, no sequaw—ka-waynyo hebben! Me no like um."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the subject, the Reverend Mr. Sigal found himself shaking with restrained laughter at Mr. Small's first missionary effort among the Shoshonees.

"Thar," said Mr. Small, with great emphasis, "as a missionary I'm a failure. Gov, go git some brush fer the fire. But I'll not give that Injin up! I'll go fer him agin when I haint got nothin' else to do," added he, going about his usual camp-work.

Mr. Sighal took a walk around the camp, apparently giving the whole matter up as being beyond his present influence.

The camp to which Big Jack Small's freight was consigned was a new one, and, of course, the last days of the trip led the team over newly broken roads, which fact increased the labor of Mr. Small, and gave to his face and language a somewhat serious expression. During the last day's drive before coming to camp, the road was particularly uneven, and on the down-grade caused the long high wagon-boxes to reel to and fro like boats at sea. Often the wagons, despite the strong friction of the howling brakes, pressed upon the cattle and crowded them upon each other *en masse*. Then again the hindmost wagon, in making a turn, encroached so far upon the inner side of the circle that the brake must be let up to avoid sliding farther and overturning, as a rolling wheel slides less than a wheel which is locked.

On one of these sideling turns, on the brink of a shallow dry water-wash, Mr. Small was compelled to stop his team to prevent the overthrow of the rear wagon. As he proceeded to release the brake, which on this particular wagon had its lever low down and between the forward and hind wheel, the wheels, from the slight move they made after being released, settled the wagon just a little, but far enough in its nearly poised position to turn it over suddenly, before Mr. Small could fly for safety.

Mr. Sighal had been anxiously and prayerfully observing, from the rear of the train, the attitude of things. He

heard a sudden shout, a crash, and then all was silent, and Jack Small invisible. The unconscious cattle stood quietly in the yoke; Mr. Sighal ran wildly from one side of the wagon to the other, endeavoring to discover some clue to Mr. Small; while the Indian walked gravely up from the head of the team, where he had been stationed to keep it in check, and stolidly observed, pointing to the prostrate wagon, "Uh! one um wagon heap ketch um Big Jack."

Mr. Sighal looked in the imperturbable face of the Indian, the Indian looked into the face of Mr. Sighal, and they both looked at the wagon. Then the Indian sat down upon the hill-side, and Mr. Sighal stood pale and sad, turning his hands nervously through each other, vainly trying to determine what to do next. Suddenly he called the Indian, and began actively unloading the unfortunate wagon, with the intention, as he afterward explained, of lifting it back by hand; which feat, considering its great size and weight, was nearly as far beyond the available power there present as to lift the whole load.

While thus fiercely engaged, and urging the Indian to increased exertion in the same direction, he heard a voice as of one crying from the depths:

"Hullo, Parson!"

"O, thank God, my dear Mr. Small, you still live!"

"Yes, sir. I haint dead yit."

"Are you seriously injured?—and do tell me what to do, Mr. Small."

"Guess not. I'm down yere in the holler, but it's mighty close quarters—like a fishin'-worm under a board. Ef the wagon-box don't settle down on me, I reckon I'm 'bout all right. What're yer doin', Parson?"

"Unloading the wagon, Mr. Small."

"H—ll! That haint no use. Git the couplin'-chains from the other wagons—but chock the wheels fust!—pass 'em roun' the box from end to end, 'bout

quarter-way down from the top; then bring the ends together on the side o' the box. Sabe?"

"I hope I do, Mr. Small."

"Then take five yoke o' cattle an' another chain—an extry chain, more'n what would do to hitch up fer common with—drive the cattle roun' to the other side o' the wagon, an' p'int 'em straight across from the road; hitch that extry chain into the chain on the wagons, then hitch the cattle's chain to that extry chain. Sabe?"

"I think I do, Mr. Small."

"When yer git that done, holler to me. Don't hurry. Work right ahead as though thar wasn't nothin' wrong."

The parson conscientiously, yet with much misgiving, went about his task, and when he had all ready, and the cattle strung out at right angles with the road, he stepped up to the prostrate wagon, and, turning as one who listens down a well, he shouted:

"Mr. Small!"

"Hullo-o!"

"I believe I have done as you told me."

"Got everything hitched strong?—don't want no slips in this game, yer know!—'cause ef this wagon-box slides much, you'll have a mighty flat corpse to preach a funeral on!"

"O dear! dear! Mr. Small!" exclaimed the parson, vexed and horrified. "What next shall I do?"

"Give Gov a strong bar'l, ef yer kin git one, or git a big stone ef yer can't git no bar'l, an' place it to the edge o' the wagon-box, so 'at he kin put it under when the cattle lift it. Sabe?"

"Yes, sir. . . . All done, Mr. Small."

"Now then, start up the cattle, an' keep 'em to it when they start. An' Gov, you look out an' heap fix up."

"Yash, me sabe," said the Indian, taking his position, while Mr. Sigal gathered to himself the terrible whip, and proceeded to try his powers in a role

in which he had faint hopes of success. He swung the whip round his head, bringing the heavy lash with a rake like that of a dull rasp across his own neck, and shouted at the cattle. Slowly they tightened the chains, and then stood in the pulling attitude, but pulling not one pound more than just enough to stretch the chains.

Oxen which will pull true enough in the beaten track have doubts about pulling across country through the brush.

"Get up! Gee!" shouted the Reverend Mr. Sigal at the top of his voice, and trying in vain to jerk an explosion out of the great whip, as he had seen Mr. Small do. "Get up! Gee! Go 'long!" And then, seeing himself unsuccessful, and becoming heated with the exertion, he added, by way of terror to the cattle, "Confound you! Get up!" Still the wagon-box lay flat on the top of Mr. Small.

Hearing a continued rattling of chains, and much shouting with no apparent result, Mr. Small called:

"Hullo! Parson!"

"Sir."

"What's the matter?"

"The cattle can't draw it, Mr. Small," replied the parson sadly.

"Can't draw it, be d——d! Go fer 'em with the brad, an' cuss 'em! They kin pull it easy enough."

"Curse them, Mr. Small!" cried the parson, in a voice of impressive solemnity.

"Yes, cuss 'em!" shouted Mr. Small. "I wish I was out there, d——n 'em!"

"Mr. Small, don't swear needlessly. This is an occasion of life and death," said the parson, desisting from his efforts at urging the cattle, whereat he had grown hot and red, excited and vexed.

"Well, well! never don't fret, Parson! Better men than me ha' died in a better cause. Write a note an' send it down to camp by the Injin—the boys'll come up an' git me out, alive or dead."

"Do not think me weak or impractical, Mr. Small," replied Mr. Sigal, with a determined ring in his voice. "Tell me what to do and I will do it, God being judge of my intentions."

"Can you cuss, Parson?"

"It is many years since I have uttered an oath of profanity. What is it I am to do?" asked the parson, sternly.

"Go round to them cattle, commence on the leaders, an' brad 'em all with that steel in the end o' the whip-stock—the way you've seen me do it; then raise the whip above yer head, start 'em on the gee pull, an' jest lay your head back an' cuss as loud an' strong as you kin holler."

The Reverend Mr. Sigal went round to "them cattle." There was audible to Mr. Small's ears a hustling of ox-feet upon the earth, a creaking of ox-bows, mixed with an occasional short bawl; then the sound of the parson's voice elevated with great vehemence—and the wagon slowly arose enough to permit Mr. Small to crawl out into the free air. The parson was still shouting at the straining cattle, when Mr. Small limped quickly to where he stood, and taking the whip from him with one hand, extended his other, which Mr. Sigal grasped in both of his, and, turning his eyes, now full of tears, toward heaven, eloquently thanked God for His great mercy in the preservation of a life which he hoped might yet be dedicated to good and holy works.

"Thank ye, Parson," said Big Jack, as he dropped his hand and turned to the cattle; "you're a good one—thar aint no go back to you!" And then, easing the cattle back from the pull, he said: "Parson, when I marry that solid, square-built gal, you shall do the ceremony, ef it costs me a thousand dollars to fetch yer where I am!"

"Ah! Mr. Small, this lesson should teach us that we know not what a day may bring forth."

"Well, we'll take the chances, anyway, Parson!"

What language the Reverend Mr. Sigal used to the cattle is not reported by Mr. Small; the Indian, being accustomed to much that he does not fully understand, made no note of it; and the wide gray silence of the desert is no babbler.

Once free, though somewhat bruised in the lower limbs, Big Jack Small made short work of drawing his wagon back upon its wheels and into the road, and slowly rolled on toward his destination.

In town, and his cattle corralled, he said: "Now, Parson, ef yer don't want to go to one of these yere lodgin'-houses, you jest pile in with me under the wagons, an' wait till I unload, an' then we'll roll out agin somewhere's else fer another trip."

"Thank you, Mr. Small. I will, God willing, remain in this town and go about the work of my Master. How much am I in your debt, Mr. Small?"

"In my debt! See yere, Parson, that's too thin. Yer don't owe me nary cent. An' ef ever you git stuck an' can't pull out, you jest drop a line to John Small, —, Nevada; 'an ef I don't double up the hill with you, then jest write across a piece o' paper, 'Big Jack Small's dead-broke an' can't borrar a cent.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Small," said the reverend, shaking Big Jack's hand. "I will pray for your well-being daily, and if at any time I can assist you, do not fail to summon me. Good night."

"Good-by, Parson! An' don't fergit about me an' my gal!—that's goin' to be a whack—shore!"

BESIDE THE DEAD.

It must be sweet, O thou, my dead, to lie
 With hands that folded are from every task;
 Sealed with the seal of the great mystery
 The lips, that nothing answer, nothing ask.
 The life-long struggle ended; ended quite
 The weariness of patience, and of pain;
 And the eyes closed to open not again
 On desolate dawn or dreariness of night.
 It must be sweet to slumber and forget—
 To have the poor tired heart so still, at last:
 Done with all yearning, done with all regret,
 Doubt, fear, hope, sorrow, all forever past—
 Past all the hours, or slow of wing or fleet—
 It must be sweet, it must be very sweet!

A THEORY OF CLOUD-BURSTS.

THREE cloud-bursts occurred in the State of Nevada last summer, in every instance causing great destruction of property, and in one case resulting in the loss of seventeen lives. During the same season a section of a province of Germany was visited by a cloud-burst of unparalleled volume and power. According to newspaper reports from that region, cottages and hamlets were swept away and hundreds of lives destroyed. It will be recollected, also, that about the same time a similar catastrophe befell the city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. From the frequency of these visitations of late, their suddenness, violence, and devastating effects, popular interest and curiosity have been excited concerning their nature and origin; but, strange to say, phenomena so startling and often the heralds of sudden and disastrous floods have attracted but slightly the attention of physicists. This is

in a measure owing to the fact that from their character, surroundings, and inaccessibility, they are not susceptible of close investigation, and, the processes of nature being concealed in the folds of the nimbus, the investigator is forced into certain speculations and conclusions that he is unable to verify by experiment or personal observation. In order that our theory may be quite intelligible, a brief description will be given of a formidable cloud-burst that overwhelmed a portion of the town of Eureka in the State of Nevada.

The town of Eureka is situated at the head of a cañon about four miles long and 200 yards wide on an average. It is nearly 7,000 feet above the sea. From the sides of the cañon parallel lines of steep hills rise one above the other to a height varying from 500 to 1,200 feet, and from the crests of these numerous small cañons run down to the main one.

Three streets mainly compose the town, between two of which formerly ran a small creek, now converted into a capacious canal, intended to carry off the bulk of water that any future cloud-burst may precipitate upon the occupants of the cañon.

About 1,000 yards above the town three large cañons converge and terminate abruptly upon a plain one-third of a square mile in extent, and nearly surrounded by an amphitheatre of steep hills. In this area the floods concentrated all their forces, and thence through a single exit on the lower side hurled them upon the devoted town.

These cañons are from four to six miles long, in structure like the first, and extend with a gradual rise up to the slopes of the lofty mountains on the south-west, which form a water-shed whose outer boundary, in its general conformation, is the arc of a circle, and whose altitude is about 2,000 feet above the plain. From the foregoing description it appears that quantities of water, in whatever form, falling upon the crests and slopes of these mountains, accumulating in the small cañons, rushing thence into the main ones, and pouring down these, would be rapidly concentrated at the point of their convergence.

For many days previous to the storm about to be described the heat had been excessive, and the whole country was parched like a desert. During the preceding morning, however, a copious shower saturated the earth and caused the creek, till then nearly dry, to overflow its banks. This shower, by filling the pores of the earth's surface, paved the way for the devastating flood, as without it much of the water would have been absorbed on its way down to the valleys.

About noon, a large cloud of inky blackness rose in the south-west and stood directly over the crest of the water-shed. It rapidly overspread the sky in that quarter, and, settling down upon

the lofty peak of Prospect Mountain, completely enveloped it in its gloomy folds. At this time from the entire face of the cloud began incessant and tremendous discharges of electricity, accompanied by heavy peals of thunder, the nimbus apparently launching its lightnings full upon the mountain. The storm, meantime, advanced upon the town, and at one P.M. burst upon it with great fury. Rain and hail fell in unprecedented quantities. Torrents and sheets of water presently poured from the hills in the vicinity, partially flooding the lower streets. After the lapse of an hour two horsemen rode through this quarter warning the inhabitants to escape to the hills, as a great flood was rushing upon them from the mountains. Many, incredulous, neglected this timely warning, and swiftly paid the penalty of their skepticism; for closely following the riders came the foremost billow of the flood, curling and foaming like an angry surf. Two or three black surges succeeded at short intervals, and in an incredibly short time dozens of buildings, many cattle and horses, and nearly a score of people were swept away. It is remarkable that among the victims there were no children and but one woman, they having been the first to take the alarm and seek a place of safety. Persons who were standing near the spot where the cañons converge, declare the spectacle of the three torrents issuing therefrom unrivaled for the novelty and savageness of its aspect, each cañon actually belching a mass of water, rocks, and timbers upon the plain. This statement did not appear exaggerated, in view of a level space before the mouth of New York Cañon, 150 yards long by seventy-five wide, covered and in places heaped by the torrent with stones and rocks, varying in size from a cobble to a boulder weighing two or three tons. For a considerable distance up from their mouths the cañons were entirely

free from the *débris*, nothing being able to resist the flood rushing through such narrow channels. In the town the water swept in places a space including three streets, and scattered the wreck for miles down the valley.

If an ocean had fallen upon them from a clear sky, the citizens of Eureka would hardly have been more confounded than they were by this sudden descent of water from the mountains.

From the exterior aspect of the phenomenon, let us pass to penetrate, if possible, the laboratory where nature's potent forces co-operate, and there examine the causes of or conditions precedent to such an event. Assuredly somewhat unusual agencies must there combine.

By observations made in several instances, the following conditions were found to co-exist: extreme heat for several days prior to the storm, the presence of high mountains, and remarkable electrical disturbances.

The atmosphere, according to the accepted theory, is a porous highly elastic fluid, capable of almost infinite expansion by heat; it is also an absorbent of the volatile fluids. Between its molecules are minute spaces, which receive the invisible particles of moisture when evaporation occurs. An increase of temperature expands these pores, and a decrease contracts them proportionally; hence the law, "The capacity of the air for moisture is greater as the temperature increases." At 32° Fahrenheit the atmosphere absorbs 1-160th of its own weight; at 113° , 1-20th of its own weight; its capacity in the latter case being eight times greater than in the former. Suppose the ocean or any considerable body of water exposed to an atmospheric temperature of 113° : the water at the surface is rapidly converted into vapor, and the highly rarefied saturated air, in obedience to a well-known law, rushes upward until caught by the winds, and by

them is borne, we will say, to the land. Now, in this case, comparing the atmosphere to a saturated sponge, any considerable decrease in temperature contracts its pores and forces the water out as from a sponge by compression—the copiousness of the discharge depending upon the quantity of water in suspension and the violence of the compression. The most copious showers are during the hot days of summer, when sudden changes and great extremes occur, and it is in such seasons that cloud-bursts also happen. We may incidentally observe that one rarely or never occurs at night. Let it be granted that for several days great heat has prevailed and unusual quantities of water have been evaporated; that the moisture has been carried over the land by winds whose progress being temporarily arrested by high mountains their moisture is intercepted; that other winds blowing toward the same point from different quarters convey more moisture; here, then, between mountain ranges or peaks, great masses of electrized vapor are collected, liable to be suddenly condensed and precipitated, as will appear.

The nature of electrical influence in the atmosphere, tending to intensify conditions favorable to copious rain-falls, has not been ascertained, and therefore can only be inferred from the relation and order of phenomena in a storm. The most copious showers are accompanied by thunder and lightning. Some assert that electricity in such instances is produced by the rapid condensation of vapor in the atmosphere; but it is a very noticeable fact, in the case of thunder-storms, that great electrical disturbances prevail prior to the fall of rain, and frequently subside thereafter, whence it is not unreasonable to infer that electricity does in such cases assist in the condensation of vapor. This point is important as tending to account for an extraordinary discharge of moisture from

the clouds when the ordinary processes of nature do not appear competent therefor. Suppose the mass of vapor, heretofore presumed to have been collected in the vicinity of mountains and highly charged with positive electricity, is driven violently against a mountain highly charged with the negative fluid, two material results immediately follow—rapid electrical interdischarges between cloud and mountain (a spectacle not infrequent), and a sudden fall of temperature throughout the mass of warm vapor upon contact with the cold mountain peak. From observation, we know that these phenomena are followed by heavy rain-falls.

Having shown what conditions may exist in the atmosphere favorable to a copious discharge of moisture, and noted some of the contingencies upon which such a result depends, let us see if another and rarer element may not be occasionally found calculated to still further intensify this result.

There is no reason to doubt that the same phenomena, called water-spouts at sea and whirlwinds on land, occur in the clouds; indeed, from the form and movements of certain storm-clouds, and from other facts to be noticed presently, their occurrence in the higher regions of the air may be accepted as a fact. According to Kaenitz, a renowned German meteorologist, they are due to two opposite winds passing side by side, while Peltier and other physicists ascribe them to electrical causes. However, let one of these revolving air-spouts invade a vapor region, such as we have described; if not already charged with moisture it rapidly becomes so, and, whirling about with it masses of the contiguous vapor, moves through the air with prodigious velocity. Suddenly it plunges into a cold atmosphere in the vicinity of the mountain, when an immediate condensation of its moisture takes place, as may be observed when a glass receiver

containing vapor is plunged into cold water. The moisture, however, is not precipitated, but supported by the same buoyant force which carries objects up from the earth in a whirlwind or sustains a column of water in a water-spout at sea. The particles of moisture greatly agitated and moving upon each other within a limited space, coalesce, and, the process continuing, the diffused moisture, by the force of cohesion and the centripetal power of the whirl-storm, rapidly approximates the form and condition of a volume of water. At once, by the concussion of lightnings, or by collision with a mountain-peak, or by the internal pressure of the mass of water, the aerial water-spout bursts into fragments, and precipitates its contents to the earth. According to this theory, the statement of not a few eye-witnesses of cloud-bursts, that water falls as if the bottom had tumbled from an aerial lake, has a good foundation in fact.

Professor Silliman declares that water-spouts are in great part formed of atmospheric water, as is shown by the fact that water escaping from them is not salt, even in the open sea. From this it appears that a water-spout becomes charged with water in the clouds, and if, instead of descending to the ocean, it should pass over the land, such a result as we have described would be extremely probable; or the water-spout may originate, as we have shown, with equal probability, over the land.

In addition to the meteorological facts and probabilities cited in support of this theory of the cloud-burst, the occurrence of similar phenomena at sea, and the positive statements of persons who profess to have beheld water, as it were a lake, falling from the sky, there is the well-attested fact that large volumes of water have descended to the valleys so suddenly as to preclude the belief that they proceeded from showers, however copious.

THE INDIGENOUS CIVILIZATIONS OF AMERICA.

HITHERTO but little has been known of the dead native civilizations of America. Nor has this ignorance been confined to the general reader; the most learned students of comparative mythology, ethnology, philology—men most patient in research, who would hesitate at no labor—must halt upon this western threshold. True, some few have forced their way through the enchanted gates—literary Beviderses and Lancelots, determined to grapple with and overcome some fell monster within—and each has found his giant, whether it be the mysterious Quetzalcoatl, the awful Tezcatlipoca, or the bloody Huitzilopochtli; the sealed hieroglyphs of Yucatan, or the shadowy traditions of the apostles and reformers Zamná, Votan, and Cukulcan; the Christ-myths, the flood-myths, the creation-myths, the marvelous calendar-stone, the mystery of the serpent-symbol, or the mighty cities of hewn stone, buried beneath great forests, built by unknown hands, of whose very existence the natives themselves were ignorant. Each knight has found his giant, has become aware of his presence—yes, but that is all. The enemy was “without form and void,” his parts were widely scattered; to make use of a scrap of slang, he was not “all there.” It availed nothing to hew one limb in pieces; wherefore the wisest of our heroes withdrew disgusted, to bide the time when these disconnected monsters should be made one. That this has now been done I shall presently show.

Parables aside. The sources from which information respecting the ancient civilized nations of America is drawn, differ widely from those sources

from which we obtain our knowledge of the savage tribes. From various causes, most prominent among which was religious bigotry, the aboriginal civilization withered like a sensitive plant under the touch of the invaders. Cortés and his soldiers may be said to have been the only actual eye-witnesses of the Aztec civilization in its purity, and be sure that they were unappreciative beholders. Then came a black cloud of priests. These looked about them and were amazed; looked again, and were shocked at the worship of so many “devils,” for so they dubbed the whole Aztec pantheon, and horrified at the human sacrifices made to these “devils,” never dreaming at the time of certain similar rites being performed at home in honor of their God, at which the Grand Inquisitor figured as chief sacrificer; then they set to work to convert these heathen, after their own fashion, a fashion which resulted in the utter annihilation of a most noble culture, as advanced in many respects as that they brought with them, and, furthermore, in the obliteration of every trace of that culture. Their fanaticism knew no bounds; statues, temples, palaces, were razed to the ground and broken in pieces; picture-records which would now be worth ten times their weight in gold were remorselessly burned; probably since Omar’s Arabs found in the Alexandrian Library books sufficient to “heat the baths of the city for six months,” the world has never sustained so great and irreparable a loss, or an act of such gross vandalism been committed. Writing of the celebrated Fr. Juan de Zumarraga, first Bishop of Mexico, Mr. H. H. Bancroft, of whose work I shall presently speak, says: “The

injury wrought by this holy iconoclast is incalculable. Blinded by the mad fanaticism of his age, he saw a devil in every Aztec image and hieroglyph; his hammers did more in a few years to efface all vestiges of Aztec art and greatness than time and decay could have done in as many centuries. It is a few such men as this that the world has to thank for the utter extinction in a few short years of a mighty civilization. In a letter to the Franciscan Chapter at Tolosa, dated June 12th, 1531, we find the old bigot exulting over his vandalism. 'Very reverend fathers,' he writes, 'be it known to you that we are very busy in the work of converting the heathen; of whom, by the grace of God, upward of one million have been baptized at the hands of the brethren of the order of our seraphic father, St. Francis; five hundred temples have been leveled with the ground, and more than twenty thousand figures of the devils they worshiped have been broken to pieces and burned.' And it appears that the worthy zealot had even succeeded in bringing the natives to his way of thinking, for farther on he writes: 'They watch with great care to see where their fathers hide the idols, and then with great fidelity [to the priests] they bring them to the religious of our order that they may be destroyed; and for this many of them have been brutally murdered by their parents, or, to speak more properly, have been crowned in glory with Christ.'"

I mention these things to show that information, original and presumably authentic, concerning the new-world civilization, can only be found in the works of the early writers, who came to the country within a few years after the Conquest; those who came later saw nothing of it.

Almost all that is known of the wild tribes is, on the other hand, contained in the works of comparatively modern travelers. It follows, therefore, that

the former class of books is much rarer and more difficult to obtain than the latter.

And here I come back to the proposition with which I started, namely: that those who have hitherto attempted to grapple with the more difficult and obscure questions involved in the great Nahua and Maya-Quiché civilizations have failed to attain any very satisfactory results. With the help of only two or three or even half a dozen of the old authorities it is impossible to investigate fairly and surely. What one positively affirms, another as positively denies. Each has his particular hobby to ride, and he generally rides it rough-shod over everything. Perhaps it is some pet theory of origin, a theory which may seem harmless enough when his work is read by itself, but which upon comparison proves to be a perfect little Jugger-naut to all opposing facts. Take Las Casas, for instance, or even the Abbé Clavigéro, and you will learn that the Indians were paragons of virtue; read Gomara or Acosta, and you will hear a very different story. Most of these early chroniclers were monks or priests; men whose natural credulity, passion for what we should now call "the sensational," and excessive fondness for analogy, led them to make the most monstrous statements. Others, such as Bernal Diaz, the Anonymous Conqueror, and even Cortés himself, were mere unlettered soldiers, who hesitated at no "yarn" that would excite wonder and magnify the importance of their conquests. Diaz, it is true, vaunts himself on being nothing but "a blunt soldier," and affects to make truth a specialty. Indeed, there is reason to believe that he did write conscientiously enough; but he wrote many years after the Conquest, shortly before his death in Spain, when the recalling of those fighting days, the mere memory of the terrible *noche triste*, so warmed the cockles of the an-

cient veteran's heart that he saw things through a glass—not darkly, but magnified. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to have access to every particle of evidence, and to weigh it carefully, before we can hope to give a sound verdict concerning any of these matters.

But the extreme rarity of many of these old works—for but few of them have been reprinted—makes them very costly and difficult of access. Perhaps the only library in the world, certainly the only private library, containing all of them, is that of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, whose immense collection of books and manuscripts embracing 16,000 or 17,000 volumes, besides innumerable pamphlets and files of newspapers, all relating to what he terms the Pacific States, has been described at length in a previous number of the *OVERLAND*.

Hence it is that Mr. Bancroft has been enabled, though not without toil from which an ordinary man would have shrunk, to electrify the literary world with his already famous work on *The Native Races of the Pacific States*, the second volume of which, on the "Civilized Tribes," is just out.

Now, in this work, the intricate questions to which I have alluded above are not settled nor indeed discussed. The identity of the various Nahua and Maya culture-heroes, the occult meaning of the serpent symbol, we are not told. Mr. Bancroft avoids theories as he would avoid a pestilence, but he has made palpable substance out of what was before impalpable shadow; he has dragged the enemy out of ambush into the open field. In the mill of his brain he has crushed many tons of rough ore in the shape of books, the golden result he has placed between the covers of five volumes, and these he offers freely to the cunning ones that they may make strange vessels of them. Verily such a mining operation may well be regarded as a "soft

thing" by those in whose line it is to benefit by it.

That the regions conquered by Cortés were inhabited by a semi-civilized race, is known to most people; to many the names of the various branches of that race and a few of their more prominent customs will be familiar, but I am inclined to think that to nine out of ten average readers, more than this would be a revelation. I will therefore endeavor to briefly describe a few of their peculiarities, more for the purpose of whetting the reader's appetite in this direction, than of gratifying it.

That portion of North America which was the home of the civilization of which Mr. Bancroft treats, extends, he says, "along the continent from north-west to south-east, between latitudes 22° and 11°. On the Atlantic side the territory stretches from Tamaulipas to Honduras, on the Pacific from Colima to Nicaragua. Not that these are definitely drawn boundaries, but outside of these limits, disregarding the New Mexican *pueblo* culture, this civilization had left little for Europeans to observe, while within them lived few tribes uninfluenced or unimproved by contact with it." This civilization he divides into two branches, the Maya and the Nahua, the former the more ancient, the latter the more widespread. Of the Nahua division, which extends south to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, a confederacy of three powerful nations—the Acolhuas, the Aztecs, and the Tepanecs—formed the centre. They were grouped about the lake of Mexico. At the time of the advent of the Spaniards, the Aztecs were by far the most powerful of the three, and for this and various other reasons they became to Europeans, and to the whole modern world, the representatives of the American civilized peoples. By dint of subtle policy and warlike prowess they had succeeded in subjugating the greater part of the sur-

rounding nations, though some remained unsubdued up to the time of the Conquest. The Maya division includes all the civilized nations of Central America.

The prevailing form of government among the Nahuas was monarchical and nearly absolute, though some of the smaller and less powerful states affected an aristocratic-republican system. In Tezcuco and Tlacopan the order of succession was lineal and hereditary; in Mexico it was collateral and elective. During the early days of the Mexican monarchy the king was elected by the vote of all the people, who were guided in their choice by their leaders; later, however, the electoral vote was intrusted to four or five of the chief men of the empire. Formerly, also, the king was expected to confer with a council composed of these electors and other important personages before taking any important step; but by degrees the authority of all tribunals was reduced almost to a dead letter, when opposed to the royal wish. The state in which these kings lived almost exceeds belief. "From the moment of his coronation," says Mr. Bancroft, "the Aztec sovereign lived in an atmosphere of adulation unknown to the mightiest potentate of the old world. Reverenced as a god, the haughtiest nobles, sovereigns in their own land, humbled themselves before him; absolute in power, the fate of thousands depended upon a gesture of his hand." The splendor of their palaces surpassed anything we read in the *Arabian Nights*. Listen: "The walls and floors of halls and apartments were many of them faced with slabs of marble, porphyry, jasper, obsidian, and white *tecali*; lofty columns of the same fine stones supported marble balconies and porticoes, every niche and corner of which was filled with wondrous ornamental carving, or held a grinning grotesquely sculptured head. The beams and casings were of cedar, cypress, and other valuable woods, pro-

fusely carved, and put together without nails. The roofs of the palace buildings formed a suite of immense terraces, from which a magnificent view of the whole city could be obtained. Superb mats of most exquisite finish were spread upon the marble floors; the tapestry that draped the walls and the curtains that hung before the windows were made of a fabric most wonderful for its delicate texture, elegant designs, and brilliant colors; through the halls and corridors a thousand golden censers, in which burned precious spices and perfumes, diffused a subtile odor." Surrounding the palace were splendid gardens, filled with fountains and strange birds and flowers. The royal table was graced by as many as three thousand dishes at each meal. The dinner-service was of the finest ware of Cholula, a city celebrated for its pottery, and many of the goblets were of gold or silver, or fashioned of beautiful shells. Montezuma is said to have possessed a complete service of solid gold, but as it was considered below a king's dignity to use anything at table twice, even the Nahua Elagabalus was obliged to keep this costly dinner-set in the temple. Four hundred pages and a number of beautiful women waited at table, yet the king ate alone, if we except four or five privileged nobles who stood behind his seat and occasionally received a morsel from the royal plate as an especial favor. Yet with all this, and much more, these demi-gods were not exempt from that unrest which clings to the "head that wears a crown." Hear the Tezcucan Solomon, Nezahualcoyotl the king:

"The sweet things of life are but shadows;
The triumphs, the honors, what are they
But dreams that are idle and last not,
Though clothed in a semblance of being?

* * * * *

I would that those living in friendship,
Whom the thread of strong love doth encircle,
Could see the sharp sword of the death-god.
For, verily, pleasure is fleeting,
All sweetness must change in the future,
The good things of life are inconstant."

There is great weariness of heart here, and, indeed, through the whole of the very beautiful ode, of which these lines form a part.

The power of the Nahua nobles as a body was very great, and doubtless served as a salutary check upon the despotism of the king. They were divided into classes, and held fiefs of the crown or of one another by a system very similar, in many respects, to the European feudal system. The priests were another very powerful class; and they generally sided with the crown in any differences that might arise. Below these privileged classes came the *macehuals*, or plebeians, and, lastly, the slaves. Under the earlier Mexican kings the *macehuals* enjoyed considerable privileges; they had a voice in public affairs, and were recognized as an important part of the community. But these privileges they gradually lost, until in the time of Montezuma II. we are told that "they were content to work without pay for the nobles, if they could only insure their protection by so doing." Slaves were of three classes: prisoners of war, persons condemned for crime to lose their freedom, and those who sold themselves, or children sold by their parents. The laws relating to slavery are very curious.

The lands were divided among the crown, the nobility, the various tribes or clans of the people, and the temples. The division was, however, by no means equal; by far the greater portion being appropriated by the king and the aristocracy. All landed property was duly surveyed and recorded. The laws relating to tenure of lands were well defined and strictly adhered to. The taxes, which were very oppressive, were paid in personal service, or the productions or results of labor. The system of taxation was very complicated.

Children were educated with great care, and were from infancy inured to hardship. The least misconduct or dis-

obedience was severely and in some cases cruelly punished. After leaving their parents they were educated in the temples, or schools attached to the temples, and by the priests. These schools were of two classes—one for nobles, the other for plebeians.

The customary marrying age for young men was from twenty to twenty-two, and for girls from eleven to eighteen. The consent of the parties' parents was necessary to the alliance. The marriage ceremonies were too protracted to be described here. The chastity of the bride was a *sine qua non*, except in cases where the husband took her with a foreknowledge of her unchastity. We are nevertheless assured by Andagoya, writes Mr. Bancroft, that in Nicaragua a custom similar to the European *droit de seigneur* was practiced by a priest living in the temple. Divorce, though strongly discouraged, was permitted among the Nahuas; among the Mayas it was an easy matter. A peculiar system of concubinage was permitted and largely indulged by the wealthy. The birth, baptism, and circumcision of children were occasions of great ceremony and rejoicing.

The excessive fondness of the Aztec people for feasts and amusements of every kind extended throughout all ranks of society. Every man feasted his neighbor, and was himself in turn feasted. Birthdays, victories, house-warmings, successful voyages or speculations, and other events too numerous to mention, were celebrated with feasts. Every man, from king to peasant, considered it incumbent upon him to be second to none among his equals in the giving of banquets and entertainments; and as these involved the distribution of costly presents among his guests, it often happened that the host ruined himself by his hospitality; indeed, it is said that many sold themselves into slavery that they might be able to prepare at least one

feast that would immortalize their memory. Consequently the descriptions of some of these entertainments are exceedingly curious and interesting. Professional jesters were kept by the kings and nobility, exactly as they were in the contemporary European courts.

The religious festivals were of a very sanguinary character, and of very frequent occurrence; for, as Mr. Bancroft says, these people "were close observers of nature, but like other nations in a similar or even more advanced stage of culture, the Greeks and Northmen for example, they entirely misunderstood the laws which govern the phenomena of nature, and looked upon every natural occurrence as the direct act of some particular divinity." Sanguinary these festivals must have been, indeed; for it is written, upon good authority, that "at almost every monthly feast, and at numerous other grand celebrations, several hundred human hearts were torn hot from living breasts as an acceptable offering to the Nahua gods and a pleasant sight to the people." On some occasions the victims were little children, on others men or women. Sacrifices varied in number, place, and manner, according to the nature of the festival. Usually the victims suffered death by having the breast opened and the beating heart torn out, but many were drowned, burned, or starved to death, while some fell in the gladiatorial sacrifice reserved for prisoners of war of approved valor. In point of bloodiness, Dahomey can not compare with Anahuac. Zumarraga, the first Bishop of Mexico, says, in a letter of the 12th of June, 1531, addressed to the general chapter of his order, that in that capital alone 20,000 human victims were annually sacrificed. Some authors quoted by Gomara affirm that the number of the sacrificed amounted to 50,000. Acosta writes that there was a certain day of the year on which 5,000 were sacrificed in different places of the empire;

and another day on which they sacrificed 20,000. Some authors believe that on the mountain Tepeyacac alone, 20,000 were immolated in honor of the goddess Tonantzin. Torquemada, in quoting, though unfaithfully, the letter of Zumarraga, says that there were 20,000 infants annually sacrificed. Las Casas, however, in his refutation of the bloody book written by Doctor Sepulveda, reduces the barbarities committed by his beloved Indians to a much smaller scale.

The arts and manufactures of these people form far too extensive a subject for me to in any manner treat of them here.

In their treatment of diseases they of course resorted largely to the mummeries so universally observed by the doctors of savage or semi-civilized peoples. Medicines were, however, given in all the usual forms of draught, powder, injection, ointment, plaster, etc., the material for which was gathered from the three natural kingdoms in great variety.

The dead were buried by some nations and burned by others. The custom of destroying or burying clothing, food, implements, and weapons with the body, or of leaving them upon the grave, that they, or rather their spirits, might serve the deceased while on his journey to the future world, and perhaps during his sojourn there, was almost universally observed. The reader will perhaps call to mind here Bulwer's version of the well-known lines of Schiller's "Nadwessian Death-song:"

"Here bring the last gifts—and with these
The last lament be said;
Let all that pleased, and yet may please,
Be buried with the dead.

"Beneath his head the hatchet hide
That he so stoutly swung;
And place the bear's fat haunch beside—
The journey hence is long.

"And let the knife new sharpened be,
That, on the battle-day,
Shore with quick strokes—he took but three—
The foeman's scalp away."

Sir John Lubbock does not believe, with Wilson and other archæologists, that the burial of implements with the dead was because of any belief that they would be of use to the deceased in his future life; but solely as a tribute of affection, an outburst of that spirit of sacrifice and offering so noticeable in all, from the most savage to the most civilized, in the presence of lost brotherhood, friendship, or love. In the first place, the outfit, in a great majority of cases, is wholly unfit and inadequate, viewed in any rational scale of utility; the articles are not such as the dead warrior would procure if by any means he were again restored to earth and to his friends. In the second place, it was and is usual to so effectually mutilate the devoted arms and utensils as to render them a mere bitter mockery if they are intended for the future use of the dead. It is very easy to classify this phenomenon in the same category with the deserting or destroying of the house of the deceased, the refusal to mention his name, and all the other rude contrivances by which the memory of their sor-

row may be buried out of their sight. The subject may be viewed in another light, however, by considering that these Indians sometimes impute spirits even to inanimate objects, and when the wife or slave is slain, their spirits meet the chief in the future land. Do they not also break the bow and the spear that the ghostly weapons may seek above the hands of their sometime owner, not leaving him defenseless in the awful shades? The mutilation of the articles may perhaps be regarded as a symbolic killing, to release the soul of the object; the inadequacy of the supply may indicate that they were to be used only on the journey, or during the preparatory state, more perfect articles being given to the soul, or prepared by it, on entering the heaven proper. Most probably, however, the implements were a token of consideration, and, as they were not intended for actual use, it did not matter what their quality or condition was. Perhaps it seemed to them as to Ovid:

*"Parva petunt manes—pietas pro divite grata est
Munere. Non avidos Styx habet ima deos."*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

CHAPTER V.

THEN Andy came to college, and Harry Knox. Social life opened to them as a new continent to its conquerors—to me ever a walled city, whose streets indeed I sometimes trod, but never as a citizen. For in my own petty way I was soon notorious as belonging to the dangerous classes; a vicious and determined rebel, speaking evil of dignitaries and proprieties; voluble in debate on the rights of man, and the evils of priestcraft and kingcraft; full of invective from Paine, of sneers

from Voltaire, and of beautiful theories touching everything from Fourier and Rousseau. I devoted myself with great assiduity to the task of proving that men are born free, equal, and brotherly: I got as far as the potential mood; the man does not live who has oftener established with some success the fact that man might, could, would, and should be so and so than your humble servant—but farther I could not get, such stubborn impracticable things were facts. I let the "brotherly" go first; that society on the *fraternité* principle existed or had ever

existed on any known world-practicable basis, could not well be asserted. To begin building on the minutest fragment of rock would have been possible, on sand even not impossible; but on nothing!—on thin transparent air, and with such materials as men and such a mortar as *fraternité*! Pass on, reader, and drop a regretful tear, for our plans were beautifully drawn and proportioned; very fair to look upon should have been the many-mansioned houses when completed, and very suitable for the residence of angels, shall we say?

But *liberté* and *égalité*! Surely we were born free and equal; surely we were born with a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? Poor conceited puppy, with *my* "right to life," shivering at every thunderbolt that crashed over my head; and *my* "liberty" and *my* "happiness!" God must surely laugh in his place sometimes at the little blind worms that crawl on the face of his stars, and are driven and trodden down by the march and the laws of his elements. The one worm will not have the other crawl over him, even. He is the equal of the other, yet, wonderful to relate, can not hinder the other: he is his equal, yet bows the back and head to a somehow stronger back and head, consoling himself, as he spits from his mouth the dust wherein he has been trodden, with "declarations" and "resolutions" to the effect that worms *are* born free and equal—with which, God send him much comfort!

But I was forced gradually to divert the great attention I had thought necessary to devote to the weal of mankind to private affairs of great pith and moment. Miss Knox, who had been residing for a year back with a rich uncle of hers in Paris, and been there instructing herself with various governesses, masters, and a good deal of society, now returned to her father's house. Such a change as that year had made! Some strange spir-

it had entered into her beautiful body, I could not tell what; she was inspired and possessed with some new god, whose transfigured glory and grace made her divine after the old Greek fashion.

I had heard she had returned, and I rode out from Belfast one Sunday morning, thinking as I set out less of her than of my books and discussions and the beautiful nature around me. I branched off to a little lonely lake, tied up my horse at a sheep-cot on the bank, and swam for half an hour. The rising sun of the March morning was just throwing its level beams over the cold sparkling water, and the long reeds on the bank moved and sounded like rustling Memnons at the little touch of warming air. A lark was rising into heaven, disappearing like a musical star before the broadening day; but it soon grew again a reflected speck before me in the water, falling like a swift Lucifer, Son of the Morning, cast from heaven. A little shining grebe, as I pushed slowly on, dived and dived again before me, and floated at last careless of my presence. I dived myself, down to the very black slime and long cold weeds at the bottom and crowned myself with them, and rowed on, and dived again to wash the slime from my hair, then turned my head and floated up to the sunlight again through the clear blackness of water. My mind was preternaturally clear and swift in action. I ran rapidly over all I remembered of Mary Knox, from the shapely uncramped foot my hand had helped so often to the stirrup, and the fair head with its wild electric cloud of hair—gold or bronze as the light listed—to the incomprehensible eyes, fervent with yellow light or hazel shadow, and I began to be afraid. For a year I had lived in peace, if not with the world, at least with myself; but in the distance now my soul commenced to be tormented with the *Ça ira* of too possible revolution: then

a chill took me and I felt the water cold. Pushing in to shore with hard, long strokes, I determined that it should *not* come—that no fire and sword of passion nor reign of frenzy should overturn the law of my life and the sacred order of my great purposes.

I had not time when I got home to visit at the Den before church hour, so after a great breakfast and a walk with father round the farm-yard, I dressed and set out with ma and him for the kirk. We reached our seat about half-way up the centre aisle, I merely throwing a glance forward toward the Knox pew in front, expecting to see there Ady and Harry—who had come home on Saturday—and Mary; but they had not arrived. The services began. Dr. Leitham, with his shaggy earnest brows deeply knotted, read, as he would have pronounced a death sentence, the psalm—

“Thou dost unto destruction
man that is mortal turn;
And unto them thou sayst, again,
ye sons of men, return”—

when a rustling came, and up the aisle moved the Den party, Ady first, Mary next, and Harry after. Two fine-looking tall fellows, and she—she just can not be described. The lines of her face might, and of her body; but herself, no writing can even suggest her grace of motion save perhaps those words of Browning—“some palpitating, exquisite seething.” The words of the service beat upon my ears, but never reached my consciousness. I rose when the last “Amen” was sounded, and stood in the aisle. The word “metempsychosis,” which had somewhere occurred in the sermon, rung the most absurd changes through my pitiable head. Some other soul than my own surely it was that lay stunned in the body of Daniel Hoate. Daniel Hoate could not have been the weak being with reeling heart and head that reached a trembling hand to Mary Knox—not his surely the white face and

quivering lips she looked through and through. Why, *he* was the steel-nerved cynic, the laborious skeptical investigator and collector of facts on the Baconian plan; the disputant whose slow lips dropped gall, and half-closed eyes never opened but to some grand theorem of philosophy, or to find some chink for a poisoned arrow in the armor of commonplace humanity.

I did not return to my classes for a week. I rode with Mary, I rowed with her, I opened my living soul to her, and let her look where I know not if even the eye of God had ever been; and she knew that I loved her with an everlasting love, and that my life was bound up in the bundle with hers whatever she might be or become. Not that I ever spoke of it. Does a man need to say that he draws breath, or that he lives by food? Not that I ever did anything in particular to prove it. Would she have asked her hand to prove that it would lift itself to protect her eye, or her foot to prove that it would stir to remove her from peril of sudden death? *She* knew, as she lived and as I lived, that I would have cast myself into water or fire just for one motion of her eyelids. And she was proud of it all—she with her grand beauty and multitude of suitors—proud of the fierce uncommon prey she had taken and tamed, and drawn after her as in a leash.

Did she love me? God knows, perhaps—I hardly think she knew herself; but she certainly did like to have me love her. I hardly think she meant to play with me; she might have meant it at first, but afterward she could not have had the courage. For it became a terrible thing, my love, despite all its exaggerations and affectations. She had led me on to stake so much upon the hazard of a throw that might have made stronger men desperate; she had attracted my energies to accumulate and concentrate like thick storm-clouds

about a single point, deep moving as yet quietly upon deep, and lightning gathering softly upon lightning—the whole possible of being put to gentle and benign uses, but potential also under jarring circumstances of disaster

and ruin. So at any rate we, after all being but children, imagined it must be; and nothing occurred for a long time to shatter the images of hope and apprehension, before whose faces we lived and moved.

ETC.

Social Culture and Social Clubs.

Social culture is a *force* lying in us as social beings; not at all, or hardly at all, is it a *system* to be laid down in or learned from any “hand-book of society,” or other book or books. The bringing up of our young people to be refined, courteous, gentle in their dealings with us and with each other, is becoming more and more an important matter in a climate and under institutions which favor so strongly individuality, independence, and self-assertion—things good and strong in their due place and proportion, but apt to degenerate into weaknesses fatal to social and family order and happiness. There are few heads of families who do not feel anxious at times as to how they shall, without extravagance, fully, pleasantly, and yet profitably provide occupation for the leisure hours of the keen, daring, restless young organizations that our climate and surroundings produce. Theatres, balls, and large parties, if habitually patronized, are expensive, and for other reasons not very desirable educators. The young men or women who find in these the mental food best suited to their digestions are poor, artificial, diseased beings, who may, indeed, have their gifts and graces, but not the gifts that tend to make men thoughtful, toilsome, or honest, nor the graces that tend to make women well-informed, well-guiding, helpful wives and mothers. Many, however, are driven to dissipation more or less pronounced for want of means or opportunity to better fill up their time. There are many estimable persons in the world for whom books have little charm, and on even the lover of books books will pall now and then. We must see each oth-

er's faces, hear each other's voices, feel each other's hands a little. The question is how to come together with a minimum of extravagance, a minimum of frivolity, a minimum of vulgarity, and a maximum of helpfulness, of instruction, of refinement—*all without ennui*. Let the slightest shadow of boredom or wearisomeness touch your plans, and the persons most in need of their benefit will naturally enough have nothing to do with either you or them.

President Gilman has suggested to us that the pressing need to which we have called attention seems to be best met in the East by such associations as “The Long Island Historical Society,” of Brooklyn—though the adjective “historical” is unfortunate, as apt to alarm unstudious young persons. This prosperous social club very fully answers the necessities we have outlined. Its members rent or own, on the co-operative plan, at no great individual cost, a set of apartments much like those of the usual men's club of London, New York, or San Francisco. Its rooms are comfortably furnished, and beautified by books, pictures, and objects of *virtu* generally—many of which come in as donations, from time to time, from rich members. A piano is, of course, present, and clever members contribute of their talents to the happiness of all, by music, readings, lectures, and so on. The rooms are open, as in all club-houses, to members, during reasonable hours, and special evenings are set aside for special reunions: when scientific persons bring their portable apparatus, maps, books, and pictures; or witty or well-informed persons talk or lecture; or rare pictures and books and relics come from those fortunate

enough to possess them. The idea is that everyone should contribute from such gifts and possessions as he has; and it is found that emulation and culture and good personal gifts of every kind bear rich fruits under the system.

Why can not we have just such an association in every town in California? It only needs that the right, responsible, trustworthy, and well-esteemed persons be got to organize the thing and set it going with the tact and judgment so necessary in all social matters. They will find the expense to each member surprisingly small, and the general benefit, socially, morally, intellectually, and financially, to every family of their social club surprisingly great—too great to be measured by the little trouble necessary to make a beginning.

Decoration Day.

We went together, she and I,
Clad in our robes of grief,
Our widowed hearts made inward moan
Seeking some poor relief,
In village church with village throng
We faltered through the prayer and song.

By throbbing drum and wailing fife
In long procession led,
All sought the rural church-yard, where
Reposed their patriot dead,
And, flowers in hand, we gathered round
In turn, each still pathetic mound.

With tender pride one then proclaimed
The sleeper's name below;
Neighbors and friends with tearful eyes
Around it circled slow,
And piled the spot with blossoms fair,
And breathed soft blessings on the air.

And thus I thought: my soldier's grave
I may not deck to-day;
Above his rest with raining tears
I may not bend to pray;
Far, all too far my soldier lies,
In southern soil, 'neath southern skies.

That bloody earth would scarce, methinks,
Lie lightly on his breast,
That sky scarce seem with smiles to bend
Above his silent rest,
Slept he not 'mid our patriot dead,
The dear old flag high overhead.

Sleep on, beloved! Although not mine,
Yet other hands to-day
Have strewed, thank God! fair, fragrant flowers
Above thy precious clay;

And there, to-night, they glow and bloom
Amid the dews, amid the gloom.

For me, I went to other graves,
Yet seemed to see but thine;
I placed the flowers as some, I hoped,
Would deck that grave of mine;
I spoke of all, but thought of one,
While moaned my heart, "Forever gone."

SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

A Californian Traveler.

William J. Shaw, an able lawyer, who represented San Francisco with considerable distinction in the State Senate during the years 1856-7 and 1865-9, has largely added to his reputation for judgment, enterprise, and good citizenship by his completion of certain travels and explorations long had in contemplation by him, and the results of which he begins with a paper in this month's OVERLAND to lay before the world. On the 3d of July, 1868, he sailed from this city for Japan, examining such limited parts of that country as were open to foreigners. He saw much of China, from its great interior wall to Hankow, Peking, Canton, Macao, and Hongkong. He crossed through the kingdom of Siam, and in a small yacht coasted along the eastern sea-line of its gulf, from Bangkok down to a place in the French possessions called Hatian, ascending in a small boat the mouths of the many rivers that lay in his course. Then in row-boats, up rivers, down rivers, and through canals, across to the great Cambodia River, heading in the Himalayas and emptying into the China Sea at Saigon. Then up the same river to Pnom-pen, the capital of Cambodia; and still farther up it and by a branch of it across the whole length of Cambodia Lake (on which he and his guide were lost five days) to the great ruins of Ongcor, discovered some years ago. Then down the Cambodia River to Saigon, thence to Singapore, and thence to Soerabaya in Java. Then through the district of Macassar on the south, and of Minahassa on the north, of the island of Celebes. To the islands of Tornato and Halmahera. To Latta, Amboyna, and all the other Spice Islands. To the island of Timor and other islands, and back to Soerabaya. Thence by private carriage, setting out from the east end of Java, at Propolingo, passing through the

whole length of the island to Batavia, not along the high road, but generally on the south sea-side of the island, yet nearly crossing it eleven times in traversing its length. He traveled along most of the west coast of Sumatra. Into Banda, making a collection of tin specimens from its tin-mines, which would be called in California tin placers. Again to Singapore, which he was in and out of seven times. To Tenasserim. To Maulmain. To Pegu and Burmah. To Irrikan. To Calcutta twice. Through Bengal, Oude, the North-west Provinces, and the Punjab. Across the Himalayas to Cashmere, and through that country. Nearly across the whole breadth of the Himalayas into Thibet. Along the extreme northern frontier of the British possessions in India, often in sight of the Hindoo Koosh, to Peshawer. Through the Kerbala Pass into Afghanistan, though that pass was forbidden to White men and had not been previously entered by Europeans during fourteen years. To Attock, where he had a scow made on which he floated between the gorges and down the rapids of the untraveled Indus River, clear down to Dera Ismail Khan. Thence horseback into Beloochistan and down to Dera Ghaza Khan. Across the country of Sinde, or Sindia, to Mooltan. Again to Lahore, Umritsir, Jullinder, Umballah, Delhi, Multra, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Allahabad, Benares, Gazeepoor, etc. Through Central India (not by rail), Nagpoor, Hyderabad, Aurungabad, Dawlatabad, Ellora, Almadnuggar, Poona, Bombay, Surat, Baroda, Kurrachee, Muscat. Away again along the Persian coast, up the Persian Gulf, up the Tigris River to Bagdad. On horseback to Nineveh, Mosul, and the lands of the Yezidees. Built a raft at Mosul and floated down the Tigris to Nimrood and then to Bagdad. Crossed Mesopotamia and the Desert of Arabia to Babylon, to Kerbala (the Persian Mecca), to Kufa, and back to Hillah—deciding, as he says, to his own satisfaction what the famous "Tower of Babel" (Birs-Nimrood) really is; his conclusion differing completely from that of other investigators of the subject. Crossed back into Persia. Examined Persepolis and surrounding places. Thence, after a return trip to India (in which country he spent altogether two years), especially southern India,

and the Madras Presidency and Ceylon, to Egypt by way of Aden and the Red Sea. Five months he devoted to the examination of the ruins of that fascinating land, and it is some of the results of this examination, both on paper and in the way of exhumed and otherwise obtained relics and monuments, that especially interest our readers at present—and that we hope are to enrich the literature and the museums of California.

One positively wearies at repeating the long list of places further noted and enlarged upon in Mr. Shaw's huge portfolios of journal, or whose mementoes abound in his packing-cases, stowed in the warehouses of San Francisco or still to arrive. Let us only hurriedly say that from Egypt he went to Palestine, crossed the Jordan, floated on the waters of the Dead Sea, and trod the streets of the Holy City. Hired camels at Damascus, and set out for Palmyra (or Tadmor), within twenty hours' travel of which he was compelled to retreat by the spears of the Bedouins. He went to Horus, Hanna, Beyroot, Cyprus, Rhodes, Smyrna, Ephesus. Through the Ægean Sea, the Hellespont, the Sea of Marmora, to Constantinople, and so into Europe, to Finland, central Russia, and the better-known countries of the centre and west of the continent—where we will not follow him. Then back to Asia, to Persia, where, within some ten hours' ride of Teheran, he was taken with malarial fever and compelled to return to Europe as rapidly as practicable.

Including travels previously performed by him into and around South America, and into the Antarctic Ocean, he has been on the Arctic and the Antarctic, and upon every ocean and large sea on the globe, and among almost every race of mankind, and into nearly every populous nation at present in existence. Mr. Shaw has brought to San Francisco over sixty cases of books, maps, historical relics, and pictures of immense value. He has a great Nineveh stone, five feet by ten feet, full of cuneiform characters and with a beautiful bass-relief of a high-priest six feet tall. His antiquities are from Nineveh, Nimrood, Babylon, Kufa, Kerbala, Persepolis, Egypt, and a host of other places. Further, he is now having constructed in London, for San Francisco or some other place in Califor-

nia, a telescope of the greatest magnifying power, it is believed, of any now in existence. The great object-glasses for this were purchased before he heard of Mr. Lick's famous donation in that behalf.

We have described in a necessarily limited and cursory manner what this Californian traveler of ours has done, is doing, and proposes to do. We hope he will do much more than anything we have hinted at—that he will carefully edit and publish the ripe results of his observation. So exceptionally widely extended have been his opportunities and his resources, and so successfully has his enterprise been thus far pushed, that we have a right to expect great things, and we do. Facts are greater than rhetoric, and though no introduction to Senator Shaw is needed for old Californians, we introduce him, by the naked facts we have given, to strangers as our greatest traveler, and, we hope to prove by the pages of the *OVERLAND*, as our most extensive writer of travels.

Drawing from Life.

We have received a letter from an able friend of ours and of the *OVERLAND*, part of which will be interesting to our readers, and will explain itself:

"You will see that in 'Big Jack Small' the author means to paint, not an eccentricity of character, but a very common and well-known class of mountain citizens whose habitat is the Pacific slope. Are not these common people hard objects for idealization? Is not the driver of the ox the least romantic of mortals? Does not the effort to follow humanity through the multifarious, billionarious manipulations of lowly life's daily duty for a single day palsy the most brilliant pen, in attempting to keep the record honest, full, and true? If you answer me affirmatively, then pity me. To sketch an ox-driver seemed a thing quite short and simple, but the fellow grew upon me like a sunrise. I had to almost kill him before I could get away from him, and if I had not thrown him off I feel quite sure that his numerous statements of 'What I'd like ter know' would have wooed us into a history of the All-pervasive.

"Perhaps there are things which nobody wants to see painted, yet I like to see even

those bad little boys in Hogarth's paintings; they are not doing, perhaps, the prettiest they can do, but then it is *all* boy—inimitable boy. I like Hogarth's boys—his English boys—better than I like those little Italian angels who lean on their elbows and look up to heaven. Those are mistakes. Angels should always be little girls. Boys do not want to go to heaven—not, at least, until they get past wading in the water, tearing pantaloons, stubbing toes, flinging mud, etc. I have tried to paint Mr. Small and his surroundings as plainly as Hogarth painted his bad little boys. I have honestly painted an honest picture of a good, strong, honest fellow. He is not *over*-drawn the breadth of one hair. Nor is the Indian overdrawn. I have lived ten continuous years in the State of Nevada. You may trust me when I draw the people of Nevada. Even when your habits of thought, or expression, lead you to *correct* the word or phrase in the mouth of my Nevada people—even then, in such cases, you may *trust me*. I will not lead either you or the public astray. If your immediate circle does not see the humorous*stolidity of a Shoshonee Indian, it is not the Indian's fault. Perhaps the fault of surroundings. Nor is it my fault, because I know of experimental certainty that I have drawn him as faithfully as ever Murillo painted a Spanish flea.

"I would say that the 'religious views' expressed by Mr. Small are the same which are held by a majority of the mountain men—the real mountain men. Bishop Whittaker, of the Anglo-American episcopacy, grieves over the cramp in the Episcopal purse as the reason why church-houses do not grow and prosper in Nevada. That is not the reason. If the people of Nevada bankered after church-houses they would build them. 'You bet' they would. Mr. Small states the true case as it appears to his class: the God of the mountains is too big for a house.

"I have drawn the gold-colored thread of sexual poetry through the rag-carpet of Mr. Small's rough life. Please don't take his square-built gal away from him! If I have burlesqued the missionary society, I have not intended such burlesque. What I have painted Mr. Small as doing, in this regard, is the

natural outcrop of his education. He could not resist the impulse, under the circumstances."

J. W. GALLY.

Art Notes.

The most notable event in San Francisco art circles during the past month has been the opening of the "Schaus Gallery," at Houseworth's—which contains a larger proportion of good pictures than any exhibition ever made here. The largest picture in the collection, and that which first strikes the eye on entering, is the carnival scene by Coninck. It is a showy picture and not altogether agreeable, being somewhat coarse in character, and the three figures composing it presenting the appearance of having been painted from the same model. A very pleasing picture is that painted by P. C. Comte, representing two ladies feeding fish. The drapery is beautifully executed, though the drawing of the faces is open to criticism. Another by Florent Willems, of a lady and grayhound, has also a bit of exquisitely painted drapery, the texture of the lilac satin robe being admirably rendered; the dog, however, is badly drawn, and the remainder of the picture uninteresting. Several pictures by Verböckhoven are very smoothly painted, but are not worthy of much praise. A small picture of horses by Thoren is very fine, the drawing, foreshortening, and action being excellently rendered. Some flowers, in water colors, by De Longprés, are very neatly executed. A most exquisite flower-piece—one of the gems of the collection—is by the Belgian painter Robie. It is exceedingly rich in color and masterly in style and effect. Two little *genre* bits by Siegert are excellent. The landscapes in the collection are not equal to the figure-pieces; that by Lindlar being exceedingly chromo-y in character, and that by Joseph Jansen no better. Another, by Carl Milner, is of a little higher character, but has no striking merit. There are several "marines," by Hertzog, not remarkable for originality. An exquisite fruit-piece by Emilie Preyer is worthy of study, being inimitable in delicacy of finish and color, and shows a beautiful *technique*; indeed, it is almost equal to the work of her celebrated father. A deer picture, and some ducks, by Tait, of New

York, are very poor specimens of that artist. There are also a number of pictures hanging above the line that are as yet out of the reach of criticism.

—Two sales have taken place of late of pictures imported from the East, being probably selections from an accumulation of unsalable works there, and it is certainly a wonder that people of average intelligence here could be induced to become purchasers at any price.

—A marine picture by Bierstadt has been lately exhibited at Snow & May's, and another at Roos' gallery. The first is exceedingly bad; while the other, though it has some good points, is not as a whole very pleasing.

—Toby Rosenthal's picture of "Elaine" has attracted many admirers, both before and since its abduction and restoration. It is certainly a beautiful and poetic rendering of the scene in Tennyson's well-known poem, and adds much to Rosenthal's reputation. Most of us were already familiar with the picture before its arrival, from the numerous well-executed photographs displayed in the shops, which give a good idea of the picture so far as regards the conception and effect, and curiosity only remains to be satisfied in regard to the color. With this, a sight of the picture fully satisfied everyone that it was entirely equal to the composition and effect, being extremely rich and sensuous, and at the same time so judiciously toned as not to interfere with the religious solemnity of the subject.

—Our friend John Muir, the "Hugh Miller of the West," has kindly furnished the following:

"Keith is painting with characteristic enthusiasm and success on the subject of the 'Head-waters of the Merced.' Lofty alps laden with ice and snow; massive rocks rounded and burnished by ancient glaciers; deep shadowy cañons, groves, meadows, streams, have been steadily growing and blending, and are now making rapid progress toward perfect development in one glorious picture. The foreground lies at an elevation of 7,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is composed chiefly of one of those immense dams of glacier-polished granite so often found stretching across the high Sierra ca-

tions. Its surface is planted with picturesque brown-barked junipers, mats and fringes of *chaparral*, and minute garden-like patches of the various flowers characteristic of the region. The middle and back grounds are the main upper Merced Cañon, and a cluster of snowy alps, flushed and inspired with pure mountain light. From its lofty fountains the young Merced is seen foaming down between its grandly sculptured cañon rocks, curving gracefully through meadow and grove, and finally entering a dark narrow gorge leading on down to Yosemite Valley. The painted rocks are so truly rocky, we would expect to hear them clank and ring to the blows of a hammer; and notwithstanding they are so full of plain truth in form,

sculpture, and combination, as to be fit for scientific illustrations, the whole picture glows with the very genius and poetry of the Sierra. I believe the canvas is said to be ten feet long; but paint, pictures, art, and artist are alike forgotten when we gaze into this glorious landscape. There are living alps, blue shadows on the snow; rocks, meadows, groves, and the crystal river, radiating beauty that absorbs and carries us away. Keith is patiently following the leadings of his own genius, painting better than he knows, observing a devout truthfulness to nature, yet removing veils of detail, and laying bare the very hearts and souls of the landscapes; and the truth of this is attested more and more fully by every picture that he paints."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES. VOL. II.—CIVILIZED NATIONS. By H. H. Bancroft. San Francisco; A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is the second volume in Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft's series of five volumes devoted to *The Native Races of the Pacific States*, the first of which we have already noticed.* The systematic arrangement, the acute analysis, the solid and symmetrical synthetic reconstructions, the concentrated and epigrammatic style, and the sound judgment which characterized the first volume are equally conspicuous in this, and probably even more so, as having the additional quality of that ease which comes from use only. The tone of the volume is livelier and sprightlier than that of the first, but this is the result of many causes. The theme is higher—that of civilized races; the materials are more abundant and more exact; the interest of controversy is sometimes added to that of narration; and speculative discussions often throw a rosy halo around the subject.

Mr. Bancroft restricts Anahuac to the celebrated plateaus of the valley of Mexico—the "country by the waters," as the name

signifies, taken from the lakes abounding there, and formerly occupying more of its surface than at present. (Page 87.) The region occupied by the civilized races extends along the continent, bounded by the sea on both sides, between latitudes 11° and 22° north. (Page 86.)

The term Aztec as a general designation Mr. Bancroft rejects, for the reason that it is not sufficiently descriptive nor comprehensive to include either of the two great civilized families of Central America. (Pages 81, 91-93, 95, 104, 114-125). The Mayas, or Maya-Quichés, include all the ancient races lying south of the Isthmus of Tethuantepec (pages 630-631), and to those lying north of this isthmus he gives the generic names of Nahuas. (Pages 91, 103, 124.) He thinks, however, that some authors will not accept this term. (Page 772.) We do not share this fear. He shows clearly that "Nahua" is a Maya-Quiché word used by the Mayas themselves to indicate these very native *civilized* races which were not of the Maya stock. (Page 129.) The word is thus not only completely descriptive, and of an ancient and honorable lineage, but is restored to its original and specific application. The people of the

*OVERLAND MONTHLY, December, 1874.

United States are not as fortunate as the Nahuas in possessing a collective adjective descriptive of their aggregate unity.

The division of this territory into the regions called respectively *tierra caliente*, *tierra templada*, *tierra fria*, and *tierra frigida*, with the other features of physical geography which so greatly influence the history and conditions of nations, are boldly and rapidly delineated (pages 87-89, etc.), and the plan of the volume is thus indicated :

“ My treatment of the subject is essentially as follows : The civilized peoples of North America naturally group themselves into two great divisions, which for convenience may be called the Nahuas and the Mayas respectively ; the first representing the Aztec civilization of Mexico, and the second the Maya-Quiché civilization of Central America. In describing their manners and customs, five large divisions may be made of each group. The first may be said to include the systems of government, the order of succession, the ceremonies of election, coronation, and anointment, the magnificence, power, and manner of life of their kings ; court forms and observances ; the royal palaces and gardens. The second comprises the social system—the classes of nobles, gentry, plebeians, and slaves ; taxation, tenure, and distribution of lands ; vassalage and feudal service ; the inner life of the people ; their family and private relations, such as marriage, divorce, and education of youth ; other matters, such as their dress, food, games, feasts, and dances, knowledge of medicine, and manner of burial. The third division includes their system of war, their relations with foreign powers, their warriors and orders of knighthood, their treatment of prisoners of war, and their weapons. The fourth division embraces their system of trade and commerce, the community of merchants, their sciences, arts, and manufactures. The fifth and last considers their judiciary, law-courts, and legal officials.” (Page 124.)

This plan he has carried into execution with remarkable success. For he has rehabilitated and restored to a historic position in the list of nations two great families that had never received the place which belonged to them. He has resurrected and placed on their pedestals two historic stat-

ues which bigotry and tyranny had broken and mutilated, and, as they hoped, had buried beneath the ground forever.

In this he is neither the rival nor competitor of Prescott, for neither his plan nor his field is the same. Prescott wrote the history of the conquest of Mexico, of the conquest of a portion of the Nahuas, and of the overthrow of some of their monarchies. Mr. Bancroft reconstructs the history and the body politic of two great families of the aboriginal race, and in order to pervade himself with the ethnic spirit of the race, and to supply himself with most abundant materials for generalization, he extends his researches to the equator on the one side, and to the pole on the other. He sometimes differs with Prescott, although he does not always state the fact, and when he does so we always find ourselves of his opinion. He is familiar with the historic theories of Hume, Buckle, Spencer, Mill, Draper, and the other great leaders in modern thought, but he is not afraid to decline to accept their conclusions, or even to reject them altogether. He seems to delude himself with the notion that he is only recording facts, and does not express any opinions, while he is remarkable for the boldness of his thought, and the freedom of its expression. The magnanimity with which he does justice to the zeal, perseverance, learning, and other admirable qualities of Brasseur de Bourbourg, (pages 780-781), after the latter had made a confession which drew upon himself the ridicule of the literary world, would have taxed the courage of an older and more experienced writer than Mr. Bancroft.

One of the great difficulties which a writer must encounter who endeavors at this late time to reconstruct any portion of the native civilized races of Central America, is the uncertain testimony of the ancient historians. And this uncertainty does not come from one cause, but from many causes. The difficulty is not with the relation of incredible things, for these may be rejected altogether, such as the assertions that the Aztecs could shoot with three or four arrows at a time ; or throw an ear of corn into the air, and pierce every kernel with an arrow before it reached the ground ; or throw up a coin into the air, and keep it suspended there as long as they

pleased with their arrows. (Page 409.) Nor was there any great difficulty where the discrepancy was merely in point of numbers, as in case of the enemies of the natives, who from religious motives deemed them children of the devil and so doomed to perdition, or from motives of avarice wished to confiscate their property and reduce them to slavery, and so magnified on the one hand the extent of their human sacrifices, and on the other their wealth and their numbers; while Las Casas and the pious missionaries who hoped and labored for the conversion of the natives were guilty of equal deviations from the truth on their part. For, difficulties arising from exaggerated numbers can be easily disposed of by striking an average. But where two writers, each on the spot and each with the same opportunity of observation, assert two propositions on the same subject-matter which are wholly irreconcilable, what are we to believe? Mr. Bancroft indicates many instances of difficulties of this kind. (Pages 158, 159, 301, 435, 444, 464, 610, 769.) Many of these discrepancies seem, *a priori*, to have originated in this way: As soon as the Spanish dominion was established, the idolatry of the natives, all their external superstition, and with it their religious cannibalism, were forcibly and completely suppressed. At the touch of the spear of conquest sunk down at the same time all the political institutions of the country, feudalism, fiefs, titles held by military, contributory, rent, or menial service, and the whole political and judicial system. Probably the laws regulating the rights of private property, and the relations of individuals to each other were retained, and also the laws defining crimes and regulating punishments. Then, after a few years, what a difference there would be found to exist in narrations respecting institutions which had been suppressed, and those which had been retained by the Spaniards! Who could tell what was the jurisdiction of a judge, or by what forms administered, when the judge had been dead, the court abolished, and the records destroyed, for a hundred years? On the other hand, if an old Nahua law was retained elevating to a capital crime what among the Spaniards would be only a venial offense—drunkenness, for example—we can have no hesitation as to the historical value

of the fact, nor of the appreciation by the Nahua lawgiver of that inherent addiction to strong drink which is a marked ethnic feature of the aboriginal races of America.

But what shall we do, as mere matters of testimony, with the two celebrated baths in the king's garden, "dug out of one piece of porphyry," which four modern travelers have visited, and have variously described as being a basin two and a half feet in diameter and a tank twelve feet long by eight feet wide? (Bancroft, vol. ii, pages 171, 172, notes.) The calendar-stone of the Aztecs is built into the exterior wall of the cathedral in the Plaza Grande at Mexico, on the left-hand side as one faces the structure, about fifteen feet from the ground, precisely where Brantz Mayer places it (*Mexico*, vol. i, page 115); is visible from the plaza and at a mile's distance to the naked eye, and is reproduced in every photograph taken of that side of the church; and yet Von Trempsky writes concerning it in this fashion: "Of Mexican antiquities of the time of Montezuma I saw scarce anything, and had to regret particularly the large circular stone said to have on it segments and figures representing the months of the old Mexican year—a sort of stone almanac—but of which I could not get a sight, as, although everybody I spoke with knew of its existence, no one could tell me of its whereabouts." (*Mitla*, page 205.) Von Trempsky probably stood within twenty feet of the stone, looked it squarely in the face, and mistook it for a circular window or a rosette ornament of the architecture. Mr. Bancroft himself lays himself open to an imputation of carelessness when he tells us that the Nahuas and the Mayas used no manure for agricultural purposes except ashes (pages 348, 717), and yet describes the care with which the richest of all fertilizers was preserved (page 567, note 46). Was the frontier wall at Tlascala six miles long, as asserted (pages 416, 568)? Cortés is cited as authority for this statement, but he says nothing of the kind. His language is: "*Y á la salida del dicho valle, hallé una gran cerca de piedra seca,*" etc.—"At the place of exit from the valley I found a great wall of dry stone, which extended across the valley from one mountain to the other," etc. Nothing is said as to the length of the wall, nor any-

thing to indicate that the valley was at this place anything more than the mouth of a mountain ravine. Bernal Diaz mentions this same wall. He does not give its length, but shows that immediately after passing it the Spanish soldiers were in a ravine.

Imperfect as is the written and traditional history of the civilized native races of the Pacific States, we think it may be reproduced deductively by the application of certain principles which have been inductively established. Looking over the aboriginal races of America, and excluding the Esquimaux from them—not because of any real or supposed dissimilarity from the rest, but merely because we do not think that they are aboriginal races of America, but only Samoyedes, Laps, or Finns—and adding to the facts gathered by ethnologists respecting the native races east of the Coast Range the vast array of facts collected and published by Mr. Bancroft, we are of opinion that the North American continent was occupied by one indigenous, homogeneous race of Indians; that among the ethnic features of this race were: a spiritual religion, the occasional sacrifice of prisoners of war to the Great Spirit, the torture of prisoners of war, hereditary descent in the female line, and animism. We have selected only five of these ethnic features, because these were among the most marked, and thus presenting the strongest outlines for comparison.

So far as we have any records, the original religion of the aborigines of America was spiritual and monotheistic. The Great Spirit was the only god recognized; and, although the burning of captives taken in war was undoubtedly a sacrifice to this Great Spirit, yet it was so light an obligation that the captive could be redeemed from it by the ceremony of adoption in place of a lost husband or son, or by running the gauntlet—a ceremony which, although fearfully brutal, many survived. But this simple monotheistic religion obtained only in the rude hunter state of the aborigines. They then touched nature in only one point, and the Great Spirit—the God of the Forest—sufficed for them. Draper quotes with approbation an unnamed author who suggests that great plains, the ocean, or natural features of vast monotony, are favorable to the development of the monotheistic idea, but

that diversified geographical scenery tends to the development of polytheism. And thus, as Hume said a hundred years ago, and as Mill and others have said so often since, so soon as men take notice of the forces of nature, and perceive that they are apparently diverse from and antagonistic to each other, but have not sufficient scientific knowledge to enable them to comprehend that all nature is one, working upon a uniform, harmonious, and consistent plan, the creation of a single mind, then every separate invisible power—that of the wind, the storm, the tornado, the earthquake, the reproductive power—has an intelligent personality attributed to it, and men begin to fear it, and, through fear, to worship it. But, as Paley has acutely remarked, men in the infancy of society can not bear the burden of abstract conceptions; they soon begin to fashion rude images of their ideals, and thus idolatry is introduced.

(Conclusion next month.)

SINGERS' AND SONGS OF THE LIBERAL FAITH. By Alfred P. Putnam. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Poetry is a natural expression of devotional feeling. All systems of theology, and we may almost say all systems of religion, have a common language for worship and praise. From the Hebrew minstrel whose psalms are still the most cherished forms of religious expression, to Wesley the almost divine poet of the sect bearing his name, and Adelaide Proctor the sweet singer of the Roman Catholic communion, and Mrs. Adams of the Unitarian faith, whose

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,"

has kindled more souls into sacred flame than any other hymn of this century, we find the same holy aspiration, the same glow of religious sensibility. The religious sentiment is the one touch of nature that proves the world kin, and until man loses every element which gives promise of a higher destiny than the dusty highway of our common life, there need be no fear that religion will be driven out of human hearts either by the littleness of our pursuits or the greatness of our scientific researches.

We welcome the volume named at the

head of this article, as a substantial contribution to American hymnology. It is a collection by its editor of hymns written by men and women of New England, and for the most part of the Unitarian faith. Of the seventy-two authors whose poems are so grouped, a few have a national reputation as preachers or authors. We are surprised by the merit of so many hymns by writers of but local reputation. One characteristic especially impresses us—the robust, healthy tone throughout the volume. There is prevailing in our time a morbid sensibility which delights in poetic expression. It craves sympathy, and, when the life-burden grows heavy, seeks it either through its own or the mournful song of kindred natures. It would not be easy to compute the mischief done by the writers of that type. They neither help themselves to carry their own sorrows, nor help others in their life-struggle. What we need is a more manly and Christian teaching. We want talk, not so much of life as we in our sadness experience it, but more as it should be, under the guidance of will and the best moral forces of our nature.

The hymns of this volume embody no system of theology; they are for the most part hymns of worship and praise, of aspiration and prayer. Those by Mrs. Caroline A. Mason are a noble protest against that sentimental weakness of character which is neither manly nor Christian. We have room but for a portion of one of hers:

“WAKING.

“I have done at length with dreaming;
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine!
Thou must take up sword and buckler,
Waging warfare most divine.

* * * * *

“O, how many a glorious record
Had the angels of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept!

* * * * *

“I have wakened to my duty,
To a knowledge strong and deep,
That I recked not of aforetime,
In my long, inglorious sleep.

“For the end of life is service,
And I felt it not before,
And I dreamed not how stupendous
Was the meaning that it bore.

“In the subtle sense of being
Newly stirred in every vein,

I can feel a throb electric—
Pleasure half-allied to pain.

“’Tis so sweet and yet so awful,
So bewildering, yet brave,
To be king in every conflict,
Where before I crouched a slave!

* * * * *

“Never in those old romances
Felt I half the thrill of life
That I feel within me stirring,
Standing in this place of strife.

“O, those olden days of dalliance,
When I wantoned with my fate!
When I trifled with a knowledge
That had well-nigh come too late!

“Yet, my soul, look not behind thee;
Thou hast work to do at last;
Let the brave toils of the present
Overarch the crumbled past.

“Build thy great acts high and higher;
Build them on the conquered sod
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding
And thy first prayer rose to God!”

Another, by Samuel Johnson, is a worthy type of the spirit of the volume:

“THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

“Onward, onward, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee—press thou on!

“Upward, upward! their hosanna
Rolled o’er thee, ‘God is Love!’
All around thy red-cross banner
Streams the radiance from above.

“By the thorn road and none other
Is the Mount of Vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother!
Jesus trod it—press thou on!

“By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
O, for their sake, press thou on!

“Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, O, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release;

“Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus: ‘Father,
Not my will, but Thine be done!’”

The poems by James Freeman Clark, William Henry Furness, John Pierpont, and many others, are of a more strictly devotional character. The entire volume is full of the spirit of worship, of aspiration, and of Christian

fortitude. We confess our own obligation to it for a better insight into ourselves, and a better appreciation of the duties of life.

A FREE LANCE IN THE FIELD OF LIFE AND LETTERS. By William Cleaves Wilkinson. New York: Albert Mason.

It is the manner of many reviewers to attempt to analyze the character of an author through the medium of his works. Nor are they in such cases content with suggestion and conjecture, but with their subject's volume of poems or essays in one hand and a pen in the other they proceed therefrom and therewith to read his principles, to dissect his morals, to lay bare the innermost workings of his heart—in short, to determine conclusively and beyond a shadow of doubt what he is and what he is not. Than this, in nine cases out of ten, no course could be more impossible of actual achievement, or more mischievously misleading in its actual result. One might almost as well attempt to determine the color of a man's skin by his overcoat, as the tone of his morals or the form of his religious belief by his writings; both are clothes—the overcoat corporeal, the writings mental, and either may cover a whited sepulchre. Public performance is no criterion by which to judge of private condition; to learn this we have only to follow the radiant, wish-granting fairy of the pantomime to the garret where all the power of her wand can not conjure up a mouthful of bread for her little one, or to mark how the face of the clown grows sad and care-worn in the greenroom long before the laughter he himself provoked has ceased to ring in the pit. Many a poet has sung of love while his heart was full of bitterness; many a writer of moral precepts has been a rake in practice; many there are of extremist views who have written nothing unorthodox. We have compared a man's writings to “mental clothes;” we may venture to add that these clothes must be cut according to the fashion of the time, or their wearer is apt to be scouted by decent people. It does not do to tilt at windmills when a broken lance means starvation.

We have often thought how astonished and perhaps amused an eminent writer must be

to find his mind laid bare to its ultimate microscopic secret by one of these perspicacious reviewers; to learn that the hero of his last novel, whose character he changed ten times at least to make it suit the gradual development of the plot, is a sublime conception, the result of years of study; to discover that the most commonplace piece of conversational by-play is the result of an intimate acquaintance with the secret workings of human nature. Of course, there are exceptions to all this; the psychological critics are not always wrong—some men always think as they write, and some books professedly give their author's views on a given subject—but we think that they are never with certainty right.

Mr. Wilkinson wields a “free lance in the field of life and letters;” not, however, he says, “in a belligerent sense. The chief emphasis rests not on the noun, but on the adjective.” Now, it seems to us that Mr. Wilkinson's “lance” might not inappropriately be termed an “oyster-knife,” inasmuch as it is not wielded in defense or in attack so much as in prying open and laying bare the “inner man” of his subjects; a “free oyster-knife,” however, it could not well be called, because it neither works freely nor succeeds in opening much. Many of Mr. Wilkinson's ideas are well worth remembering; his criticisms upon the works of those of whom he treats—George Eliot, Lowell, Bryant, and Erasmus—are fair, well written, and doubtless satisfactory to himself; but from his decisions respecting the character and purposes of George Eliot and Erasmus—decisions founded on their writings and not on any personal acquaintance—we must be permitted to appeal, and at the same time respectfully to marvel at the almost supernatural perspicacity of the judge.

THE CUBAN MARTYRS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles Stephenson. Davenport, Iowa: Day, Egbert & Fidler.

When it becomes our task to review the unpromising work of a would-be poet, especially when that work is a first attempt, there is ever present to our mind's eye the ghost of that mighty critic who once essayed to fearfully “cut up” the early productions of a certain “noble minor” in the *Edinburgh Re-*

view. This figure lifts a warning finger, and seems to say: "Beware of predictions concerning young poets; speak of their work according to its merit—young trees are the better for pruning; but beware of predictions, lest thou prove thyself a false prophet." We will therefore content ourselves, when Mr. Stephenson inquires of his critics,

"Do you look for a Byron or Shelley
To such a beginner as I?"

with answering that, after carefully considering his efforts, we do not.

The Cuban Martyrs is one of a class of books which of late years has become very numerous. There has probably been no time since poetry was invented that verse-makers have not arisen and claimed to be considered poets; the period of the Pagan *renaissance*, especially, was full of them. But, if lack of imagination and originality, infelicitous, dull, and stale themes, with other like causes, prevented these men from being poets, they at least, with but very few exceptions, understood and executed the mechanical part of their work well enough, and their failure to cross the line that divides the verse-maker from the poet merely proves the truth of the adage—*poeta nascitur, non fit*. But the rhymesters of the newly arisen class above alluded to rank in their art as far below the verse-makers who continually sung the praises of Chloe and Daphnis and swains and shepherdesses as these do below the true poets. The insipidity and unoriginality of the verse-makers becomes *niaiserie* and plagiarism in the rhymesters, and, while the former chose simple, if dull themes, the latter presume to grapple with subjects so far beyond their powers as to remind one of giants in rags when clad in such foolish doggerel.

Mr. Stephenson deals largely in epigram and in withering sarcasm. Here are some specimens of his attainment in this direction:

"That Samson was a man, the Scriptures tell,
But I'm inclined to think he was a woman,
Because he used to "jaw" so wondrous well,
Which, as we know, with women is quite common."

"When the modern Christian dies,
The last thought flashing from his brain,
Anent his mansion in the skies,
Is, 'How much gold will it contain?'"

"When camp-meeting time begins,
And men grow weary of their sins,

And hang around the Throne of Grace,
With holy looks and lengthy face,
Some pious prayer or hymn repeating—
Then, my boy, look out for cheating!"

Throughout the volume, such combinations as "thou answered," "thou loved," "thou motioned," "thou played," "thou seemed," and so on, abound; in one instance we find "thou rejoiceth," and in another "he wear-est," which are bad. As a sample of "Rosita," we may quote the following portion of the resolve of the jilted Hubert:

"I will plunge into life's battles, I will build myself a
name,
When I die to leave behind me shining from the cliffs
of Fame.

"I will kneel before ambition, on her altar I will cast
Every moral—mental—treasure, I will serve her to
the last.

On the pages of earth's glory I will carve myself a
name,
Orators shall sound my praises, poets long shall sing
my fame.

"Coming ages long shall wonder, long shall wonder
and revere,
And the proudest of the future shall regard me as
their peer.

* * * * *

Let the world roll down its pathway, but let each suc-
ceeding sun,

Bring no dark remembrance with it of the winters
that are gone."

Grammatical errors abound, while in the way of typographical mistakes the book is really a curiosity. We might have said some very severe things about this little volume, but have refrained from doing so for two reasons. In the first place, we were propitiated by the artless little conundrum with which the book opens, and which we have already quoted; and, in the second place, a "dull world" and "envious critics" are given to understand that their remarks will not be heeded in case the work pays, in the following stanza, conspicuously placed at the end of the volume, and entitled

"A WORD AT PARTING.

Go, little book, upon thy dangerous way:
To make thee worthy I have done my best
And if thou fail'st to live thy "little day,"
The fault with thee, and thee alone, must I
My hopes are for thy good; I warmly pray
That the dull world will recognize thy worth
And if at last thou thy expenses pay,
Despite what envious critics choose to say,
Then shall I not regret thy having birth."

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FLOOD-STORM IN THE SIERRA.

BEARS, wild sheep, and other denizens of the mountains are usually driven down out of the high Sierra about the beginning of winter, and are seldom allowed to return before late spring. But the extraordinary sunfulness of last winter, and my eagerness to obtain general views of the geology and topography of the Feather River basin, caused me to make a reconnoissance of its upper tributary valleys in the month of January. I had just completed this hasty survey and pushed my way down to comfortable winter quarters, when that fine storm broke upon the mountains which gave rise to the Marysville flood. I was then at Knoxville, a small village on the divide between the waters of the Yuba and Feather, some twenty miles back from the edge of the plains, and about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. The cause of this notable flood was simply a sudden and copious fall of warm rain and warm wind upon the basins of the Yuba and Feather rivers at a time when these contained a consider-

able quantity of snow. The rain was of itself sufficient to produce a vigorous flood, while the snow which was so suddenly melted on the upper and middle regions of the basins may have been sufficiently abundant for the production of another flood equal in size to that of the rain. Now, these two distinct harvests of flood-waters were gathered simultaneously and poured down upon the plain in one magnificent avalanche. In the pursuit of clear conceptions concerning the formation of floods upon mountain rivers, we soon perceive that it is essential, not only that the water delivered by the tributaries be sufficient in quantity, but that it be delivered so rapidly that the trunk will not be able to discharge it without becoming choked and overflowed.

The basins of the Feather and Yuba are admirably adapted for the growth of floods. Their numerous tributary valleys radiate far and wide, comprehending large areas, and the tributaries are steeply inclined, while the trunks are

comparatively level. While the storm under consideration was in progress, the thermometer at Knoxville ranged between 44° and 50° , and when warm wind and warm rain fall simultaneously upon snow contained in basins like those of the Yuba and Feather, both the rain and that portion of the snow which the rain and wind melt are sponged up and held back until the combined mass becomes sludge, which at length, suddenly dissolving, descends all together to the trunk, where, heaping and swelling, flood over flood, they debouch upon the plain with a violence and suddenness that at first seem wholly unaccountable. The destructiveness of the Marysville portion of the flood was augmented somewhat by mining-gravel occupying the river channels, and by levees which gave way after having first restrained and accumulated a portion of the waters. These exaggerating conditions did not, however, greatly influence the general result, the main effect having been caused by the rare combination of flood-factors indicated above.

It is a pity that so few people were fortunate enough to fairly meet with and enjoy this noble storm in its own home among the mountains; for, dying as it did so little known, it will doubtless be remembered far more for the drifted bridges and houses that chanced to lie in its way than for its own beauty, or for the thousand thousand blessings it brought to the fields and gardens of nature. The impressions which storms excite in the minds of different individuals vary with the degree of development to which they have attained, and with the ever-changing accidents of health, business position, and so on. Nevertheless, there seemed to be much in the voices and aspects of the Marysville storm which was in every way proper to arouse universal admiration. I will, therefore, offer a few of the more characteristic outlines.

On the morning of the flood (January 19th of this year) all the Knoxville landscapes were covered with running water, muddy torrents descended every gulch and ravine, and the sky was thick with rain. The pines had long slept in sunshine; they were now awake, and with one accord waved time to the beatings of the storm. The winds swept along the music curves of many a hill and dale, streaming through the pines, cascading over rocks, and blending all their tones and chords in one grand harmony. After fairly going out into and joining the storm, it was easy to see that only a small portion of the rain reached the ground in the form of drops; most of it seemed to have been dashed and beaten into a kind of coarse spray, like that into which small water-falls are broken when they strike glancingly on rough rock-shelves. Never have I beheld water falling from the sky in denser or more passionate streams. The heavy wind beat forward the spray in suffocating drifts, often compelling me to shelter in the copse or behind big pines. Go where I would, on ridges or in hollows, water still flashed and gurgled around my ankles, vividly recalling a wild storm morning in Yosemite, when a hundred water-falls from 1,000 to 3,000 feet in height came and sung together, filling all the valley with their sea-like roar.

After drifting compliantly an hour or two, I set out for the summit of a hill some 900 feet high, with a view to getting as far up into the storm as possible. This hill, which is the highest in the neighborhood, lies immediately to the south of Knoxville, and in order to reach it, I had to cross Dry Creek, a small tributary of the Yuba, that goes brawling along its base on the north-west. The creek was now a booming river as large as the Tuolumne, its current brown with mining-mud washed down from many a "claim," and mottled with sluice-

boxes, fence-rails, and many a ponderous log that had long lain above its reach. A little distance below the village a slim foot-bridge stretches across from bank to bank, scarcely above the current. Here I was glad to linger, gazing and listening, while the storm was in its finest mood—the gray driving rain-stream above, the brown savage flood-river beneath. The storm-language of the river was hardly less enchanting than that of the forest wind; the sublime overboom of the main current, the swash and gurgle of eddies, the keen clash of firm wave-masses breaking against rocks, and the smooth hush of shallow currentlets feeling their way through the willows of the margin: and amid all this throng of sounds I could hear the smothered bumping and rumbling of bowlders down on the bottom, as they were shoving or rolling forward against one another. The glad strong creek rose high above its banks and wandered from its channel out over many a briery sand-flat and sedgy meadow. Alders and willows were standing waist-deep, bearing up against the current with nervous gestures, as if fearful of being carried away, while supple branches bending over the flood dipped lightly and rose again as if stroking the wild waters in play. Leaving the bridge and pushing on through the storm-swept forest, all the ground seemed in motion. Pine-tassels, flakes of bark, soil, leaves, and broken branches were being borne down; and many a rock-fragment weathered from exposed ledges was now receiving its first rounding and polishing at the hands of the strong enthusiastic storm-streams. On they rushed through every gulch and hollow, leaping, gliding, working with a will, and rejoicing like living creatures.

Nor were the phenomena confined to the ground. Every tree possessed a water system of its own; streams of every species were pouring down the grooves

of each trunk, organized as regularly as Amazons and Mississippis; their tributaries widely branched and distributed over the valleys and table-lands of the bark; their currents in flood-time choked with moss-pedicels and muddy with spores and pollen, spreading over shallows, deepening in gorges, dividing, con-flowing, and leaping from ledge to ledge. When patiently explored, these tree-rivers are found to possess much the same scenery as the rivers of the ground. Their valleys abound in fine miniature landscapes, moss-bogs enliven their banks like meadows, and thickets of fruited hypnæ rise here and there like forests. And though nearly vertical, these minute tree-rivers are not all fall. They flow in most places with smooth currents that mirror the banks and break into a bloom of foam only in a few special places.

Toward midday, cloud, wind, and rain seemed to have reached their highest pitch of grandeur. The storm was wholly developed; it was in full bloom, and formed, from my commanding outlook on the hill-top, one of the most glorious spectacles I ever beheld. As far as the eye could reach—above, beneath, around—the dusty wind-beaten rain filled the air like one vast water-fall. Detached cloud-masses swept imposingly up the valley as if endowed with independent motion—now rising high above the pine-tops, now descending into their midst, fondling their dark arrowy spires, and soothing every leaf and branch with infinite gentleness. Others, keeping near the ground, glided behind separate groves and brought them forward into relief with admirable distinctness; or passing in front, eclipsed whole groves in succession, pine after pine gradually melting in their gray fringes and emerging again seemingly clearer than before.

The topography of storms is in great measure controlled by the topography of the regions where they rise, or over

which they pass. When, therefore, we attempt to study storms from the valleys or from the gaps and openings of the forest, we are confounded by a multitude of separate and apparently antagonistic impressions. The bottom of the main wind-stream is broken up into innumerable waves and currents that surge against the hill-sides like sea-waves against a shore, and these wind irregularities react in turn upon the nether surface of the main storm-cloud, eroding immense cavernous hollows and rugged cañons, and sweeping forward the resulting *detritus* in long curving trains like the moraines of glaciers. But in proportion as we ascend, these partial and confusing effects disappear, we escape above the region of dashing wind-waves and broken clouds, and the phenomena are beheld altogether united and harmonious.

The longer I gazed out into the storm, the more visible it became. The numerous trains and heaps of cloud-*detritus* gave it a kind of visible body, which explained many perplexing phenomena and published its motions in plain terms. This cloud-body was rounded out and rendered more visible and complete by the texture of the falling rain-mass. Rain-drops differ in shape and size; therefore, they fall at different velocities, and overtake and clash against one another, producing white mist and spray. They, of course, yield unequal compliance to the force of the wind, which gives rise to a still greater degree of interference and clashing; strong passionate gusts also sweep off clouds of spray from the groves like that torn from wave-tops in a gale. And all these factors of irregularity in the density, color, and general texture of the rain-mass, tend to make the visible body of the storm with all its motions more complete and telling. It is then seen definitely as a river, rushing over bank and brae, bending the pines like weeds, curving this

way and that, whirling in immense eddies in hollows and dells, while the main body pours grandly over all like an ocean current above the landscapes that lie hidden at the bottom of the sea.

I watched the gestures of the pines while the storm was at its height, and it was easy to see that they were not at all distressed. Several large sugar-pines stood near the thicket in which I was sheltered, bowing solemnly and tossing their giant arms as if interpreting the very words of the storm while accepting its wildest onsets with a passionate exhilaration. The lions were feeding. Those who have observed sunflowers eating light during any of the golden days of autumn know that none of their gestures express thankfulness. Their divine food is too heartily given, too heartily taken, to leave room for thanks. The sugar-pines were evidently accepting the benefactions of the storm in the same whole-souled manner; and when I looked down among the budding hazels, and still lower to the young violets and fern-tufts on the rocks, I noticed the same divine methods of giving and taking, and the same exquisite adaptations of what seems an outbreak of violent and uncontrollable force to the purposes of beautiful and delicate life.

Calms resembling deep sleep come upon whole landscapes just as they do upon individual pines, and storms awaken them in the same way. All through the dry midsummer of the lower portion of the range the withered hills and valleys seem to lie as empty and expressionless as dead shells on a shore. Even the loftiest alps may occasionally be found dull and uncommunicative, as if in some way they had lost countenance and shrunk to less than half their real stature. But when the lightnings crash and echo among these cañons, and the clouds come down and wreath and crown their jagged summits, every feature beams with expression, and they rise again and

hold themselves erect in all their imposing nobleness.

Storms are fine speakers and tell all they know, but their voices of lightning, torrent, and rushing wind are infinitely less numerous than their nameless still small voices too low for human ears; and because we are poor listeners we fail to catch much that is even fairly within reach. Our best rains are heard mostly on roofs, and winds in chimneys; and when, by choice or compulsion, we are fairly stormed upon, the confusion made by cumbersome equipments, and our nervous haste, and the noise of hail or rain on hard-brimmed hats, prevent our hearing any other than the loudest expressions. Yet we may draw intense enjoyment from a knowledge of storm-sounds that we can not hear, and of storm-movements that we can not see. The sublime rush of planets around their suns is not heard any more than the oozing of rain-drops among the roots of plants.

How interesting would be the history of a single rain-drop followed back from the ground to its farthest fountains. It is hard to obtain clear general views of storms so extensive and seemingly so shapeless as the one under consideration, notwithstanding the aid derived from a thousand observers furnished with the best instruments. The smallest and most comprehensible species of Sierra storm is found growing in the middle region of the range, some specimens being so local and small that we can go round their bases and see them from all sides like a mountain. Like the rains of the greater portion of equatorial regions, they seem to obey a kind of rhythm, appearing day after day a little before noon, sometimes for weeks in succession, and forming one of the most imposing and characteristic features of the midday scenery. Their periods are well known and taken into account by Indians and mountaineers. It is not

long, geologically speaking, since the first rain-drop fell upon the present landscapes of the Sierra; for, however old the range may be, regarded as a whole, its features are young. They date back only to the glacial period. Yet in the few tens of thousands of years that have elapsed since these foot-hill landscapes were left bare by the melting ice-sheet, great superficial changes have taken place. The first post-glacial rains fell upon bare rocks and plantless moraines, but under nature's stormy cultivation these cold fields became fruitful. The ridged soils were spread out and mellowed, the seasons became warmer, and vegetation came gradually on—sedge and rush and waving grass, pine and fir, flower after flower—to make the lavish beauty that fills them to-day.

In the present storm, as in every other, there were tones and gestures inexpressibly gentle manifested in the midst of what is called violence and fury, and easily recognized by all who look and listen for them. The rain brought out all the colors of the woods with the most delightful freshness—the rich browns of bark, and burs, and fallen leaves, and dead ferns; the grays of rocks and lichens; the light purple of swelling buds, and the fine warm yellow greens of mosses and libocedrus. The air was steaming with fragrance, not rising and wafting past in separate masses, but equally diffused throughout all the wind. Pine woods are at all times fragrant, but most in spring when putting out their tassels, and in warm weather when their gums and balsams are softened by the sun. The wind was now chafing their needles, and the warm rain was steeping them. Monardella grows here in large beds, in sunny openings among the pines; and there is plenty of bog in the dells, and manzanita on the hill-sides; and the rosy fragrant-leaved *chamæbatia* carpets the ground almost everywhere. These with the gums and bal-

sams of the evergreens formed the chief local fragrance-fountains within reach of the wind. Sailors tell that the flowery woods of Colombia scent the breeze a hundred miles to sea. Our Sierra wind seemed so perfectly filled, it could hardly lose its wealth go where it would; for the ascending clouds of aroma when first set free were wind-rolled and washed and parted from all their heaviness, and they became pure, like light, and were diffused and fairly lodged in the body of the air, and worked with it in close accord as an essential part of it.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the main flood-cloud lifted along its western border, revealing a beautiful section of the Sacramento Valley lying some twenty or thirty miles away, brilliantly sunlighted and glistening with rain-pools as if it were paved with burnished silver. Soon afterward a remarkably jagged bluff-like cloud with a sheer face appeared over the valley of the Yuba, dark colored and roughened with numerous furrows like some huge lava table. The blue Coast Range was seen stretching along the sky like a beveled wall, and the sombre and craggy Marysville Buttes rose imposingly out of the flooded plain like an island out of the sea. The rain began to abate, and the whole body of the storm was evidently withering and going to pieces.

I sauntered down through the dripping bushes, reveling in the universal vigor and freshness with which all the life about me was inspired. The woods were born again. How clean and unworn and immortal the world seemed to be!—the lofty cedars in full bloom, laden with golden pollen, and their washed plumes tipped with glowing rain-beads; the pines rocking gently and settling back into rest; light spangling on the broad mirror-leaves of the magnolia, and its tracery of yellow boughs relieved against dusky thickets of chestnut oak; liverworts, lycopodiums, ferns, all

exulting in their glorious revival, and every moss that had ever lived seemed to have come crowding back from the dead to clothe each trunk and stone in living green. Young violets, smilax, frutillaria, saxifrage, were pushing up through the steaming ground as if conscious of all their coming glory; and innumerable green and yellow buds, scarce visible before the storm, were smiling everywhere, making the whole ground throb and tingle with glad life. As for the birds and squirrels, not a wing or tail was to be seen. Squirrels are dainty fellows, and dislike wetness more than cats. They were, therefore, snug at home, rocking in their dry nests. The birds were down in the sheltered dells, out of the wind, some of the strongest pecking at acorns or madroña berries, but most sitting in low copses with breast-feathers puffed out and keeping each other company.

Arriving at the Knox House, the good people bestirred themselves, pitying my bedraggled condition as if I were some benumbed castaway snatched from the sea; while I, in turn, pitied them, and for pity proclaimed but half the exalted beauty and riches of the storm. A fire, dry clothing, and special food were provided, all of which attentions were, I suppose, sufficiently commonplace to many, but truly novel to me.

How terribly downright must seem the utterances of storms and earthquakes to those accustomed to the soft hypocrisies of society. Man's control is being steadily extended over the forces of nature, but it is well, at least for the present, that storms can still make themselves heard through our thickest walls. On the night of the Marysville flood the easy-going apathy of many persons was broken up, and some were made to think, and the stars were seen, and the earnest roar of a flood-torrent was heard for the first time—a fine lesson. True, some goods

were destroyed, and a few rats and people were drowned, and some took cold on the house-tops and died, but the total loss was less than the gain.

The Knoxville I have spoken of—sometimes called Brownsville—is a desirable place of resort, not so much for the regular tourist, as for tired town-dwellers seeking health and rest. It lies some thirty miles to the east of Marysville, and is easily reached from this point by stage. The elevation above sea-level (2,000 feet) gives a delightful spring and autumn climate, diversified with storms of the most gentle and picturesque species. The woods are everywhere open to saunterers, for the trees are grouped in groves, and the hazel-bushes and dogwoods and most species of *chapparral* are kept together in tidy thickets, allowing room to pass between. In the larger of these openings flower-lovers will find plenty of mint, smilax, lilies, and mariposa tulips, and beds of gillias, violets, and hosackias, laid out in sunny parterres with their various colors and expressions in beautiful accord. The adjacent mountains, though not lofty, command an endless series of charming landscapes, and though the booming of strong Yosemite falls is not heard, many a fine-voiced streamlet may be found in the leafy dells, singing like a bird as it leaps lightly from linn to linn beneath the cool shadows of alders and maples and broad plummy ferns.

Willow Glen lies a few miles to the west of the village, and contains a thousand objects of interest, picturesque rocks, cascades, ferny nooks, acres of polypodium and aspidium, wild gardens charmingly laid out, slopes of blooming shrubs, iris-beds, vine-tangles, birds, groves, and so on, among which the appreciative tourist might revel for weeks.

The Fox Den is another noteworthy point lying a little to the north-west of the village, and about 500 feet above it. It is a picturesque rock-pile re-

sembling the ruins of some old feudal stronghold, where the red foxes of the neighborhood find shelter and sun themselves in the early morning, and where they watch and plan concerning the squirrels and quails that feed beneath the trees. In the spring-time the Den rocks are singularly rich in ferns, *pellæa*, *polypodium*, *gymnogramma*, and *cheilanthes*. In autumn they are brightened with lavish bunches of scarlet photinia berries, which show finely among their own warm yellow leaves and the gray-lichened rock-fronts, and, besides its own especial attractions, it commands noble views of the Sacramento Valley, and of the surrounding pictures of hill and dale.

The operations of all kinds of gold-mining may be witnessed in the neighborhood within short walks, or drives, and one of the guides attached to the hotel is wise in plants, more especially in ferns, and knows well the hollows where woodwardias are tallest, and the rocks most rosetted with *pellæa* and *cheilanthes*.

The house itself is about as fresh as the woods after rain, and full of home-like sunshine. One of its rooms is a fine marvel, well deserving special mention. It is built entirely of plain sugar-pine, and filled with apples of every tint and taste, from the floor to the ceiling, all nicely assorted, rising regularly above one another in tiers, and shining as if the sunniest side of every apple were facing you.

Knoxville, though not containing above a dozen houses, is said to be noted for ministers. This apple-room is at any rate a kind of church, free to all, where one may enjoy capital sermons on color, fragrance, and sweetness, with very direct enforcements of their moral and religious correlations.

The world needs the woods, and is beginning to come to them; but it is not yet ready for the fine banks and braes of

the lower Sierra, any more than for water-falls at their heads, because they storms. Tourists make their way are as yet the only portions of river through the foot-hill landscapes as if beauty plainly visible to all. Never-blind to all their best beauty, and like theless the world moves onward, and "it children seek the emphasized mountains is coming yet for a' that" that the beauty—the big alpine capitals whitened with of storms will be as visible as that of glaciers and adorned with conspicuous calms, and that lowlands will be loved spires. In like manner rivers are as- more than alps, and lakes and level rivers cended hundreds of miles to see the more than water-falls.

THE MESSAGE.

O wave that fawneth at my feet!
 Have we not met as now we meet,
 While the still twilight steals along the sad Venetian sea?
 O did we not together chase
 The sea-bird from her resting-place—
 'Twas where the proud palms seemed to bear
 And drop their fruit for me!

Hast thou no syllable they gave
 That, lisped by sister wave to wave,
 Has sought for me on every shore and found me at the last?
 Ah, yes! for in thy deep unrest
 I hear a message half-expressed
 Of grief that can not find relief,
 Of joys forever past!

Return and tell them in that isle:
 Awhile, and yet a little while,
 And I will fly to them and say the words as yet unsaid—
 Precious the sands that we have trod,
 Thrice precious; and the sacred sod
 Is blest, above the youthful breast,
 The sweet dust of the dead.

THE LIDO, VENICE, September, 1874.

MISS JORGENSEN.

I AM a plain, elderly, unmarried man, and I board at Mrs. Mason's. A great deal of what I am about to relate came under my own observation; and the remainder was confided to me from time to time by my landlady, with whom I am upon terms of friendship and intimacy, having had a home in her house for a period of seven years.

Mrs. Mason lives in her own tenement, in a quiet part of the city; and besides myself, has usually three or four other boarders, generally teachers, or poor young authors—some person always of the class that, having few other pleasures, makes it a point to secure rooms with a fine view of the Bay. When Miss Jorgensen came to us, we were a quiet, studious, yet harmonious and happy family: so well satisfied with our little community that we did not take kindly to the proposed addition to our circle when Mrs. Mason mentioned it. Neither did our landlady seem to desire any change; but she explained to us that the young person applying had made a strong appeal; that her classes (she was a teacher of French) were principally in our part of the city; and that she would be satisfied with a mere closet for a room. The only privilege for which she stipulated was the use of the common parlor twice a week to receive her company in.

"But I can not agree to give up the parlor any single evening," Mrs. Mason replied, "because it is used by all the family, every evening. You will be entitled to the same privileges with the others." After some hesitation this was agreed to, and our new boarder was installed in the upper hall bedroom, which, when it had received the necessary fur-

niture and a saratoga trunk, with numerous boxes and baskets, would scarcely allow space enough to dress in. However, Mrs. Mason reported that the tenant professed real satisfaction with her quarters; and we all were on tiptoe with curiosity to see the new inmate.

"Miss Jorgensen," said Mrs. Mason, that evening, as she escorted to the dinner-table a small, pale, dark-eyed young person, in deep mourning; and we being severally and separately presented afterward, endeavored to place this little lonely scrap of humanity at ease with ourselves. But in this well-intentioned effort Miss Jorgensen did not seem to meet us half-way. On the contrary she repelled us. She was reserved without being diffident; mercilessly critical, and fiercely disputatious—all of which we found out in less than a week. She never entered or left a room without somehow disturbing the mental atmosphere of it, and giving the inmates a little shock; so that Mr. Quivey, our dramatic writer, soon took to calling her the "Electrical Eel," substituting "E. E." when the person indicated was within ear-shot possibly or probably. In return, as we afterward discovered, Miss Jorgensen told Miss Flower, our other young lady boarder, that she had christened Mr. Quivey "I. I."—"Incurable Idiot." How the "E. E." came to her knowledge was never made plain. Before three months were past, she had quarreled with everyone in the house except Mrs. Mason and myself; though to her credit be it said, she always apologized for her tempers when they were over, with a frankness that disarmed resentment. Nevertheless, she was so frequently in a hostile attitude toward

one or another in the family, that the mere mention of Miss Jorgensen's name was sure to arrest attention and excite expectation. Thus, when I only chanced to whisper to Mrs. Mason at breakfast one morning, "Miss Jorgensen keeps late hours," everyone at the table glanced our way inquiringly, as much as to ask, "What has the little woman done now?" And when she appeared at the close of the meal, with pale face and swollen eyes, explaining her tardiness by saying she had a headache, no one gave her sympathizing looks except the landlady.

That kind-hearted person confided to me, later in the day, that her new boarder troubled and puzzled her very much. "She will sit up until one or two o'clock every night, writing something or other, and that makes her late to breakfast. She goes out teaching every morning, and comes back tired and late to luncheon; and you see she is never in her place at dinner until the soup is removed, and every one at the table helped. When I once suggested that she ought not to sit up so long at night, and that her classes should be arranged not to fatigue her so much, with other bits of friendly advice, she gave me to understand, very promptly, that her ways were her own, and not to be interfered with by anyone. And directly afterward the tears came into her eyes. I confess I did not understand her at all."

"What about the young man who calls here twice a week?" I inquired.

"She is engaged to him, she says."

"What sort of person does he seem to be?"

"He looks well enough—only rather shabby—is very quiet, very attentive to her, and what you might call obedient to her requirements. She often seems displeased with him, but what she says to him at such times is unknown to me, for she does her scolding all in French; and he usually then invites her out to

walk, by way of diversion, I suppose."

"Do you know that he comes every morning and carries her books for her? He certainly can not be employed, or he would not have time for such gallantries."

"Perhaps he is engaged on one of the morning papers, and so is off duty in the forenoon. I can not think so industrious a person as she would take up with a man both poor and idle. But you never know what a woman will do," sighed Mrs. Mason, who had known something of heart-troubles in her youth, and could sympathize with other unlucky women. "Excuse me; I must not stand here gossiping." And the good lady went about her house affairs.

A few moments later I was hurrying down town to my office, when I overtook Miss Jorgensen and Mr. Hurst. As usual she was leaning upon his arm, and he was carrying her books. She was talking excitedly, in French, and I thought her to be crying, though her face was covered with a black veil. The few words I caught before she recognized me reminded me of my conversation with Mrs. Mason.

"You *must* get something to do, Harry," she was saying. "You know that I work every instant of the time, yet how little I can save if I have to supply you with money. It is a shame to be so idle and helpless, when there is so much to be done before——"

She perceived me and stopped short. "So," I thought, "this precious scamp is living off the earnings of the little French teacher, is he? A pretty fellow, truly! I'll get him his *congé* if I have to make love to her myself." Which latter conceit so amused me, that I had forgotten to be indignant with Mr. Hurst before I reached my office and plunged into the business of the day.

But I never made love to Miss Jorgensen. She was not the kind of person even a flirtish man would choose to talk

sentiment with, and I was always far enough from being a gallant. So our affairs went on in just the usual way at Mrs. Mason's for three or four months. Miss Jorgensen and Mr. Quivey let fly their arrows of satire at each other; Miss Flower, the assistant high-school teacher, enacted the amiable go-between; our "promising young artist" was wisely neutral; Mrs. Mason and myself were presumed to be old enough to be out of the reach of boarding-house tiffs, and preserved a prudent unconsciousness. Mr. Hurst continued to call twice a week in the evening, and Miss Jorgensen kept on giving French lessons by day, and writing out translations for the press at night. She was growing very thin, very pale, and cried a good deal, as I had reason to know, for her room adjoined mine, and more than a few times I had listened to her sobbing, until I felt almost forced to interfere; but interfered I never had yet.

One foggy July evening, on coming home to dinner, I encountered Miss Jorgensen in the hall. She appeared to be just going out, a circumstance which surprised me somewhat, on account of the hour. I however opened the door for her without comment, when by the fading daylight I perceived that her face was deathly pale, and her black eyes burning. She passed me without remark, and hurried off into the foggy twilight. Nor did she appear at dinner; but came in about eight o'clock and went directly to her own room. When Mrs. Mason knocked at her door to inquire if she was not going to take some refreshments, the only reply that could be elicited was, that she had a headache, and could not be induced to eat or drink—spoken through the closed door.

"She's been having a row with that sunflower of her's," was Mr. Quivey's comment, when he overheard Mrs. Mason's report to me, made in an undertone. Truth to tell, Mr. Quivey, from associating so much with theatrical peo-

ple in the capacity of playwright, had come to be rather stagy in his style at times. "By the way, he was not on escort duty this morning. I saw her proceeding along Powell Street alone, and anxiously peering up and down all the cross streets, evidently on the lookout, but he failed to put in an appearance."

"Which was very unkind of him, if she expected that he would," put in Miss Flower, glancing from under her long lashes at the speaker.

"That is so," returned Quivey; "for the fellow does nothing else, I do believe, but play lackey to Miss Jorgensen; and if that is his sole occupation, he ought to perform that duty faithfully. I do not see, for my part, how he pays his way."

"Perhaps it pays him to be a lackey," I suggested, remembering what I had once overheard between them. Mrs. Mason gave me a cautioning glance, which she need not have done, for I had no intention of making known Miss Jorgensen's secrets.

"Well," said Miss Flower, as if she had been debating the question in her mind for some time previous, "I doubt if a woman can love a man who submits to her will as subserviently as Mr. Hurst seems to, to Miss Jorgensen. I know *some women* could not."

"By which you mean *you* could not," Mrs. Mason returned, smiling. "I do not see that the case need be very different with men. Subserviency never won anybody's respect or love either. Neither does willful opposition, any more. Proper self-respect and a fair share of self-love is more sure of winning admiration, from men or women, than too little self-assertion or too much."

"But where the self-assertion is all on one side, and the self-abasement all on the other—as in the case of Miss Jorgensen and Mr. Hurst—then how would you establish an equilibrium, Mrs. Mason?"

"It establishes itself in that case, I should say," clipped in Mr. Quivey. "Oil and water do not mix, but each keeps its own place perfectly, and without disturbance."

I do not know how long this conversation might have gone on in this half-earnest, half-facetious style, with Miss Jorgensen for its object, had not something happened just here to bring it abruptly to a close; and that something was the report of a pistol over our very heads.

"Great heaven!" ejaculated Miss Flower, losing all her color and self-possession together.

"E. E., as I live—she has shot herself!" cried Quivey, half doubting, half convinced.

I caught these words as I made a rapid movement toward the staircase. They struck me as so undeniably true, that I never hesitated in making an assault upon her door. It was locked on the inside, and I could hear nothing except a faint moaning sound within. Fearing the worst, I threw my whole weight and strength against it, and it flew open with a crash. There lay Miss Jorgensen upon the floor, in the middle of her little room, uttering low moaning sobs, though apparently not unconscious. I stooped over and lifted her in my arms to lay her upon the bed, and as I did so, a small pocket-pistol fell at my feet, and I discovered blood upon the carpet.

Yes, Miss Jorgensen had certainly shot herself, I told Mrs. Mason, and the rest who crowded after us into the little woman's room; but whether dangerously or not, I could not say, nor whether purposely or accidentally. Probably not dangerously, as she was already making signs to me to exclude people from the apartment.

"You had better bring a surgeon," I said to Quivey, who turned away muttering, followed by Miss Flower.

With Mrs. Mason's assistance, I soon

made out the location of the wound, which was in the flesh of the upper part of the left arm, and consequently not so alarming as it would be painful during treatment.

"Could she have meant to shoot herself through the heart, and failed through agitation?" whispered Mrs. Mason to me, aside.

"No, no; it was an accident," murmured the victim, whose quick ear had caught the words. "I did not mean to shoot myself."

"Poor child, I am very sorry for you," returned Mrs. Mason gently, whose kind heart had always leaned toward the little French teacher, in spite of her singular ways. "It is very unfortunate; but you shall receive careful nursing until you recover. You need not worry about yourself, but try to bear it the best you can."

"O, I can not bear it—I *must* be well to-morrow. O, what shall I do!" moaned Miss Jorgensen. "O, that this should have happened to-night!" And momentarily, after this thought occurred to her, her restlessness seemed to increase, until the surgeon came and began an examination of the wound.

While this was going on, notwithstanding the sickening pain, the sufferer seemed anxious only about the opinion to be given upon the importance of the wound as interfering with her usual pursuits.

When, in answer to a direct appeal, she was told that it must be some weeks before she could resume going out, a fainting-fit immediately followed, which gave us no little trouble and alarm.

Before taking leave, the doctor accompanied me to my own apartment and proceeded to question me.

"What is the history of the case?" said he. "Is there anything peculiar in the life or habits of Miss Jorgensen, to account for her great anxiety to get well immediately?"

"She fears to lose her classes, I pre-

sume; and there may be other engagements which are unknown to us." I still had a great reluctance to saying what I suspected might be troubling Miss Jorgensen.

"Neither of which accounts for all that I observe in her case," returned the doctor. "What are her connections?—has she any family ties—any lover, even?"

"I believe she told Mrs. Mason she was engaged to a young man who calls here twice a week."

"Ah! Do you know where this young man is to be found? It might be best to communicate with him, in the morning. Possibly he may be able to dispel this anxious fear of hers, from whatever cause it arises."

I promised the doctor to speak to Mrs. Mason about it, and he soon after took leave, having first satisfied himself that the unlucky pistol was incapable of doing further mischief, and safely hidden from Miss Jorgensen.

Naturally, the next morning, the table-talk turned upon the incident of the evening previous.

"She need not tell me that it was an accident," Mr. Quivey was saying, very decidedly. "She is just the sort of woman for desperate remedies; and she is tired of living, with that vampire friend of hers draining her life-blood!"

I confess I felt startled by the correspondence of Quivey's opinion with my own; for I had heretofore believed that myself and Mrs. Mason were the only persons who suspected that Hurst was dependent upon Miss Jorgensen for the means of living. In my surprise I said: "You know that he does this?"

"I know that Craycroft paid him yesterday for a long translation done by Miss Jorgensen, and I do not believe he had an order for it other than verbal. Craycroft, seeing them so much together, paid the money, and took a receipt."

"Perhaps he paid the money to Mr.

Hurst by her instructions, for her own use," suggested Miss Flower. "But then he did not see her last evening, did he? I hope he does not rob Miss Jorgensen. Such a delicate little woman has enough to do to look out for herself, I should think."

"One thing is certain," interposed Mrs. Mason — "Miss Jorgensen does what she does, and permits what she permits, intelligently; and our speculations concerning her affairs will not produce a remedy for what we fancy we see wrong in them." Which hint had the effect of silencing the discussion for that time.

Before I left the house that morning, I had a consultation with Mrs. Mason, who had passed the night in attendance upon Miss Jorgensen, and who informed me that she had been very restless, in spite of the quieting prescription left by the doctor. "I wish you would go up and speak to her," Mrs. Mason said. "Perhaps you can do something for her which I could not; and I am sure she needs some such service."

Thus urged, I obeyed an impulse of my own, which had been to do this very thing. When I tapped softly at her door, she said, "Come in!" in a pained and petulant tone, as if any interruption was wearisome to her; but when she saw who it was, her countenance assumed an eager and animated expression, which rewarded me at once for the effort I was making.

"Thank you for coming to see me," she said, quickly. "I was almost on the point of sending for you." Pausing for a moment, while her eyes searched my face, she continued: "I am in trouble, which can not be all explained, and which will force you, if you do a service for me, to take me very much upon trust; but I will first assure you that what you may do for me will not involve *you* in any difficulty. More than this I can not now say. Will you do this service for me, and keep your agency in the matter

secret? The service is slight, the importance of secrecy great."

I expressed my willingness to do anything which would not compromise me with myself, and that, I told her, I did not fear her requiring.

She then proceeded, with some embarrassment, to say that she wished a note conveyed to Mr. Hurst; upon which I smiled, and answered, "I had conjectured as much."

"But you must not conjecture anything," she replied, with some asperity; "for you are sure to go wide of the truth. You think I have only to send for Mr. Hurst to bring him here; but you are mistaken. He can not come, because he *dare* not. He is in hiding, but I can not tell you why. Only do not betray him; I ask no more. You are not called upon to do any more—to do anything against him, I mean." Seeing me hesitate, she continued: "I need not tell you that I believe my life is in your hands. I have been living a long time with all my faculties upon a severe strain, so severe that I feel I shall go mad if the pressure is increased. I entreat you not to refuse me."

"Very well," I answered, "I will do what you require."

"It is only to take this"—she pulled a note from beneath her pillow, addressed to "Mr. Harry Hurst," and handed it to me—"to the address, which you will have no difficulty in finding, though I am sorry to have to send you on a walk so out of your way. And please take this also"—handing me a roll of coin, marked \$100. "No answer is expected. Of course, you will not give these things to anyone but Mr. Hurst. That is all." And she sunk back wearily upon her pillow, with closed eyes, as if she had no further interest in the affair.

I knew as well as if she had told me that this note was a warning to fly, and this money the means to make flight

good. I had promised to deliver them on her simple entreaty and assurance that I should not dishonor myself. But might I not wrong society? Might she not be herself deceived about Hurst? The assertion of Quivey that he had collected money from her employers the day before occurred to me. Did she know it or not? I questioned, while regarding the thin, pale, weary face on the pillow before me. While I hesitated she opened her eyes with a wondering impatient gaze.

"Do you repent?" she asked.

"I deliberate, rather," I replied. "I chanced to learn yesterday that Mr. Hurst had drawn money from Craycroft & Co., and was thinking that if you knew it, you might not wish to send this also."

For an instant her black eyes blazed with anger, but whether at me or at Mr. Hurst I could not tell, and she seemed to hesitate, as I had done.

"Yes, take it," she said, with hopeless sadness in her tone, "he may need it; and for myself, what does it matter now?"

"I shall do as you bid me," I replied, "but it is under protest; for it is my impression that you are doing yourself an injury and Mr. Hurst no good."

"You don't understand," she returned, sharply. "Now go, please."

"Very well; I am gone. But I promise you that if you exact services of me, I shall insist on your taking care of your health, by way of return. You are in a fever at this moment, which I warn you will be serious if not checked. Here comes the doctor. Good-morning."

I pass over the trifling incidents of my visit to the residence of Mr. Hurst. Suffice it to say that Mr. Hurst had departed to parts unknown, and that I had to carry about all day Miss Jorgensen's letter and money. On returning home to dinner that afternoon I found a stranger occupying Miss Jorgensen's place at table. He was a shrewd-looking man

of about forty years, talkative, versatile, and what you might call "jolly." Nothing escaped his observation; nothing was uttered that he did not hear, often replying most unexpectedly to what was not intended for him—a practice that would have been annoying but for a certain tact and good humor which disarmed criticism. The whole family, while admitting that our new day-boarder was not exactly congenial, confessed to liking his amusing talk immensely.

"He quite brightens us up; don't you think so, Mr. Quivey?" was Miss Flower's method of indorsing him.

"He does very well just now," replied Quivey, "though I'd lots rather see E. E. back in that place. When one gets used to pickles or pepper, one wants pickles or pepper; honey palls on the appetite."

"I thought you had almost too much pepper sometimes," said Miss Flower, remembering the "I. I."

"It's a healthful stimulant," returned Quivey, ignoring the covert reminder.

"But not always an agreeable one."

I suspected that Miss Flower, who had an intense admiration for dramatic talent, entertained her own reasons for jogging Mr. Quivey's memory; and being willing to give her every opportunity to promote her own views, I took this occasion to make my report to Miss Jorgensen. As might have been expected, she had been feverishly anticipating my visit. I had no sooner entered the room than she uttered her brief interrogation:

"Well?"

I laid the note and the money upon the bed. "You see how it is?" I said.

"He is gone?"

"Yes."

"I am so very glad!" she said, with emphasis, while something like a smile lighted up her countenance. "This gives me a respite, at least. If he is prudent"—she checked herself, and

giving me a grateful glance, exclaimed, "I am so much obliged to you."

"Nobody could be more welcome, I am sure, to so slight a service. I shall hope now to see you getting well."

"O, yes," she answered, "I must get well; there is so much to do. But my classes and my writing must be dropped for awhile, I presume, unless the doctor will let me take in some of my scholars, for of course I can not go out."

"Your arm must begin to heal before you can think of teaching, ever so little. I have an idea, Miss Jorgensen, from what you have said of yourself, that this necessity for repose, which is forced upon you, will prove to be an excellent thing. Certainly you were wearing out very fast with your incessant labor."

"Perhaps so—I mean, perhaps enforced rest will not be bad for me; but, O, there is such need to work! I can so poorly afford to be idle."

"What you say relieves my mind of a suspicion, which at first I harbored, that the firing of that mischievous pistol was not wholly accidental. I now see you wish to live and work. But why had you such a weapon about you? Are you accustomed to fire-arms?"

"The mischief this one did me shows that I am not; and my having it about me came from a fear I had of its doing worse mischief in the hands of Mr. Hurst."

"Are affairs so desperate with him?"

"Please don't question me. I can not answer you satisfactorily. Mr. Hurst is in trouble, and the least that is said or known about him is the best. And yet you wonder, no doubt, that I should interest myself about a man who is compelled to act the part of a culprit. Well, I can not tell you why at present; and it would be a great relief to know that you thought nothing more about it." This last she uttered rather petulantly, which warned me that this conversation was doing her no good.

"Believe, then," I said, "that I have no interest in your affairs, except the wish to promote your welfare. And I think I may venture to affirm that everybody in the house is equally at your service when you wish to command him or her."

"Thank you all; but I do not deserve your kindness—I have been so ill-tempered. The truth is, I can not afford to have friends: friends pry into one's affairs so mercilessly. Mrs. Mason tells me there is a new boarder," she said, suddenly changing the subject.

I assented, and gave what I intended to be an amusing account of the newcomer's conversation and manners.

"Was there anything said about me at dinner?" she asked, with a painful consciousness of the opinion I might have of such a question.

"I do not think there was. We were all so taken up with the latest acquisition that we forgot you for the time."

"May I ask this favor of you, to keep the conversation away from me as much as possible? I am morbidly sensitive, I presume," she said, with a poor attempt at a smile, "and I can not keep from fancying, while I lie here, what you are saying about me in the dining-room or parlor."

Of course, I hastened to disavow any disposition on the part of the family to make her a subject of conversation, and even promised to discountenance any reference to her whatever, if thereby she would be made more comfortable; after which I bade her good-night, having received the assurance that my visit had relieved her mind of several torturing apprehensions.

The more I saw and thought of Miss Jorgensen, the more she interested and puzzled me. I should have inclined to the opinion that she was a little disturbed at times in her intellect, had it not been that there was apparent so much "method in her madness;" this reflec-

tion always bringing me back at last to the conclusion that her peculiarities could all be accounted for upon the hypothesis she herself presented—too much work and some great anxiety. The spectacle of this human mite fighting the battle of life, not only for herself but for the strong man who should have been her protector, worked so upon my imagination and my sympathy that I found it difficult to keep the little woman out of my thoughts.

I kept my word to her, discountenancing, as far as I could, the discussion of her affairs, and in this effort Mrs. Mason co-operated with me; but it was practically impossible to prevent the inquiries and remarks of those of the family who were not so well informed concerning her as we were. The new boarder, also, with that quick apprehension he had of every subject, had caught enough to become interested in the patient upstairs, and daily made some inquiry concerning her condition, and, as it appeared to me—grown a little morbid, like Miss Jorgensen—was peculiarly adroit in extracting information.

Three weeks slipped away, and Miss Jorgensen had passed the most painful period of suppuration and healing in her arm, and had promised to come downstairs next day to dine with the family. Mrs. Mason had just communicated the news to us in her cheeriest tones, as if each individual was interested in it, and was proceeding to turn out our coffee, when a servant brought in the letters for the house and laid them beside the tray, directly under the eye of the new boarder, who sat on the landlady's left.

"Miss Jorgensen," said he, reading the address of the topmost one. "A very peculiar handwriting." Then taking up the letter, as if to further examine the writing, I observed that he was studying the postmark as well, which, being offended at his unmannerly curiosity, I sincerely hoped was illegible. But that

it was only too fatally plain will soon appear.

With an air of *hauteur* I seldom assumed, I recalled the servant, and ordered the letter to be taken at once to Miss Jorgensen. Before leaving the house I was informed that Miss Jorgensen wished to speak to me.

"Mr. Hurst has done a most imprudent thing!" she exclaimed, the moment I was inside the door. "I ought to have published a 'personal,' or done something to let him know I could not go to the post-office, and to account for his not hearing from me."

"He has returned to the city?"

"Yes!" She fairly ground her teeth with rage at this "stupidity," as she termed it. "He always does the very thing he ought never to have done, and leaves undone the things most important to do. Of course he can not come here, and I can not go to him without incurring the greatest risk. I really do not know what to do next."

Tears were now coursing down her pale cheeks—tears, it seemed, as much of anger as of sorrow.

"Let him take care of himself," I said, rather hotly. "It is not your province to care for him as you do."

She gave me an indescribable look. "What can you, what can anyone know about it? He may want money: how can he take care of himself in such circumstances without money? I sent for you to contrive some plan by which he can be communicated with. Do tell me at once what to do."

"How can I tell you, when, as you say, I do not know what is required. You wish to see him, I presume?"

"How can I—O, I dislike so much to ask this of you—but *will* you take a message to him?" She asked this separately, half expecting me to decline, as decline I did.

"Miss Jorgensen, you are now able to ride. Shall I send a carriage for you?"

"There may be those on the lookout who would instantly suspect my purpose in going out in that way. On the contrary, nobody would suspect you."

"Still I might be observed, which would not be pleasant, I can imagine, from what you leave me to surmise. No, Miss Jorgensen, much as I should like to serve you personally, you must excuse me from connecting myself in any way with Mr. Hurst; and if I might be allowed to offer advice, I should say that, in justice to yourself, you ought to cut loose from him at once."

Miss Jorgensen covered her face with one little emaciated hand, and sat silent a few seconds. "Send me the carriage," she said, "and I will go."

"You forgive me?"

"You have been very good," she said. "I ought not have required more of you. I will go at once; the sooner the better."

When I had reached the head of the stairs, I turned back again to her door.

"Once more let me counsel you to free yourself from all connection with Mr. Hurst. Why should you ruin your chances of happiness for one so undeserving, as I must think he is? Keep away from him; let him shift for himself."

"You don't know what you are talking about," she replied, with a touch of the old fierceness. "I have no chances of happiness to lose. Please go!"

On my way down to the office I ordered a carriage.

What happened afterward I learned from Mrs. Mason and the evening papers. Miss Jorgensen, dressed in deep black, with her face veiled, entered the carriage, directing the driver to take her to the houses of some of her pupils. At the corner of the street, a gentleman, who proved to be our day-boarder, got upon the box with the driver, and remained there while Miss Jorgensen made her calls. Finding him constant-

ly there, and becoming suspicious, she ordered the carriage home, and gave directions to have it return an hour later to take her down town for some shopping. At the time set, the carriage was in attendance, and conveyed her to one of the principal stores in the city. After re-entering the carriage, and giving her directions, our day-boarder once more mounted the box, though unobserved by her, and was conveyed with herself to the hiding-place of Mr. Hurst, contriving, by getting down before the door was opened, to elude her observation.

Another carriage, containing officers of the police, was following in the wake of this one, and drew up when Miss Jorgensen had entered the house where Hurst was concealed. After waiting long enough to make it certain that the person sought was within, the officers entered to search and capture.

At the moment they entered Hurst's apartment, he was saying with much emotion, "If I can only reach China in safety, a way will be opened for me _____"

"Hush!" cried Miss Jorgensen, seeing the door opened, and by whom.

"All is over!" exclaimed Hurst. "I will never be taken to prison!" And, drawing a revolver, he deliberately shot himself through the head.

Miss Jorgensen was brought back to Mrs. Mason's in a fainting condition, and was ill for weeks afterward. That same evening our day-boarder called, and while settling his board with Mrs. Mason, acknowledged that he belonged to the detective police, and had for months been "working up" the case of a bank-robber and forger who had escaped from one of the eastern cities, and been lost to observation for a year and a half.

And we further learned in the same way, and ultimately from the lady herself, that Miss Jorgensen was a myth, and that the little French teacher was Madame —, who had suffered, and toiled, and risked everything for her unworthy husband, and who deserved rather to be congratulated than condoled with upon his loss.

It is now a year since all this happened, and it is the common gossip of our boarding-house that Mr. Quivey is devoted to the little dark-eyed widow; and although Miss Flower still refers to "E. E." and "I. I.," nobody seems to be in the least disturbed by the allusion. When I say to Quivey, "Make haste slowly, my dear fellow!" he returns, "Never fear, my friend; I shall know when the time comes to speak."

SHAKSPEARE'S PROSE.

"**B**UT did Shakspeare write any prose?" the ingenuous reader may inquire. Indeed he did, a good deal of it. We always think of him, to be sure, as a poet. In fact, hardly any other name in literature seems so far removed from any association with prose, as this of the world's greatest dramatist. His plays, however, constantly show that he was a master not of verse only. The

"Merry Wives of Windsor" is, with trifling exceptions, written in prose; so is nearly the whole of "Much Ado about Nothing." Not only in the lighter plays, but in the tragedies, also, a considerable amount of prose exists. For instance, about half of "Henry IV., Part I.," is prose, and about a quarter of "Hamlet." This feature of Shakspeare's writings has been generally overlooked: for many

reasons it is well worth careful study. But, first, a preliminary word as to his verse.

Except for scattered bits of lyrical verse in light rhyming measures, the metre of Shakspeare's dramas, wherever he employs metre, is what is commonly known as "blank verse." This, to speak technically, is iambic pentameter without rhyme. That is to say, each line consists of five feet, each foot being an iambus; that is, an accented syllable following an unaccented one. Any other metre might be used without rhyme, and be properly called blank (for example, "*Hiawatha*" is written in blank trochaic tetrameter, "*Evangeline*" in blank hexameter); but the blank iambic pentameter has proved so much more serviceable in English verse than any other, as to have appropriated to itself the name of "blank verse."

This measure, though it is so familiar to us at the present day, as the form in which we have read Shakspeare, and Milton, and Wordsworth, and the "*Idyls of the King*" (as well as, unfortunately, much of the feeblest verse extant, since so many pens have a fearful facility in producing it), was an unpopular innovation in Shakspeare's early days. Until about the year 1590, when "*Marlowe's mighty line*" first resounded in "*Tamberlaine*," the drama (so far as it existed at all) was confined to prose or to rhymed measures. Blank verse had been introduced into England by Surrey's translation of the *Æneid*, half a century before, and Sackville had made the first experiment of its fitness for the drama in his tragedy of "*Gorboduc*," produced in 1561; but in his hands it was stiff and unwieldy. Marlowe's management of it was easier and more powerful; but Shakspeare was the first to develop the real capabilities of its majestic rhythm.

Not only was Shakspeare the first to use with complete success the much abused "blank iambics," but he was the

first (and the last) to mingle with masterly skill his verse with prose. Ben Jonson, as well as Beaumont and Fletcher, wrote some of their dramas in verse, and some in prose, and occasionally made use of both in the same play; but never mingled the two throughout, as did Shakspeare, with exquisitely perfect art. It is to this prose that the reader's attention is invited, with the special view of asking and making some suggestions toward answering the question, Why did Shakspeare use prose, in the passages where he did so, instead of verse?

We may be sure that the master-poet did not write prose at certain times by accident, or because he was tired of rhythm, or because it was the easiest way. His choice was certainly in every case deliberate, or (what comes to the same thing) was based on an instinctive sense of certain underlying laws of expression. When he wrote verse, it was because prose, in that particular place, would not serve his turn; and when he changed from verse, as he so continually did, to prose, it was from his sense of a similar limitation in the capabilities of rhythm.

A complete answer to our inquiry, then, would at the same time go far toward answering the deeper question, as to the respective possibilities of prose and verse, as forms of human expression. Perhaps, indeed, there could be no better way of investigating that great problem of literary art, than by searching for the principles which guided this master-artist in his choice of these two forms of expression, both of which he used so perfectly; changing from one to the other as constantly and easily as the sea-bird from its home in the air to its home on the wave.

Let us look at the prose of "*Hamlet*," as being, perhaps (thanks especially to Mr. McCullough), as familiar as any to most readers, and as furnishing examples of all that is best in Shakspeare. The first

departure from the blank verse occurs in Act II., Scene 2, where Polonius reads Hamlet's letters :

POL. [*Reads*], "To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia."—That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase: *beautified* is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.

It is noteworthy that in Shakspeare letters are thrown into the form of prose. The purpose seems to be to indicate that they are brought in from without. The natural speech of the dialogue being blank verse, anything which breaks in on it from outside must be either in some different metre, or in prose. In certain cases, as in the play within the play, in "Hamlet" the former device is chosen; in the case of letters, the latter. In the play within the play the effect of a more artificial form of verse with rhymes is to throw the action one step farther back, away from the actual life of the spectator. In letters, on the contrary, the effect of the prose, breaking in on the blank verse, is usually to bring before us the world of real life and affairs, if not outside of the play, at least outside of the present scene.*

Shortly after the reading of the letter (the dialogue meanwhile proceeding in verse), Hamlet enters, reading. Being "boarded" by Polonius, he at once begins answering him in prose; affecting madness, though with "method in it:"

POL. Away, I do beseech you, both away ;
I'll board him presently:—O give me leave.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]
How does my good lord Hamlet ?

HAM. Well, God 'a mercy.

POL. Do you know me, my lord ?

HAM. Excellent, excellent well ; you are a fish-monger.

POL. Not I, my lord.

HAM. 'Then I would you were so honest a man.

POL. Honest, my lord ?

HAM. Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

* * * * *

* For a notable instance of Shakspeare's power to shift the spectator's point of view and wholly change his atmosphere, see the essay of De Quincey upon "The Knocking at the Gate, in Macbeth."

POL. * * * My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAM. You can not, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal—except my life, except my life, except my life.

This scene is written in prose evidently for the reason that there is no earnest feeling in it. As for Polonius, he is "going about to recover the wind" of the prince ; and Hamlet himself has "put an antic disposition on," as he warned his friends that he would sometimes do.

The essential function of poetry is to express feeling. A scene, then, which is only an intellectual sparring-match between a would-be crafty old courtier and an assumed madman, could find no fitting expression in verse.

Moreover, verse is by its very structure orderly and regulated. Its rhythm consists in a constant subjection to a ruling law. Accordingly it is the natural expression for that feeling only which is under the control of reason. Madness of every form must necessarily break through its laws into irregular prose. Hence Hamlet, when speaking in his character of madman, always uses prose. So does the really mad Ophelia, except where her utter lunacy goes beyond prose into incoherent snatches of fantastic song. So does King Lear when mad, except where the coherence and earnestness of his thoughts brings them for the moment into verse. So does Edgar, when affecting madness.

At the end of the scene quoted above, in the midst of his last reply to Polonius, Hamlet suddenly turns away, and utters to himself his own sad thought, which clothes itself in rhythm (though the words are always printed in the form of prose), thus :

— "except
My life, except my life, except my life."

Then enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. With them, too, Hamlet speaks in prose. He does not affect madness, as with Polonius, but he is suspicious of them, and so gives them none of his sin-

cere thoughts; holding them at arms-length in his bantering prose. Midway in the conversation Hamlet betrays them into confessing that they were sent for by the King:

HAM. [*Aside.*] Nay then, I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off.

GUIL. My lord, we were sent for.

HAM. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen molt no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you—this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire—why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

This passage is always quoted as if it were one of Hamlet's sincere and earnest utterances. It would not have been spoken in prose, if it were so. When he says, "I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth," etc., he is by no means speaking from his heart. In reality, he knows very well "wherefore." These, remember, are the false friends of whom he afterward says (speaking now sincerely in verse):

— "my school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd."

He is putting them off their guard, as spies, by attributing his mood to such melancholy as any man might be liable to, when for the time he is "sick of life, love, all things," or when, in other words, he has an ordinary attack of "the blues." It is not such "friends" as these that he will suffer to look into his very soul, and so in prose he parries their advances.

His mockery of Polonius, by the same test, is only put on to serve his purpose. It is noticeable that he will not have him mocked by others; for he says to the

players as they are going out together (and his words by their earnestness fall out of the prose in the midst of which they occur, into metre):

"Follow that lord, and look you mock him not."

At the end of the scene Hamlet dismisses his two school-fellows, still in prose. As soon as they are gone, however, and he is once more alone, dropping the two-fold mask of jesting madness (worn before Polonius) and causeless depression (before Rosencrantz and Guildenstern), he communes with his own heart in sorrowful verse:

HAM. * * * My good friends, I'll leave you till to-night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

HAM. Ay, so, God be wi' you.

[*Exeunt Roscn. and Guild.*]

Now I am alone.

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? * * *
* * * The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

[*Exit.*]

The last lines of the soliloquy are quoted to illustrate the habit of closing a passage of blank verse with a rhyme. For this there is a good reason. It is because the rhythm of the verse finds some difficulty in stopping. Its very movement suggests continuance. Its stately flow, free from rhyme, can scarcely come to a full close, any more than a wave, rolling in from ocean, could pause in full career. It must break, in order to stop: either by a hemistich (or half-

line), which is abrupt at the best, as if the wave shattered against a rock; or by a smooth rhyme, which is like the wave's slipping up the beach in spent ripples.

The next prose passage in "Hamlet" is in the nunnery scene. It is just after the great soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," etc., which ends thus:

HAM. Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

OPH. Good my lord,

How does your honor this many a day?

HAM. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPH. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longed long to redeliver;

I pray you, now receive them.

HAM. No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

OPH. My honor'd lord, I know right well you did;

And with them, words of so sweet breath composed,

As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,

Take these again; for, to the noble mind,

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

HAM. Ha, ha! are you honest?

OPH. My lord!

HAM. Are you fair?

OPH. What means your lordship?

HAM. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty. * *
I did love you once.

OPH. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM. You should not have believed me; for virtue can not so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

OPH. I was the more deceived.

HAM. Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me.

In this scene, whether because he suspects that the King and Queen are listening, or for some other reason, Hamlet rails at Ophelia in a coarse, hard fashion. He has on his mask of madness, and whatever comes through that, must be spoken in prose. Observe, however, that his first utterances to her, being sincere, are rhythmical:

"The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd;"

and

"I humbly thank you; well, well, well."

This last is a complete pentameter line, provided we allow the pause between the last words each to take one beat of the rhythm (a device which is often to be found in Shakspeare. For instance, in the line quoted above, beginning, "For Hecuba!" the natural pause after the exclamation fills out the line). That is to say, wherever the real heart of Hamlet speaks to her, or of her (as in the scene at the grave), it expresses itself in rhythm: wherever he speaks through the mask of madness, his words are prose.

Scene 2 opens with Hamlet's instructions to the players:

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently," etc.

This is in the prose form, because it is practical, business-like, professional advice. It is not the real Hamlet—the Prince of Denmark—that speaks it; or, if it be, it is not from the storm-brooding deeps of his breast that it comes, but from the surface of his mind.

When the players have gone out, and he has sent away the others, he calls to him his true friend, Horatio. With him, as before, he immediately begins to speak in verse, for now the real Hamlet is uttering the sincerity of his soul.

Then follows the scene of the poisoning play. Twice only, during this, does Hamlet drop his mask and speak in rhythm. Both instances are spoken aside to Ophelia, and both are but fragments of lines. The first is after the prologue has been recited:

OPH. 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAM. As woman's love.

The second is where the play-queen makes a vow never, once a widow, to be a wife:

HAM. [*To Ophelia*]. If she should break it now?

After the King has broken off the play, and Hamlet is left alone with Horatio, it might be expected that he would express his exultation to his friend in verse. But it is like a real madman now that he speaks. Half-frenzied with excitement by the suspense and then by the success of his plot, he breaks out into hysterical gaiety, in scraps of rhyme, mingled with disjointed prose. Just so, afterward, does the crazed Ophelia.

Then with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern he talks again, at first bantering, then sharply reproving them; but both moods are of the cool mind, not of the earnest heart, and are therefore expressed in prose:

[*Re-enter the players, with recorders.*]

HAM. O, the recorders; let me see one. To withdraw with you?—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUIL. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAM. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUIL. My lord, I can not.

HAM. I pray you.

GUIL. Believe me, I can not.

HAM. I do beseech you.

ROS. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUIL. But these can not I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet can not you make it speak? 'Sblood! do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you can not play upon me.

When Polonius comes in to summon him to the Queen, Hamlet "plays upon" him in this wise:

HAM. Do you see that cloud, that's almost in shape like a camel?

POL. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is like a weasel?

POL. It is backed like a weasel.

HAM. Or, like a whale?

POL. Very like a whale.

HAM. Then will I come to my mother by and by. [*Aside*]. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

But, as in every other case, when he has said, "Leave me, friends," and he is left alone, his own thought expresses itself in rhythm.

There is no more prose till Scene 2 of Act IV. Here in his character of madman he speaks concerning the body of Polonius, whom he has slain by mistake for the King. So, in the next scene:

KING. Now, Hamlet, where is Polonius?

HAM. At supper.

KING. At supper? Where?

HAM. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

* * * * *

KING. Where is Polonius?

HAM. In heaven. Send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up-stairs into the lobby.

KING. Go seek him there. [*To some attendants.*]

HAM. He will stay till ye come.

In Act IV., Scene 5, occurs the most piteous passage in all Shakspeare, that of Ophelia's madness; yet it is in prose:

QUEEN. Nay, but Ophelia—

OPH. Pray you, mark.

[*Sings*]. "White his shroud as the mountain snow."

QUEEN. Alas! look here, my lord.

OPH. [*Sings*]. "Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers."

KING. How do you, pretty lady?

OPH. Well, God 'ield you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

KING. Conceit upon her father.

OPH. Pray you, let us have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[*Sings*]. "To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine."

* * * * *

KING. How long hath she been thus?

OPH. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I can not choose but weep to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good-night, ladies—good-night, sweet ladies; good-night—good-night.

In such scenes as this there is no

place for the steady beat of verse, the essential nature of which is regulated and orderly rhythm; whereas the very characteristic of the crazed brain is its unregulated, disjointed action—"like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." Chaotic scraps of prose, obeying no order but a hap-hazard surface association, must now be its mode of expression. The bits of lyrical verse, breaking in at random with their mocking suggestion of light-hearted gaiety, still further deepen the effect by most pathetic contrast.

Act V. opens with the church-yard scene, and the making ready of Ophelia's grave:

[Enter two Clowns, with spades, etc.]

2 CLO. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 CLO. Why, there thou sayst—and the more pity—that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 CLO. Was he a gentleman?

1 CLO. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 CLO. Why, he had none.

1 CLO. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digged; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 CLO. Go to.

1 CLO. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 CLO. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 CLO. I like thy wit well, in good faith. The gallows does well; but how does it well. It does well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

2 CLO. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 CLO. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 CLO. Marry, now I can tell.

1 CLO. To 't.

2 CLO. Mass, I can not tell.

[Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.]

1 CLO. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. * * *

1 CLO. [Digs and sings].

* * * * *

[Throws up another skull.]

HAM. There's another! Why might not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? . . . The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? Ha!

* * * * *

But soft! but soft! [Aside]. Here comes the King.

[Enter priests, etc., in procession; the corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and mourners following: King, Queen, their trains, etc.]

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is it that they follow? And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken, The corse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life.

And thus the scene goes on, in solemn verse.

It is easy to see here why the grave-diggers talk in prose. Their absurd burlesque of logic and of wit is almost as far removed from the sphere of orderly verse as lunacy would be. But why does Hamlet use prose? One reason may be that what he says is thrown into the midst of a scene which is already going on in prose. At least, it is very likely that a part of what he says, if occurring in a versified scene, would have taken on the prevailing form of rhythm. Yet Shakspeare does not hesitate to change the form, even several times in the midst of a scene, where the different moods seem to require it. The real reason for Hamlet's prose here is, I believe, that it is his mind that is speaking, not his heart. There is no deep feeling or earnestness of purpose in what he says. It is rather the idle, speculative, half-humorous play of a mind that is merely waiting between more important events. Not until the stately funeral procession comes suddenly in sight, solemnly moving toward Ophelia's grave, does he rouse himself from this transient mood, and the deep cur-

rent of his real thought and feeling set forward again. Then he immediately begins, as we have seen above, to speak in verse.

But the end of the play draws on apace. The mood deepens more and more. There is no longer any prose, or any room for prose, with one exception. In the middle of Scene 2 of the last act, Osric enters; and, in order to bring himself to the level of this pert coxcomb, Hamlet drops from the sad and stately rhythm of his thought once more and for the last time.

Brought into this lighter mood by the presence of Osric, he continues in it for a moment after his exit, and goes on speaking in prose to Horatio:

HOR. You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAM. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice. I shall win at the odds.

So much of his reply is in prose, because he is speaking merely his surface thought about the wager. But in the midst of his answer his voice falls into rhythmical flow; the heart is speaking now. "Sea was it, yet working after storm," and its waves beat on in measured rise and fall:

— "but thou wouldst

Not think how ill all's here about my heart."

Then stopping abruptly, he breaks the rhythm with a phrase in prose, just as the idea breaks the flow of his feeling:

— "but it is no matter.

HOR. Nay, good my lord —"

Then Hamlet replies, trying to turn it lightly, and so not allowing his words to be rhythmical and earnest:

"It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of gaingiving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

HOR. If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will forestall their repair thither, and say you are not fit.

HAM. Not a whit; we defy augury. There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."

Then his words fall into verse again, as the feeling deepens in the shadowy pre-sage of death:

"If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it
Be not to come, it will be now; if it
Be not now, yet it will come: the readiness
Is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves,
What is't to leave betimes?"

This last passage is always printed in the form of prose. I have given it as above, to show how rhythmical it is. In the third line from the end if *it will* be read *'twill*, and in the next line *man has* be read *man's*, the passage makes perfect metre. The lines might be broken differently, as follows:

"If it be now, 'tis not to come;
If it be not to come, it will be now;
If it be not now [—], yet it will come:
The readiness is all. Since no man [ha]s aught
Of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes?"

There is no further prose in "Hamlet." Sad and strong, the current of the verse flows on to the close.

Let us, in conclusion, gather up some of the points which such a study gives us. Verse differs from prose in being, in the broadest sense of the word, musical or harmonious. It is, therefore, the natural form of expression for emotion. Wherever a scene is occupied with mere ideas, it is in prose; changing to verse, if at all, where the ideas merge into feelings. On the other hand, any entire play or any detached scene which is full of intense feeling is in verse; changing to prose only where emotions give way to ideas, whether logical, practical, or jocular. Again, verse, and especially the so-called blank verse, is essentially orderly and coherent. It is, therefore, fitted to express only emotion which is under control of the reason. Whenever it passes beyond, into frenzy or madness, it must cease to express itself in regular verse, just as music has no voice for passion that has broken its banks and become a destroying deluge. That can only find (or fail in seeking to find) utterance in unmusical wailing or screams. Rhythmic harmony of any high sort, whether that of Beethoven or that of Shakspeare, is

majestic and noble, like the orderly sweep of planets in their spheres, "still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim." It can only well express, therefore, feeling that is noble, or that at least through its power has some element of nobility, or thought that is deep and strong enough to carry feeling with it. Clowns, and jesters, and drunken men, and the trivial business of every-day life, get expressed in prose. So does wit, however refined. So does pleasure, unless it be the deep joy of love or death, that lies so close to pain.

Doubtless prose scenes are often thrown into the drama for the sake of relieving the strain on the feelings which the tragical action or passion has caused. The capacity for deep feeling must be renewed at intervals by breathing-spaces of a lighter tone. But the nature of the scene is what is chosen for

this purpose, not the prose or verse form of its expression; this is always self-determined, and never open to choice.

Shakspeare's prose is wonderfully natural. Though written for the stage, it seems real life; not like the modern novelist's real-life prose, which always seems written for the stage. What novels he would have written, with what delicious subtlety of humor, with what shrewd insight of observation, he would have portrayed the lower world of ideas and characteristics, had he not chosen to depict that higher world of passion and character. His prose would have given us, beyond any of the novelists or historians, charming pictures of what men think and do; but it is fortunate for us that he chose rather to give us in verse, beyond any of the other poets, the perfect expression of what men feel and are.

THE CROSSKEY BOYS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE "Crosskey boys" unquestionably were prosperous; they owned four thousand acres of the Ramirez grant and flocks of cattle, horses, and swine, in proportion to the size of their domain.

The name by which they were known was not the birthright of either; but arose from the fact that the brand by which they designated their live personal property was the *fac-simile* of two huge keys crossed upon each other. Strangers usually believed them to be brothers, and letters addressed to Fred or Charles Crosskey often reached them.

The gentleman first named rejoiced in the appellation of Gale, in the community which took an interest in a man's proper title; while his partner inherited the respectable cognomen of Forsyth. There

was not the slightest bond of kinship between the twain.

Eight years before, chance had thrown them in the same train crossing the plains in '49, and when Gale was attacked by cholera, Forsyth volunteered to remain and nurse him, while the frightened company hastened on. From the hour of the sick man's convalescence, an alliance, "for better, for worse," existed between the two; it had endured through the perils of Indian warfare in Oregon, and through the vicissitudes of mining life in California. No more incongruous pair ever united interests in the chaotic elements of the new country.

Fred Gale was a Kentuckian, frank, irascible, gallant; Charlie Forsyth was a New Englander, cautious, slow-temper-

ed, a misogynist. The former had barely education enough to pass in good society, and his library was comprised in the *Spirit of the Times*; the latter, a graduate of Yale, was a virtuoso in literature. The Southerner leaned toward coxcombry; the Yankee was culpably negligent. Gale was prodigal of cigars and brandy; Forsyth's only extravagance was in books. Politically they were as little akin; the one being a Southern Democrat, and the other a radical Abolitionist. Socially their divergence was as great: Gale shining in the society, often dubious, of the period; and his partner holding himself grimly aloof from his few neighbors, unless distress or illness invaded their cabins, when he was the first to appear and the last to depart.

How this showy Damon and his unwashed Pythias dwelt together in such harmony, was a problem their associates often discussed, but failed to solve.

However, they abode in edifying concord in a dilapidated adobe house, eating their bacon and bread and drinking their black coffee with quiet relish: the secret of their agreement being that each took his own department of labor, and abstained from interference with the foibles of his coadjutor; the one never complaining of the expenditure of his friend in stimulants, costly raiment, or in errors of judgment at horse-races; while the Southerner acquiesced in the purchase of rare editions of classics, to be tumbled on the earth floor, or laid on a shelf with the frying-pan and the boot-jack.

Having arrived at the thriving condition mentioned, it occurred to Mr. Gale, now in his thirty-second year, that, as an only son, it fell to him to see that his family name should not become extinct.

"Charlie," he inquired of that gentleman, who lay at his spare length on the hearth one Sunday evening reading *Æschylus*, "have you any objection to my marrying?"

The reader raised his unkempt head

from the pile of quartos which formed his pillow, with a look of consternation.

"Marrying?" he repeated, thrusting his soiled fingers into his long matted locks; then, with mild reproach in his voice, he continued: "I don't know that my objections would hinder you, if your mind was made up."

"No, no, old fellow, I'm not going to bring a woman here to come between us; only say you don't like it, and I'll drop the matter," replied the generous Kentuckian.

Forsyth clenched his hand as if he crushed his own selfish impulse therein, then laid his arm across his friend's broad shoulders. "No, Fred," he answered heroically, "you are ten years younger than I am. You have a right to look forward to a wife and children." He shook his head retrospectively: "I had my dreams once, but my time for such things is past. No woman could come between us, my boy; marry and be happy." Yet with a sudden change of manner he looked lovingly at the dirty room with its never-disturbed rubbish: "Women are the very dickens round a place—always sweeping and cleaning."

"But you see, Charlie," urged Fred, soothingly, "you shall have your part of the establishment to yourself; no one shall meddle with your books. I will give her to understand that at first."

"Well, if the Salic law can be enforced in my corner of the shanty, I won't complain. Who is she?" resignedly observed the senior.

"You see," irrelevantly pursued Mr. Gale, "there is a great advantage in a man's knowing exactly what he wants; luckily, I know just what kind of a lady will suit me. I've seen too many fellows go to the States to pick up a pretty silly thing like Jim Winn's wife, and bring her out for every idle vagabond in the country to make love to. But I want a girl old enough to have judgment for herself, say about twenty-five, good-looking

but not strikingly handsome, domestic and religious—I approve of religion for women—and a Southerner also; though if you had a sister, old man, I'd choose her before anyone else."

Forsyth laughed, and repeated his query: "Who is she?"

"Well, the party I have in view is the sister of my brother-in-law. I never met her; but my sister, Kate Curtis, who knows my ideas of a wife, is sure she's the exact person for me. We've corresponded a little and I like her letters, and it is pretty much arranged if she likes me on sight." And the speaker's complacent tone expressed due sense of his own worth.

"She'll not be apt to refuse you," responded Forsyth, with womanly fondness and admiration in his gaze that scanned critically the proportions of the prudent wooer.

Gale's *physique* was imposing, and his well-shaped though not very intellectual head, with its abundance of wavy auburn hair, was carried with an air of conscious self-approval. Spite of a forehead lacking both in height and breadth, the strong Roman nose, frank hazel eyes, and luxuriant tawny beard, gave him a comely and decided physiognomy.

The stooping shoulders and narrow chest of the bookish partner were not in stronger antithesis to Mr. Gale's broad bosom and military port, than the high brow and deep-set eyes, the sallow complexion and thin grayish hair of the elder to the fresh color, open countenance, and bright thick locks of the younger member of the firm.

"Perhaps this is as good a time for me to go home after Miss Curtis as any," suggested her admirer, and Forsyth assented. Thus it was that the next eastern-bound steamer carried Mr. Gale toward the Atlantic slope.

A happy coincidence gave him the company of a friend, Tom Hall, bound on a similar felicitous errand, and Fred

promised to be the groomsman of his fellow-Californian. That impatient suitor was to be married within four days of his arrival at his father's house; so the amiable Kentuckian postponed the delight of meeting his beloved for a few days, and journeyed to a village in northern Ohio. Here he shared in the tearful welcome of Tom Hall by his parents, who received again their only son, and smiled patronizingly upon the bliss of the betrothed.

The morning after their enthusiastic reception being the decorous Sabbath of New England bred people, the two young men arrayed themselves in the punctilious full dress affected by returned Californians, and betook themselves circumspectly to church.

Tom Hall, with his sweetheart at his side, found the exercises brief; but his guest, now hearing his first sermon in eight years, groaned in spirit at the orthodox length of the discourse.

To beguile the tedium of the hour, he amused himself by a scrutiny of the feminine portion of the congregation, noting with satisfaction that many admiring glances were cast at his manly charms.

One serious child-like face, sedately turned in the direction of the pulpit, amused him by its gravity. "I have seen cameos like that profile," he soliloquized—"I like that expression. She's the organist too. I'll ask Tom who she is." Thus musing, he regarded the stranger with a fixed magnetic gaze, that raised her eyes, which were large and dark and heavily lashed, to encounter his, at which she dropped her lids with a bright rose-flush staining her delicate cheek.

Half pleased, half contrite, he contemplated the preacher with ostentatious intentness, stealing, however, an occasional covert peep at the diffident musician, till the services closed, and the strains of the organ died away.

At the comfortable Sunday dinner he

feigned an interest in the assemblage, and asked the names of a dozen ladies, concluding with the question: "Who plays the instrument?"

"I knew you wanted to know, for I seen you a-peekin' that way in meetin'," answered his hostess, with a shrewd glance over her spectacles. "That's little Daisy Rowland. She was christened Margaret, but she has been so puny and purty we've always called her by a pet name. Her father was our minister for thirty years. She's the last of four girls—the other three went of consumption before they were twenty."

Mr. Gale did not pursue the subject. He was not free to admire this fair northern maid, so he cultivated the elderly matron, winning her affection by his deference to her age and sex.

At the old-fashioned wedding, three days later, his social affability made him the hero of the hour. His blandishments awoke a flutter of expectancy in the heart of the bridesmaid early in the evening; but he watched narrowly for the entrance of Daisy Rowland, and, while paying assiduous homage to his partner in the ceremony, managed to be introduced to the demure young damsel, whose quaint gravity of air seemed so preposterous in contrast with the infantine softness and pureness of her face. She gave him her morsel of a hand, and bade him good-by with a thoughtful dignity so delicious that he was tempted thereby to call himself an idiot for binding his fate to a woman he had never seen.

Next morning he set off for his native place; a day and a half of travel found him on the threshold of his old home, with his sister in his arms. Kissing her and the quartet of children he had never been privileged to meet before, shaking his brother-in-law's hand violently, and greeting the family servants good-humoredly, he seated himself at the familiar hearth, while Mrs. Curtis plied

him with questions and reiterated her joy at his return.

"You didn't expect to find Lucretia here?" she said, exultantly, "and we were not looking for you; it's so fortunate she came on a visit last week."

Mr. Gale knitted his brows; his desire to meet his *fiancée* had ceased to be consuming, but ere he could frame a suitable reply, the lady swept in, and was duly presented. That tall, gray-eyed maiden, with the composure of twenty-seven years in her handsome but opinionated countenance, met her betrothed dispassionately and weighed and measured him critically. Unfortunately, a half-guilty sense of prepossession in another quarter bereft that gentleman of his usual gracious self-complacency, and the stiffness and formality of his demeanor affronted Miss Curtis. That sensible person had, on serious reflection, repented her hasty acceptance of his proposal, and she promptly resolved at the earliest moment to reconsider her decision. Accordingly, when the happy pair were left to the enjoyment of the parlor by the other members of the household, Mr. Gale, abruptly introducing the topic on the plea of urgent business engagements in California, and requesting her to name an early date for the consummation of his hopes, was informed with elaborate politeness, but with great distinctness, that Miss Curtis desired to recall her promise.

The ready cheerfulness with which the gentleman acceded to her request was not gratifying to her vanity, but there is documentary evidence sufficient to establish the fact that she wrote a letter to the Reverend Eleazer Todd, before going to her bed, in which she consented to marry him within the month, which proves that her affections were in a healthy state. Mrs. Curtis could not hide her chagrin at the failure of her negotiations in behalf of her brother; but

Fred gave himself up to the hilarious enjoyment of a fortnight's visit among his relatives, flirting outrageously with his pretty cousins and kissing all the children. Then he professed himself pledged to visit his newly wed fellow-traveler, and went back to the Halls. With his own natural candor and the confidence of a successful Californian, he opened his heart to his hostess and gained her support in his undertaking—none other than to propitiate the favor of Mrs. Rowland, and to carry off her daughter.

The worthy old matron accompanied him to the house of the clergyman's widow, a stately woman of forty-eight, who maintained her family by a private day-school for young ladies. Something of the ancient Puritan veneration surrounded the dignified instructress and her household as the family of the minister, so that her distant courtesy held at bay the presumptuous youth who might have taught Daisy the experimental knowledge of lover's love. Assuming the debonair manners of his father, Mr. Gale met the majestic civility of his hostess with a decorum that won her approbation. When, with a mixture of audacious frankness and deferential submission, he besought her permission to address her daughter, she craved a few days' consideration, wrote to the irreproachable references he offered in Kentucky, and anxiously interrogated Tom Hall as to the character of this hasty wooer. Receiving assurances of the respectability of his antecedents and the amiability of his disposition, she gave a gracious assent to his suit. There was a painful reason for her acquiescence: the three fair sisters who slept in the church-yard had faded of consumption one by one, and Daisy was beginning to droop; change of climate might restore her, but the illness of each successive invalid had made severe drafts upon the mother's slender means; she

could not hope to send this remaining daughter to milder regions. If she gave her child to Mr. Gale, the famous genial air of the Pacific slope might give back the glow to the young face and elasticity to the languid step; with infinite pain she consented. As to that dreamy woman-child, in her seventeen carefully guarded years she had known nothing so secret and strange as the devotion of her impetuous suitor. Passion lends eloquence to the dullest tongue, and Mr. Gale fairly astonished himself by the fervid utterance of his love and the tropical imagery in which he was able to set forth the glories of the occident. He even depicted the rare virtues and phenomenal erudition of Charlie Forsyth so vividly as to set the Rowland family aglow with admiration of that untidy scholar. Giving himself up in the abject captivity of an enamored swain to the pursuits of his beloved, he read poetry and romance, and listened of a Sabbath enthralled to Daisy's voice rendering the driest of Calvinistic treatises. What wonder, then, that the inexperienced girl believed that she had found the counterpart of her nature, and gave her simple faith to this generous, handsome stranger, and that in two months from the day that her fragile beauty won his fancy, she left the church a bride—a bride as little like his carefully studied ideal and as little adapted to his habits as the shadowy daughter of "the man in the moon?"

He bore her straight to Kentucky in great triumph, where his sister, hardly pleased at the thought of a northern kinswoman, opened her warm southern heart to the timid child at the first glance, took Daisy to her kindly arms, and straightway wrote a letter to the lady who had declined to become Mrs. Gale, crushing her by a description of the charms and accomplishments of Fred's choice. Only tarrying long enough to display his prize to the admiring bevy

of cousins, he departed for New York, smiling at the whispered farewell of Mrs. Curtis: "She's a dear little thing; be very tender of her."

"Tender of her!"—the bridegroom's face was full of quiet scorn. Was not his future life to be a continuous worship of this fair divinity? Was she ever to have a wish ungratified, a grief unshared?

Reaching the city just in time to embark for Aspinwall, they hurried on board a steamer, and Daisy's honeymoon suffered a sudden and frightful eclipse in the horrors of sea-sickness; happily the few hours of railroad transit were blissful in the recovery of equilibrium and the fleeting visions of the scenery of the isthmus; and the calm Pacific seas were smooth enough to permit her enjoyment of the voyage from Panama. Now it was Mr. Gale's delight to pace the deck with her, looking with intense pride on her frail loveliness, and exulting in the sweet circumspection and high-bred reserve of her air. Familiar with women grown coarse by vice or hardship, he felt unbounded veneration for the innocent creature, the bloom of whose delicacy was still perfect. The hesitating touch of her slender fingers, her virgin-blushes at his passionate kisses, moved him inexpressibly. This fair saint, he vowed in his heart, was too pure and fragile for life's sordid cares and griefs; she should be exempt from the knowledge of business perplexities and from participation in household drudgery.

"How surprised Charlie will be!—but he'll be charmed. They can read and talk poetry and all that sort of 'high-toned' stuff together. He'll be a world of company for her," he ruminated, as they sat on the sofa and Daisy read Mrs. Browning's poems.

The happy object of so much adoration lived meanwhile, as she had always done, in an atmosphere of day-dreams. Her natural feebleness of constitution

had prevented her mother from instructing the youngest daughter in the routine of housekeeping, and she had inherited from her father a tendency to reverie that gave the meditative expression to her childish countenance. Superficially frank, she was reticent in regard to her airy visions. Unlike the material Miss Curtis, she had asked no questions in reference to the realistic conditions or appliances of her future home, but conjured up for herself its semblance. She fancied it was a long low building with wide verandas and latticed windows like those she saw on the isthmus, embowered in climbing vines and tropical shrubbery. Such a dwelling and the constant presence of her splendid-looking worshipful husband would render existence delightful. So she pictured her surroundings in her guileless fancy, until, after a night in San Francisco, a trip to Sacramento, and a long carriage-drive of a day, they approached her new residence. "This is the Crosskey Ranch, dear," said the returning proprietor, "and I must mention to you that Charlie Forsyth, though the best fellow in the world, is a trifle peculiar—rather careless about his dress, you know. I am afraid you'll be a little surprised at our domestic arrangements, too. The fact is, it's hardly a suitable place to bring a wife to, my darling; but we'll build you a new house soon. For the present, I guess you had better let Charlie manage things to suit himself, except in your own room. I don't like to let him feel as if he was displaced."

The bride assented with some anxious wonder in her air; this was a very primitive world into which she had come, with its ugly brush fences and wretched shanties. A pang of home-sickness wrung her heart as they drove up to an inclosure of rough oak palings within which stood the crumbling adobe house.

"Hullo!—hullo!" shouted Gale, in a voice tremulous with delight.

"Fred, is that you?" joyfully returned

Forsyth, issuing from the door, with a book in his hand.

"A trifle peculiar!" thought Daisy, as this prodigy of literary accomplishments advanced, clad in a ragged red woolen shirt, blue overalls tastefully upheld by a girdle of bale-rope, and a pair of shoes whose holes betrayed his stockingless feet. His intellectual head was crowned by a hat whose brim was half-torn off, and his general appearance suggested that he had forsworn the use of comb, soap, and water, as well as of the razor.

Mr. Gale seized the hand of this uncouth apparition, and exclaimed fervently: "Bless you, old fellow! if 'twas the fashion, I'd kiss you."

"The same to you, Fred," responded his partner, warmly.

"Come and see Mrs. Gale," proudly invited the new-comer, encircling his friend with his arm.

"Heavens and earth!" demanded Forsyth, in consternation, "have you brought her out here without sending me word? I shall frighten her," he said, drawing back in a sudden access of self-depreciation.

"Never mind, Charlie; she knows all about it," comprehensively assured Fred, pushing the reluctant bachelor up to the vehicle.

"Daisy," pleasantly remarked her husband, "this is Charlie Forsyth."

The lady shyly put her dainty glove into his soiled palm, while the unhappy gentleman awkwardly welcomed her to the Crosskey Ranch, with a guilty sense of his disreputable appearance.

"Call her Daisy, Charlie; we are all one family," cordially observed the proud Benedict, carefully assisting her to alight. He led the way into the house, and from the kitchen, with its mixture of books, bacon, and soiled garments, into the only other apartment, where a few wooden pegs served to hang up her cloak and bonnet.

"Very dingy and disagreeable, my darling; I did not imagine it looked half so bad before I saw you in it: but there is a place ten miles from here where you could be comfortable. If you want to go there, I will come over twice a week," proposed Mr. Gale, quite troubled at her overcast brow.

"O, no!" she cried, clinging to him; "I don't really mind it. I should die if you sent me away from you."

He kissed the white forehead tenderly. "I will try to make even this cabin endurable, my love. The man with the furniture will soon be here, and it will be a little better; come out into the air."

He drew her into the shadow of a weeping oak, and pointed to the ample fields in the tender green of the waning days of March. The grand old trees were still standing, though scores of them were girdled to prepare for their destruction. She kindled into enthusiasm as she looked across the sward to the distant mountains, rosy and purple in the sunset. Mr. Gale put into her hand the book which Mr. Forsyth had dropped on the ground in his dismay at finding a lady on the premises, and seated her on a rude stool to amuse herself. She found the volume a copy of Chaucer's poems, and turned the leaves curiously, often glancing at the royally tinted sky. Fred hastened in to set the table while his partner cooked the supper.

"This isn't Miss Curtis?" confidently inquired the bachelor.

"O, no; I didn't suit her ladyship at all, nor did she meet my views. How do you like my wife's appearance?" asked the triumphant husband.

"I never saw a lovelier face," was the satisfactory reply.

"She is as good as she is pretty, Charlie, and splendidly educated, accomplished, and all that sort of thing. She doesn't want to take charge of af-

fairs either—you can manage just as you have done; but I declare this table looks awful rough for a lady to sit down to!" exclaimed Gale, deprecatingly.

Forsyth meditated; then picking up a newspaper, turned it so as to bring the cleanest side uppermost, and quite exultantly laid it on the greasy board. "That will do for Mrs. Gale to-night; I'll plane it before breakfast," he promised, rubbing a rusty knife with ashes. "It's fortunate we have one earthen plate and cup."

Fred produced from the carriage a bottle of pickles and a cranberry pie, calling Daisy and the driver in to tea. "You may call this a picnic," he playfully said, by way of apology for the primitive appointments of the repast, and the young traveler ate with zest, laughing at her first glimpse of the partners' *ménage*. The furniture arriving after the meal was concluded, the two proprietors removed the heaps of old boots, oyster-cans, and worn-out garments that adorned the inner room, and set up the French bedstead and dressing-bureau. Daisy opened her trunks and assisted her husband to make up the bed with its snowy linen and counterpane and ruffled pillows. When the floor was partially covered by a pretty rug, she declared that her part of the establishment looked quite home-like. Forsyth watched her mobile face and lithe figure with deep interest; he was suspicious of women, and his partner's matrimonial scheme had given him infinite concern, but this eager child flitting lightly to and fro made him laugh at his scruples. He nodded approvingly at Gale's appealing expression. This girl would be no bar between them—only a stronger tie to their fraternal bond.

The evening grew chilly, and the trio gathered around the mud fire-place, Daisy with her hand clasped in that of her husband, gazing with soft dreamy

eyes into the glowing depths, listening to the conversation of her seniors, until the clock struck nine.

"To bed—to bed! little girl," cried Mr. Gale, remembering her mother's charge. She rose with the unquestioning obedience of Mrs. Rowland's family, but turned with the lamp in her hand to say, "Are you coming, too, Fred?"

"Not just yet, love; I've a heap of things to talk over with Charlie," he answered, and with a stifled sigh the tiny matron went to her pillow, feeling lonely and half-fearful, spite of the low hum of voices near at hand.

"Well, how has business gone?" propounded the newly returned, as the door closed on his wife.

"Badly—badly, Fred; you got my letter about the land trouble, didn't you?"

"No; what's wrong?" Gale demanded, nervously.

"Old Suñol has shoved his grant this way a few leagues and has taken us in, and I believe he'll win."

Gale sprung to his feet with a suppressed oath: "We'll fight them to the last dollar. I won't give up while I've a hoof of stock left. By heaven! it'll be ruin if we're beaten. It's too bad, now, when I wanted to build a new house and get Daisy a piano. Those things will have to slide; it may come to a question of a roof to cover her head yet."

"I don't see it that way, Fred. You and I can take care of that little woman easily, even if we get down to the bed-rock," said Forsyth, with his rare smile. "We're partners for life, you know."

"Bless you, old fellow! I knew you'd like my choice—but I've no more time for honeymoon foolishness. I must open the fight with Suñol. I suppose no steps have been taken in that direction. Who else has the old scoundrel gobbled up?" inquired the irate Kentuckian.

"Limber Jim, Hog Harry, and about

a dozen fellows that have a quarter-section apiece. They've all waited for you to take the lead," responded the senior.

"I'll do it; not a moment to be lost. I must sell off stock and raise money at once to retain a lawyer. You see it that way, too, don't you, Charlie?"

A nod of assent expressed the concurrence of the listener.

"I've got to leave Daisy for you to take care of mostly; she's a delicate little thing, and we mustn't let her know about this muss till we've played our last trump. Try and be sociable with her, Charlie; it's a confounded lonesome place for her." And Mr. Gale lit a cigar and lapsed into moody contemplation, while his friend opened a book and read with his usual absorption till eleven, when the former gentleman betook himself to his couch, and the latter wrapped himself in his blankets without disrobing and lay down on the earth floor.

A tear glistened on the fair cheek of the sleeper as Fred bent over her. He kissed it away, and lay down without disturbing her.

When Mrs. Gale opened her eyes with a start of wonder and a look at the adobe walls of her room, her husband was already saddling his horse.

Dressing hastily, she emerged from her apartment to find breakfast waiting, and that Mr. Forsyth had made such concessions to the hollow forms of society as to wash his face and comb his hair and beard. As he was not in possession of a coat, he was unable to bow further to the conventions of civilization, and still appeared in his shirt-sleeves.

Asking for Fred, she ran out to call him. "You'll not mind about taking the head of the table, darling, will you?" asked her lord, as they walked hand in hand to the kitchen: "Charlie has always poured the tea and coffee, and I don't like to set him aside. You know this is his home quite as much as ours."

"O no, it doesn't matter," replied the

submissive wife, at heart a trifle chagrined at being deprived so early of her matron honors.

The table was spread with "a fair linen cloth" which Gale had found in his wife's trunk, and he had also opened the box of china, the bridal gift of good Mrs. Hall. Charlie Forsyth smiled benignly at the unwonted glories of the board, as he walked around it serving the tea and coffee and dispensing the viands.

"And now, sweetheart," said the newly wedded Californian, "I must be off. The fact is, my pet, there is a heap of business to be looked after that my absence has disarranged, and I shall be gone most of the time for awhile. Don't cry, darling; I shall come home every night, and Charlie will be within call. Come, little girl, write a long letter to mamma to-day, one to each of your little brothers, and don't forget you promised to correspond once a month with Kate Curtis. I think you made the same agreement with Tom Hall's wife, and a dozen pretty Ohio girls. There's occupation for a fortnight." And he sprang into his saddle and galloped rapidly off, without turning to look back at the sad young face that followed his flight with longing eyes.

Sorely disappointed, she returned to the adobe to find the dishes washed and the cook gathering his books into an unsymmetrical heap in the corner in order to sweep.

"Let me pile them up," she cried, with animation, and she arranged them on the floor with great precision. Charlie Forsyth removed his hat and watched her motions with silent laughter; she was so tiny, so deft and quick, that she looked like a child "making believe" in a play-house.

Having concluded his domestic labors, he observed: "I am going out to girdle trees in the field. I shall be in sight. Do not be frightened if you see Indians—they are harmless. You will have to

hire them to wash and iron for you. Come and make friends with the dog, so I can turn him loose."

Daisy went meekly to the kennel to be presented to the powerful English mastiff, who was easily propitiated and then set at liberty, and the bachelor went to his work.

This was the type of her daily life, soon forlorn and unsatisfying to the child-wife. Her husband rode away every morning, generally returning at sunset; Daisy flying eagerly to meet him, and watching his departure with a sinking heart.

Charlie Forsyth's motherless and unsistered childhood and youth had brought him to manhood without intimate knowledge of women. The first girl with whom he was thrown into close proximity won his heart, trifled with it, and rejected him with open scorn; henceforth he abjured feminine society in bitterness of soul. It remained for his partner's bride to rehabilitate the sex in his mature judgment.

When he saw her carrying with silent fortitude the burden of her loneliness and homesickness, his dormant knight-hood asserted itself in an attempt to beguile the solitary hours. Shaking off his habitual taciturnity, he sought to interest her in the flora of California, assisting her in gathering specimens for an herbarium. Not to offend her fastidious tastes, his patriarchal locks were sacrificed, and a dress approaching that of civilized humanity was approximated. Seeing that she moped in the house, he took her every morning to note the prog-

ress of his young orchard and vineyard, steadying her passage across a difficult foot-log that spanned the brook which ran a few rods from the door.

He questioned her about her studies and her literary tastes, and was charmed with her cultivation and faculty of expression.

In a month he knew her far better than did her husband. Of a truth, Forsyth saw more of her waking hours; but further than this, the quality of her mind was akin to his, the same strain of Puritan blood was in her lineage, their thoughts had been directed in the same channel, their consciences been educated to sensitiveness in the same direction.

Mr. Gale fostered the growing kindness between the two. It was a source of quiet amusement to him to lie at night on a home-made lounge and listen to the wide range of discussion between them. Dialogues on Norse mythology, German metaphysics, or English ecclesiastical polity, were equally intelligible to him; he was serenely indifferent if Daisy was only entertained.

For himself, as a conversationalist in the domestic circle he lacked versatility; the language of imbecile tenderness, or on rare occasions that of marital authority, was all that he could command.

Daisy was far from contentment, notwithstanding the assiduous good offices of her friend. She pined for the mirth of the little boys, the sympathy of her school-fellows, and, more than all, for the blessed mother-love that had cheered her old home.

MEADOW-LARKS.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy that I am!
 (Listen to the meadow-larks, across the fields that sing),
 Sweet, sweet, sweet! O subtile breath of balm!
 O winds that blow, O buds that grow, O rapture of the spring.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O skies, serene and blue,
 That shut the velvet pastures in; that fold the mountain's crest!
 Sweet, sweet, sweet! What of the clouds ye knew?
 The vessels ride a golden tide, upon a sea at rest.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! Who prates of care and pain?
 Who says that life is sorrowful? O life so glad, so fleet!
 Ah! he who lives the noblest life finds life the noblest gain,
 The tears of pain a tender rain to make its waters sweet.

Sweet, sweet, sweet! O happy world that is!
 Dear heart, I hear across the field my mateling pipe and call.
 Sweet, sweet, sweet! O world so full of bliss!
 For life is love, the world is love, and love is over all!

 HOW MANY DO TWO AND TWO MAKE?

THE story is an old one, but may be new to some of my readers, how a pedagogue asked one of his boys if he was acquainted with mathematics? and got the following answer: "No; I know John and Sarah Mattox, but I never hear of Matthew." Similar ignorance prevails respecting the origin of the science of numbers. Who first invented methods of computation, and set forth the mysteries of the triangle and the parallelopipedon, is buried in the deep and dark ocean of the past. We have a suspicion, however, that the ancestors of our Hebrew brethren, who have been famed in all ages for their devotion to education, and who have especially illustrated their ability to accumulate hard

cash, were the founders of this science. If they built the pyramids, moreover, an opinion widely prevalent in our own time, they doubtless had some knowledge of the simpler elements of geometry. And this knowledge, if they possessed it, was shared by other occupants of the great Asiatic continent. For it is a historical fact that the property of the right-angled triangle was known to the earliest Hindoo and Chinese authors of whom there is any record.

But it was reserved for that most versatile people, the occupants of the Grecian peninsula, to make large and substantial additions to the domain of this science. Among them geometry was almost exclusively cultivated; arithmetic

was hardly more than a mechanical calculation by means of a sort of slate, called the abacus. On this are drawn lines; a counter on the lowest signifies one, on the next ten, on the third one hundred. On the spaces counters denote half the number of the line above. With so rude a method of calculation it is apparent that no wide and precise results could be reached. But geometrical methods attained among the Greeks a degree of elegance scarcely to be surpassed. An illustration is found in the *Elements* of Euclid, a book which to-day is found in many of our schools and colleges. No higher encomium can be paid to it than the fact that for two thousand years it has been found impossible to improve upon the methods therein contained. It is said of Alexander Hamilton that it was his custom often to refresh and strengthen his powers of ratiocination by the use of this grand old book. And many a school-boy who has heard with alarm of "the bridge of asses"—the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, so called because so many break down at first in the attempted demonstration—has learned to love its exact and logical methods, and has found in its pages a fascination unsurpassed by the highest flights of fancy that are presented in modern imaginative literature. May it not be that for the surprising beauty and artistic finish that are illustrated in their sculpture and architecture the Grecians were indebted to the high degree of refinement and perfection to which they carried their geometrical methods?

After the decline of Rome the sciences took refuge among the Arabs, so the books tell us. The Arab philosophers, however, added but little to the common stock, save the decimal arithmetic and the algebraic calculus. But to the latter more especially, and to the improvements which have been made upon it by others, are we indebted for the present stage of progress which the science of

mathematics has attained. By the use of symbols—that is, certain letters of the alphabet to represent known quantities, and certain other letters to represent unknown—have some of the mightiest problems been successfully unraveled. Before this potent instrument have not a few of the mysteries of the universe been compelled to disclose themselves to the ken of man.

One of the most remarkable discoveries was that made by Leverrier, in 1846, when he announced the place and orbit of the planet Neptune before its discovery by the telescope, basing his calculations upon certain perturbations that were noticed in the movements of Uranus, the outermost planet known to us in our system. The story is doubtless familiar, how, after completing his calculations, with the utmost confidence he sent word to the astronomer at Berlin to point his telescope to a certain place in the sky, assuring him that he would be rewarded by beholding another member of the solar system.

But, while the mathematics have afforded the solution of many profound and interesting problems, there are some which it has been found impossible to unravel. One of them is that known as the quadrature of the circle—that is, to find a square which shall contain just as much area as a circle of any given dimensions. By all the methods which have been invented as yet, this is possible only approximately. And so has the problem which affords us a subject for discussion in this paper presented some most singular and difficult features. Many seem to regard it as axiomatic—indeed, as one of the simplest problems with which we have to deal. And yet, the fact is, that in many of its applications it is most abstruse and mysterious. There are those who, when they undertake to give a demonstration of it, reach an indefinite result, something like the following: "Two and two make five, or

fifty, or five hundred." There are others still who make it read: "Two and two make three." And there are others still who get nothing out of it but this: "Two and two make nothing." Indeed, so difficult is it in many of the matters pertaining to practical life, that we almost wonder why it was that Pythagoras (the reputed father of the proposition that "the square described upon the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares described upon the other two sides"), or that Euclid himself, did not lend his knowledge and skill to its solution. What they did not do it were folly for one who has not a mathematical head to undertake. That we do not propose. But we may be pardoned if we offer some suggestions, by which, as the mathematicians say, an approximation may be reached.

In dealing with mathematical subjects it is common to lay down certain axioms which form a basis for future calculations. Indeed, one of the definitions of mathematics is, "the science which has for its object the determination of unknown from known quantities, by means of the relation existing between them." We may be permitted, therefore, in setting out upon our quest, to lay down certain known principles, or self-evident propositions, which may help our inquiries. We propose, then:

AXIOM No. 1.—You can not eat your loaf and keep it.

AXIOM No. 2.—You can not eat your loaf unless you have one to eat.

AXIOM No. 3.—You can not get your loaf unless you make, or beg, or steal it.

The writer does not pretend to be the originator of these wise sayings. The readers of Confucius may remember seeing something like them set forth in the pages of that entertaining and well-known author. I am not certain but that Plato also, taking the hint from preceding writers, may have nearly grasped the profound truths here stated. But

no single age can claim them as its own. Like many other grand verities they have slowly assumed shape and distinctness in the minds of thinkers. My own impression is, that it was reserved for the great founder of the *New York Tribune*, of whom I desire to speak only in terms of respect, distinctly to formulate and enunciate them. His frequent and brilliant use of the first, more especially—"You can not eat your loaf and keep it"—will not be forgotten by the readers of that valuable journal. And nothing that he ever wrote more clearly illustrated his hard and practical sense. For these principles lie at the basis of all our economies, both private and public.

But what relation have they to the proposition that we are investigating?

We suspect that the main question hinges upon the matter of getting our loaf. Axiom No. 3 reads: "You can not get your loaf unless you make, or beg, or steal it."

But on no point is there witnessed a greater diversity of opinion, or a more complete disregard for long-established principles of economy, than upon this.

There is none of us, I take it, who does not desire to obtain his loaf, and we would like one of no meagre dimensions. Were it as big as that of which the school-books told us, in olden times, the recipient of which sat up at night to eat, at the expense of a terrible commotion in the digestive regions, we should utter no serious protest. But to make, or get, our loaf for ourselves by downright hard knocks, or by careful economy, seems not to enter the average intellect. The philosophers who write for the papers scout at all this. They even call the learned and distinguished Doctor Franklin an old fool. His wise suggestions, they say, smack of parsimony. His excellent maxims were dictated by stinginess. He sent his wife and children early to rest, and pulled them out of bed at cock-crowing, not to make

them "healthy and wealthy and wise," but to save lights and fuel.

Now we are willing to back "Old Common-sense"—was that not the name by which he was known?—against the whole herd of his modern detractors. We do not say that wisdom died with him, but we do say that for practical sagacity his teachings have rarely been surpassed. And at no period and in no land are they more worthy of examination and study than among his own countrymen to-day. Who is there that is satisfied to get his loaf by means of the humble savings that he is able to wrest from the grasp of daily needs? These are calculated at a very inferior estimate, or are thrown heedlessly into the gulf of useless expenditure. Some one has said that an average American family actually wastes enough yearly to supply with substantial comforts the ordinary household of a European artisan.

I used to know a happy-go-lucky sort of a fellow who seemed to regard it as his imperative duty to spend all his little earnings, and to save that only of which he was the fortunate finder—some bit of money which, at long intervals, he picked up on the road-side. Does not a similar fatuity prevail among that class who undertake to save nothing, who are satisfied with no accumulations except those which come in larger measures as the result of some fortunate venture? I have heard it said by a gentleman of wide travel and observation, that he was surprised at the poverty that prevails in nearly all our communities here in California; that there was a larger number of respectable people "living from hand to mouth," as the current phrase is, than he had encountered elsewhere. And yet where are the appliances by which to secure a competence more abundant? Our hill-sides and valleys are teeming with wealth. There is no resolute, earnest worker that can not obtain more than a competence by

the results of patient industry, if he is willing simply to hold on, and set aside something from his daily earnings.

But how irksome does this seem to a large class of our people, old and young. They will tell you of that red-headed chambermaid in San Francisco, who by a fortunate investment in Consolidated Virginia made \$70,000, whose hair by the process was converted into a most exquisite auburn. Nobody now calls it red. They intend to get their loaf by some process in which two and two shall reach a similar fabulous result. The papers do not publish for their information, or they do not stop to read it when the facts are set forth, how many there are who by a like effort have found, when they summed up their earnings, that two and two made just nothing.

The wonder is often expressed where all the people come from that crowd the cars and steamboats which run on the main thoroughfares in our State. A large share of our population seems to be constantly on the move. One would almost suspect that all the world were converted into tramps, and, like the wandering Jew, had set out on some bootless quest. Nor do the facts show that the supposition is entirely groundless. For, while there are many who go abroad at the imperative bidding of duty or business, how much has the prevalent restlessness to do with these numerous peregrinations. Some new agricultural, or mining, or herding Eldorado has disclosed itself, where huge loaves are waiting simply to be appropriated. But when we have reached this fabulous territory, we find that the same stern facts present themselves. Unlike Uncle Ned, alas! of whom we used to sing in the negro melody, we discover that there is no other alternative than to resume the shovel and the hoe. The loaf question finds no easier solution on the banks of the San Gabriel than it does under the shadow of the Sonoma mountains.

"But," my impatient reader will exclaim, "this is nothing more nor less than preaching. If you can not do better than to prose after this fashion, your ink will all be wasted."

Not so fast, my ardent friend! I am not sermonizing, but mathematicizing. I simply proposed for myself to give an approximate answer to the question, "How many do two and two make?" The basis of the demonstration is the well-known adage of the immortal Horace: "You can not get your loaf unless you make, or beg, or steal it." The first stage in the proof is Doctor Franklin. The second is that mythical chambermaid in San Francisco, whom the speculators find convenient to bait with when they wish to catch gudgeons. The third stage is, the loaf does not come by running around the world to find it. But two and two make just what by a wise economy you can yourself save, and, what you can teach your family to save. "*Quod erat demonstrandum*," as friend Euclid used to say.

But our problem has wider applications than to matters of private and domestic economy. It asks for a solution at the hands of the men who sit in the councils of state and undertake to manage the affairs of the nation. We conceive that the principles which are to be employed in private and domestic affairs are equally applicable to the affairs of government.

The first consideration which strikes us, is the fact that Uncle Samuel has been getting his loaf, during the last ten or fifteen years, by pursuing methods which, to say the least, are a little irregular. He seems to entertain the same idea of our problem, or his advisers do for him, as that which was illustrated by a gentleman of the colored race of whom we have read. He and others of his class were munching their corn-bread and bacon on the New Orleans levee, at the hour of noon. As is the custom since

the war, some of them were undertaking, during the interval of rest, to solve the mysteries of the alphabet and the multiplication table. One, more studious than the rest, addressed a sable brother: "Heigh, Sambo! how much do two and two make?" "Now, Cæsar," was the sententious reply, "you chaff dis yere nigger! Two and two make, now le'me see"—assuming a reflective attitude—"jes' 'nuff to buy for a gemmun like me a fus'-rate dinner at de St. Chawles." The calculations of our venerated relation, however mortifying the confession, have been equally loose, and exaggerated. We can whisper it among ourselves: he seems to want all he can get, even though the amounts are absolutely fabulous, and though his promises to pay are openly and scandalously violated every day, and though, when he does pay at all, he disreputably shaves his own notes. And, what is worse still, he evidently means to gorge his well-fed body upon the best loaf the national bake-shops can turn out, whether his loved and loving children are left to starve or not. Indeed, he has not the sensibility of the oft-quoted step-mother. He grabs at every crust, thick or thin. It is a matter which the common intellect is unable to explain, why he should not be held to a strict accountability, as well as other respectable people. What good reason can be given why he too should not pay for his loaf as well as the rest of us?

But this is precisely what our wise legislators, many of them, do not contemplate. It is amusing enough, the schemes by which they propose to extricate the country from its present embarrassments. Some of these distinguished gentlemen have suggested that it might be done by abolishing our problem altogether, by legal enactment! They do not care to be disturbed by any mathematical calculations whatever. They have seriously proposed to pay off the national indebtedness with greenbacks.

But the good Lord has promised that there should be but one deluge. We have faith to believe, therefore, that such a calamity as this plan would bring upon the country will be happily averted. Others insist that relief can be obtained by swelling the volume of the currency. Whenever any stress in financial affairs occurs, they bring forward this pet measure. But it will be observed that it finds advocates, not among that class who have made matters of finance a study, but solely among the politicians. There is not a banker in Christendom, of any respectability, that would risk his reputation by seriously proposing any such scheme.

The logic of the inflationists is very simple, and to appearance convincing. "Greenbacks are good," they say; "it is impossible to have too many of them." With similar consistency one might allege, if I may be permitted to use again the pluvial illustration, "a copious supply of water is good for our State; it is impossible to have too much of it." But we conceive that our submerged and afflicted friends at Marysville would hardly be willing to accept so sweeping a conclusion. In dealing with the proposition of our inflationist friends, let us apply to it the principles which are ordinarily recognized among business men, and then make our appeal to facts. It is a little singular that people who show a proper comprehension of the laws of finance in the private relations of life, seem utterly to lose their heads when they come to deal with the transactions of a large corporation or a government. For example, they have a correct notion of how much two and two make when somebody is indebted to them and pay-day comes round. They can figure with singular exactitude, and will be put off with no make-shifts or fine-spun theories respecting the laws of political economy. But they have no idea how much two and two make when the affairs of a

nation are involved. And yet in what respect do the financial affairs of the Government of the United States differ from those of a private corporation or individual? We can all understand how preposterous it would be for a business man to multiply his pecuniary obligations when he was unable to meet those already existing. If his notes are sold on the street at a discount of thirteen per cent., for example—the present difference between greenbacks and gold—were he largely to increase his indebtedness, it is apparent that the depreciation in the value of his paper would steadily increase, and that his credit would just as steadily deteriorate. And this is precisely what occurs in the experience of the Government. Were the volume of the currency largely increased its value would inevitably grow less, and its purchasing power to that extent diminish. And "our great and glorious country" is put to the dishonorable expedient of shaving its own notes in the face of all the world. Now, no one pretends to doubt that if the Secretary of the Treasury were to make good the promises of the Government, were to buy the bonds of the United States at their face in gold, the credit of the country would stand higher, both at home and abroad, and any dishonor would be at once removed. So, too, were the volume of the currency even moderately contracted, or were Congress to undertake some plan seriously looking to speedy resumption, and were to adopt measures like those which would be adopted by a private individual under a similar stress, the currency of the nation would in a brief space be at par with gold. But some timid inflationist cries out, "So you would ruin half the business men in the nation, would you, by diminishing the volume of the circulation? and you would have the Government settle with its creditors by paying twenty-five cents on the dollar?" We have an answer to

give to this question which shall be forthcoming at the proper time. For the present we have this to say: the affairs of governments do not differ from the affairs of individuals or ordinary corporations. The United States, like business men, must pay the penalty of overtrading, and of taking upon itself obligations which it can not honorably meet.

But what do facts show respecting the theories of our inflationist brethren? They show in all periods of history that a depreciated inflated currency is one of the most intolerable evils with which a nation can be afflicted. It is one of the strange incidents connected with the discussion of this question, that the experience of the nation during the period of the Revolutionary War should so soon be forgotten, when the Federal currency was so inflated as to become almost worthless, and the country reduced to general bankruptcy. We wonder, when we read the utterances of our wise men at Washington, how many of them know anything about the history of their own country. Were they only moderately to inform themselves, they would learn lessons of great value in the present discussion. They would discover that the people of Texas were afflicted with similar misfortunes that one can not contemplate without amazement, resulting from a redundant currency, just before that State was admitted into the Federal Union.

But we invite them to contrast the State of California, where a stable unchanging currency is in use, with her sisters beyond the mountains, which are blessed with the greenback circulation. Here is no distress in business circles. All our industries go forward without friction or hinderance. Money is abundant, and is growing cheaper every year. The savings-banks of San Francisco are letting out their funds on good securities at eight per cent. A laboring man

obtains a fair remuneration for his work. Carpenters, for example, receive \$4 per day. On the other hand, in the States beyond the Pacific slope there is confusion and alarm. Many kinds of trade are actually at a stand-still. The poor are suffering most serious privations. The laborer receives only a moiety of his due for his daily toil. Carpenters, for example, in towns on the North River, are paid \$1.50 per day, and that in a currency that is worth only ninety cents on the dollar. Would it not be a profitable investment for our toiling brethren "in the States" to ship a carload of inflationist Congressmen to this coast, that they may take a few lessons in the use of a currency which means what it says on its face?

Others propose to extricate the country from its present embarrassments by waiting—allowing matters to drift along, in a Micawber sort of fashion—hoping that something will turn up. They claim that at some indefinite period, when the resources of the nation shall increase to some indefinite extent, it will be possible to float the present amount of currency—that it will be needed to transact the current business, and so will it be raised to a par with gold. But nothing could be more delusive. Such an instance has never been known, we venture to affirm, in history. Great Britain waited twenty-five years after the Napoleonic wars, hoping that some such happy accident would help to bring the currency to par; and during that period the nation was exceptionally favored. Many of the great and commanding industries—like those of woolen, cotton, and iron—were developing, which have placed that country in the forefront among the nations of the world. But the currency obstinately refused to float. The wisest statesmen could devise no plan by which the nation could be let down easily and gracefully to a specie-paying basis. It had at length to be done with a rude jar

which, for a brief space, created confusion in business circles.

But do the friends of the drifting policy consider the evils which their plan inflicts upon the country? Look at this single fact: As matters are at present constituted, a whole nation, numbering 39,000,000, is left at the mercy of 500 gold-gamblers in New York City! It is incalculable the loss to which the country is subjected when these gentlemen, for their amusement or profit, put up the price of gold even one per cent. Every well-ordered government on the face of the earth punishes gambling as a misdemeanor, if not a crime; and so the common nimble-fingered gentry who follow this calling, in all our towns and cities, are periodically visited with the extreme penalty of the laws. Yet our paternal Government suffers the whole business of the country to be put in daily jeopardy by the tricks of the gamblers in Wall Street, and has ceased the effort to provide any remedy against their disreputable stratagems. Nor will any remedy prove efficacious short of making greenbacks equal in value to gold. That will put an end to one of the most mischievous and hurtful occupations that is prosecuted in our land. Another evil that is quite as serious is the opportunity which is afforded to the capitalists of the country unduly to increase their hoards of wealth. The United States is a paradise, not only for gamblers—if so be they make their head-quarters in Wall Street, and speculate in those values which touch most vitally the business of the country—but for bankers as well. It is a well-known fact that the national banking institutions are annually dividing enormous profits among the stockholders, and this, too, while other interests are staggering under loads that may almost be said to be unprecedented. If ever in the history of the world laws were framed expressly, as it would seem, to make the rich richer and the

poor poorer, we find an illustration of this policy in the present laws touching financial interests in this year of grace 1875, and in this boasted country of ours.

But we have also to consider the plans of the "economists." These men have suggested that our difficulties could be remedied by an economical management of the national finances. They have proposed to skeletonize the army, and they have reduced it to such infinitesimal proportions that General Sherman will only be able to keep up the idea that we have an army at all by furnishing each soldier with a snare-drum, so that by making a tremendous rat-a-tat-tat, the fiction of a respectable force may be preserved. So, too, the navy estimates are annually cut down to the lowest possible figure. And we confess that we rejoice in these diminished and diminishing appropriations for purposes of this character. We do not believe in war, nor are we apprehensive that within the present century we shall be called to try its dread ordeal. Our people have experimented to such a degree in feats of arms during our national existence as to become enamored, at length, with the doctrines of the peace men. And has not the period arrived when the arbitration of neighbors has taken the place of the arbitrament of the sword? An army and navy sufficient for police purposes are enough to meet the national requirements.

But our friends at Washington desire that everybody else shall economize but themselves. The tongues of many of them were glibly uttering the word the other day while their hands were filled with the proceeds of the back-pay abomination. And when any one of the secretaries proposes to discharge the supernumeraries connected with his department, our Congressional brethren may be seen haunting his office to save their friends from decapitation. They are

glad to have everybody else's district managed upon the economical basis except their own. Indeed, to the average Congressman economy seems to mean "to shut up the spigot and leave the bung-hole open." But these gentlemen must be taught to mean economy as well as to say the word. In the present stress, while the national industries are so sorely impeded and the distress in business circles is so wide-spread and general, it is nothing short of criminal to waste the national resources.

But there is no measure of economy that will materially help the country out of its embarrassments short of a return to specie payments—paying for the loaf. That is the most wholesome measure of economy. In matters of public or private interest the most economical method is that which preserves the credit and financial standing unimpaired. This is a law of political economy which no man or nation can afford to disregard. Any institution or individual that undertakes to transact business with an impaired credit does it at an inevitable loss. In financial matters it is simple folly to make two and two mean anything more or less in our own country than it means in every part of the known world.

But to be thoroughly logical, we must resort to the principle with which we started as the basis of this discussion;

and this, too, affords an answer to the question whether we would throw the country into bankruptcy by compressing the volume of the currency. Uncle Samuel must pay for his own loaf. As speedily as he may, he must put a period to this disreputable practice of shaving his own notes. He must in some way also raise the value of the legal-tender circulation. Some able financiers have suggested that it might be accomplished by issuing bonds, at a low rate of interest, into which greenbacks could be converted, and, in case of stress, these could be replaced by selling the bonds back to the Government. But in what way it is done, if done at all, the fact remains that no measure of relief will be of any avail until our affectionate relative shall pay, in good and honest money, for his own loaf. Nor will the disasters reach any such magnitude or seriousness as our friends the inflationists so eagerly predict. There will be no occasion for the Government to repudiate any part of its debt. The business men of the country, forewarned of the coming stress, will adjust their affairs to meet it. There may—there must—be some friction and disturbance, but sturdily to set ourselves to the task of solving our problem will take from it many of the frightful aspects with which it is customary to invest it.

THE FATE OF HUTCHINSON WEMBLE.

IF you had been strolling along Kearny Street, left side, going toward Market Street, San Francisco, one May evening, not a century ago, and had you, on reaching the intersection of that magnificent thoroughfare with a certain other broad and busy street which sweeps down in the direction of the water-front, chanced to look up and across at the

open window of a room on the third floor of a building, whose basement was then and is now occupied by a sleek and curly cion of Abraham as a "gents' furnishing store," you might possibly have been reminded of Blake's wild and mystic melody:

"Tiger! tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night."

At any rate, you had beheld two luminous points, somewhat extravagantly spaced, to be sure, and hardly horizontal, which, flaring and fading against the cavernous gloom of the unlighted apartment, were strikingly suggestive of shadowy African jungles and the hot gleam of the "royal Bengal's" gloating orbs, fixed like purple magnets on the apparition of some human intruder.

And yet, had you taken sufficient interest in the subject to give a second and more searching glance at the window thus strangely starred with disembodied eyes, the benignant spectacle of two pairs of tenanted and neatly polished boots on the window-sill must have solaced you with the reflection that you were yet within the sunny radius of the gospel and under the mighty ægis of civilization. It meant, simply, that Conrad Parker and I were placidly soaring on the dreamy wings of that regal dissipation, an after-dinner cigar—one apiece, of course.

Con and I were the occupants of that room. We had been school-mates in a far-away town on the Hudson, and in early manhood went out into the world together to play Damon and Pythias, as modernized by the immortal Chang and Eng, on a grand scale. Leagued adventurers and companion nomads, we roved "from the lakes to the Gulf," as the Fourth-of-July people say, and from the Gulf to the Golden Gate, and all over and across—from the shadow of Hood to the crystal fountains of the Yellowstone. O, the free and galloping years! how we spiced them with buffaloes, Apaches, and Mexican *señoritas*! We prospected, too, now and then, with pick and pan, but were too volatile to labor long. Always and everywhere we were true knights-errant of the West, tenderly thoughtful of the old home by the glimmering river, yet careless of the morrow, and followed by singular good fortune in a notable career of chance and change.

Finally, bronzed and *blasé*, weary of camps and trails, and the rude spacious life of the mountains and prairies, we began to sigh for something foreign to our barbaric experience; and where was that to be found, if not in the whirl and heat, the glitter and parade, the lights and shades, the throng and luxury, of beautiful, bewildering San Francisco! So, with the proceeds of an Idaho placer to bear us through, we came to the Bay City, and went into winter quarters in elegantly furnished apartments in Kearny Street.

We were nearly of an age, both under thirty, and to say that we lifted the sparkling chalice of metropolitan life to our fresh lips with an ecstatic appreciation of its foamy nectar is not enough. We fairly leaped into the rosy tide of fashionable sin, and plashed around like roistering whales. We expanded like unbottled genii, and took possession of the town. We were mountain fauns astray in a Moslem heaven. We plucked and ate with an intoxicating relish born of the sudden transition from bacon and beans to Olympian ambrosia. It wasn't our world, and we trod with sensuous waste upon what we could not consume. We were unique, *outré*, and extravagant in everything. Our dress was louder than tropic bloom; we flashed and flamed with gems and color. We wine and dined like a regiment of railroad presidents, and were worshiped afar off by cheap and ineffectual hotel-clerks, spurious salesmen, and Adonisian bar-keepers. We were the spoiled darlings of the hour; the bonanza stratum of society doted upon us, and beauty fluttered in our smiles. All sorts of exaggerations got afloat about us; oriental kings, on a lark, could not have created a more pronounced sensation; and we were credited with titles and emoluments that were enough to break the hearts of all the third-term postmasters for leagues around. Ah me! it was a gorgeous

life, and swifter than the irised plunge of a Yosemite cascade!

We could not have sustained all this had we not learned the jargon of the stock exchange, and made a lucky turn or two on California Street.

But a change came. These princely expenditures taxed our exchequer with slaughterous draughts, and the tide set against us inflexibly on California Street. Then the atmosphere of musk and rose began to taint, and the skeleton of very possible hard times began to protrude here and there an ugly joint through the rich vesture of our sumptuous state.

Not that we were by any means empty-handed as yet, but the inevitable issue of our brilliant masquerade stood as clearly limned against the horizon of our future as the spectre of the Brocken; and, being wise virgins, in our way, we faced the orchestra and thought the matter over.

Thus, with a cursory sweep of biography, we return to the evening scene with which this narrative opens, and, if the reader please, I will resume my seat and light another cigar.

The full-orbed moon was wheeling grandly up the blue Californian sky, and Con must have been impressed by the enchanting beauty of the night, for I heard him softly quoting, as he knocked the ashes from his wasting Havana:

"Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind."

"How now, my Tennysonian cherub, is that the order of your musing?"

"I was just thinking, Ned, that our lotus-dream—we have made it livelier than dreams usually are—was at an end. We lost a thousand in stocks yesterday. We've simply got to strike camp and take the trail."

"Those are my sentiments, Con; when shall we levant?"

"The sooner the better. We can fix

up a programme to-morrow. By the way, do you know a man by the name of Wemble—Hutchinson Wemble?"

"That tall, Spanish-looking fellow, with a cloak and *sombrero*, and a green shade over one eye, that you and Eckles were talking with on California Street yesterday?"

"The same. Eckles and I have an appointment with him to-night, and may be there's something in it."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well, he unfolds a wondrous tale about a fabulously rich placer-mine he has discovered in southern Oregon. There is an old tradition of certain lost diggings in that quarter, you know, and Wemble, who has recently been over the ground, claims to have found them. The Modoc war ran him out of the place, and, for some months, he has been Micawberizing here, waiting for Captain Jack to collapse. Now that the Modocs are conquered, he wants to guide a select company of men to the locality and smother them in coarse gold."

"By Jove! he's a philanthropist after my own heart! Does he talk like a robber, Con?"

"Talk! He has a saintly flow of chin, you may believe! The only ugly thing there is about his proposition consists in the rather illogical fact that he wants us to pay him a considerable sum of money, in consideration of his services as pilot—the money to be paid when we reach the actual vicinity of the mine, and are furnished by him with sufficient evidence of his good faith."

"The deuce! What more can he ask than an outfit and expenses, if the mine be really what he represents?"

"Eckles—you know Eckles is a very shrewd, safe, reliable sort of man—takes infinite stock in him, has been admitted into his confidence, and all that, and he gives me to understand that Wemble is in terrible domestic difficulties of some kind, from which money can extricate

him, and to that he attributes his morbid eagerness on the financial subject."

"All right; it will do no harm to sift the matter, at all events. I shall not go to the theatre to-night; will look over my shooting-irons and retire early. You can represent us both in the *séance* with Wemble."

Con and Eckles were so favorably impressed with Wemble's story, that three familiars of ours were let into the secret, and became partners with Eckles and us in the enterprise—making six in all, counting Wemble. We were to pay him \$5,000, under the conditions indicated by my friend.

During the week or so of time occupied in making the necessary preparations for the trip, we became thoroughly acquainted with Wemble, and conceived a high opinion of him. He was a man of marked intelligence and no little culture, and had been what in the western phrase is denominated a "rustler"—that is one who has had more than an ordinary share of both success and vicissitude, proves equal to every emergency, and shows that he will do to "tie to." A "rustler" is necessarily a man of courage, tact, and perseverance. The green shade constantly worn by Wemble over his left eye gave his countenance, at first sight, a sinister aspect; but he had a fine intellectual face, and a frank, earnest, and engaging manner of conversation that compelled you, unconsciously, to like him.

We celebrated our last night in San Francisco with a wine supper, and on or about the 23d day of May took the cars for Redding, transporting our saddle-horses, pack-animals, and camp-equipage to that point.

By and by we passed under the sceptre of solitary imperial Shasta, and, diverging to the north-east, launched ourselves like daring mariners on the trackless bosom of an upheaved and tangled wilderness. The broken billows of a

boundless sea of forest tossed round us on every side, with here and there a sentinel peak or skeleton ridge, lifted above the sombre empire of pine and fir, like the last remnants of a wasted world.

On and on. Sometimes the country would change. We would emerge suddenly upon open glades and vales where nameless waters sparkled in the sun and crossed and twined in a braid of gold. Beautiful deer, grazing in groups like the royal herds of some sylvan deity, would lift their graceful heads as we passed, and gaze at us with a look of plaintive wonderment in their girl-like eyes. Countless flocks of water-fowl whirled in vocal clouds over the gleaming waters of girdled lakes; and waving wild-flowers swept over saddle-girths in a surge of bloom.

On and on. Another change: we would impinge on the desolation of primeval fires—a region songless, sterile, dead!—where the flitting shadow of a wolf would be welcomed as a sign of life and hope. There the flaming Thor and Odin of geological tragedy have forged the smoking frame-work of a realm, and left it for the patient god-like sea, which, reaching out its misty arms in the long ages to come, will mold the dreary land into softer shapes, and crown it with the chaplet of Ceres.

On and on. Nothing was said, but it was tacitly understood among us that Wemble was under constant surveillance. At first he was the life of our nightly bivouacs, and when the day's march had closed we would group ourselves picturesquely in the crimson glow of our camp-fire, and listen unweariedly, over philosophic pipes, to his racy sketches of character, episode, and romance. He was the smoothest story-teller I ever heard, and his budget of topics, mostly from his own varied experience, seemed inexhaustible.

Two weeks of uneventful travel wore on, and then a cloud of suspicion began

to darken our minds. Wemble was evidently losing heart, but was nevertheless holding himself heroically to the front by the sheer force of a relentless will. He kept his own counsel in regard to the course we were pursuing, and we followed him without question. A set, cruel expression fixed itself on every lip. It will not do to trifle with gold-hunters, and Wemble was in danger.

Then the truth could be disguised no longer; our guide was either lost or making a very serious pretense of it. We talked the matter over, covertly, and concluded to wait a little longer.

The next day he led off to the northwest, and in that direction we followed for days and days.

One afternoon, the sun being yet two hours high, we were toiling along, Wemble in advance, when he started suddenly, as if something significant had struck his attention, and then wheeling upon us with a bright light of triumph on his face, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, success is at hand!"

We were too much astonished for utterance at first, and then we spurred up and shook him by the hand, shouting tumultuous congratulations and swearing by all the gods of Egypt that we never had doubted him from first to last! We were equal to any number of "resolutions" on the subject, but that efflorescence of American fervor being hardly practicable just then, we compromised by canonizing him with a straggling salute from our revolvers. And that was not all; for, dismounting then and there under the plummy branches of a mighty fir, we counted out to him his generous reward—\$5,000 in clinking coin! The true-hearted fellow insisted, with tears in his eyes, that he had only done his duty, and that there was no hurry about the money; but we would hear nothing of it, and forced the gold upon him. There was a degree of precipitation in all this, perhaps, and yet, all the circum-

stances being considered, there was a pathetic slice of human nature in it.

We camped there that night, and broached our last demijohn of Bourbon. Another day's travel would bring us, Wemble said, to the placers. He warmed up under the inspiration of the royal jug, and was absolutely grand in tale and song. We paid him elaborate court, and called him our Moses!

Slumbering profoundly and overlate, it was nine o'clock, next morning, before we were in the saddle. Our course seemed to turn and double on itself, and our progress was exceedingly difficult and slow. The sun had passed the zenith, when, emerging at the debouchure of a narrow, precipitous cañon, we found ourselves within a kind of savage amphitheatre formed by the intersection of several cross-gorges. Scattering clumps of fir, tamarack, and pine deepened the rocky gloom of the scene. Craggs and pinnacles of granite, scarred and gray with centuries of storm, shot up from the embattled cliffs, wild, daring, and sublime—as if to win the lurid coronal of the clouds. Through a cañon which cut nearly at right angles across the direction of our approach, a turbulent little mountain stream flashed and sung.

"This is Pass Creek," said Wemble, as we came to a halt; "it is the key to the position. Six hours' travel up its course, and we shall pitch our tent at the placer. Try the sand-bars here. I think you will find the color!"

He then dismounted, and, lighting his pipe, sat down on a boulder, while we, having detached some prospecting-pans from the packs, scattered up and down the bed of the stream and began to wash the sand and gravel of the tiny wave-beat bars. The result flushed us with encouragement; for, in the course of half an hour, we had gathered several fine specimens of coarse gold and some dust. Wemble himself was astonished

at this, and said that the stream prospected better than it did a year before. We were, of course, immensely exhilarated, and inclined to push on without the usual nooning; but Wemble declared that an hour's rest was absolutely necessary for both man and beast, as the route before us was rugged and toilsome in the extreme. In the meanwhile, as dinner was preparing, he would ride down the cañon and secure some things he had "cached" when flying from the Modocs.

We sat down to our repast of bacon, bread, and black coffee without Wemble, expecting him back, however, every moment. Having satisfied our hunger, we sat round with our pipes half an hour, and still he did not return. We began to grow restless, and wondered what had become of him, when a rifle-shot echoed and re-echoed among the gorges in the distance, and, supposing that he had fired in order to inform us of his safety, we still waited vainly for an hour longer. Then, fearing that some accident had happened to him, or that he had lost his way in the labyrinth of cañons, Con and I started down the creek afoot, to search for him. We had gone about a mile from camp, when we discovered a smoke among the rocks not far below us, and approached it cautiously. No living thing was in sight, and we finally ventured up to what, from a little distance, appeared to be a heap of burning brush. *It was the funeral pyre of Hutchinson Wemble!* His body was scorched, blackened, and disfigured by the fire of drift-wood and sage that had been kindled over it, but his memorandum-book was lying near by, and on the little finger of the right hand—which was only blackened, not injured, by the flames—was the peculiar ring which he had worn, consisting of a heavy band of gold inclosing an oval moss-agate, in which the cloudy fronds were, by a freak of nature, arranged in the exact simili-

tude of an antlered elk's-head. I slipped the ring from the hand that would never need ornament again, and have worn it ever since as a memento of a marvelous experience. There were evidences that the body had been mutilated previous to the burning; and down in a strip of sand by the water's edge we discovered a single moccasin-track. These incidents pointed to the unmistakable fact that the murder had been done by Indians. We scooped poor Wemble a shallow grave in the sand, and, in sorrow and dismay, hastened to communicate the startling news to our companions. It struck them dumb with horror. The nameless terrors of the historic lava-beds seemed to hedge us round, and we quickly removed to a position of greater security farther back in the cañon.

The next day the demoralization of the strange event having to some extent passed away, we canvassed the matter, and concluded to carry out the enterprise on which we had started and had gone so far. The murder, we said, must have been done by a straggling party of Modocs, consisting of not more than two or three individuals, not taken with the main band, and they were doubtless, ere this, far away from the scene of their dastardly exploit. There were five of us, well armed, and, with the mountain craft and experience in Indian fighting possessed by Con and I, we considered ourselves more than a match for the few slinking Modocs who could possibly be yet at large, and set out up Pass Creek, as indicated by Wemble.

We did not prospect the bars of the creek again until we had gone eight or ten miles, and then with but meagre success. Late in the afternoon, having traversed a region blocked by almost insurmountable difficulties, we arrived on the banks of a considerable stream, of which Pass Creek was an outflowing branch. We were too weary to look

about us that evening, but early in the next day made a remarkable discovery. While reconnoitering the vicinity of our camp for grass, in the interest of our horses, we came upon the remains of what had apparently been a mining-camp, in a dry gulch convenient to the creek, the waters of which had been utilized, by means of a ditch, in what little mining had been done. The mining machinery, sluices, rockers, etc., had been burned, and an attempt had been made to fill up and efface the ditch. All this must have been done in haste, as the vestiges of the mine had been but partially obliterated.

We worked that gulch for three months, and then returned to San Francisco with more money than ordinary mortals ought to have. The coarse pebble-gold we exhibited created a furor in mining circles, but as we had agreed not to disclose the exact locality in which it was found, the excitement died away after a time. Poor Wemble! We spoke of him often on our homeward journey, and sincerely deplored his bloody fate. The placer from which we had skimmed the yellow cream was an estate in mortmain for which we were indebted to him. Living, he had headed our march into the rocky lair of the prize, and falling, his dead hand had shown us on to the fruition of our dreams. We thought best to publish a short statement of the manner of his death for the information of friends and relatives, but reserved the full particulars for oral communication, should anyone ever have sufficient interest in the matter to trace it up.

A month or so subsequent to our return, I was married to the daughter of a prominent banker, and went into business with my father-in-law. As for Con, he secured possession of the old rooms on Kearny Street, and kept up a modified show of the bachelor splendor with which we had once dazzled the town, and, of course, we did not see as much

of each other as formerly. Meeting him one day on the street, I was struck by a great change in him. His health seemed to be failing; there were blue circles under his eyes and a strange uneasiness in his look that were really alarming. He appeared unnaturally constrained in his manner, and would have passed on, after a word or two, had I not put out my hand to restrain him:

"Hullo, old fellow! what's up?"

"Consolidated Virginia is coming up, they say, Ned."

"Yes; and from the sign of distress hung out by your attenuated countenance, I should say that somebody's toes were about to turn up—to keep Consolidated Virginia company!"

"O! that's it, eh? Well, you must know that when ague lays its spectral hand on a man's shoulders, he is very apt to vibrate in his boots and evaporate the damask of his cheek." He said this in his jaunty light-hearted way, and, for a time, my fears were lulled. Then we did not see each other for several days, and one afternoon I received the following note:

"KEARNY STREET—THURSDAY P.M.

"DEAR NED:—Call at my rooms this evening. Have serious need of your advice.

"Truly,

C. P."

He was sitting by a bright fire in his *negligée* but luxuriously furnished "den," comfortably attired in dressing-gown and slippers, when I arrived, and I noticed that he had turned on a perfect glare of gas. He shook hands with me in a nervous way, and said that he had almost feared I would disappoint him. My heart smote me for having seemed to neglect my dear friend, when I saw how pale and thin he had grown, and how wild and hollow his eyes were; and with much emotion I assured him of my brotherly affection, protesting truly that I had never suspected him of being seriously ill. He begged me not to think of it. He had not been sick in body, but

in mind, and he had sent for me to make me a closer friend and confidant than ever before. There was a decanter of Bourbon, with glasses, and a silver tray of Havanas on the table between us; and, pouring out a heavy draught of the beaded liquor for himself and passing the decanter to me, he said: "Fill, Ned, and let us drink to my disenthralment!"

"Disenthralment? Look here, my boy! that drink you are taking is muscular enough to disenthral a mastodon!"

He never smiled, however, as we pledged the singular toast, and, returning his empty glass to the table, began: "Now, listen to me, Ned. We have been inseparable companions from our boyhood up, and you ought to know every phase and frailty of my character; what, then, would you say to a man who should declare to you that I was vapory, flighty, and superstitious?"

"Say to him, Con? I should introduce him to the first policeman I met! In fact, I may say that I consider you no more the prey of morbid fancies and spiritualistic terrors than an ordinary beefsteak is."

"Well, then"—rising, and speaking with slow, tremulous fervor—"I say to you, on my honor, that for the last three weeks I have been haunted by the spirit of Hutchinson Wemble!"

"Haunted by the spirit of Hutchinson Wemble?" I could only repeat, slowly, as I gazed in alarm upon the solemn countenance of my friend. "How?—where?"

"Here, in this room, and on deserted streets at night. The spectre, or illusion—whatever you may choose to call it—is unmistakably the very shadow and semblance of Wemble: the Spanish cloak, *sombrero*, eye-shade, and all—just as we saw him on the trip. Now, for God's sake, do not hastily conclude that my reason is affected, for I tell you

that I was never more *compos mentis* in my life. This unaccountable affair has wasted and worried me, and shaken my nervous system, perhaps, but further than that my mind is clear and practical. There must be some mystery about Wemble's fate that we have never suspected, and it is now painfully imperative on me to clear it up."

I hardly knew what to say. I could not doubt the perfect sanity of my friend, and yet it might be that the impressive incidents of Wemble's death, connected as the thrilling occurrence was with our own great change in worldly circumstances, operated, in conjunction with the deranging and debilitating effects of what I supposed were his irregular habits of life, to produce an abnormal condition of the mind wherein such an illusory apparition would be possible. At all events, I did not attempt to pooh-pooh the whole affair out of countenance because I did not understand it. I agreed with Con that his extraordinary experience should be made the subject of secret and conclusive investigation, and recommended that he take a recreatory run into the country for the sake of his general health, preparatory to the inauguration of a regular campaign against the ghost.

It was the next morning after his return, much restored and inspirited by a week's ramble in the interior, that, having occasion to be on the street at a very early hour, I ordered breakfast in a Kearny Street restaurant, and, while sitting at the table, happened to glance along the "personal" column of a morning paper, when the following notice riveted my attention:

"If there be now in the city any person or persons in possession of any authentic information concerning the fate of Hutchinson Wemble, who is supposed to have met a violent death at the hands of Indians while leading a prospecting party through the mountains of southern Oregon last summer, such person or persons will confer an inestimable favor by calling at once on his widow, No. — Dupont Street."

It looked as though we were getting into the shadowy toils of a romance. Swallowing quickly a cup of coffee and a piece of toast, I eagerly sought my friend and acquainted him with the discovery I had made. He was overjoyed at even this faint prospect of finding some clue to the mystery which had begun to cloud his life, and, in the course of twenty minutes, we announced ourselves at the door of No. — Dupont Street, as designated in the advertisement. The building was situated in the least objectionable quarter of that pestilential thoroughfare, and a neat plate over the door-way bore the sign, "Private Lodgings." A ruddy and bustling German woman answered the bell, and, on being told the nature of our visit, immediately led us up-stairs, and ushered us, without knocking, into an apartment plainly but substantially furnished, which contained two occupants, a lady in deep mourning and a little girl also habited in black. The lady rose hastily from a seat by the window, and coming forward, was introduced as Mrs. Wemble. She was yet comparatively young, and had been a very beautiful woman, but sorrow, and privation, too, may be, had stricken the bloom and freshness from her cheek, and invested her features with a touching look of weariness and despair.

As tenderly and considerately as possible we detailed the particulars of her husband's tragic end, and when she had in a measure recovered her composure, she furnished us, in turn, with a brief sketch of her own history. Before setting out on his northern tour with our party, Wemble had written her a letter, which she exhibited to us, urging her to borrow money of their friends in New York, where she then was, and come to San Francisco with their child, whither he would return early in the fall. He was very sanguine about their future, and had not the slightest doubt as to

his success in the mining enterprise in which he was about to engage. She came and vainly waited his return until her money was all exhausted, and since then had supported herself and daughter by the severest labor. A distorted account of her husband's death had accidentally fallen in her way through the columns of a country paper, but she had never learned the truth until it came from our lips.

We felt it to be our duty to see that the widow of the man who had done us so high a service should not suffer, and we delicately expressed as much to her. While remaining a few minutes in general conversation, she called our attention to a fine cabinet-size photograph of Wemble which hung against the wall opposite the window. It was an excellent likeness, only there was no shade over the left eye. His eye had been injured, she said, subsequently to the taking of the picture, in a Nevada quartz-mine. The result of this interview was, that we called a meeting of our old mining party and promptly made up a purse of \$5,000 for Mrs. Wemble.

The ghost was laid!

Con looked sober when the matter occasionally came up in our confidential talks, and I verily believe he had a superstitious notion that the ghost was a ghost, after all, and that the ashes of Wemble could find no rest in the grave until the dear ones he had left behind were provided for out of our abundance.

Months rolled on. We soon lost sight of Mrs. Wemble, and did not think it necessary to make a point of following her fortunes any farther. A good-looking widow with a reserve force of \$5,000 is not apt to be lonely and neglected long in this emotional world. It is not the amount of money, but the principle!

One day a policeman clothed in aristocratic gray called at the bank and informed me that a man in the city jail

under sentence for San Quentin wished to see me and Mr. Conrad Parker on business of importance.

"Who is he? What does he want?" I queried, brusquely, not relishing the idea of such an interview with a criminal.

"His flash name is 'The Duke,'" answered the knight of the star. "It would be necessary to consult the recording angel to find what his real name is. These fellows scatter amazingly that way."

"What is he booked for?"

"Burglary—fifteen years—sentenced this morning," quoth the star, sententiously.

When the cell containing the unknown was opened for our admission, the obscurity of the miserable place was such that, coming suddenly from the light, we could only make out the figure of a tall man, who got up from a stool in the corner as we entered, and moved toward us, the ponderous shackle on his right leg clanking unmusically at every step. As he emerged into the light of the door-way, we had a fair view of his features, and both reeled back with horror. We stood face to face with the man we had buried in Pass Creek cañon!

"You may leave us for awhile," he said, turning to the nonchalant executor of the law, and, before we could collect our thoughts or utter a word, we were locked in the cell with the terrible presence.

"Be calm, gentlemen," he spoke again; "it is Wemble in the flesh!"

Our tongues were paralyzed, and we only stared at him in consternation. Then, folding his arms, he leaned against the wall of the prison, and began:

"I have sent for you because the game is up, and there is no reason now why you should not know all. I will be very brief. That Oregon expedition was a swindle so far as I was concerned. I had been through the country, but had

never discovered any diggings of consequence. The night before we reached Pass Creek I stole away from you, and, visiting by a direct route the very spot where we arrived next day at noon, I 'salted' the little sand-bars up and down the creek for a short distance. You slept heavily because an opiate had been dropped into your coffee. When I went down the creek to look after that 'cache,' I took the body of James Harfield from the cave where I had deposited it the summer before, and put the new theory of cremation in practice for your benefit. Harfield was killed in that vicinity by the accidental discharge of his rifle, and by a simple process, learned from the Indians in Arizona, I had preserved his body, with the expectation that his friends in the East, who were reputed to be wealthy, would some day wish to recover his remains. My ring, pocket-memorandum, and the unrecognizable condition of the body were sufficient to mislead you, and I soon reached the settlements in northern California. The mines you discovered must have been the lost diggings of 1855. It was one of those queer coincidences that sometimes happen in this vale of shadows, and I am honestly glad that you lost nothing in the end. Of course, I managed to get the history of your success, and having in the meantime lost disastrously in gambling, I laid another scheme for you in the ghost and widow line. By the way"—and he chuckled drily at the recollection—"Clara spoiled the prospects of a gifted actress when she became the paramour of 'The Duke;' don't you think so?"

But we made no answer. The keeper's key grated in the lock just as a question was forming on my lips, and, reflecting that, after all, there was nothing to be said, we passed out into the light and freedom of the street.

THE BIRTH OF BEAUTY.

An old volcano, sealed in ice and snow,
 Looks from its airy height supreme
 On lesser peaks that dwindle small below;
 On valleys hazy in the beam
 Of summer suns; on distant lakes that flash
 Their starry rays in greenwood dense;
 On cañons where blue rapids leap and dash,
 And mosses cling to cliffs immense.

Here on this height sublime, combustion dire
 Once blazed and thundered, pouring down
 Resistless cataracts of rocky fire,
 That from the cloven mountain's crown,
 Around its flanks, in every gaping rift,
 O'er meads that girdled green its base,
 Spread out a deep entombing drift,
 A tongue of ruin to efface.

In throes of terror Nature brings about
 What gives to man the most delight;
 No scene of peaceful beauty comes without
 Such birth, as day succeeds to night.
 A mountain gem, of pearly ray serene,
 Our old volcano shows afar;
 Fills all the panting soul with pleasure keen,
 And draws it heavenward like a star.

THE AIM OF POETRY.

ART was, at one time, an unconscious outpouring of the human soul. Especially was this true of poetry, the first of all the arts, as well in the order of its development as in the completeness of its powers of expression. I suppose that the very idea of a definite aim in making poetry never suggested itself to anyone until the rise of critical inquiry. But this unconsciousness no longer exists. The best literary artists have for a long time written with some definite object before them. They have generally had some theory of the methods or the ends of art, and this theory has influenced all their writings. The modern critic may be, as some have said, a poet who has failed; the modern poet, at all events, is a critic who has succeeded. For, an artist whose productions are to be met on their appearance by the onslaughts of so many vigilant guardians of the road to fame is not apt to be unprepared with critical weapons for their protection. From the greatest to the least, therefore, there is hardly a poet to be

found who can not, if he chooses, give some theoretical defense of his conceptions and of his style. And so the question as to the aim of true poetry is one much under discussion in our day, both among professional critics and among poets themselves.

It must not be supposed, however, that because modern poetry is distinguished by being formed with a conscious aim, ancient poetry must on that account be looked upon as aimless. This would be a false conclusion. An idea, especially a moral or an artistic one, may influence by being felt, without the intellectual appreciation of it having any existence whatever. History is full of instances in which ideas have formed and directed the destinies of nations, while at the same time remaining unknown intellectually to individuals. Such ideas have been implicitly obeyed by millions who could not for a moment have formulated them. They have conquered kingdoms, have converted whole races to strange faiths, have discovered new continents, have revolutionized the social order of the world, without being so much as thought of by those whom they have governed. In fact, such ideas have often remained unnoticed or unappreciated even by historians, until more profound study has made them manifest. Let us not then wonder if we find that something corresponding to this has occurred in the realm of art, and that poets have followed high and useful aims, in many cases, without having been aware of the fact. When they gave themselves up to the business of expression, they were conscious only of an irresistible tendency within them. But this tendency was the representative of a want in human nature, of a reaching out for something grander than mere experience. And thus, in giving themselves up to the tendency, they were in reality attaining some noble end.

Whatever be then the true aim of

poetry, that aim is, no doubt, carried out as consistently in ancient poetic art as in modern, although modern poets may have a clearer appreciation of it, and may give it a fuller development. And any arguments we may draw from ancient poetry, or from the understanding which ancient critics had of its aim, will, we may be sure, be applicable, at least so far as they go, to any real poetry whatsoever. And, too, we shall have the advantage in considering the former, that it is the free outcome of human nature, unincumbered by any theories, while the modern forms of poetry have many of them been vitiated by conformity to false theories.

One thing more must be said before we enter on the proper consideration of our subject: that is, to define what we mean by "the aim of poetry." In the sense in which it is employed in the following argument, the aim of poetry means the way in which poetry seeks to be of use to us. Is it intended mainly to instruct us, or to amuse us, or again to perform for us some greater good than either of these? The last of these three hypotheses is the one which it is here proposed to uphold. It is too common to divide all kinds of non-material benefit into the two ill-defined classes of amusing things and instructive things. But, as is easily to be seen, amusement and instruction are alike only incidental aims of art. The true value which gives art its power, which has at times caused it to be in fact worshiped, must arise from some higher aim.

In endeavoring to see just what this aim is, we shall get much help at the outset by calling to mind the view suggested by the first man who ever wrote in a systematic way on poetry—namely, Aristotle. Everything that methodical thinking, joined with a keen eye for valuable facts, could do, was done by Aristotle to all subjects he laid hold of. And in the case of the little treatise

known as the *Poetics*, the great philosopher had more facilities for his investigations than he had at his command in preparing any other treatise. No doubt the tragic representations of the Greek stage had been among the first things to arouse his philosophic attention. No doubt as a mere youth he had pondered over the grand effects of the great dramas upon him, while yet his intellect was too immature to prevent his warm southern blood from rushing hotly through his veins at the sight of those noble performances, and while perhaps he joined with the less cultivated throng in weeping and lamenting over the ideal destinies that were ruined in the mimic representations before him. All his life, too, living and working in his thoughtful pursuits, he had constant opportunities to have his attention recalled to the old subject. Probably there was nothing that received, during the many years of his activity, a more continued share of his consideration than this one matter. And so, when in his mature life he came to set in order his many ideas on poetic art, he gave us a treatise running over with suggestion, full of thought even to obscurity. Everything that has ever been written on the subject since has been more or less founded on Aristotle. If what he states is only a part of the truth, we should not be astonished; but the fact that the first essay ever written on so complicated a theme should be so complete and accurate, is certainly a matter to excite the greatest admiration.

The treatise *De Poetica* opens with a definition and a division of poetry. Poetry, says Aristotle, is in reality a form of imitation. It imitates characters, deeds, feelings. Its divisions depend on the sort of metres it uses in imitating, on the kind of things it imitates, on the stand-point the poet himself takes in the act of imitation, whether as narrator or as scenic displayer of the things imitated. Everything about it,

therefore, has connection with its fundamental characteristic, that of imitation. But now, what is the end of this imitation? This question is best answered by setting forth the causes that have given rise to imitative art. They are two; and, adds the matter-of-fact philosopher, with a tacit reference no doubt to those who sought for mysteries in art where there are none, they are both *natural* causes. The first is the desire to imitate, which distinguishes man from most other animals, together with the accompanying tendency to be pleased with all imitations, even those of frightful or loathsome objects. The second is the love of instruction, common in a certain small degree to philosophers and all other men; since instruction can be gained from imitations in the very best manner. Here Aristotle drops the subject of the aim of the art in such a way as would lead us to suppose he had said all he wished to about it. Not so, however. When he comes, a little farther on, to discuss tragic art, considered specially, he gives us an enlarged view of the matter. Now poetry, instead of imitating things as found in nature, is said to imitate things as they should be if they conformed to certain principles of artistic sequence, which he then proceeds to explain. And the end of the imitation is more fully set forth in the following definition of tragedy: "Tragedy is then an imitation of an earnest and completed action, which must possess magnitude; the imitation being accomplished by the use of language arranged in set metres, each one of the kinds of metre being made use of separately from the others in its own division of the tragedy, and the whole not producing its effect by means of narration, *but in the act of arousing the emotions of pity and fear, bringing about a PURIFICATION of such feelings as these themselves.*" A portion of this definition, it will be readily seen, relates only to the

ancient form of tragedy, with its iambic dialogue, its choral odes, and its *commi* or alternated songs, rendered by the actors and the chorus together. But the latter part is true, not of tragic poetry alone, but also of all highly emotional poetry. The statement plainly shows that Aristotle well understood that in the aim of poetry there was something which had special relation to the human feelings, and which was far more than merely the outcome of the love of amusement displayed in the act of imitating, or of the desire for instruction exhibited in the study of imitations.

That he had an appreciation of this fact is still further shown by the nature of his discussions on artistic justice, the choice of subjects, the necessity for deviations from truth, and similar topics, where he in all cases makes the expression of feeling the primary criterion for determining the proper method of procedure. For example, after stating that tragedy is made such, to a great extent, by the introduction of sudden revolutions of fortune occurring in the course of the action, he proceeds to set forth the kind of change of fortune that must be brought in, in order to produce the proper effect. He argues somewhat as follows: The design of the whole representation is, by the definition of tragedy, to arouse pity and fear. The change of fortune is only a mean to this end. Now if an upright man entirely blameless is thrown from good fortune into evil fortune, we neither pity nor fear primarily, but our principal feeling is that of righteous indignation. If the contrary event happens to such a man, we rejoice, indeed, but we do not receive any effect at all tragic. On the other hand, if it is a thoroughly evil man who meets with good fortune, we are again indignant; and if such a man meets with a serious reverse of fortune, we think it no more than his deserts. The only sequence then that will produce the effect of trag-

edy, is that in which a man, claiming our respect by his great qualities, but not altogether blameless, falls through some natural error into evil fortune. Such a case excites by its representation both our pity and our fear; pity for misfortunes that have come in natural order, and yet were not deserved; fear because of the display of the weakness which has brought ruin to a fellow-creature, whose fortunes are not altogether unlike what may happen to us. An argument such as this shows us clearly that Aristotle was not entirely under the control of his own theory of imitation, that he saw ends in poetry beyond and above either the instruction or the amusement to be found in copies, and that he more or less clearly understood that the true value of the whole art lay in its effect on the stronger emotions.

So much, then, as to the views of Aristotle. While the external form of the poetic art received the most of his attention, and while he consequently thought less of its essential aim than we could wish he had, still, with his taste and intellect, he needed the help of no preceding critic to enable him to see and feel what that aim is. He is fully aware that the greatest good to be found in poetry is that quieting and ennobling of the more powerful feelings which he includes under the expressive word *katharsis* (purification). He knows that truthful narration, naturalness of incident, the relation of the various characters introduced, all must be subordinated to this one thing. If a superficial view of his treatise would lead us to think him a believer in imitation purely, and an upholder of the doctrine that poetry is only intended to amuse or to instruct, without any aim at culture or elevation, a closer acquaintance with him shows us that he really teaches a much broader doctrine. But, nevertheless, it is true that he does not lay much stress on the

principle which he enunciates. He does not seem to understand that culture is not only the chief aim of the best poetry, but also its only aim, considered as art. The adornment he has mistaken for a part of the original design; he has not seen that the adornment is simply the means for carrying out the original design. Poetry may imitate, in a certain way, most wonderful events, and yet fail of being art. It may call up the vaguest images only, and yet be the best of art. Nor yet is it true, as Aristotle in one place says, that poetry is distinguished from pure history merely by the introduction of some general idea into its account of events, so as to give it a more *philosophic* character than that of the latter. For we moderns have no end of histories written in subordination to a single general idea. Our philosophical narratives and narrative philosophies are simply innumerable. Yet none of them is poetry. In fact, there is no way to explain the nature of true poetry without supposing it to be the verbal expression of an *emotional idea*, in which the idea itself fashions and controls the whole, and in which imitation, naturalness, and every like quality, are only required in so far as they conduce to the expression itself.

The ancient art with which Aristotle had to deal showed this quality no less than does the modern. To be sure, a superficial observer might think that Homer was made a poet only by his faculty of imitating. But a man like Aristotle must have been able to appreciate that the *Iliad* is the greatest of epic poems, because it is the treasury of expression for every emotion of the noble age of primitive grandeur for which it was composed, and because, through this fact, it must ever remain the chief embodiment of one side of the more complicated human life of later ages. But as regards the Greek tragedy, it is hard to see how anyone could fail of understanding that

in it imitation is entirely subordinate to emotional expression. The Greeks delighted in making it as ideal as possible. Many of its mechanical features were, we know, intentionally unnatural. Only in that it excited and *purified* the grander emotions of the soul was it of interest. And yet the interest of that one thing was sufficient to place it among the highest attainments of poetic art at any time. And as to the minor forms of ancient poetic creation—the hymns, the pæans—what were they, any of them, but pure expressions of emotion?

Another indication that ancient poetry was in reality formed according to this principle is the manner in which Plato speaks of it. It is to be regretted that this master did not give us a systematic work on the design of poetry. Had he done so his treatise would have been a poem of itself, and at the same time would have been an invaluable philosophic treasure. Yet he has, in disjointed passages, left hints, remarks, and even considerable arguments on the subject. The passage especially to be noted here is the one occurring in the *Phædrus*, where the poetic inspiration is placed as one of the four species of divine madness which the gods have bestowed upon favored mortals as guides to lead them upward; the others being the power of prophetic foresight, the instinct which teaches men how to rid themselves of the taint of guilt, and, greatest of all, the faculty of loving passionately and yet purely. It is plain that Plato sees in poetry something grander than amusement or instruction, something that has an intimate connection with the beautiful itself and with the loftiness of soul that comes from the contemplation of it.

But ancient poetry was much more realistic than modern. If the former was in reality the outgrowth and expression of emotion, the latter should be much more so. And this we find to be

the case. Shakspeare's portrayal of life is a natural one, but that is not what gives him his monarch's throne. He is as great as he is because he understands and gives voice to every variety of feeling, and because in doing so he works out, in complete harmony, the expression of grand artistic ideas. And from Shakspeare down, every poet of modern times is a poet only in so far as he succeeds in doing, in his own way, something parallel to this.

But now a great question still remains unanswered. Let us suppose it admitted that poetry is, as has been said, the verbal expression of emotional ideas. Then it, of course, follows that its relations to the other arts depend on the special powers of its instrument—language; that, in consequence, it is less vague than music, but more ideal than painting; that, furthermore, it portrays actions better than the plastic arts, but is less powerful in scenic effect than they are. All these things have engaged critical attention, and have been settled by critical laws. But they are, after all, merely mechanical statements of how poetry does its work. Still, there remains the query: Why does poetry exist? What want of the soul is satisfied by it? What sort of feelings does it best express? And what does it accomplish by expressing them? We have seen that amusement and instruction have been said to be the result of this act of expressing, the amusement arising from pleasure at the ingenuity of the expression, and the instruction coming from the study of the kinds of emotion expressed. But it has been stated that the real object is something better than either of these. Let us see if we can prove this.

We leave out all the lower forms of poetry—forms that are either not art at all, or only art in so far as they have something in common with the higher forms—and come directly to high art it-

self, where the essential aim is most clearly seen and most perfectly realized. What is the first and most notable feeling that comes from the reading of a play like "Othello," or of a great poem like "Faust"? Is it amusement at the ingenuity with which the poet has succeeded in catching the varied traits of the human mind and calling them up before us? Do we smile at the delicate turns of expression or at the fine touches of feeling? Well, we may do this, to be sure, when we are in a quieter mood, but the first impression, if we have appreciated the work, is one of deep excitement, and often of strong enthusiasm. A vast concourse of emotions, such as we have had at various times in greater or less degree, rise and surge together within us. Pity and fear, as Aristotle has told us, are the most prominent feelings aroused by a tragic representation, and these, with the others, assail us at once in the most complicated forms. But none of these feelings agree exactly with those aroused by actual experience. We are now moved not by the *same* pity, not the *same* fear, as the pity and fear that we should feel if we really saw the events occurring in our daily life. There is some other element introduced. And the result is, as Aristotle again has said, a *purification* of the stronger emotions that have been aroused. Never again will we suffer, when we meet misfortunes, with the same dull, quivering, animal helplessness that we have before felt. It will be a higher suffering, one that draws into itself a deeper knowledge of the feelings of others, that understands how to rise above itself—that is, in a word, purified.

What, it may be asked, is the reason that poetry has this effect upon us? Why should the arousing of great emotions by means of ideal instruments accomplish what it does? The answer to this question is difficult, but, if I am not mistaken, it is somewhere near the fol-

lowing. In any great poem the emotions are aroused in the simplest manner. The circumstances described are just sufficient in number to produce the desired end and to make the illusion complete, and no more. All the minor matters that fill up life are taken out. The emotions of the poem are separated from non-emotional surroundings as well as from other emotions, and are exhibited alone. The effect of this is to make the emotion aroused one not of a special and therefore petty nature, but of a general and consequently lofty kind. Do we suffer? It is no petty, trifling, everyday matter that affects us, but we are suffering with humanity. Do we rejoice? It is with no careless flippant excitement, but with a joy rendered calm by sympathy with universal joy. And so the result of this higher art is to inspire a melancholy that is not passionate, because it is conscious that sorrow is universal and inevitable; a calmness that never changes to easy joyousness, because it knows that overflowing happiness is but for a moment—the melancholy and the calmness both of a vast mountain forest, forever murmuring gently with the sea-breeze.

It has been thought by some that, in order to do this, poetry must be careful to express only the calmer emotions. Very passionate love, very terrible sorrow, or loneliness, or despair, must be avoided. Such emotions must never be expressed unless they are immediately subordinated to some higher and calmer feeling. The problem must never be given without the solution. Those who believe that poetry is meant for amusement have, of course, ground for such a view as this. They say that it is not amusing at all to be put into melancholy moods; that poets who have control over our feelings have no right thus to abuse our confidence; that it is cruel, and much more of the same kind. But those who see that the end of poetry is

higher, that it is to elevate in every possible way, have no right, I think, to make this claim. Certainly Shakspeare would not teach us this. In him we find the greatest problems proposed and left unsolved; the most passionate love disappointed; the loneliness of a soul that is unaided and unsympathized with in the greatest perplexities, relieved, as in Hamlet's case, by death alone; the despair of an Othello measuring out, to use Schlegel's words, "in one moment the abysses of eternity;" and yet nothing is done to brighten the picture. For those fearful emotions are human emotions; that misery is life's misery. But all this does not oppose what we have already stated. It is this very expression of such emotions, by means of ideal surroundings and in separation from the lowest facts of common life, which produces the desired end of elevation and *purification*. The same experiences that would overwhelm us were we not prepared for them, can be borne when we see how they are human; and how, too, it is possible for one to stand outside of them, to contemplate them, to be above them, and yet at the same time to be affected by them. Art teaches us to govern such feelings, not by disguising them from us or by introducing new and fictitious feelings along with them, but by generalizing and objectifying them.

Taking, then, all those matters that lie within its province, all those emotions that are not so subtle as to need music for their expression, or of such a nature as to be only capable of embodiment in painting, poetry aims to express fully the whole emotional side of life in such a way as to enlarge, to purify, to elevate the emotions themselves. The feelings that would be petty without its aid, become noble under its influence. The poetic mind suffers grandly. Its very follies are admirable. Its superstitions are to be revered. What is a mere fancy in the brain of an ignorant

man of our day, is a great principle in a Luther or in a Bunyan, men who were poets of action. What is a harsh dogma of unenlightened theology elsewhere, becomes with one of them the mover of the purest feeling. And all this is because they are of wide-reaching minds, because they suffer with human nature, because their feelings are never petty, even if their views be infinitely narrowed by tradition, or sadly distorted by prejudice.

But the end of all this elevation and broadening of feeling, correspondent in art with the like effects produced by science in the realms of thought, what is it? We can not tell all of it. Life is too hard a problem. The evil tendencies with which we have so much to do are themselves too little understood. Much harder is it to comprehend the good tendencies that are unfortunately only

too few to admit of much comparison. But one thing is certain: the end of individual attainment is a state of being that is independent and yet sympathetic, separated from the petty vexations of life, and yet able to feel itself an inseparable part of the great whole. It is a state that is calm, because it is beyond the reach of ordinary troubles, can overcome or has overcome sorrows, is in love with the unchangingly beautiful; but at the same time is ready to help others, to live for humanity, to be sorrowful over the unsolved problems of life. To this condition—this life “on the heights”—it is the mission of art, and, in a special sense, of poetic art, to lead mankind. How it does this, this essay has, to a certain limited extent, endeavored to show. But that it does do this seems too certain a truth to admit of question.

IN A CALIFORNIAN EDEN.

CHAPTER I.—THE FIRST ELECTION.

NOW there was young Deboon, from Boston, who was a very learned man; in fact he was one of those fearfully learned young men—a man who could talk in all tongues, and think in none. Perhaps he had some time been a waiter. I am bound to say that in my observations, reaching over many years of travel, the most dreadfully learned young men I have ever met are the waiters in the continental hotels.

Then there was Chipper Charley—smart enough, and a man, too, who had read at least a dozen books; but the Forks didn't want him for an *alcalde* any more than it did Deboon.

Then there was Limber Tim, and Limber certainly could write his name, for he was always leaning up against

trees, and houses, and fences, when he could find them, and writing the day and date, and making grotesque pictures with a great carpenter's pencil, which he carried in the capacious depths of his duck breeches pocket. But when Sandy proposed Limber Tim, the camp silently but firmly shook its head, and said, “Not for Joseph.”

At last the new camp pitched upon a man who it seemed had been called “Judge” from the first. Perhaps he had been born with that name. It would indeed have been hard to think of him under any other appellation whatever. It had been easier to imagine that when he had first arrived on earth his parents met him at the door, took his carpet-bag, called him “Judge,” and invited him in.

As is usually the case in the far, far

West, this man was elected judge simply because he was fit for nothing else. The "boys" didn't want a man above them who knew too much.

When Chipper Charley had been proposed, an old man rose up, turned his hat inside out with his fist, twisted his beard around his left hand, spirted a stream of tobacco-juice down through an aisle of rugged men and half-way across the earthen floor of the Howling Wilderness saloon, and then proceeded to make a speech that killed the candidate dead on the spot.

This was the old man's speech:

"That won't go down. Too much book-larnin'. Shove him up."

But the new judge, or rather the old, bald-headed, dumpy, dirty-faced little fellow, with the dirty shirt and dirty duck breeches, was not a bad man at all. The "boys" had too much hard sense to set up anything but a sort of wooden king to rule over them in this little isolated remote camp and colony of the Sierra. And they were perfectly content with their King Log, too, and never called to Jupiter for King Stork.

When the great Californian novel which has been prophesied of, and for which the literary world seems to be waiting, comes to be written, it will not be a bit popular. And that is because every true Californian, no matter how depraved he may be, somehow has somewhat of the hero and the real man in his make-up. And as for the women that are there, they are simply angels. So you see there is no one to do the business of the heavy villain.

This old idiotic little judge, with a round head, round red face, and round belly, had no mind—he had no memory. He had tried everything in the world almost, and always had failed. He had come to never expect anything else. When he rose up to make a speech of thanks to the "boys" for the "unexpected honor," and broke flat down after

two or three allusions to the "wonderful climate of Californy," he was perfectly serene, perfectly content. He had got used to breaking down, and it didn't hurt him.

He used to say to his friends in confidence that he certainly would have made a great poet had he begun in his youth. And perhaps he would, for he was certainly fit for nothing else under the sun.

The Forks was the wildest and the freshest bit of the black-white, fir-set, and snow-crowned Sierra that ever the Creator gave, new from His hand, to man.

How dark it was down there! The earth it seemed had been cracked open. Then it seemed as if Nature had reached out a hand, smoothed down the ruggedest places, set the whole in a dense and sable forest, topped the mountains round about with everlasting snow, then reached it on to man. And then it looked as if man had come along just as it was nearly ready, slid into the crack, and not being strong enough to get out, resolved to remain there.

The wild beasts were utterly amazed. In this place even the Red man had never yet set his lodge. Deep, and dark, and still. Even the birds were mute. Great snowy clouds, white as the peaks about which they twined, and to which they flew like flocks of birds at night to rest, would droop and droop through the top of the tossing pines, and all the steep and stupendous mountain side on either hand glistened with dew and rain in summer, or glittered and gleamed in mail and rime of frost and ice in winter.

These white, foamy, frightened little rivers ran and tumbled together, as if glad to get down the rugged rocky mountain, and from under the deep and everlasting shadows of fir, and pine, and tamarack, and spruce, and madroña, and the dark sweeping yew, with its beads

of scarlet berries. They fairly shouted as they ran and leaped into the open bit of clearing at the Forks. Perhaps they were glad to get away from the grizzlies up there, and were shouting with delight. At all events, they rose together here, united their forces in the friendliest sort of manner, and so moved on down together with a great deal more dignity than before. You see it was called the Forks simply because it was the Forks. In California things name themselves, or rather Nature names them, and that name is visibly written on the face of things, and every man may understand who can read.

If they call a man Smith in that country it is simply because he looks as if he ought to be called Smith—Smith, and nothing else.

Now there was Limber Tim, one of the first and best of all the thousand bearded and brawny Missourians; a nervous, weakly, and sensitive sort of a fellow, who kept always twisting his legs and arms around as he walked, or talked, or tried to sit still; who never could face anything or anyone two minutes without flopping over, or turning round, or twisting about, or trying to turn himself wrong-side out; and of course anybody instinctively knew his name as soon as he saw him.

The baptismal name of Limber Tim was Thomas Adolphus Grosvenor. And yet these hairy, half-savage, unread Missourians, who had stopped here in their pilgrimage of the plains, and had never seen a city, or the sea, or a school-house, or a church, knew perfectly well that there was a mistake in this matter the moment they saw him, and that his name was Limber Tim.

It is pretty safe to say that if one of these wild and unread Missourians had met this timid limber man meandering down the mountain trail—met him, I mean, for the first time in all his life, without ever having heard of him before

—he would have gone straight up to him, taken him by the hand, and shaking it heartily, said: "How d'ye do, Limber Tim?"

The Forks had just been "struck." Some Missourians had slid into this crack in the earth, had found the little streams full of gold, and making sure that they had not been followed, and, like Indians, obliterating all signs of their trail, they went out slyly as they came, struck the great stream of immigrants from the plains, and turned the current of their friends from Pike into this crack of the earth until it flowed full, and there was room for no more. The Forks was at once a little republic; a sort of San Marino without a patron saint or a single tower.

A thousand men, at least, and not a single woman; that is, not one woman who was what these men called "on the square." Of course, two or three fallen women, soiled doves, had followed the fortunes of these hardy fellows into the new camp, but they were, in some respects, worse than no women at all. As was usual with these fallen angels, they kept the camp, or certain elements in the camp, in a constant state of uproar, and contributed more to the rapid filling-up of the new grave-yard on the hill than all other causes put together. The fat and dirty little judge, who really wanted to keep peace, and who felt that he must always give an opinion, when asked why it was that the boys would fight so dreadfully over these women, and kill each other, said: "It is all owing to this glorious climate of Californy." The truth is, they fought and killed each other, and kept up the regular Sunday funeral all summer through, not because these bad women were there, but because the good women were not there. Yet possibly "the glorious climate of Californy" had a bit to do with the hot blood of the men, after all.

One day Limber Tim came up from

the Howling Wilderness, all excitement; all gyrations, and gimlets, and corkscrews, and wiggle-tails. He twisted himself round a sapling—this great, overgrown, six-foot boy without a beard—and shouting down to his “pardner” in the mine—Old Sandy, who stood at the bottom of the open claim, leaning on his pick, resting a moment, looking into the bright little water that burst laughing from the bank before him, dreaming a bit in the freshness about him—and said: “Hullo! I say! A widder’s come to town. D’ye hear? A widder; she’s up and up, and on the square.” Sandy only looked up, for he was getting old, and gray, and wrinkled. Then he looked at the silver stream that ran from the bank and through the rocks at his feet, and called to him in the pleasant balmy sunset, sweet with the smell of fir, and he did not disturb the water again with his pick. It looked too pretty, laughed, and sparkled, and leaped, and made him glad and yet sad. A poet was this man, a painter, a sculptor, a mighty moralist; a man who could not write his name.

He laid down his pick, for the sun was just pitching his last lances at the snow-peaks way up yonder above the firs, above the clouds, and night was coming down with steady steps to possess this chasm in the earth.

Limber Tim untwisted himself from the sapling as Sandy came up from the mine, twisting his great shaggy beard with his right hand, while he carried his black slouch hat in his left, and the two sauntered on toward their cabin together, while Sandy’s great gum-boots whetted together as he walked.

“The Parson” was in a neighboring cabin when it was announced that the first woman had come to the camp. The intelligence was received with profound silence.

There was a piece of looking-glass tacked up over the fire-place of this cabin. Old Baldy whistled a little air,

walked up to this glass, sidewise, silently, and stood there smoothing down his beard.

“Ginger blue!” cried the Parson, at last, bounding up from his bench, and throwing out his arms, as if throwing the words from the ends of his fingers. “Ginger blue! hell-ter-flicker!” And here he danced round the cabin in a terrible state of excitement, to the tune of a string of iron-clad oaths that fell like chain-shot. They called him the Parson because it was said he could outswear any man on the river, and that was saying a great deal, wonderful as were his achievements in this line.

After the announcement, every one of the ten men there took a look at the little triangular fragment of looking-glass that was tacked up over the fire-place.

The arrival of Eve in paradise was certainly an event; but she came too early in the world’s history to create much sensation.

Stop here, and fancy the arrival of the first woman on earth to-day—in this day of committees, conventions, brass-band receptions, and woman’s rights!

You imagine a princess had come upon us, a good angel, with song and harps, or at least carpet-bags, and extended crinoline, water-falls, and false hair, a pack-train of Saratoga trunks, and all the adjuncts of civilization? Not at all. She had secured the cabin once occupied by the unhappy Dolores.

Yes, Limber Tim had “seed” her. She had ridden the bell-mule of the pack-train down the mountain and into town. He told how the hats went up in the air from about the Howling Wilderness saloon, and how the boys had gone up in rows to the broken looking-glass in the new barber-shop, and how some had even polished their bowie-knives on their boots, and sat down and tried to see themselves in the shining blades, and adjust their dress accordingly.

In a little time Sandy bent silently over the table in the cabin, and, with his sleeves rolled up high on his great hairy arms, kneaded away at the dough in the gold-pan in silence, while Limber Tim wrestled nervously with the frying-pan by the fire.

"Is she purty, Limber?"

"Purty, Sandy? She's purtier nur a spotted dog."

Sandy fairly groaned, for he felt that there was little hope for him, and again fell into a moody silence.

There was a run that night on the little Jew shop at the corner of the Howling Wilderness. Before midnight the little kinky-headed Israelite had not a shirt, collar, or handkerchief, or white fabric of any kind whatever in his shop.

It might have been a bit of first-class and old-fashioned chivalry that had lain dormant in these great hairy breasts, or it might have been their strict regard for the appropriateness of names, that made these men at once call her "The Widder;" or it might have been some sudden revelation, a sort of inspiration, given to the first man who saw her as she rode down the mountain into camp, or the first man who spoke of her as she rode blushing through them with her pretty face held modestly down; but be all that as it may, certainly there was no design, no delay, no hesitation about it from the first. And yet the appellation was singularly appropriate, and perhaps suggested to this poor lone little woman—daring to cross the mountains, and to come down into this great chasm of the earth, among utter strangers—the conduct of her life.

One of these meddlesome men, a hungry, lean, unsatisfied fellow—a man with a nose sharp and inquisitive enough to open a cast-iron cannon-ball—said one night to a knot of men at the Howling Wilderness saloon:

"Why Widder? why call her the Widder? Who knows that she was married at all?"

A man silently and slowly arose at this, and firmly doubled up his fist. He stood there towering above that fellow, and looking down upon that sharp inquisitive nose as if he wanted to drive it back into the middle of his head.

"But may be she's a maid," answered the terrified nose, in haste and fear.

The man sat down, slowly and silently, as he had risen, and perfectly satisfied that no insult had been intended. This was Sandy.

The Judge was there, and as the conversation had fallen through by this man's remark, he felt called upon to resume it in a friendly sort of way, and said:

"No, no, she's not a maid, I reckon—not an old maid." He scratched his bald head above his ear, and went on, for the big man at his side began to double up his knuckles. "I should say she's a widder. You see the maids never gits this far. They seem to spile first."

The Judge spoke as if talking of a sort of pickled oyster or smoked ham.

CHAPTER II.—THE WIDOW.

Never did the press feed on a continental war, or a calumniated poet, as these meh of the Howling Wilderness fed on this one woman of the Forks.

Yet let it be remembered they always and to a man, with scarcely an exception, spoke of her with the profoundest respect. Few of them had had the pleasure of seeing her, fewer still of speaking to her, yet she was the ever-present topic. Even the weather in a London winter is hardly a more popular theme than was the Widow when men met in knots in the little town after the day's work was over.

The brave, silent, modest little woman had put her hands to the plow at once. These men knew perfectly well that honest people had no business there but to work; and when her little hands, that did not look at all as if they had been used to toil, took hold of the hard fact of

life, and the little face bent above the wash-tub, and the fine white brow glistened with a diadem of diamonds that grew there as the price of bread, they loved her to a man.

How the work did pour in upon this first woman in this wild Eden set with thorns and with thistles! There were not many clothes in the Forks that were worth washing, but the few pieces that were presentable came almost every day to the door of the Widow to be taken in by the little hand that ever opened to the knock of the miner's knuckles on the door, and reached through the partly opened place, and drew back timidly and with scarcely a word.

No man had yet entered her cabin. The wise little woman! If one man had been so forward, without good and sufficient reason, then jealousy, unless others had been allowed to enter also, would have made a funeral, and very soon, too, with that one favored man the central figure.

Swiftly, and very swiftly for Sandy, the days went by at the Forks: down there deep in the earth, almost in the dark of the under-world; in the cool of the forest, in the fragrance and spice and sweetness of the fir, and madroña, and tamarack, forever dripping with dew, and dropping their fragrant gums and spices on the carpeted mossy mountain side, filling the deep chasm with an odor found nowhere save in the heart of the Sierra; and Sandy was happy at last.

"You will please come again. You are such good company!" Sandy had come to think he was one of the best talkers in the world, and thinking so he was rarely able to begin to talk. Such is the tact and power, and good or ill, of woman.

Water will seek its level. In this camp, in all new camps, in all new countries, new enterprises, wars, contrivances—no matter what—there are certain men who come to the surface. These

come to the front, and men stand aside, and they take their place. They stay there, for they belong there. They may not come immediately; but let the thing to be taken up be one of enough consequence to stir up the waters, and the waters will seek their level. No man need stilt himself up, or seek applause, or friends in high places, or loud praise. If he belongs to the front he will get there in time, and will remain there when he arrives. If he does not, there is but little need for him to push and bribe and bother at all about it. He will only stand up in the light long enough to show to the world that some one has escaped from the wood-cut of a comic almanac, or the Zoölogical Gardens, and then will sink back to end his life in complaining of hard treatment and lack of appreciation. Let us rather accept the situation, good or bad, play the piece out, and look to promotion in the next great drama.

Do not despise my spicy little camp in the Sierra. It was a world of itself. Perhaps it was as large as all paradise was at first; and then it was so new, so fresh, so fragrant, sweet, and primitive.

It was something to be the first man in that camp. Cæsar, if historians have written their chronicles true, would have preferred it to the second place in Rome. Here only the strong clear heads towered up. It was not accident that made Sandy (or the Parson either) a head man in the Forks.

The Forks knew best how sterling, and how solid, and how sincere he was. No failing here. There was not a penny to win by it. No applause to care for here. No public opinion to appease or woo. If a man did not like the company at the Howling Wilderness, he need not put in an appearance. He could stay at home, lord of his castle, toil three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and no man would question him or doubt his motives.

Nor was it any accident that made Limber Tim the partner of Sandy. These things have a deeper root than men suppose. Sandy was the strongest man in the camp, Limber Tim was the weakest. Nothing in nature was more natural than their present relation. It is as remarkable as it is true that among wild beasts, even when the sexes, more decent than man, are divided from each other, the strong bear or the strong buck companions with the weak.

Sandy never blustered nor asserted himself at all. He was born above most men of his class, and he stood at their head boldly without knowing it. Had he been born an Indian he would have been a chief, would have led in battle, and dictated in council, without question or without opposition from any man. Had he been born in the old time of kings he would have put out his hand, taken a crown, and worn it as a man wears the most fitting garment, by instinct.

Sandy was born King of the Forks. He was king already, without knowing it or caring to rule.

There are people just like that in the world, you know—great, silent, fearless fellows—or at least there are in the Sierra world, and they are as good as they are great. They are there, throned there, filling up more of the world than any ten thousand of those feeble things that God sent into the world in mercy to the poor good men who sit on a table all day, silent, and cross-legged, and in nine parts, sewing. They will not go higher, they can not go lower. They accept the authority as if they had inherited through a thousand sires.

How that courtship got on, or where and when Sandy first opened his lips, nobody ever knew. At first he took Limber Tim with him. But really Limber was so awkward in the presence of ladies, or at least so thought Sandy to himself, that he was ashamed of him.

It was a great relief to Sandy, if he had only known enough to admit it to himself, to find some one in the room more awkward than himself. Nothing is a better boon when embarrassed than to see near at hand a bigger bore than yourself.

Limber Tim would come in, but he would not sit down. He would go over against the wall and stand there on one leg, with his hands stuck behind him, and his head lolled to one side while his mouth fell open, with his back glued up against the wall, as if he was a sort of statue that had made up its mind never to fall down on its face.

He would stand in that attitude till the Widow would speak to him or even smile on him, and then he would flop right over with his face to the wall, whip out a great pencil from his canvas pocket, and slowly begin to scrawl the date, as near as he could guess it, and sketch grotesque pictures all over the new-hewn logs of the cabin.

The Widow used to call that spot "the almanac," for Limber Tim knew the date and day of the year, if any man in the Forks knew it. And it sometimes happened that when the pack-train with the provisions would come in from the outer world, the drivers would find they were two, three, and even four days behind or ahead in their calculations.

At last Sandy began to get tired of Limber Tim on the wall at the Widow's. Perhaps he was in the way. At all events he "shook" him, as they called it at the Howling Wilderness, and "played it alone."

One evening Sandy had a sorry tale to tell the little woman. She listened as she never had listened before. Poor Deboon, young Deboon, the boy who had "too much book-larnin'," was down with a fever, and was wild and talking in strange ways, and they had no help, no doctor, nothing. "Yes, yes," cried Sandy, "the Forks is a-doin' its level

best, watchin' and a-watchin'; but he wun't git up ag'in. It's all up with poor Deboon."

And so the Forks was doing its best. But the boy was very ill. The Forks was good: and it was also very sorry, for it had laughed at this young man with hands white and small and a waist like a woman's, and now that he was dying it wanted to be forgiven. It was something to the Forks that it had allowed this boy to bear his own Christian name; the only example of the kind on its records.

The Widow was not very talkative, and Sandy went away earlier than usual. He thought to drop down and see the boy; but on his way called at the Howling Wilderness. In a few minutes he went on to the cabin of the sufferer. Gently he lifted the latch, and on tiptoe he softly entered the room where he lay. The man was almost appalled. The Widow sat there, holding his hands now, now pushing back the soft long hair from his face, folding back the blankets, cooling his hot brow with her soft fresh hand, and looking into his eyes all the time with a tenderness that was new to Sandy. The boy was wild with the fever, and weak and helpless. Men stood back around the wall and in the dark; they had not dared to speak to her as she entered.

"I will go now!" The boy then reached out his hands and tried to rise. "I will go away up, up, out of it all. I don't fit in here. I don't belong here. I don't know the people, and the people don't know me."

Then he was still, and his mind wandered in another direction, when he began again:

"Now I will go; and I will go alone. I am so, so tired. I am so hot and thirsty here. I will cross on the cool water and rest as I go."

The woman looked in his face, took his hand in hers as she sat by the bed,

raised him tenderly, and talked in a low soft voice all night long—soft and sweet and tender to the stranger as the voice of a mother. She held his hand all night, as if she would hold him back from crossing over the river, and talked to him tenderly as if to draw him back to earth.

The gray dawn came at last, stealing down the mouth of the great black chimney, and through the little window in the wall, where a paper did the duty of a pane; and there the men still stood in a row round the walls of the cabin, and there the Widow still sat holding the man's hand, cooling his brow, calling him back to the world. And he came. He opened his eyes and knew his fellow-men; for these fevers of the mountain are sudden and severe, and their work is soon done or abandoned.

After that the camp had a patron saint. The Parson fell ill next, but the boys rated him so soundly about his motive—as if any man could have a motive in falling ill—that he fell to cursing, and cursed himself into a perspiration, and so got well.

One morning the Widow found a nugget of gold on her door-step. What particular goose of the camp had laid that great gold egg before her door she did not know. May be, after all, it was only the devotion of some honest clear-headed man, some wealthy fortunate fellow who wanted to quietly reward her for her noble deeds in the day of trouble. Then came another nugget, and then another. She laid them in a row on her mantel-piece, and men (for visitors were not so infrequent now as at first) would come in, handle them, make their observations, guess from what claim this one came or that; and no man there ever told or hinted or in any way remarked that he had sent this or that, or had had any part in the splendid gifts that lay so carelessly on the little woman's mantel-piece.

OLD FULLER.

DORP was the name of an old Dutch town in the valley of the Mohawk where I went to school. A plain two-storied brick house, known as "the vestry," stood in a church-yard beneath the shadow of venerable elms. I think they were elms, though I would not swear they were not horse-chestnuts, forty years and more having passed since I sat in their shade and fanned myself with my book, for it was summer. The lower story of the vestry was occupied during the week by a select school for girls, while the upper one was used for a similar purpose by half a hundred boys of various ages, some preparing for college, and some preparing for what at that time happily no one knew. The desks were arranged round the room with the seats to the wall, and our faces consequently to the front. When the lids to the desks were raised they served as a cover to the innocent pastimes with which we were wont to beguile the weary hours of our confinement.

The presiding genius of this place was known to us as "Old Fuller." Whence he came or how long he had been there I never knew, though I have a vague impression that Connecticut had the honor of producing him; which may, however, be an inference drawn at a later period and from a wider experience of men. What became of him is a historical fact of little importance to us. He was not a man to be easily forgotten by any youngster who had ever made his official acquaintance. He was about sixty years of age—which will furnish a key to the satisfactory solution of any question as to his whereabouts so far as this world is concerned, unless he has outlived the usual allotment of human

life. His hair was black, parted in the middle, and hung loosely about his neck. His forehead was corrugated like a wash-board, bounded below by bushy dark beetling brows, round which a storm seemed forever lowering, and beneath which flashed the lightning of the black eyes that never rested for a moment. His nose, though not aquiline, was long and obtuse, hanging amorously over the toothless mouth and broad dimply chin that rose half-way to meet it. A standing joke with a newly initiated scholar was to ask him if he was going to the meeting; and when he innocently asked, "What meeting?" the reply was: "The meeting of Old Fuller's nose and chin." He wore a white cravat; and a suit of black glazed cloth, both vest and coat straight in front and single-breasted, invested his trunk; his feet were covered with gray woolen stockings, and stout low slip-shod shoes that did not cover his ankles clattered along the floor when he moved in anger.

Our school was always opened with prayer, and during that impressive ceremony, with his head dropped forward, he kept those dark eyes roving round the room to detect any irreverent disorder; and if any such appeared, the long lank forefinger rose in awful threatenings at the unhappy offender, without in the least interfering with the solemn petition to the throne of grace.

That face, so indelibly impressed upon my boyish recollection, was never illuminated by a smile of recognition or encouragement; it seemed the embodiment of Divine justice as I was taught in childhood to understand it.

Frank, a cousin of my own age and my desk-mate, one day brought a rotten

egg to school. Why he did so I had not the curiosity to inquire, but he doubtless did it for reasons sufficient to a boy. During recess we were all in the street at play, and Frank wanted to throw the egg somewhere to make a muss, but could not fix his mind upon an object. He handed it to me, and I was equally at a loss; when, no one seeing him but we two, Marcellus Clute (I'll let the secret out now) took it from me and ran into the narrow school-yard, turned the corner of the house, and threw it against the window-casing of the girls' school-room. The contents were scattered through the open window upon the dresses of the ladies assembled to witness the examination exercises. We fled into the street in terror at the rash act, followed by the actor exulting at the accuracy of his aim, and mingled with the unconscious throng. The shock was greater than Clute had calculated upon; the women came out like a swarm of hornets; we were all called in to our school-room, and an investigation was held forthwith. One lady said that she saw John McDougal throw the egg. Old Fuller seized John by the collar and marched him down to confront his accuser. John declared his innocence, and said that he had seen me in possession of an egg. He was liberated at once, and the awful presence approached me; my eyes became dim, objects swam before them, and my ears heard only the ominous clatter of those shoe-heels approaching. Thrusting his long and bony fingers down between my neck and its envelopes, he grasped me with a force that left no room in my throat for equivocation, and asked me if I had had an egg in school. I replied, "Yes." No explanations were asked for, and none offered. I was lifted from my seat and dragged down with muttered imprecations, my tottering limbs scarcely able to support my body—and indeed they were not necessary to my progression, for that

powerful grasp sustained me well. I was ushered into the presence of the outraged ladies, and there without relinquishing his grasp he pronounced me the guilty boy. With my face burning with shame I stood speechless. The lady teacher was an old teacher of mine, who loved me and for whom I entertained the highest respect. She said she could not believe I would do such a thing. I knew my innocence, but to tell to whom I gave the egg would have involved a school-fellow; I offered no explanation, and was sent forth with a blasted reputation. That secret has been faithfully kept until now. I do not know if Marcellus Clute is now living, nor do I care. I thought if he had been a man he would have come forward, owned the fault, and saved an innocent class-mate, and I think so still.

Forty years had passed; few of that school were living, and that few scattered far and wide—the names of all but the *dramatis personæ* of the scene I have described forgotten. Old Fuller, like all the rest, would have been sunk forever in the Lethean stream ages ago but for a dream. Dreams!—who will solve the mystery of dreams? Who can say that anything is forgotten while there remains to us the faculty of dreaming? What sweet memories of the early loved and lost are revived with all the freshness of youthful feeling in the still hours of night when we are dead to the living present, and once more our hearts are thrilled with the ecstasies of childhood! What creations of fancy or imagination will take shape in our dreams that our awakened faculties are incapable of!

In my sleep I had a vision. I thought I heard a great tumult in the street, and ran to my door. An eager throng of men was moving westward; each one bore in his hand some implement—a shovel, a hoe, or a pick. All had alarm

strongly depicted in their countenances. I asked one whom I knew what was the matter? He looked at me with astonishment at my ignorance, and said: "It is the resurrection-day; don't you hear the trumpets?" Very true; when my attention was called to the sounds, I heard them plainly. The air seemed filled with the shrieking of bugles and the braying of trumpets. Impelled by the general passion, I ran out into my yard and found a child's spade, with which I joined the multitude, all bent toward Lone Mountain, the city of the dead. As we neared the place the scene changed: the landscape became English; there appeared a venerable church in ruins, its walls overhung with ivy; round it were the moldering tombstones of long series of generations, half sunken in the ground and leaning in all directions. From this church-yard a grassy slope spread down to the margin of a broad and tranquil river whose water was as pellucid as its surface was smooth. To this church-yard the tide of living beings flowed, and the work of resurrection began. And why not? Does not God always work through agencies? Everywhere the turf was heaving with the quickened dead, struggling to throw off the sod that imprisoned them, and everywhere were men plying their tools to aid them in their efforts. Stimulated by the clarion notes in the sky calling upon the graves to

give up their dead, we worked with superhuman energy, and at every stroke of the spade was released some form of youthful beauty, and the damp mold fell from fair and rounded features, glowing with the bloom of eternal youth. The eyes of the disimprisoned would sparkle with joy at the new birth, and, springing to their feet, they shook the earth from their chestnut locks and bounded away over the smooth lawn to wash and bathe in the river. It was as if one had planted his spade in a hill of flesh-tinted potatoes and turned them out into the air and light. On every side was heard the joyful shout of recognition as the forgotten dead flew to embrace and bounded away to the bath. There was neither infancy nor age, but all were in the fresh bloom of youth; there were no regrets for the past, and no cares for the future. Within the walls of the old sanctuary the ground was encumbered with masses of stone and half-decayed coffins, and the work was more arduous. With one companion I had raised a crumbling coffin-lid, when, to my horror, there were revealed the repulsive features of—Old Fuller! The nose and chin had met at last; and, as the dark heavy eyebrows lifted, I saw flash out again the old fierce fire that in my boyhood had left its scar upon my soul. In my terror I dropped my spade and fled—and awoke as from a nightmare.

JUANITA.

Alone here, with my Christmas cross of care :
 Hark, how the winds cry, and the strong clouds weep !
 This room is desolate—the grasping air
 Seems almost Saxon in its chilling sweep.

And yet the blood runs fire in all my veins ;
 While a fierce storm, whose flood I can not stem,
 Of swift remembrances, joys, and deep pains,
 And worship—like to that at Bethlehem

By wise men given to a strange young face—
 Streams round and through me ; till I shrink to find
 The tempest my interpreter, and trace
 My thoughts in plashing rain and moaning wind.

My dead Ramon ! will you not bring me light ?
 Set in my east some star, like that of old,
 For me to gaze upon this Christmas night,
 And follow, with a faith as quick and bold

As your own spirit—yours, which could not brook
 To live and toil through passionless pale years,
 When California closed her olden book
 And wrote “the golden” in her children’s tears !

* * * * *

The dark sad day is gone. I could not sing,
 For English music chills the sweet guitar,
 And Spanish melodies thrill every string
 With tones as mournful as my memories are.

And yet I tried to drown those bitter years
 With harmonies as deep as the wild sea ;
 To sing once more, despite my welling tears,
 A song my poet-lover made for me.

I could not. In the minor chords I caught
 The cadence of a distant ocean-breeze,
 The murmur of a moonlit river, fraught
 With fragrant whispers from dark laurel-trees ;

Que lástima ! I saw, through weeping eyes,
 The shaded vale—the hills in russet plumes—
 I saw my *home*, beneath the perfect skies,
 Above an inland ocean of perfumes.

There, in the garden, with its low white wall
 To stop the rushing herds, or turn with fright
 The brave wild horses—there I heard him call,
 And sat beside him while he sung that night:

“To-night the stars are flowing gold;
 The light south wind is blowing cold,
Esta es mi lucha!
 The bright bent moon is growing old,
Escucha!

“Now, test thy pride, and fearless prove,
 My blest—my bride—my peerless dove,
Juanita.
 Come rest beside me here, sweet love,
Eres bendita!

“Through tall and silent trees there seems
 To fall the promise of all dreams,
Querida!
 How fair the starry white air gleams
Mi vida!

“What dreams, Juanita—fancied bliss—
 Could seem so sweet a trance as this?
Dulzura,
 Or beam warm as thy glance or kiss?
Alma pura!

“What bliss, to hold my fairy prize!
 One kiss! yon star-gold, wary eyes,
Que gloria!
 Saw this in far old Paradise,
Memoria!

“But Eden held no face like thine;
 No creed in perfect grace like mine,
Que pasion!
 To read thy tender ways divine,
Mi adoracion!

“Adieu! I linger here too long;
 For you my fingers sweep too strong
Que Diosa!
 Be true to singer and to song!
Adios! hermosa!”

* * * * *

Ah, yes! he died in prison and in shame!
 You have but scorn for me, his outcast wife;

But he was true in all things till you came
With your white fires to blacken life!

The felon's stain—his vengeance for our wrongs—
I gloried in, and treasure proudly yet:
Alas! his bandit name and tender songs
Are all I have to love—and not regret!

Why did you come to seek our jewel's flaws—
To change forever all the glorious land?
To ruin pleasant homes, with savage laws
Whose fatal strength we could not understand

Until too late! until we saw you weave
And wear your fetters—proud and constant slaves
In your own bondage—living but to leave,
Sad heritage! a land of cells and graves.

O! give me back the dear old mission walls,
Sweet chiming bells—fair trees, and vines, and flowers;
The pure, clear streams, the tinkling water-falls,
The California of my childhood's hours!

CALIFORNIAN SONGSTERS.

IT is said of South Africa, that it is a land possessing birds of handsome plumage without song, and flowers of exquisite beauty without scent. Such a charge can not be made against the feathered tribes of California, as near to all our country-houses, wherever there is shade and running water, a wealth of singing-birds is to be found throughout the year.

In the early spring, at which time our migratory birds begin to arrive, and all prepare to bear the part allotted to them by nature's laws, they put forth all their powers of song, and in every direction may be heard the incessant twitter or prolonged and varied notes of these charming feathered singers. Of song-birds, one of the first to greet us in early spring is Bullock's oriole. As soon as vegetable life begins to put forth, producing the tender worms and insects

that constitute their food, these birds come and set to work upon nests for their young. They are not, properly speaking, residents of our State, although they incubate here, but having fulfilled their mission they leave us for the south early in September. This very handsome bird combines beauty of plumage and song; its notes are clear, mellow, and almost as varying in cadence as those of the yellow canary, yet without their shrillness, being more flute-like. When pairing, and during incubation, the male sits on a tree near the place where his consort has her nest, and pours forth his melodious song from morn until night. His gay plumage and exquisite singing are sure to attract the attention of any passing traveler. The predominating colors of the male are orange or orange-yellow; the throat, upper part of back, and tail black, with a narrow white

band on the wing. These birds suspend their nests like pouches from the branch of a tree, whence has arisen the name given to them by some of "hang-nests." I have no doubt but that they would make admirable cage-birds, and, if kept in the room with a good singer, would outrival the best canary. I once contemplated rearing a nest of young ones that had been brought out near my house in Napa County; although, as a rule, I am averse to keeping caged birds, for the principal reason that, as soon as they are thoroughly domesticated, they almost invariably meet with an untimely end, generally becoming the victims of one's own or a neighbor's cat. In this instance, there was no exception to the rule, although I must acquit the cat tribe of being the culprits. I had placed the nest with the young birds in a cage, which I hung against a tree a short distance from the ground. All went well for some time, the parents regularly supplying their progeny with food through the bars of the cage, and the young birds had begun to pick some seeds for themselves; but alas! one morning, when I went to look at them, I was just in time to see a large gopher-snake emerge from the cage. One young bird lay dead at the bottom; the others, three in number, having doubtless disappeared down the throat of the scaly assassin.

In California there are many varieties of the finch family, among which the crimson-necked finch, sometimes called the cherry-bird, deserves to be a special favorite. The male has a bright crimson head, the wings and back brown, speckled with small black spots; the plumage of the female is of a more sombre hue, and without the crimson feathers of the head. These finches have a pretty and lively song, and they are of a particularly confiding nature. Often have I seen several of them perch on the rail in front of the veranda of my house and proceed to pour forth their

twittering and pleasing notes, as if for my especial benefit. With their sprightly and endearing ways they appear to possess the essence of happiness and enjoyment, some of which they endeavor to infuse into the home of man. With their song alone they well earn the few cherries to which they are so partial, although without such serenade they honestly purchase their dessert of fruit by the benefit they do to the garden and orchard in clearing them of the insects they gather for their little ones.

The finches are a prolific family, and have their favorite locations in orchards and shady spots near country-houses. All of them are more or less chatty and musical; some are migratory, while others are residents of the State. Unfortunately these pretty and useful little birds are looked upon by our farmers and fruit-growers as a pest and nuisance about the homestead, from the fact of their being rather partial to the ripe fruit; but surely none but an unreflecting mind would grudge these confiding little creatures their share of the overladen fruit-trees. The extent of good performed by small birds is very much in excess of any evil they may cause to the farmer or fruit-grower, particularly in the spring, when they require to be ever busy in search of insects and caterpillars, wherewith to satisfy the almost insatiable appetites of their young. It has been estimated by close observation that sparrows and finches feed their young from thirty-five to thirty-six times in an hour, both male and female birds busily occupying themselves in this labor of love. As they begin at break of day, we may calculate that they are engaged in their parental duties fourteen hours a day, which gives as the number of noxious grubs and insects destroyed by one pair of birds about 3,500 in a week. Think of this, ye fruit-growers, and consider if the little songsters do not earn the few cherries or plums they take,

and pause before you again load your guns for their destruction. I may here mention that, in 1860, while Captain Feilner, of the United States Army, was engaged in making collections of birds and eggs for the Smithsonian Institution, he found the country from Sheep Rock to Yreka almost entirely destitute of birds, and he observed that myriads of locusts infested that portion of the country; indeed, the farmers had to invent a special locust-proof fence to protect their gardens from the plague. The inference I draw from this is, that had there been plenty of birds, there would have been no locusts.

I have observed three varieties of blackbirds—the yellow-head, red-wing, and black-wing. They are very unlike the European bird of the same name. They are abundant throughout California, usually congregating in large flocks. The red and the black wing species may be seen, often to the number of several hundreds, following the plowmen in search of worms and insects. They utter a few pleasing though somewhat melancholy notes. The yellow-heads frequent marshes or the tules on the margin of a lake, where they incubate, the nest being only a few inches above the water, attached to the upright stalks of the tules and built of very light material. I have noticed them very plentiful around the tule-bound shores of Clear Lake, where all three varieties associate together. The yellow-head blackbirds utter a peculiarly harsh note, which can not be called a song, but is more like the rasping together of two pieces of metal, or the creaking of the unoiled hinges of a gate. They will frequently rise all at once into the air, and at such time the loud rushing noise made by their wings is somewhat startling. I have observed, as a curious characteristic of these birds, that sometimes they make a sudden appearance in a locality, and after remaining some days or perhaps weeks, will as

suddenly disappear in the same mysterious manner.

The Californian mocking-birds counterbalance their plainness of plumage by the sweetness of their song, and by some are considered quite equal in the harmony of their notes to the eastern bird. They are of shy and retiring habits, and when startled hide in the thicket and keep silence for some time. They make excellent cage-birds, and as such are highly prized. Those in the southern country feed largely on the fruit of the cactus, and may often be seen with their feathers stained by its purple juice.

The blue-jay is common in most wooded localities, and is too apt to frequent the vicinity of hen-roosts. From his thieving propensities among the eggs, he is no favorite with the farmer's wife. He is cunning, vigilant, and noisy, always on the move, and seldom remains long on one branch at a time, hopping from twig to twig, until he reaches a topmost branch, whence he surveys his domain, and seems to watch for an opportunity to make a successful raid on the nest of a neighbor. Like the mocking-bird, he is a great mimic, but beyond this peculiarity his notes have nothing to recommend them, and he can hardly be called a songster; his noisy chatter, however, and knowing ways are very amusing. Steller's jay is confined to the mountain districts, and has a harsher cry than the bluebird of the lowlands.

In almost all the agricultural parts of the State meadow-larks are found in abundance at all seasons of the year. They congregate in large flocks on the grazing-lands, where they feed on the grass-seeds and insects, and are eagerly sought after by pot-hunters for the San Francisco market. The males utter some very pleasing notes in rapid succession and varying cadence. During the summer they frequent the road-sides, and may, at such seasons, be seen perched on the top rail of the fence, caroling

their few shrill but sweet notes. When one is disturbed by a passing traveler he flies ahead a short distance, and as he alights each time repeats his song; this he will continue to do for some time, until, apparently offended at having no notice taken of his musical pæans, he circles round and returns to the place where first disturbed, perhaps to wait for a more appreciative wayfarer.

The robins of California are gregarious birds; hundreds of them are often seen together, and in this respect they differ entirely from their European namesake, which is of too pugnacious and quarrelsome a nature to associate, admitting no rival to trench upon his special precincts. The Californian bird, although a good singer, can not compete with his English cousin, neither does he display such bright red plumage on the breast.

Several varieties of the wren family are residents of California, all possessing the brisk and nimble sprightliness that is so characteristic of them. The rock-wren is to be found, as his name implies, skipping about rocky districts; he has a quick, querulous, and thrilling note. The ground-wren frequents shady cañons and secluded places; he utters a low plaintive whistle, and at times breaks forth into a shrill and prolonged song. All carry the tail erect over the back, after the manner of wrens. In Ireland a curious custom is observed in connection with the wren; on the anniversary of St. Stephen's day, groups of boys sally forth to hunt among the furze for them; though why this particular saint's day is chosen for the sport I am not aware. Having captured some of the little birds, they tie them to a holly-bush decorated with bright-colored ribbons, and carry the trophy from house to house, chanting the following verse:

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze;
Although he is little, his family's great;
I pray you, good landlady, give us a treat."

With the money collected in their round of visits a general merry-making takes place in the evening.

The exquisitely beautiful little humming-birds that visit the State every summer are gazed upon with delight and admiration by all; well have they been termed "gems of the air." As you walk along among the spring flowers, a curious whizzing noise greets your ear; you look around to see what caused that sharp thrum as if the string of some instrument had been snapped, and lo! one of these diminutive creatures is seen poisoning itself in the air, as he darts his long slender beak deep into the corolla of some flower. Sometimes several appear on the scene at once, flashing and darting among the flowers of your parterre, so that the eye can scarcely follow them. Nothing can compare with the metallic lustre and the brilliant tints and colors of the humming-bird. The ancient Mexicans highly esteemed these little gems, and believed that Toyaomiqui, companion goddess of the god of war, conducted the souls of those warriors who died in the service of the gods to the regions of the sun, and there transformed them into humming-birds. It is commonly supposed that these birds live upon the honey and sweets which they sip from the flowers with their long slender beaks. I think this is a popular error, as, while walking along the shore of Clear Lake one bright spring morning, my attention was drawn to an unusual number of the little creatures, flitting and darting about over a patch of wild flowers. I shot two of them, and having skinned them had the curiosity to examine their crops, and found that they contained a quantity of the remains of various species of insects. I therefore concluded that the insects, while feeding on the sweets hidden in the corolla of the flowers, were preyed upon by the humming-birds, and that the insects, and not the honey, were the attraction, although doubtless the latter

incidentally forms part of their food. These birds occasionally uttered a shrill querulous note, by no means pleasing to the ear.

The woodpecker forms another of the handsome-plumaged birds of the State. There are many species of this family, but the only one that space will permit me to refer to is the *Melanerpes formicivorus*. On the top of the head is a red crest with a small patch of white in front, the upper half of the body a glossy black, as also the upper half of the tail; belly and rest of the body white. These birds are of a sociable nature, and exist in considerable numbers. They are especially worthy of notice from the remarkable providence of their habits in providing a winter store of food. They are called by the Spanish Californians "*los carpinteros*," because of their manner of piercing pine-trees with round holes wherein to deposit acorns. For this purpose they especially select the yellow pine. The bark of this tree is cork-like and divided into large plates, which are flat and smooth, presenting an easy surface for the birds to work upon. On the road to Clear Lake by way of St. Helena Mountain, many of these pine-trees are completely honeycombed with the holes made by the woodpecker, in each of which an acorn is so securely driven and fitted, that it is with difficulty it can be extracted; and it has been observed that the nuts are invariably sound, showing a wonderful discriminating faculty on the part of the bird. This species utters loud and noisy notes, not usual with this family, which generally has a somewhat plaintive call-note.

I now come to a species of bird essentially Californian, and, although it can hardly be classed as a songster, undoubtedly a favorite with the sportsman and the *bon vivant*. I refer to the Californian partridge, more commonly known by the name of the "valley quail." It is a most beautiful species of the quail

family, and is remarkable for a graceful top-knot, consisting of five or six feathers curved forward like a plume on the top of the head. It is gregarious, collecting in large coveys, and seeking during the day the shelter of wooded cañons and thickets, usually in the vicinity of a mountain brook, and at night roosting among the branches of some shady trees. The male, like the Scotch grouse, is fond of mounting upon a stump or rock, and in the early morning may be heard calling his mate, uttering a peculiarly full and pleasing note, somewhat resembling the words "huck oouck uck," which he repeats several times. Sometimes the first note will be sounded two or three times in succession, with a slight pause between each, and finally the two other notes added. His call has by some writers been designated as harsh and disagreeable, but I believe most people will agree with me that his cry when heard in the early morning is suggestive of rural pleasures and the delightful awakening of another day. The mountain quails, so called from their frequenting the mountain districts, are larger and still handsomer birds; they are less gregarious, and the top-knot, which looks like a single feather, is much longer, and instead of hanging forward like that of the valley quail, droops gracefully backward. Their call-notes resemble somewhat the chirping of a flock of chickens.

Here in the city of San Francisco is established a colony of little birds, not probably natives of America, although from henceforward likely to become such, as they may now be considered thoroughly naturalized. I allude to a colony of English sparrows, the main settlement of which may be seen in Portsmouth Square. In 1870, Mr. Leopold, the bird-fancier of this city, brought from England forty pairs of these birds; twenty pairs of them he turned loose in the Plaza, and the remainder he distributed among a few of his friends. Since then,

those in the square have largely increased in numbers, and many have spread over the city, but a considerable portion have kept to their original quarters, where they strut about, chatter, and hector over any of the feathered tribe who may be indiscreet enough to intrude upon their domain. The house-sparrow is an exceedingly cheerful bird to have in a city, although in his general deportment scarcely affording a good model for our youth to follow. Let any person observe closely this bird, and see how full of self-complaisance, conceit, and pertness he is. Constantly chirping and hopping about like a little coxcomb, the sparrow delights to tease, and if he can prevent it will permit no others to share with him the benefits he enjoys. He is thievish, voracious, and, I must add, an undoubted bully, and has been aptly described in the following lines by Mrs. Howitt:

“ At home, abroad, wherever seen or heard,
Still is the sparrow just the self-same bird ;
Thievish and clamorous, hardy, bold, and base,
Unlike all others of the feathered race.
The bully of his tribe—to all beyond
The gipsy, beggar, knave, and vagabond !”

I would now make an appeal to those farmers and fruit-growers who think they are in danger of being despoiled of their crops by birds, to reflect and examine well whether many of the creatures against which they would wage an exterminating war may not be among their benefactors. Quadrupeds as well as birds suffer much under slanderous imputations, and it has been repeatedly proved that where birds have been destroyed under the notion that they were destructive to crops, desolation has come upon the district in the shape of worms, grubs, and winged insects in countless swarms, so that, in the language of the Scriptures, it may be said, that “the last state of that man is worse than the first.” Besides freeing the young plants and orchards from noxious insects and cater-

pillars, the finches, quail, doves, etc., are largely instrumental in lessening the growth of weeds. An instance of this is related by the Ettrick Shepherd, in an article which appeared in one of the journals of agriculture on the effects of destroying moles, in which he at the same time takes the opportunity to say a word in favor of the cushat, or wild pigeon, called in Scotland the “cushie-doo.” “In the winter and spring of 1825-6,” says the Shepherd, “this district was inundated with innumerable flocks of wild pigeons, or wood-pigeons, I know not which—perhaps a mixture of both. For some time I paid no regard to them, till one morning my maid comes in, and says: ‘Master, I wus ye wud rise out o’ yer bed an’ shoot thae cushie-doods. Od, it’s ma belief they’re gaun wi’ the young clover bodily, an’ that they’ll no leave a stab o’t. There’s mair nor a hunder thousand on’t the day.’ This rather alarmed me, so I got several guns loaded, and gave all the men orders to shoot at them as soon as they alighted. The fun that followed was very amusing. Every workman rejoices in a job of this sort, as a relaxation from labor. The shepherd left his flock, the thrasher his flail hanging over the barn-door, and the plowman left his plow standing in the furrow, ‘to get a pluff at the cushie-doods,’ and there were they going daily cowering about the backs of dikes and hedges like as many sharp-shooters, thundering away as if the French had been in the field. But the marksmen were bad, and the birds shy, and they generally escaped with life, though, by report, at the expense of a number of ‘their feathers.’ At length a lad brought in two one day, and on opening the crops, which were crammed one would have thought to bursting, there was not a particle of anything in them except the seeds of the runch, or wild mustard. I examined the contents of both with a microscope, and called in all the servants to

witness it. They were all obliged to acknowledge the fact; and forthwith a bill of emancipation was passed in favor of the cushie-dooos. The persecution of them ceased, and from that day to this they have been free to come and go at their pleasure."

Perhaps the argument of the Shepherd is carried a little too far, and some of my readers will say that the cushie-dooos, instead of clearing the field of weeds, only assisted in disseminating them more widely over the surrounding country, but the conclusion to be drawn from the story is nevertheless sound,

and affords an instructive lesson—namely, that most living creatures have to us their beneficent uses, and that although at first sight we may think that some are hurtful and injurious to our interests, we should not rashly nor inconsiderately infer that it is so. The prolific power of insects is almost inconceivable, and the feathered tribes render important services in keeping this productiveness in check. It behooves man, therefore, to consider that, if he, through ignorance of their uses, extirpates a race of animals, he may learn when too late that he has committed a fatal error.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PHILOSOPHER.

BEFORE the end of the college session, as spring was yellowing into summer, there came to live at the Den a French family that Mary Knox had known in Paris. There were but two of them, a brother and a sister—Paul Lagarre and Lucrece Lagarre—seeking change of air, ostensibly for their health. They were understood to be of noble family, and were certainly rich. The wing of the great half-empty house that was given up to their use was interiorly changed by them into a little palace, while mademoiselle's maid and monsieur's groom turned the kitchen and the stables nearly upside down within a week. Gawn Bruce—now old Jamie Knox's chief plowman and general overseer—came up to the college one day about noon, to tell me his discontent at all this, and some other things. "Maisther Dan," he began, "I ken weel enyough that ye're gye thrang wi yer examinations an' a' that, an' canna be doon at the Den twa or thrie times a week as ye used to be; but I do think ye maun hanle yersel quick. I dinna jest like—an' ye ken what I mean—the way things

is rinnin' at hame." Ady and Harry came up at this point in their cricketing shirts, and the young plowman, with an earnest grimace to me, turned the subject, and said he had "jest dropped doon to see the collegians play." They took him down to the cricket-field, and I returned hot and perplexed to my work-room to finish some drawings and plans for a prize.

I had only caught, three or four weeks before, two or three glances of the Lagarres, and I had not paid any particular attention to them. They impressed me as persons that I had no particular desire to be better acquainted with, though Ady and Harry seemed otherwise affected—at least, by the lady.

After twice failing to work out to my satisfaction the exact position of a complicated shadow in one drawing, and nearly ruining another by a mistake in perspective, it struck me I had better cease work and go and talk to my brother on the state of affairs at the Den, as he and young Knox had never intermitted their usual visits home, but of late had rather increased them. They were

in their old places at the practice-wickets when I went down, Ady bowling in his lithe swift way, and Harry Knox—broad-loined and tall—driving and cutting the balls all over the field, to the infinite disgust of the fagged fielders.

“Well, Ady,” I said, as the bowling changed and he went to point, “when are you going home again?”

“To-morrow, of course, Dan. Why do you ask?”

“O, for nothing in particular; but what do you think of the Lagarres?”

“Ah, that’s how the cat jumps, is it?” shouted Harry, passing on the run from wicket to wicket; “jealous again, or in love again, my old philosopher!—and whom is it now?”

Ady looked at me inquiringly. I growled an oath, and Knox laughed back. “This is how it is,” he said, kissing his gloved hand and kneeling to his bat, “or this way”—making a savage cut with that instrument, and howling out a “*sacré!*” that sent Ady into uncontrollable laughter.

I cursed and left them both, went down to the sparring-alley, and found great relief in battering a muscular friend and being battered by him after the most scientific fashion for a good hour. There is nothing lays the devil in a man like a hearty sparring-bout. Had David only handled “the mittens” on Saul half as well as he did the harp, he would never have had to dodge that javelin—perhaps never have had to suffer for the domestic sins that his own idleness and fullness of bread brought on.

About six in the evening I set out for home, passing all the way an irregular interminable train of farmers’ market-carts, with great blocks of these vehicles opposite the frequent and liberally patronized taverns. About half-way out, I overtook the Den carts and a number of my father’s, drawn up in wild confusion before a “public.” I hitched my horse to a cart-tail and pressed through

a noisy crowd of neighbors and servants up to the bar. I was glad that my father was not there; but Gawn Bruce was making a fool of himself in a way rather unusual with him, and I was sorry for it. He was evidently wanting to fight somebody; and, striking his big fist on the counter until the meek landlord leaped as high as his glasses, he thundered out: “Stan’ back, an’ let me jump on that black, frog-eatin’ papisher. I’ll chaw his face off—him an’ his knife!” Away in the back of the room, wrestling with several men who were taking a dagger from him, was Etienne, Monsieur Lagarre’s groom and factotum. He had been in town with some of the acquaintances he had made, to see the market, and been unfortunate enough in coming home to cross the path of the stout and at present far-from-sober Gawn. I thought I could have calmed the plowman, but he only grew more violent. “Maisther Dan, ye needna fash yersel’ talkin’ tae me; an’ mair,” he said, leaning over to me, with a hoarse whisper, “ye’re like tae hae cause tae thank me if I suld kill baith this black divil an’ his maisther.” And, with a sudden spring on to the counter and a run down it, he leaped feet foremost into the very face of the Frenchman. The two fell together; there was a rush of the friends of either, but Gawn secured the knife of the stunned and bleeding man, threw it out through the window, and fell to mauling and kicking him on the ground, anyhow, anywhere—for the Scotch and Irish peasantry do not trouble themselves with the rules of the prize-ring. The word “papisher” having introduced the party element into the quarrel, a general fight ensued, and the famous opposite party cries, “To h—l with the Pope,” and “To h—l with King William,” rose and fell with the crash of glass and woodwork, the dull thud of blows, the plunging of frightened horses fastened without, and the screams of the women and

children that had accompanied their husbands or fathers to market.

Sick and disgusted with the whole thing, I got out of it and pushed on homeward. It was a clear summer night, with a summer moon in the midst of it, seen like a great round flower in heaven between the gaps in the dark overarching white-thorn hedges through which the road flowed like a river. Honey-suckle in twisted clumps of fragrance, hardly to be seen, but sweet on the night air for miles, at last told me that my father's house was near. Ah! how dear a home is in the dark hours of sorrow and doubt that come to a young soul, even though that soul knows that for it there can be there found of any living thing little sympathy and no comprehension. But the old trees, the old walls, the old waters, the old ways, have more answering soul in them than many a Christian has. No man has ever held the soul of an old roof-tree at the point of a scalpel—nor the soul of a man either. But things are that can not be pinned on a card and labeled.

Memories!—who has them not, and who would be without them? Let them be ever so sad, so they be not mean nor frivolous, there is still a tender pleasure in recalling them. The why of such a pleasure is something too deep and subtle in the human heart for human analysis; it is a sentiment. I take it that the child who breaks his toy open to seek its music out is as wise as the philosopher whose bungling touch fumbles among the cunning and unknowable *arcana* of the soul. "Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe?" Let us honestly give up the quackery and empiricism of this *scientific* analysis of transcendental things. Let us learn at last, if we can learn anything, that these are of the spirit, and that a spirit hath not flesh and blood as we have; that our consciousness or conscience,

with its emotions, is an *essence* and effusion of that great Essence from whom it comes and to whom it shall return, and that it, like Him, must be sought out in spirit and in truth. Let us know, once for all, that it is, not only normally but also in some sort through all its worst and darkest manifestations, *the* spirit and *the* truth; the last not less than the first. Verily, this something within us that feels, that remembers, that aspires infinitely—whose dreamings and fancies science laughs at—that bubbles up with a thousand different waters, bitter or sweet, from a thousand deep and different wells of universal instinct—which, like the fires of the inner earth, burst out at a thousand points, yet join their burning roots in one red central heart of all—is God within us, or there is no God. It is, after all and despite all, the most accurate and most delicate of balances to weigh between truth and falsehood, between right and wrong. Call it sentiment, call it conscience, it is all one. At worst, it possesses a strong eclectic power. It may not originate the right, good, beautiful, or pure, but it will know it when presented as god knows god, as brother brother. That it is not an experimental conclusion or a summing up of the prejudice of ages, may be made partly apparent by the fact that of these the most venerable by their age are constantly changing by appeals to or workings upon this very conscience. I believe this sentimental instinct to be in its essence infallible, that there is no such thing as a debased conscience; as soon would I talk of smutty light. It is perfect, always perfect, as a new-born babe is normally perfect; and yet both must have the fleshly vehicle through which they act developed and trained. Both will grow and develop under fair circumstances; both may, under adverse fates, come to strange ends. By fleshly lusts and a debased body, the sentiment instinct may (in savages, civilized or un-

civilized) be rendered as practically useless as the skill of that general reported to have lost a battle and a world through indigestion. A long line of ancestors are driven by necessity to certain evil customs and crimes, an evil habit is originated, and the narrow foreheads and hurt brains of the children are as unfit to receive the impression of right as a sooty lens to let a perfect picture into a camera. But the light of heaven

is perfect for all that; only make clean the glass it shines through.

So I am never ashamed of my sentiment—am not ashamed that that night, with the sweetness of the eglantine in the old home hedges thrilling through me, weary with bitter toil, bitter with jealous love—the tears rolled slowly down my face or fell on my horse's mane. A man may surely weep for love or death—and they are so near akin!

ETC.

Sentimental Religion.

A marshaled and general crusade is now making on all forms of undogmatic religion, under the name of an attack on "sentimental religion." It may be an evil thing that many persons can not see their way to the formulation of a definite creed in accordance with some of the old, long-accepted forms. It may be exasperating that persons will not either definitely sign some thirty-nine articles or go over bodily and avowedly to the camp of the devil—that some will persist in naming themselves by the name of Christ without so much as whispering our own particular shibboleth. On the other hand, it is said that "no two persons ever read the same book or see the same picture"—and shall any two then picture God alike, whom no man hath seen at any time?

Christ is reported to have said once to His zealous disciples who wished to "forbid" some that "followed" them not: "He that is not against us is on our part." But then He was such a sentimentalist; He invariably judged hearts, not heads; He was unable to appreciate the accuracy of the Pharisee's creed, and He never used to thank God that He was not as those publicans. That whole life of His consecrated to "saving the lost," what a vague, sentimental, Quixotic thing it must have seemed to the orthodox divines of His day, as they sneered at Him over their phylacteries?

John Wesley once wrote, the weary controversialist: "I am sick of opinions. Give me a humble, gentle lover of God and man." "Sick of opinions!" There are many who lean with him to-day, many who think it would be well if the different sects of Christianity should break down the gloomy middle walls of partition and live in the boundless sunny plain of love to God and love to man—declared on tolerable authority to be all the law and the gospel. There are many who, like Rousseau, so far as creeds are concerned, "can neither accept nor reject," yet who "reject only the obligation to accept." And was it Madame Swetchine who said: "That when two conflicting truths are brought face to face, we must accept neither; we must tell ourselves that there is a third withheld among the secrets of God, which when it is revealed will reconcile them?"

If we must not love for religion's sake all sects, but only one, and be wedded thereto; if we can not be entered in the book of life as Christians, but only under some subhead, then under what subhead? When one considers the infinite diversity of opinion among devout and godly men—the number of schisms that a single fragment of the Scriptures (the Epistle to the Romans, for instance) has given rise to—how a man so charitable and wise as Pascal could declare that there was no salvation outside the

Church of Rome—how divines so profound and religious as St. Augustine and Calvin and Edwards could propound and defend such a doctrine as the election by God from all eternity of unborn souls to everlasting damnation—considering this, we say, many persons are inclined to lose their dogmatism, to learn self-distrust and distrust of formula-ries, and to turn from them to that vague sentimental religion whose only creed is, “Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself;” for “on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.”

The Letters.

FROM PEKING TO BERKELEY.

As from the Pyramids, Napoleon said,
Upon the Gallic legions dread
Four thousand years looked down,
So from the dark and massive walls
Of old Peking the past appalls
With gloomy, sunless frown.

Yet, mounting these same walls with care,
High in the keen and frosty air
That blows wide steppes across,
I see tiled roofs among the trees,
Pagodas gray with centuries
Of gathered dust and moss.

Tall artificial mounds where rise
Quaint pagan temples to the skies,
And pagan emperors sleep;
While far beyond are mountains true,
That kiss with snowy peaks the blue,
And stainless vigil keep.

However old the monuments
That mimic in their forms the tents
Of wild Mantchoorian bands,
These mountains were when man was not,
And lorded it above the spot
Where now a city stands.

Dynasties rose, dynasties fell,
And left no trace except the swell
Of ruins on the plain,
Where peasants bend in wretched toil,
And human bones assist the soil
To feed the scanty grain.

I see long caravans below
Through arching gate-ways come and go—
An eastern picture quite—
Till all the dusty atmosphere
Is purple with the drawing near
Of chill and starry night.

But what a stir and what a din
The city walls without, within,

As curfew slowly tolls;
For through each gate-way madly darts
A throng of life, a crowd of carts,
With rumble, roar, and roll.

In daily walks upon the street
A resurrected past I meet,
As aged as Egypt's glory;
A people all whose arts were old
When Greeks were fashioned in the mold
Of Homer's tuneful story.

A race of living mummies, rank
With antique odors, moldy, dank,
Whose gods inhabit graves;
A race four hundred millions strong,
Who teach aright, but practice wrong—
All democrats and slaves.

Yet are they wondrous human, too,
And, when we get their wrappings through,
A kindred stock reveal,
With loves, and hates, and hopes, and fears,
With souls for laughter and for tears,
And all that others feel.

We learn to wish them well, to sift
The good from ill, and try to lift
Their culture up to ours;
But sometimes blush when they possess
More courtesy and kindliness
Than bloom in Christian bowers.

Above the squalor of the streets
As fair a sky its lover greets
As lights our western homes;
And on the sombre walls and tiles
The changeless sun as brightly smiles
As on our stately domes.

The air is sharp with winds that blow
From wide Siberian wastes of snow,
And winter lingers late;
What wonder if my spirit longs
For Berkeley's bloom and linnet songs
Within the Golden Gate!

Dear Alma Mater of my soul!
Though wide the ocean-tides that roll
Between thy fields and me,
I seem to smell the floral sweets,
To hear thy surf that softly beats,
And all thy beauty see!

There by the tinkling brook that roves
Through scented bay and laurel groves,
The muses love to sit,
As summers come and summers go,
While heaven is fair and earth below,
And happy birdlings flit.

There do I send this idle verse,
My hearty message to rehearse
And keep my mem'ry green;
There do I send my love and prayer
Like doves to cleave the parting air
And find that pleasant scene.

BERKELEY TO PEKING.

* * * * *

How quick my heart did conquer space,
And place us, dear friend, face to face—
O'erleaping the wide watery main.
As oft we've met in days gone by,
So may we meet, and meet again.

'Twas Christmas last or New Year's Day
I wrote, and sent a sprig of bay,
Or laurel green, with odors sweet,
From Berkeley's ever-charming groves,
To you my friend, a tribute meet.

What subtle sweetness intertwines
Its fragrance with your treasured lines.
O, friendship rare! O, perfect chime!
As when all nature seems to sing
In morning's fresh and rosy prime,

Or when fair summer's noontides gleam
On tireless Time's unwearied stream,
We steer our shallops in the glow
Of shining hours together spent,
And still our genial currents flow.

* * * * *

Your wishes, friend, your friend fulfills,
And gives your blessing to the hills,
And larks, who sweeter seem to sing,
As if they hoped their songs might reach
Their lover's heart in old Peking.

'Mid Berkeley's hills, and fields, and groves
Each flower and bird its lover loves,
And all beneath its skies of blue,
Each sturdy oak and laurel green,
Send tender messages to you.

And we who sit beneath the eaves
Of Berkeley's halls, or through the leaves
Look westward o'er the peaceful sea,
Undimmed behold thy friendly face
And waft our blessings unto thee.

A Flaw in a Great Work.

The *First Principles of Philosophy* of Mr. Herbert Spencer has been before the world for some time. That during such time no serious fault has been found in the work might seem to raise the presumption that there is none such. The character of the work, however, and the closeness and force of the reasoning contained in it, rebut this presumption, if raised. And the writer sees no good reason why he should not, with becoming respect for so great a philosopher, endeavor to point out such defects as appear to him to exist.

The main premise of the book, and one that is interwoven with nearly every conclu-

sion arrived at, is that we must reject everything that is "inconceivable or unthinkable," unless capable of verification by indirect methods. To use the language of the author, "Symbolic conceptions, which are indispensable in general reasoning, are legitimate, provided that by some cumulative or indirect process of thought, or by the fulfillment of predictions based on them, we can assure ourselves that they stand for actualities; but when our symbolic conceptions are such that no cumulative or indirect processes of thought can enable us to ascertain that there are corresponding actualities, nor any predictions be made whose fulfillment can prove this, then they are altogether vicious and illusive, and in no way distinguishable from pure fictions." (Page 29, edition of 1874.)

It would seem that the adoption of the above rule would materially lessen the field of our knowledge, and would exclude many premises the admission of which would alter the conclusions arrived at in the work. Let us take an example of the working of the rule. The author in his second chapter, in treating of ultimate religious ideas, says (page 30): "Respecting the origin of the universe, three verbally intelligible suppositions may be made. We may assert that it is self-existent, or that it is self-created, or that it is created by an external agency." And on page 33: "No other suppositions can be made than those above named—self-existence, self-creation, creation by external agency." That is to say, there are only three possible ways of accounting for the origin of the universe. Now, it would seem that if there are only three possible explanations of a phenomenon, one of the three must be true. But Mr. Spencer takes them up, one after another, and proves, by the application of the above rule, that all three must be rejected, that "they are all equally vicious and unthinkable." What must be thought of a premise that leaves us high and dry on such a conclusion!

It is a common method of refutation to combine the doubtful premise with another, known to be true, and to see what the result will be. If the conclusion be impossible or absurd, we are warranted in rejecting the doubtful premise. Accordingly we have

combined Mr. Spencer's rule with the proposition that there are only three possible explanations of the origin of the universe, which proposition is taken from his book, and is manifestly true ; and we find ourselves landed on the conclusion that of all possible explanations of a phenomenon all are false. We must, therefore, reject the rule.

It is a little remarkable that so powerful a reasoner should, at times, make admissions contradictory of his rule. For example, on page 80, he says : "Cognition proper arises gradually ; during the first stage of incipient intelligence, before the feelings produced by intercourse with the world have been put into order, there *are* no cognitions, strictly so called ;" plainly implying that some portion of knowledge is not "definitely representable in thought." That a great portion of our knowledge is not so, appears from considering the process of meditation. Everyone is familiar with the fact that the successive steps in that process are not chiseled out, are not "definitely representable in thought." The mind dwells and broods over the subject in hand until the ideas arrange themselves. Mr. Spencer in establishing his rule makes use of the earth as an illustration. On page 25 he says : "When on the sea-shore we note how the hulls of distant vessels are hidden below the horizon, and how of still remoter vessels only the uppermost sails are visible, we realize with tolerable clearness the slight curvature of that portion of the sea's surface which lies before us. But when we seek in imagination to follow out this curved surface as it actually exists, slowly bending round until all its meridians meet in a point 8,000 miles below our feet, we find ourselves baffled. . . . The piece of rock on which we stand can be mentally represented with something like completeness ; we find ourselves able to think of its top, its sides, its under surface, at the same time, or so nearly at the same time that they all seem present in consciousness together ; and so we can form what we call a conception of the rock. But to do the like with the earth we find impossible. If to imagine the antipodes as at that distant place in space which it actually occupies is beyond our power, much more beyond our power must it be, at the same time, to imagine all other remote points on

the earth's surface as in their actual places." Why does not Mr. Spencer reject the theory of the rotundity of the earth as "vicious and unthinkable?" Because "we have learned by indirect methods that the earth is a sphere." Now, then, *before* we had learned to make use of such indirect methods, would we have been justified in pronouncing the theory of the rotundity of the earth "vicious and unthinkable?"

The truth is that Mr. Spencer's rule forgets the doctrine of the association of ideas. That which has never before, in any shape, been presented to our thoughts, we regard as inconceivable and unthinkable, and that with which we are familiar we regard as almost a law of thought. On this head we shall quote the language of John Stuart Mill, which we give as not susceptible of improvement. He says, on page 156 of his *System of Logic* : "I can not but wonder that so much stress should be laid on the circumstance of inconceivableness, when there is such ample experience to show that our capacity or incapacity of conceiving a thing has very little to do with the possibility of the thing in itself, but, in truth, is very much an affair of accident, and depends upon the past history and habits of our minds. There is no more generally acknowledged fact in human nature than the extreme difficulty, at first felt, in conceiving anything as possible which is in contradiction to long-established and familiar experience, or even to old and familiar habits of thought, and this difficulty is a necessary result of a fundamental law of the human mind. When we have often seen and thought of two things together, and have never, in any one instance, either seen or thought of them separately, there is, by the primary laws of association, an increasing difficulty, which in the end becomes insuperable, of conceiving the two things apart. This is most of all conspicuous in uneducated persons, who are in general utterly unable to separate any two ideas which have once been firmly associated in their minds ; and if persons of cultivated intellect have any advantage on the point, it is only because, having seen and heard and read more, and being more accustomed to exercise their imagination, they have experienced their sensations and thoughts in more varied combina-

tions, and have thus been prevented from forming many of these inseparable associations. But this advantage has necessarily its limit. The man of the most practiced intellect is not exempt from the universal laws of our conceptive faculty. If daily habit presents to him, for a long period, two facts in combination, and if he is not led during that period to think of them apart, he will in time become incapable of doing so, even by the strongest effort, and the supposition that the two facts can be separated in nature will at last present itself to his mind with all the characters of an inconceivable phenomenon. There are remarkable instances of this in the history of science; instances in which the wisest men rejected as impossible, because inconceivable, things which their posterity, by earlier practice and longer perseverance in the attempt, found quite easy to conceive, and which everybody now knows to be true. There was a time when men of the most cultivated intellects and the most emancipated from the dominion of early prejudice, could not credit the existence of the antipodes, were unable to conceive, in opposition to old association, the force of gravity acting upward instead of downward. The Cartesians long rejected the Newtonian doctrine of the gravitation of all bodies to one another, . . . and they, no doubt, found it as impossible to conceive that a body should act upon the earth, at the distance of the sun or moon, as we find it to conceive an end to space or time, or two straight lines inclosing a space. Newton himself had not been able to realize the conception, or we should not have had his hypothesis of a subtile ether, the occult cause of gravitation. . . . If, then, it be so natural to the human mind, even in its highest state of culture, to be incapable of conceiving, and on that ground to believe impossible, what is afterward not only found to be conceivable but proved to be true, what wonder if in cases where the association is still older, more confirmed and more familiar, and in which nothing ever occurs to shake our conviction, or even to suggest to us any conception at variance with the association, the acquired incapacity should continue, and be mistaken for a natural incapacity?"

If Mr. Spencer's rule has been shaken by the foregoing considerations, it only remains

to show that it forms an important premise to the conclusions arrived at in his work. This may safely be left for his readers to do for themselves. The most cursory examination will show that it constitutes the boundary line that, in Mr. Spencer's estimation, separates the knowable from the unknowable, and that it is the lever which in his skillful hands rolls down on us from the eminence of his knowledge mighty masses of conclusions that crush all before them.

Assuming our criticism to be just, we by no means intend to assert that the defect destroys the utility of *First Principles*. The work has wrought out many doctrines that will figure as corner-stones in the temple of the new philosophy. We have simply sought to point out a flaw in a great work.

ROBERT Y. HAYNE.

Invertebrate Food Animals of our Coast.

The following extract from a letter from Mr. William H. Dall to Mr. R. E. C. Stearns, of the University of California, explains itself:

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5th, 1875.

* * * "Professor Baird desires me to assist him in completing the collection of invertebrate food fishes, or species of economic utility, for the Centennial Exhibition. * * The articles desired, and which should be promptly forwarded to the Smithsonian Institution, are as follows:

"*Oysters*.—The northern form of coast oyster; a good series of the shells, from smallest to largest; with a few in alcohol.

"The southern form or forms, especially the 'Mazatlan' oyster, ditto.

"A good series of the transplanted oyster of the eastern coast, from size when planted to marketable size; shells, and a few in spirits. With these the original eastern coast locality, as well as the planting-grounds, should be obtained, with details as to age, etc.

"Any well-known enemies of the oyster which injuriously affect the beds; or parasites, such as the little crab, *Pinnotheres*, etc.

"*Clams and Mussels*.—A similar series of the edible clams of the coast, especially the *schizothærus*, *mytilus*, *macoma*, *mya*, *tapes*,

trigona, and any others commonly used for food; with a few of each in alcohol.

"*Useful Mollusks.*—The edible haliotis, with specimens of the dried animal as prepared by the Chinese for export.

"Specimens of the shells as prepared for mantel ornaments, polished; and also for buckles or other articles of jewelry.

"Any other gasteropods, used for food or other economical purposes; and teredos, in alcohol, with specimen of wood bored by them.

"*Crustacea.*—Specimens, two or three, varied sizes, of the large prawn of the San Francisco market, in alcohol.

"Specimens of such of the various shrimps, in alcohol, as may be used for food.

"Specimens of the marketable crabs of San Francisco.

"Specimens of the limnoria, destructive to piles, etc., in alcohol.

"*Other Invertebrates.*—Any mollusk or other animal affording the purple dye sometimes used by the natives of the southern coast; also, some of the dye, and some fabric dyed with it.

"Ornamental corals and gorgonias, or sea-fans, etc., from the western coast of America.

"Sponges, if any, native to the coast and commercially valuable.

"Edible holothurians, if any exist, native to the coast.

"Tripoli, or polishing earth, derived from infusoria, or other invertebrates, and local to California or the western American coast.

"Any other invertebrates which may bear economic relations to food, commerce, or manufactures, and which may not be here specifically mentioned.

"I may note the large limax or ariolimax of California, which is destructive to gardens, and of which the slime is used as bird-lime to catch humming-birds.

"Also, the dentalium or hykwa shell, used extensively in Indian trade.

"Very possibly the person who may undertake the work will think of other things which have not occurred to me.

"Each specimen should be numbered with reference to a catalogue, which should be as full as possible, in relation to age, sex, locality, time of year when taken, and especially the economical uses of the animal in question."

The Gold-Digger's Dream—1849.

It was an ancient gold-digger—
With grizzly beard, and gray—
That dreamed this dream of truth and death,
As in his tent he lay.

The night was cold, and damp, and dark—
The wind was out amain,
And on its wings o'er hill and plain
Came slanting down the rain.

But at dark midnight, a sudden light
Came streaming o'er the lea;
And that sudden light was a fearful sight
For a Christian man to see!

On the distant plain it blazed amain,
A flame of red and blue;
And moving forms seemed to flit about—
Around the flame, and through.*

That ancient man rose from his couch
And dashed the wild storm through,
And splashed his way o'er the sodden plain,
To reach the merry crew.

But ere he reached them, stark he paused;
His hair rose with affright,
And his blood lay in his veins like ice,
O Christ! at that fearful sight!

A row of human skulls ranged round
Circling instead of stones,
And on them was for fuel heaped
A pile of dead men's bones.

And from the base a blue flame played
And crackled o'er the pile—
A blue flame, tinged with scarlet red—
'Twas seen for many a mile.

And dead men danced around the pile,
And the socket of each man's eye
Glowed with a bright unearthly light,
That glared out fearfully.

And each one held in his right hand
A bag of virgin gold,
Which he shook, as he danced around the ring,
All in his right hand cold.

Then burst out wild a song of death,
Of death and grim despair;
And the chorus dread of the risen dead
Swelled on the midnight air.

"We came from our happy native land,
From parents, wives, and children dear;
From homes of love—from every bliss—
We came to perish here:
We dreamed life's pleasures all untold,
Until we quenched our thirst for gold!

"We came by land—we came by sea—
O'er mountains bleak, o'er desert plain;
By Kansas' source, through Gila's tide—
Through hunger, sickness, thirst and pain;

* See "*Explorations*," De Mofras, tom. ii., p. 376.

Yet onward pressed, serene and bold,
To quench our raging thirst for gold!

"We came by sea, where the stormy surge
Beats ever on the southern cape;
Through rain, and storm, and ice, and hail,
We did our course still onward shape;
Nor did our sail from the gale withhold
To drive us to the land of gold.

"We came by deadly Panamá—
Fair land of beauty and of death!
Where the balmy wind and the perfumed breeze
Bear poison in their fragrant breath;
We left our comrades in the mold,
And hastened to the land of gold.

"Our comrades' bones lie scattered wide,
In deserts salt, in rushing river,
On wintry shore, and on ocean's floor—
There shall they rest forever!
Their homes, their lives, they vainly sold—
They never reached the land of gold!

"We came—we came! We rived the rock,
We dammed the stream, we mined the soil;
In snow and hail, in storm and rain,
We bent our sinews to the toil,
Nor minded hunger, heat, nor cold,
Until we slaked our thirst for gold!

"Then fever came, and frenzy wild,
And ague cold, and fierce despair:
Our hearts grew still with a deathly chill,
And without a coffin, without a prayer,
We lay beneath the mountains bold—
The victims of the thirst for gold!

"Yet still they come—hurrah! hurrah!
O'er mountain, plain, and sea;
They come in hosts, and with their ghosts
Shall this valley peopled be!
The number is as yet untold
Of those who here shall die for gold!"

Then burst a chorus shrill and loud!
Each dead man shook his bag of gold,
Dancing wildly about the flame,
And shouting, with shrunk lips and cold:
"Hurrah for Death! hurrah!
Hurrah! they come—they come!"

Then the dreamer woke with a sudden throe,
And a cold sweat stood upon his brow:
The old man woke with a sudden start,
And an ice-chill lay upon his heart.
He still could hear on the wind borne by
The song of that ghostly companie,
And still could feel on his heart-strings thrill
Each word of that chorus wild and shrill:
"Hurrah for Death! hurrah!
Hurrah! they come—they come!"

Then the old man's heart burnt with a fever glow,
And fever set its mark on his wrinkled brow;
It burnt in his bones, it boiled in his veins,
And his whole form writhed with racking pains.

* * * * *

A week came round, and his grave was found
Beneath the redwood tree;

A week came round, and HE was found
In that ghastly companie;
And of all the ghostly comrades there
The wildest sprite was he,
And liveliest danced the ring about,
And louder than the rest did sing,
And louder did the chorus shout:

"Hurrah for Death! hurrah!
Hurrah! they come—I come!"

JOHN W. DWINELLE.

Art Notes.

There is not much of interest to note in regard to local art during the past month. Several auction sales have occurred, at which both local and foreign art has been well represented. As usual, these collections were composed of inferior pictures, with the exception of those reported to have been imported by Mr. Wool, which brought, however, very poor prices. In fact, we may consider it the rule, as proved by the result of all the recent sales, that the better the pictures the poorer the prices they bring, and *vice versa*.

—Snow & May have added to their collection several new pictures, among them "The Falls of Niagara," by Reichardt, who has also a picture at Roos' gallery.

—Several little pictures by Tavernier are exhibited at Roos'. They are quite graceful and pretty in drawing and color, but, lacking depth of shadow, have an unsubstantial appearance.

—Two or three sketches by Hill may be seen at the same place. One represents a lady and child, and a forest vista, and is very gracefully treated and full of sunlight. Another, an angler dipping his line in a trout-stream, is sketchy and suggestive. A couple of small pictures by the same artist tell a simple story very charmingly. A little bare-foot boy with his fishing-rod, seated on the bank of a streamlet, has been soothed by the peaceful surroundings into slumber, while his rod drops from his hand, and a little jack-rabbit has stolen quite near, and, sitting on his hind-legs, regards his slumbering foe with much curiosity. The companion picture gives the sequel: the sleeping boy's big brother appears on the scene, and poor jack-rabbit falls a victim.

—In the same gallery is a very good por-

temple of Agassiz, by Shaw; an old mission church, by Hahn; and a couple of marine sketches, by Ed. Hill.

—Schaus has another lot of pictures *en route* for this place, which have been delayed by a blockade on the railway. Meantime, he exhibits a new picture—a large landscape, by Theodore Frere. It represents one of those oriental scenes that he makes his specialty and that have for our western eyes so much novelty. In the distance the pyramids of Gizeh loom up against a deep-red sunset sky, while all the flat plain is half-invisible in twilight. A little stream in the foreground reflects a bright gleam of light from the sky, and around it are grouped several figures in character with the landscape. Another large canvas by the same artist represents the "Island of Philæ," and is not so pleasing, being painted in a light

key, and the foreground appearing weak.

—Keith has on his easel another large picture, nearly finished, which is said to excel all his former efforts. Tojetti is painting a religious subject. R. J. Bush is said to be engaged on a figure subject; and Virgil Williams exhibits at Schaus' a very fine picture—"Head of an Italian Girl." Julian Rix has at the same place some pictures that have been noticed before.

—It is about time now for the exodus of artists for the sketching-fields of the country—that is, if they would portray California in the flower-embroidered green robes of spring which she wears for so short a time—and we may expect to see them going forth, like the dove that left the ark of old, to return in the fall, laden, not with olive-branches, but with sketches that, let us hope, may help to make the laurel-wreath that every artist craves.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CULTURE. By John S. Hittell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Here at last is the *Zeit-Geist*, in black and white, incarnate in ink; here stands the spirit of the age, naked and not ashamed. It is grand to Mr. Hittell; it is not without its grandeur to us, but it is hardly lovable. Brennus was to Rome, we imagine, great but not lovely when he dashed his sword into the Roman scales until their Italian trinkets kicked the beam. Mr. Hittell's "culture" is our Brennus (with a plowshare for a sword)—a barbarian as we count it, but for the present a conqueror. Literature and the "culture" of Matthew Arnold must give way before the anvil, and the steam-engine is mightier than the picture or the pen.

No man seems to have better comprehended the situation than Mr. Hittell; no man to have better grasped, to have farther followed, the links by which the great chain of materialism is steadily closing about us, than he. With calmness, pertinacity, and German breadth if not always depth of reading, he

accumulates and sifts down his facts upon us, degrading like a sea the cliffs and shores of the old philosophy, and raising slowly with the deposited *debris* the foundations of another continent, in which machinery shall be the master of man, and philosophy and science the handmaids or concubines of the kitchen and the workshop. The stomach to be fed and the back to be clothed are to him the noblest parts of man; the cotton-gin, the iron plow, and the high-pressure engine, the only trinity worth a bended knee. He may be right: his English borrows no graces and little correctness from the philosophy and the rhetoric that he despises; but his head is eminently logical, his words are few, if not always well chosen they mean generally much more than meets the ear, and the whole effect is incontestably able, powerful, and tending to produce conviction in the direction desired by him.

God help us all, if his "culture" be the god of this world, indeed, and for all time, and not a huge idol bestriding and belittling the whole earth for a day with its legs of iron,

but destined to-morrow to be smitten on its feet of clay by a great stone hewn from the mountain without material hands or machinery driven by high-pressure engines. Culture—his culture—is “industrial art,” or at least “industrial art” is its “main force.” “~~Polity, society, morality,~~ religion, literature, and art, are very important to human happiness, but they have in all ages followed in the train of mechanism.”

To support this position (and we are half-convinced by him that it is the correct one), he proceeds with wonderful tact and subtlety to follow what he calls the “main forces” of civilization, from their incipency among savages to their dazzling flower of strength among the most forward peoples of the present day. Culture he divides “into five ages: those of Stone, Bronze, Iron, Printing, and Steam.” Under the head of the “Stone Age,” he treats of typical savages in the lowest state, following Tyler, Lubbock, and other writers familiar to ethnologists. As belonging to the “Bronze Age,” he glances at the condition of “ancient Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and Hindostan.” Of his “Iron Age,” beginning about 550 B.C., and bringing with it the common use of the alphabet, he treats in two chapters—one on Pelasgian civilization (the civilization of Greece and Rome), the other on “the Middle Era,” as he calls the Middle Ages. As belonging to the “Printing Age,” “the period from 1450 to 1770,” he shows the advantages accruing from the invention or general use of printing from movable types, the mariner’s compass as composed of a needle balanced on a pivot, chimneys, window-glass, improved illuminating apparatus, and other things which spread knowledge, rendered the unknown oceans and the foggy northern seas navigable, and made agreeable the cold and dark days and nights of Scandinavia and Germany. The “Steam Age,” “from 1770 to 1873,” he describes with loving zest, enlarging upon its improvements in metallurgy, in cloth manufacture, its electric telegraph, chemistry, geology, and other “ologies,” its “accumulation of property and knowledge with a speed ten-fold greater than in the Printing, and a hundred-fold greater than in the Bronze Age.” He concludes with a general and comparative review of all the ages,

“and culture as a whole is considered from different points of view.”

His work is marked as a whole, despite its succinctness and sometimes faulty English, by great clearness. We ~~get his~~ idea perfectly ~~enough~~, though English idioms of “culture” acknowledge him not in such a sentence as “the work belongs in the first rank among national histories.” His facts and dates are exact, numerous, and well chosen for his purposes. No student can well afford to neglect his premises, or ignore his conclusions. For pure common sense and wide information, Mr. Hittell’s work has won the right to be used as a text-book by every parent and schoolmaster of that type which Dickens has sniffed at and caricatured (perhaps unfairly) in Mr. Gradgrind. Mr. Hittell, while directly repudiating communism—at least of the German Anabaptist, of the Parisian ’93, and of the Parisian ’71 sort—rebels apparently against—but we must not commit ourselves; hear him: “The tyrant whom we now fear is not a master driving us with a whip to till his field every day from dawn to dark, nor a king holding the legal power to execute us at his unchecked will, but a money-lender or a land-owner, who exacts from us one-third or one-half the proceeds of all our hard earnings for the privilege of using his property.” Or, again: “In addition to the servitude imposed on the many by the unequal distribution of wealth, is the other servitude, perhaps nearly as galling, imposed by the advantages of education and official position. The higher professional men, numbering perhaps one in two thousand in the adult males, have an average income of \$30 a day on account of their skill or office; the second class of professional men, perhaps one in two hundred, have an income of \$10 per day; third-rate professional men and skillful mechanics, perhaps one in forty, get \$4 per day; and the laborers, who are about ninety-eight in one hundred, get \$2 per day, in the United States. A professional man of the first class can, with the proceeds of one day’s work, pay the wages of fifteen laborers for the same period. There is another class of oppressive servitude——”

As we read English, the “main force” of these passages is to prove that no man has a

right to accumulate money or to ask interest on money he lends to another for the obvious benefit of that other; and that John Hittell should be paid no more by the day for the use to the world of the brain-force and learning he displays in his *History of Culture* than Ah Sin the washerman who wastes his life out over Mr. Hittell's and our linen.

Once more: "Scotland has taken, perhaps, more pride in Burns than in any other of her children, but his dissipated character unfitted him for any higher position than that of gauger which he filled. One man like James Watt has more valuable genius, and does more good to humanity and more credit to his country, than a score of Burns, though his name and labors may be far less familiar to the people in the learned as well as in the ignorant classes. . . . Scientific discovery is closely akin to mechanical invention, and both are *infinitely* beyond the rhetorical compositions of Plato and Bacon in their benefit to mankind."

It may be all true; yet we had rather in this life have the love and the prose and the poetry that Burns and Bacon made so beautiful, had rather in the life to come have the immortality that Plato opened to our faith, had rather have to eat and wear only what Burns and Bacon and Plato had, than all the cotton shirts and loaves that "industrial art" has furnished since; had rather die with the delusion (and we are not sure that it is not) that the life is more than bread and the body than raiment, and that the culture of Matthew Arnold and Plato is a grander thing and a nobler and a better for the souls, yea even for the bodies of men (the Greeks, it is said, could wrestle and fight), than the culture of John Hittell, ably and temperately as he has stated and defended his opposing ideas.

THE NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC STATES. VOL. II.—CIVILIZED NATIONS. By H. H. Bancroft. San Francisco; A. L. Bancroft & Co.

(Concluded.)

Assuming that history is always repeating itself, that a single aspect of nature upon a vast scale is apt to beget monotheism, and that the aborigines of America, while dealing

with the god of the forest only, were naturally monotheists; that when they touched nature in her other aspects, being wholly without science, and therefore unable to comprehend that unity of nature which science teaches, thus attributed diverse personalities to the new forces of nature which they recognized, and also laboring under that infirmity which renders infant peoples unable to sustain the burden of abstract conceptions, but compels them to embody them in pictures or images, whence idolatry results, we have now to contemplate the fact, that, while the Nahua nations made a rapid advance in material civilization, they at the same time fell backward into the most barbarous and bloody idolatry which the world has ever witnessed. We have no doubt of the traditional migrations of the so-called Aztec races from the north-west (page 104); for the trend of the continent was in that direction. But that their recorded wanderings were only in the valley of Mexico and its vicinity (page 105) we have no evidence, and we think that the probable facts are against any such supposition. We believe that future writers—and we hope Mr. Bancroft himself—will connect the Aztec migration with the building of the great mounds; always bearing in mind that such of these erections as now appear to be upon plains, or in swampy valleys, must have been situated upon promontories, hills, or elevated islands, if erected so long ago as when the delta of the Mississippi was at St. Louis, and thus have secured those strong natural points of fortification which were seized by the burgs and communes of modern Europe, and of which Mr. Bancroft adduces so many instances (pages 417, 743, 744, 745).

Admitting the migration of these races, we are prone to trace its line in the inverse order, north-west from the valley of Anahuac and east of the Sierra Madre, and thence by the Gila or Colorado, by the table-lands, and perhaps by a country not yet sufficiently explored to yield its historic facts, to the most southern remains of the mound-builders in the valley of the Mississippi. This aggressive military migration finds its counterpart in those similar migrations from the great plateaus of Tartary, whose barbarous tribes assailed the more cultivated but weaker pop-

ulations of China, Hindostan, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and western Europe.

But the transition of these races from a monotheistic and spiritual to a bloody and idolatrous polytheism, shows that they wandered far enough, and had enough of desperate and bloody wars to come to the appreciation that the god of war was the special god of their salvation; to assign him a personality separate from that of the Great Spirit, although subordinate to it; and to institute in his honor human sacrifices, which, in their cruelty, their frequency, and the number of their victims, are unparalleled in the history of the world (pages 317, 321, 337). So, not until the Nahuas had ceased to be migratory, and had learned to depend for subsistence—at least in a great degree—upon the cultivation of the soil, did their mythology advance to the recognition of a personal god of the cereals (pages 317, 326, 331); to a god of rains and waters (pages 305, 325); and to a goddess of provisions (page 317). And further successive and logical advances from the savage to the civilized state are indicated by the recognition of the god of commerce (page 328), the god of the goldsmiths (page 306), the god of salt (page 325), and so on, including feasts for the dead; festivals of the great lords, of Pluto, of fire; and finally, by a natural logical necessity, of the mother of all the gods (pages 279, 326, 328, 329, 330, 338, 339). The Romans, the Greeks, and the Semitic nations allowed human sacrifice, but only in cases of extreme necessity. Yet among them all the practice gradually became disused with increasing amenity of manners; and even the indecencies of bacchanal and other obscene rites and of phallic worship had faded away into mere symbols. But this great counter-fact among the civilized nations of the Pacific Coast, that while they were developing themselves into a high condition of culture and civilization on the one hand, they were receding on the other into an unprecedented condition of barbarism by the evolution of the most degrading and bloody superstition, presents a most wonderful phenomenon in human history, and one, we believe, wholly without example. It affords an apposite illustration of the proposition that the laws of development are uniform in their operation, but that while a law can

not be defeated, its operation may be diverted or controlled by the supervision of another law. But the barbarities of this system were not compensated by the general civilization of the race, and it was well for humanity that the Nahua institutions were superseded by those of the Spaniards, which were less bloody, although hardly less barbarous.

The mode of sacrifice does not appear to have been dictated by any sentiment of cruelty. Generally the victim was carried naked up to the temple, where the assisting priests seized him and threw him upon an altar of stone sculptured with such a convexity as to throw the thorax upward and forward, and thus allow the easy extraction of the heart; two assistants held his legs, two his feet, and a fifth his head; the high priest then approached, and with a sharp knife of obsidian cut open the breast and tore out the heart as an offering to the god. The body was then thrown down the steps of the temple, and cooked and eaten as food consecrated by the sacrifice; and in this form only was cannibalism known (pages 176, 217, 304, 307, 308, 357-358, 396, 397, 430, 453, 582, 689, 691, 706-709, 725). We may remark here that the condition of slavery among the Nahuas was a very easy one, infinitely preferable to that of the Spartan helots, and in many respects better than that of slaves at Rome (pages 219, 221, 222); and yet kidnappers, and those who reduced others into slavery, were punished with death (pages 222, 459). The solution of this legislation is probably found in the fact that captives of war and slaves could be devoted as sacrifices to the gods at the will of their owners (pages 304, 420, 745).

The mode of human sacrifice which we have above described was not protracted, and was comparatively painless; probably as much so as our mode of hanging, military execution by shooting, or the European methods of beheading, in all which the suffering of anticipation is commonly supposed to exceed the actual pain of death. Females were sacrificed in the same manner (pages 326, 327); and also by the more simple process of beheading (page 332). The sacrifice to the god of fire, cruel as it was, seems to have taken all its analogies from the sup-

posed nature of the god; for, although the miserable victims were cast alive upon beds of burning coals, "where human forms could be seen writhing and twisting in agony, and the crackling of the flesh could be distinctly heard," yet, previously, stupefying powders had been cast into the faces of the poor wretches, and they were raked out from the embers, and their misery shortened by an actual sacrifice to the gods before life was extinct (pages 330, 338).

But, although sacrifice to the gods seems to have consecrated the flesh of the victim, it does not appear to have wrought him any personal advantage. At the feast of the Tlalocs, Mr. Bancroft informs us, in terms of the most effective pathos:

"A great number of sucking infants were sacrificed, mostly bought from their mothers, though sometimes voluntarily presented by parents who wished to gain the particular favor of the god. They were visited by a great procession of priests with music of flutes and trumpets, and followed by a vast multitude thirsting for the sight of blood, and literally hungering for the flesh of the babes, which was to be eaten as a choice delicacy. The little ones were carried to their death upon gorgeous litters adorned with plumes and jewels; their faces stained with oil of India-rubber, and upon each cheek was painted a round white spot. No wonder that, as the old chroniclers said, the people wept as the doomed babes passed by" (page 305).

Mr. Bancroft will pardon us if we do not refrain from expressing and following out a grotesque line of thought suggested by the melodramatic procession of this sympathizing crowd, thus weeping over the doom of these helpless babes, and mournfully waiting until they should be killed and cooked. It reminds us of that venerable Christian convert in the Sandwich Islands, who, in her dying hours, confessed that the devil *had* often tempted her with hankerings for a yearling baby, fattened upon rice, sugar, and coconuts, and roasted before a slow fire. Our author himself tells us that the Nahuas did not use poisoned arrows in war, as that would have defeated the primary object of most wars—namely, of first sacrificing their captives to the gods, and of eating them

afterward (page 408, 409). He also states, that in some places the Spaniards were found too tough and bitter to be eaten (page 725). This accords well with the statement lately made, on apparently good authority, that the turkey-buzzards which took care of the dead at Buena Vista and other notable battle-fields in the American-Mexican war of 1846, preferred Bourbon whisky and tobacco to Mexican Chilé pepper. The most valuable of this kind of information is to be found recorded by that English explorer of the western coast of Africa, a plump subject of 380 pounds, who was asked by a chief of a cannibal tribe, who was kindly feeling his limbs, why it was that the English, a fat, juicy, well-developed race, instead of eating each other at home, should go so far and take so much trouble to obtain Black men to eat, that being his solution of the slave-trade. "Why, don't you know that the flesh of the White man is a deadly poison!" was the reply which struck horror into the breast of his Negro questioner, who dropped the subject instantly.

What we have said respecting the originally spiritual religion of the Nahuas and of its gradual abasement into polytheism, derives a strong confirmation from the religion, prayers, admonitions, and exhortations of that people which remain to us. "The Lord, the Lord God, the invisible, the impalpable," was evidently the first idea, and the invocation of particular and inferior gods read even now as subsequently interjected passages (pages 151, 157, 273, 332, 589).

The Toltecs, a people of great power and culture, which once occupied the valley of Anahuac, have given rise to much conjecture, and the traditions respecting them, appealing strongly to the imagination, have undoubtedly, as Mr. Bancroft remarks, been largely mixed with fable. But such traditions rarely exist without a basis of fact; as Suleyman, the magnificent, the necromancer of the Semitic races, had his prototype in the fame, wealth, and splendor of the great Hebrew king. We doubt, however, that the Toltecs were Nahuas. It seems more probable that they were Mayas. All the superior culture and the milder institutions attributed to them resemble those which the Mayas had attained, and probably in a higher degree in the

valley of Anahuac, owing to superior geographical advantages. But the war between the two must have been long, persistent, and bloody. It is only rapid conquests by the few over the many that leave to the conquered race the power of recuperation through their language and institutions. But no recognizable trace of Toltec institutions seems to have remained at the time of Cortés. Although their successors called them the "architects," still there were no Toltec remains, distinctively recognizable as such. Perhaps their conquerors destroyed the structures of the vanquished, as their own were subsequently destroyed by the Spaniards. We might carry our conclusions farther, and from the fact that at the time of Cortés most of the great Maya cities were abandoned and overgrown with forests, and the population of the whole territory of that country was exceedingly sparse in comparison to what it must have been in the time of the prosperity of those cities, infer that the wars which resulted in the expulsion of the Toltecs from the valley of Anahuac must have greatly exhausted agriculture, commerce, and the germs of population among the Mayas. That the suppression of the Toltecs was complete and cruel would be sufficiently evidenced by the single fact that more than 300 years after it took place it was commemorated in Nahua tradition as an event so fearful that it had incurred the expiatory vengeance of the gods (page 593).

The account given of picture-writing and the principles of evolution and progress by which it attained a symbolical, and finally an alphabetical form with the Mayas, are among the most interesting and ingenious passages of the volume. They present the best *résumé* of the whole subject that exists in all literature; but the progressiveness and cogency of the process of illustration and argument derive their greatest strength from original suggestions of the author. We may be permitted to doubt, however, whether much will ever be obtained from the undeciphered manuscripts. At Mexico, the seat of the Nahua power, the Spanish conquerors must have found many manuscripts left by the Toltecs; the manuscripts of the Nahuas themselves; the manuscript treaties which they had made with the Mayas and other

nations; the reports of their merchants, who were professional spies, in all their distant expeditions; also, those of all their secret spies; and all the manuscripts of adjoining or distant nations which they thought of sufficient value to be acquired by purchase or theft. These manuscripts, the product of different nations in different stages of culture, and even of the same people in successive stages of culture, must vary greatly among themselves, and inevitably so when the state of symbolic writing is reached; for here the system becomes artificial, and there is no reason why one nation should adopt the artificial system of another with which it has no communication. The material which has escaped destruction at the hands of Spanish bigotry is in the form of a confused mass. We doubt whether it can ever be classified; or, if classified, whether it can ever be translated. Even if translated, it would probably be no more valuable than the worthless carbonized rolls found at Herculaneum, and deciphered by the ingenious process of Sir Humphrey Davy.

THE DOCTRINE OF DESCENT AND DARWINISM. By Oscar Schmidt. [International Scientific Series, Vol. XIII.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Professor Schmidt says: "A craving for a knowledge based on philosophical and natural science became apparent about a century ago." He should have said that an era when such a craving could be openly gratified, without fear of persecution or even death, first dawned but little more than a century ago. Ever since man first began to think intelligently and to reason within himself, he has in some sort striven to peer behind the veil of which superstition and ignorance hold the topmost corners, and to account for natural effects by natural causes. Centuries before the birth of Christ the philosophers of Greece recognized the worthlessness of the old divinities as compared with the majesty of nature. Despoliation, exile, death, could not check their rising doubts. In vain those whose interest it was to sustain the old religion asserted that what their forefathers had believed must necessarily be true. Old Pan was dead to the wisest of

Italy and Greece, and there was none to fill his place, long, long before the advent of the Christ. Aristotle, Zeno, Plato, Hipparchus, Apollonius, Ptolemy, Archimedes, the Neoplatonic philosophers, all the mighty minds of the Alexandrian schools, were at work on the great problem, and approaching the great central truth; slowly, from many directions, and through many errors, but ever drawing nearer, for all that. Had this state of things been allowed to continue, the world would be now where it will be a thousand years hence. For the liberality of that age was not content with leaving the workers untrammelled; it rewarded success and encouraged free investigation in every branch of science.

Happy indeed were these men, compared with their brethren who came after them! For with the new religion persecution revived, gaunt and hungry from its long torpor, and far more relentless and intolerant in building up a new creed than in propping up an old one. And where were the workers now? In garrets and in cellars, in constant danger of death, these men, who knew their own blindness, still struggled toward the light. On one point only did the religious sects agree, and that was, the absolute necessity of crushing all search after knowledge that was not revealed. The Bible was their manual of science; in it was contained all that it was good for man to know; to search farther was blasphemous and impious. Should the doctrine that the world is governed by unvarying law instead of by incessant divine interventions, be acknowledged, then a priesthood could no longer exist whose whole power lay in the idea that it stood between the prayer of the votary and the providential act.

Consequently, what do we see! An old man, the most illustrious of his age, brought before an assemblage of ecclesiastics at Rome; charged with imposture, heresy, blasphemy, atheism; forced upon his knees to abjure and curse the doctrine he had promulgated; cast into prison, treated with remorseless severity during the remaining ten years of his life, and finally denied burial in consecrated ground. And why? Because he, Galileo by name, had dared to assert that the earth moved round the sun, had dared to believe that in the creation of myriads of stars, invisible but

for the telescope he himself had constructed, there must surely have been some other motive than that of illuminating the night for him; thereby endangering the doctrine that the universe was made for man.

Look again: Giordano Bruno roasts at the stake. Is it not just? Has he not rejected the view of the constitution of the world revealed to us in Holy Writ, that the earth is a flat surface supported on pillars? that the sky is a firmament—the floor of heaven? Has he not listened to the heretical teachings of Averroes and Spinoza? considered the doctrine of Emanation and Absorption? believed that the all-pervading Intellect is God? that God is the “One Sole Cause of Things,” the “All in All?”

Truly, these workers of ours have passed through fire and water in by-gone days. And where are they now? Has intolerance disappeared? We fear not. As Professor Schmidt says: “Even now, as much as in the days of Aristophanes, the multitude, and likewise many men of ‘culture,’ allow themselves to be imposed upon by empty jargon. We no longer burn witches, but verdicts of heresy still abound. As the basis of scientific medicine, our experimental physiology enjoys unexampled encouragement unparalleled in former times; but these do not prevent the door from remaining open, in all classes of society, to the most audacious quackery.”

Even now, we seldom see a book like the one before us that is not offered with some diffidence and hesitation to the public, and accompanied by a preface in which the author defends his production in a cautious, apologetic, and conciliatory manner; somewhat after the fashion of Copernicus when he addressed his work *On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies* to Pope Paul III., and got it burnt for his pains.

Nothing but praise can be given to the professor's work, both as regards matter and execution. But this may be said with equal truth of every volume of the “International Series” that has yet appeared. The present work is evidently translated from Professor Schmidt's original German, and loses by the process what translations always *must* lose, but no more. There are numerous cuts and diagrams illustrating the text, and these will be found of great service to the reader.

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